

PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

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Correspondence.

Our Washington Letter.

(FROM OUR REGULAR CORRESPONDENT.)

RESUMPTION GOSSIP.—VIEWS OF AND PRECAUTIONS TAKEN BY THE U. S. TREASURER.—HAYES AND THE GERMAN MISSION.—THE LATEST CLAIMANTS.—THE UNFORTUNATE LOUISIANA CONGRESSMAN.—DAMPENED GAYETTES.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 30, 1878.

The first day of the approaching new year being a legal holiday, all the public offices, including that of the Assistant Treasurer at New York, will, according to custom, be closed. Hence the formal resumption of specie payments will not occur at the exact period provided by the Resumption Act—January 1. Treasurer Gillfillan, referring to this point to-day, observed that one day would make but very little difference, especially as gold and paper had been at par with each other for nearly a fortnight, during which time the banks were receiving gold from the treasury and paying it out. Mr. Gillfillan also remarked that adequate measures had been adopted to meet the increased demands upon the clerical force of the sub-treasury at New York, and additional tellers had been appointed so that the work of redemption would proceed smoothly and promptly. He does not anticipate a very brisk run on the treasury, and treats with derision the rumors that have been current for some time past to the effect that a combination of speculators has been formed for the purpose of enhancing the price of gold after January 1st, and making resumption a failure. Mr. Gillfillan regards it as an utter impossibility for any set of speculators to collect enough legal tenders to exhaust the coin redemption fund of the government.

The outlook now is that there will not be any special session of the 46th Congress, nor will the necessity exist for the convening of the Senate in extraordinary session. No serious conflict between the two houses is apprehended on any of the appropriation bills, and the only other contingency for a special session of Congress, or even an extraordinary session of the Senate, would be the failure to confirm some important nominations. Thus far the President has met with no serious antagonism in the confirmation of his appointments, and outside of the New York appointments, none is expected, and even should these be rejected, it is not believed it would constrain the President to call a special session for the purpose of confirming whatever nominations he might subsequently send to the Senate.

The President stated this morning in private conversation, that there seemed to be no special urgency in filling the German mission, and he mentioned that there are three candidates in Pennsylvania—Harttrauf, Grow and Boker, and three in New

York, without naming them, together with as many more scattered in other States. Further than this he was silent, but the belief prevails in other quarters that Secretary Evarts will designate the appointee, subject to the approval of the President, and Secretary Evarts is reported to have said to-day that no person has been selected to fill the Berlin mission, and that all gossip about the chances of the respective candidates was pure speculation. The appointment will not be finally decided upon until Congress meets.

Hon. Reuben E. Fenton's friends here are very sanguine that the President will nominate him Minister to Germany. Some even intimate that the President has substantially given assurance to that effect. This is hardly correct, as the President has been very careful not to say anything that might be construed as indicating that he has a preference for any one of the several thousand names urged upon him. The indications at present are that the selection will be made outside of New York and Pennsylvania, both those states having already their proportionate shares of officers in the diplomatic service. Governor McCormick is the latest candidate.

The published testimony taken by the Democratic committee at New Orleans in Congressman Acklen's case has caused a genuine sensation in the social and political circles of the capital. The general opinion is that the scandal has now assumed such a shape that the House, in justice to itself, will be compelled to take cognizance of it, and if Acklen is guilty of one-half of what is charged against him he should be expelled at once. Each house is made by the constitution the sole judge of the qualifications of its members, and even the most extreme Democrats insist that if Acklen is so black as the New Orleans Democratic committee have painted him, the House of Representatives cannot afford to permit such conduct to go unpunished. Those members who signed Acklen's latest certificate of character a few days since are naturally placed in an exceedingly embarrassing position by the last publication. They will, of course, be heard from at the proper time. Their action, however, is accounted for by their friends upon the hypothesis that Acklen imposed bogus evidence upon them and that not suspecting Acklen capable of such a thing, they accepted the documents he submitted as authentic, and treated them as such in arriving at their conclusion.

