

Communications.

Missionary Work.

Messrs. Campbell and Stanley, Monmouth, Oregon.

BRETHREN,—Under the head of "Sensible" appeared an article in the P. C. MESSENGER of Nov. 30th, which attracted my attention; and I found, on looking over it, that the writer holds views similar to my own in regard to the Missionary work of the Christian church in Oregon.

We have all over this State small societies enrolled upon our church books, many of them almost entirely destitute of regular preaching, many of them with but a small membership in large settlements, most of these societies are poor, on new lands, without means to support an evangelist, and yet doing all they possibly can to hold up the Gospel standard with one hand, while they beckon with the other, to those of the brethren, more highly favored, for the needful assistance in the shape of material aid, in the conversion of their children, and loved ones, and neighbors, as well as the salvation of their own souls, and the firm planting of the Redeemer's kingdom among men. Is it not wise, brethren, to cultivate the ground already broken by the Gospel plow share. Is it not more wise to do so, than to neglect those societies in their want, and suffer them to die out, that our whole strength may be cast upon some one spot, and that a place, perhaps, where no organization at present exists. I think we would do well to give this a thorough examination, and at least give some heed to the prayers and cries that so often reach us from the deserts around. If we look at the history of the Missionary work of the different sects around us, we will see they do not fear to undertake a large field, and that instead they lengthen their lines to their utmost extent, and at every possible point they plant a stake, and there erect their standard, not fearing to scatter their labors over broad fields.

In this county there are three points where we have a few brethren established, two of the points have only made a beginning, and that under adverse circumstances, yet they are rallying points, the standard has been raised, and with a little aid from opulent brethren, they could sustain an evangelist in their midst, and soon this new and rising section of country would be able and no doubt willing to assist others in turn. There is now no evangelist in this county, and but one who pretends to preach at all, and all he does is without any material aid.

The church at Coquille City is in good working order and are doing all they can to sustain the cause, and though their numbers have been greatly diminished by removals during the past summer and fall, yet a few have come in to fill as far as possible the gap, and still hold up the banner. We do hope our brethren in the older and more wealthy sections will not urge their demand for one point to the exclusion of all others, but will remember, as some of us do, the days when they like ourselves were in swaddling clothes, and but for the gratuitous labors of a McBride, a Rigdon, a Payne, a Hendrix, a Burnett and others, they might yet be badly dwarfed and lack much of the comely proportions they now exhibit.

Christ's commission was, "Go to all the world," the apostles must not concentrate on one point, but diffuse their labors, until the Gospel should reach all lands and permeate all hearts. Even lovely Jerusalem was not permitted to monopolize the glad tidings, nor yet imperial Rome could claim all the good; but all must hear the call. Let us then not fear to make our plans as broad as the land we inhabit and diffuse our light to the utmost of our capacity. Our

motto should be

"No pent up cities contract our powers
For the whole boundless continent is ours."

With love and respect toward all I
subscribe myself truly yours in hope,
O. C. HUNTINGTON.
Coquille City, Or., Dec. 3, 1878.

The Resurrection of the Dead.

BY S. H. HEDRICK.

NUMBER VII.

The Scripture data presented in our former articles, the definitions of the phrase resurrection of the dead, with their full context; Christ's resurrection, &c., and the impression these Scriptures most naturally make upon the mind, all contribute to establish the truth of our position that there will be a literal resurrection of the dead. Nor do we think there is anything to the contrary except a denial of the testimony, of apostles and prophets. There is but one conclusion for the man who examines this subject in the clear light of apostolic teaching and is satisfied with their testimony, no matter what man's opinions are or may have been, nor how absurd men may reason upon this subject, the plain import of the apostles testimony and its effects upon those who heard it, and the great mass of disciples since then is obvious.

Almost all men are ready to tell you what they think, on this or any other subject, for most men have conclusions, but conclusions can only be true, when correctly drawn from true premises, and many men think and state what they think in much shorter time than they could state the true premises upon which a true conclusion can rest. Too often men infer premises from which they draw conclusions and talk for an hour to defend and sustain their conclusions with no accurate statement of the premises. This is easily done, and often is done with little or no regard to what saith the Scriptures.

This subject is of such magnitude that much that pertains to it lies beyond our comprehension. So it was with the apostles in regard to the resurrection of Jesus as foretold both by him and the prophets. "But when Jesus was risen they believed the Scriptures and the words which Jesus said." Surely with all the testimony of prophets and apostles, confirmed by the literal resurrection of Jesus, of which the evidence is so specific, we are justified in resting our faith and hope in it, that we too, who faithfully follow him, shall be not only raised from the dead but made like him and see him as he is. The apostles not fully understanding that he should rise from the dead became despondent, and the two which journeyed toward Emons said, "We had hoped it was he who should redeem Israel." Therefore after his resurrection, Peter says, "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." 2 Peter i. 3. Thus God by his Son arising from the dead hath given us lively hope that we shall rise, to perfect pure and never ending days.

If, as Mr. Alger says, "The fearless Christian beholding the risen tomb of Christ can exclaim, 'I gratefully believe that my spirit is deathless, how much more can he with Paul say, 'I desire to attain to the resurrection of the dead' and look for the Lord from heaven to change and fashion our bodies and make them like his glorious body. It is to the divine testimony of the Bible that man must go to for competent proof that his spirit will survive the death of his body on this the material universe furnish at best only secondary proof which is admissible and perceivable only when preceded by the

primary proof of God's word. It is therefore all sufficient in this matter, and abundant also to create, sustain and perpetuate faith and hope in the resurrection of the dead, for God is able and "his mighty power" will display the full orb of truth in fulfilling all his great and precious promises even in literally raising up the dead; by the word of his power he will again form our bodies anew and reunite the spirit and body in the bonds of an incorruptible union, for which we shall continue to patiently hope for.

"Made like him, like him we rise,
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies."

In the fullest confidence of which we now can afford to offer our conclusion, although the subject is by no means exhausted, yet if these essays have in a small degree benefited the readers, strengthened their faith and hope by reminding them of the truth, we shall be satisfied for our labors, hoping that all will continue to read and meditate upon the same; thus clinging to the sure word of God. Let us walk by the same rule, mind the same thing, and at last attain to perfection in the resurrection of the faithful in Christ, at the last day. From this great trunk and tree there are many branches, but in climbing up and out we are content to stay where there is strength to support us with no doubts as to whether we are really on the great Bible tree or not. We don't care to grasp the speculative branches that come so near and seem so inviting. We can do much of this in our meditation; but we are not exercised much about the number of twigs and bodies. We are satisfied that the Bible tree does not shed its leaves to be blown away by the winds of imagination nor to be found by metaphysical speculation.

More Mischief.*

"Let's go up in my Uncle Jim's room," said Tommy, "he's got a truly sword and a knappersack, and he don't care if I take 'em, I maybe."

"Well," said Lu, and up they went. They couldn't reach the sword, which was fortunate, but the "knappersack," which happened to be a haversack, was put on, and the canteen filled with bay rum and hair oil.

"Here's a sword," said Lu, pouncing upon Uncle Jim's precious razor strop, "if you only had a belt."

"Here's Uncle Jim's bellit," said Tommy, dragging an elegant sash from a drawer.

"I want that," said Lu, "it's most like mamma's; play I was a lady goin' to a party."

"No," said Tommy, "I want it; it's my bellit." Lu gave it up, for just then she spied a box full of neckties, and sat down to try them on her doll. The long ones made lovely sashes, and Lu tied and untied them with great satisfaction, while Tommy paraded up and down, the ends of the long crimson sash trailing magnificently behind him. Presently the razor strop suggested a new idea.

"Goin' to shave," said Tommy, pushing a chair to the bureau.

Lu was at the wash-stand by that time turning on the hot water to give her dolly a "bath-ing." Tommy found the cup of creamy soap, and the soft brush with its ivory handle.

"Uncle Jim let me take 'em," he said complacently, and Uncle Jim really did sometimes; and then with a little tremor of his hands, he took the keen razor from its box and laid it down.

"Goin' to shave me some whiskers, like Uncle Jim," he said, rubbing the soap to a white froth, and climbing with dripping hands upon the bureau to bring his face close to the glass. Then he brushed the lather over his cheeks and chin; how funny he looked! Across his nose and his upper lip; Tommy had to stop to laugh; then a little more on his

* From "What Tommy Did," by Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller.

cheeks, and some on his forehead. He nearly forgot the razor, but by and by he picked it up very cautiously, grasped his slippery nose between his slippery thumb and finger, and looked quizzically into the glass.

Just about this time it occurred to Ellen that the children were unusually quiet.

"They're dead sure to be in mischief," she said, putting down the baby and hurrying up stairs. No one in the sitting-room, but she could hear Lu singing her last Sunday school song:

"Oh, I'll be a good child, as ever I can be,
I'll mind what my teacher says to me."

Following the voice she came in just as Lu had champoosed the last hair from dolly's head with Uncle Jim's tooth brush, and Tommy was preparing for the first sweep of his razor. His back was toward the door, but he saw Ellen's horrified face in the glass, and the razor dropped from his hand. It might have sliced his poor little nose off, but it only grazed his fat cheek, so that the white lather was stained with blood. Tommy and Ellen shrieked together, and Lu added her voice to the chorus. But when Ellen found there was no serious harm done, her fright gave way to anger, and she shut both the children into the closet, while she did her best to repair the mischief by putting the wet razor into a glove box, and "rinsing off the elegant sash" in the wash bowl.