After the 1st of January what is known as the gay season begins, but so many leading houses are closed this winter because of the absence of the owners or because of family grief that the season will probably be less brilliant than usual. Mrs. Ross Ray is in Europe. Her house was the center from which radiated a delightful enjoyment, and her annual ball has for twenty years been a distinctive feature of the winter. The family of Secretary Evarts are in deep mourning, as are the families of Dr. Clymer, U. S. N., and Mrs. Bancroft Davis. The British Embassy wears court mourning, and there will be no festivities until the allotted six weeks shall have passed. I noticed yesterday that the servants of the Legation wear a broad band of bombazine on the left arm, so more sen-

sible as a badge of respect than the crape with which custom in this country has bound up the hat of every bereaved man.

AUGUST.

From Bro. J. L. Wigle.

MONROE, BENTON CO., OR.

Jan. 5, 1879.

"Wilt thou know, O vain man, that faith without work is dead." Jas. ii. 20.

Through the MESSENGER I desire to say to the Disciples of Christ, that it has become our duty in this neighborhood, in the case of a faithful suffering brother, to ask of you to contribute of your abundance for his present relief.

We claim and joy in the claim that we are members of "one family," and there is no surer test of membership than that we partake of each others joys and use our utmost endeavors to smooth and lighten the sorrows of the distressed. "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren; he that loveth not his brother abideth in death." "I mean not that other men be eased and ye burdened, but by an equality that now at this time your abundance may be a supply for their want."

In the case of our brother, whom some of you will recognize, when I mention his name, some have talked of making a county charge. Miserable Christianity this that will not care for a brother that has been so afflicted for three years as not to be able to perform one days labor. The Masonic, the I. O. O. F., or even the secret orders of lesser note, care for their brethren and family without an outside call for aid.

Will religion do as much, can it prosper unless it does. The tree is known by its fruits.

Brother Preston Lovelady, a member of a small congregation of Disciples at Liberty school house, Lane county, Oregon, has been afflicted bodily for three years, much of the time could take no rest night or day, only as he could get it, standing braced at the back of a chair. Two orphan children he was caring for (for which he has received no pay, and probably never will) he has given up to find other homes. His family now consists of himself, wife and a daughter of about eleven years. He has no relatives able to assist him, and but few of his congregation are able to do anything. They are not living within twelve miles of him to exceed twenty-five members. Collections have been taken by the sects at two Christmas tree gatherings. We are able here to find his provision and wood without a very heavy burden on ourselves, but this does not supply the wants of a sick man.

And now, brethren, we of Benton county, are not looking forward to the time when we shall ask you to contribute in the way of planting the Gospel among us, though we are weak we have the "Way of Life," in which to walk, and we shall do our utmost, but we do ask you, especially those who are acquainted with the truthfulness of these lines, to help our brother, which you can do by sending of your abundance by mail either in my name or Bro. Lovelady's, to Monroe, Benton county, Or.

J. L. WIGLE.

—Representative Schleicher, from Texas, died at Washington on the 12th inst.

The New Year.

There are two ways of considering this wonderful economy of life. The one is the way of sentiment; the other is the way of faith. The sentimental way is trite enough. Saint, sage, sophist, moralist and preacher, have repeated, in every possible image, till there is nothing new to say; that life is a bubble, a dream, a phantasm.

The other is the way of faith. The ancient saints felt as keenly as any moralist could feel, the brokenness of the promises of life; they knew as well as we that

"Misery is the marriage gift
That waits the mortal bride;"—

they confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims here, without a continuing city or abiding place; that no man was sure of life—that the next step might be the fatal one, the next minute the last one—but they did not mournfully moralize on this; they did not whine and cry about it; they said it cheerfully and rejoiced that it was so. They were glad every night to

"pitch their moving tents
A day's march nearer home."

There is nothing to cry about in this life but inward decay and spiritual death. All else is not worth a tear. Let it go—it is not worth preserving. At that sight an angel might weep; but if the heart preserves its freshness and immortal root, there is nothing dismal in age—nor gloomy in grief—nor sad in sorrow—nor dreary even in death.

But we have buried the old year and welcomed the new. We have reviewed the past; let us look into the future. But how little can we see! Not a single step ahead! No man is sure of life. But we do not wish to see ahead. One there was who saw down into the bitter cup before him, but our cup is wisely and kindly hidden from our sight. We are led through life as we are allured upon a journey. Could a man see his route before him, he might be frightened by its threatening accidents; or if he should see a flat, straight road, unbroken by bush, or tree, or eminence, with the sun's heat burning down upon it, stretched out in dreary monotony—he could scarcely find energy to begin his task; but the uncertainty of what may be seen beyond the next turn keeps expectation alive. The view that may be seen from yonder summit—the glimpse that may be caught as the road winds round yonder knoll—hopes like these, not far distant, beguile the traveler on from mile to mile and league to league until his journey is ended, and his home reached. It is the easiest thing in the world for a man to make himself completely miserable by unnecessarily prying into the future. No doubt an alarming part of the misery of human life is thus produced. Ordinarily, a man has about as many burdens as he can carry every day. And his back is fitted to those burdens. The promise is that they shall not break his back, albeit they are sometimes very heavy. As thy days so shall thy strength be. So long as a man only carries the load of the day he can get along with it. But he is never satisfied to do this. He persists in picking up the load of yesterday, and then complains of the insupportable weight. Thus men are broken down—used up—killed outright—by needlessly overweighting themselves. We would not counsel recklessness of the future. There is no divine promise that if a lazy laggard leaves his children to starve, they will not

starve. But, if you are doing the best you can to-day, you are warranted to leave to Him who hears the ravens when they cry, and sees the sparrows when they fall.—*Evangel.*

Pauperism and Extravagance.

The case, *prima facie*, is always against a pauper. The accidents of life sometimes cast a man or a woman high and dry upon the sands of a helpless poverty; but usually pauperism comes through a lack of the prudential virtues. It is not always that a pauper wastes his revenues in drink, or other immoralities; but somewhere in his career, forty-nine times in fifty, it will be found that he has been extravagant; that he has not exercised self-denial under temptation; that he has lived up to or beyond his means, or has ventured upon risks that the lowest grade of business prudence would condemn. Now who is to bear the penalty of these sins and mistakes? How are they to be prevented in the future, if those who commit them, regardless of consequences, are to be coddled and taken care of by those who have denied themselves and laid up a little wealth? Good, rugged, grand old Thomas Carlyle! It is refreshing to read amid the mawkish sentimentality of this latter day, such a healthy utterance as this from his sturdy pen: "Let wastefulness, idleness, improvidence take the fate which God has appointed them, that their opposites may also have a chance for their fate." As it is, our philanthropists try to make us believe that the special business of a thrifty man is not in any way to enjoy the fruit of his prudence and enterprise, but to shield the shiftless people around him from the results of their own imprudence and improvidence.—*Scribner.*

Here is what the *N. Y. Sun* says of Sunday in New York. Is it any wonder there are complaints of spiritual declension?

Grand sacred entertainments abounded again last evening. At the Grand Sacred Opera House Mlle. Di Murska warbled grandsacred airs from sundry grand sacred operas; Gilmore's grand band brayed and thumped in a truly grand and sacred manner, and Levy ravished all ears with his grand sacred cornet. At Steinway Hall the grand sacred Red Hussars from Hamburg excited the devotional feelings of their hearers to the highest pitch by selections from the grand sacred German composers. At the Atlantic Garden a vast congregation listened to the grand sacred melodies of Strauss and Offenbach, and consumed a large quantity of grand sacred beer. At the Volks Garden a programme of grand sacred Irish and negro songs were rendered; at Harry Miner's Theater the exercises were varied by the introduction of a grand sacred banjo, and at the National Garden there were grand sacred jigs, grand sacred feats on the grand sacred slack wires, and a grand farce.—*Standard.*

Cabul in Afghanistan, it is said, can easily be made one of the strongest places in Central Asia. It is protected on the north by the Hindu Roosh mountains, on the south-east by a spur of the Suliman range, while the south-west approach is commanded by the impregnable fortress of Ghuzni, the Afghan Gibraltar. It is at the junction of four great roads, and will be the objective point of the English campaign, soon to be inaugurated.