When mamma came home she was dreadfully distressed about it all.

"O dear, Tommy," she said, "What does make you so naughty?"

"God do," said Tommy, gravely; "makes everyfin'."

"No," said mamma, "it is naughty little Tommy himself, and he makes his mamma's heart ache."

Tommy looked very sad, and promised heartily to do better.

When papa came home he took him on his lap, and asked just as he always did,

"Has my little boy been good to-day?"

And Tommy said, very honestly, "No, papa, I was awful much naughty, and make my mamma's stomach ache."

Lichens.

Lichens run through the whole chromatic scale, and show what striking effects nature can produce by an harmonious combination of a few simple lines and hues. Most of them are of a quiet grey tint, but some display the most vivid colors. One species covers trees and rocks with bright yellow, powdery patches; another sprinkles them with a kind of green rust, especially in the neighborhood of large towns. Almost every old wall, castle, and rocky seashore is emblazoned with the brilliant deep yellow lichens diversify the surface of moorland boulders and dykes. And what is very remarkable, the higher we ascend the mountain-side, the farther north we penetrate, the brighter becomes the coloring and the more graceful and luxuriant the form of lichens; presenting in this respect a parallel to many flowering plants, such as the birch, whose stem is whiter, and whose leaves are more shining and fragrant in Norway than in this country. One of the loveliest species is the "geographical lichen" (*Alectoria geographicalis*), which is the most arctic, antarctic, and alpine plant in the world, occupying the extreme outpost of vegetation in altitude and latitude; and its yellow-green crust becomes brighter, smoother, and more continuous, and its characteristic black dots and lines, like towns and rivers, and boundaries on a map, become deeper and glossier the nearer we approach the limit of perpetual snow. It is a fit companion of those exquisite alpine flowers that bloom their fairest in the same desolate circumstances, and exhibit a grace and beauty far

surpassing these of their favored sisters of the plain. The little cup lichen that holds up its tiny goblets in myriads to catch the dewdrops upon the turf top of every old wall and bank, assumes in one of its kindred forms that grows at a great height upon the mountains, a larger size, a more elegant shape, and a more tender color. Nothing of the kind can be lovelier than this mountain species, with its soft sulphur-colored cups decked round the edge with waxen heads of the most brilliant scarlet, creeping over the bleak alpine turf, and forming, with the gay flowers of the purple saxifrage and the moss campion, a tiny garden in the wilderness. On the wildest island of the Antarctic Ocean, where nothing else but lichens grow, some of the finest species abound, whose large polished black shields contrast beautifully with their yellow shrubby stems; and on the tundras, or vast plains that border the polar ocean, the eye is delighted beyond measure with the delicate branching and the snowy purity of the larger lichens, which form the only vegetation. One lichen in New Zealand imitates the finest lace-work; another found on our grey northern moors resembles miniature coral; and on the highest and most exposed ridges of the Scottish mountains one leafy species occurs whose under side is of the most splendid orange color, while its upper surface, constantly wetted by the clouds and mists, is of the most vivid green, varied by the chocolate color of its large, flat, shield-like fructification. Thus, where we should expect the vegetation to partake of the sombre nature of the locality, and to be dwarfed, illshapen, and discolored by the unfavorable circumstances, we find the most perfect and luxuriant forms; and just as the lichens in our sheltered woods and valleys flourish best in wild wintry weather, so do their congeners in the exposed altitudes and latitudes of the world, where there is a perpetual winter and storms continually prevail, exhibit their brightest coloring and their most graceful shapes; reading to us thus the most needful lesson of one of the sweet uses of adversity, viz., to perfect that which concerneth us—to complete the ideal which a too easy and pleasant life often fails to realize.—*Sunday Magazine*.

Story of a Greedy Cock.

Once upon a time, a little cock and hen went to the nut mountain in search of nuts.

The hen said, "Now, my dear, when you find one, do not eat it all by yourself, but give me half, and I'll do the same by you."

The cock made no reply, but chucked as if he had his own opinion about that. Presently spying a good one, he cast one eye toward the hen, who was busily scratching, and thought, "Now's my chance; she'll never know," and he gobbled it up in the greatest haste. But alas! being very big, it stuck fast in his throat.

In great agony he fell back, and holding up his claws, gasped out, "O, my dear little hen, water—water! I shall choke!"

Off flew the hen, half distracted, to the brook, and filling a nut-shell with water, back she ran to the mountain, but imagine her dismay when she found the poor dear little cock was dead!

In her grief she cackled so loud that all the neighbors heard, and came from far and near to condole with her, for the cock had been a general favorite.

Four small field-mice brought a funeral-car, and laid him on it in great state.

Scarcely, however, had the procession started on its melancholy way, when a fox came sneaking out of the woods, and asked, "Where are you going, little hen?" he cried. "To bury the poor dear little