

PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

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Pacific CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

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All business letters should be addressed to T. F. Campbell, Editor, or Mary Stump, Publisher, Monmouth, Oregon.

Advertisers will find this one of the best mediums on the Pacific Coast for making their business known.

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Notices in local columns 10 cents per line for each insertion. Yearly advertisements on liberal terms. Professional Cards (1 square) \$12 per annum.

Correspondence.

Berlin Letter.

(REGULAR CORRESPONDENCE.)

BERLIN, Sept. 2, 1879.

Nine years ago exactly to-night the heights around the fortified city of Sedan, in France, near the Belgian frontier, were reddened with the glowing watchfires of 200,000 victoriously German troops, and as King William of Prussia, with his Staff, rode through the lines of his invincible legions encompassing the foe in the town below he was greeted by loud and enthusiastic shouts which sounded the death-knell of one Empire, and heralded the birth or regeneration of another. On the 2, of Sept. 1870, the German-speaking nations of Europe entered on a distinctly new and hopeful phase of existence with the House of Kohanzollern at their head, and that day, therefore, throughout all Germany, but especially in Prussia, has come to be regarded as the most solemn and significant festival in the whole national calendar. Here in Berlin itself the day has been celebrated with no abatement of the usual observances. The eager money-changers forsook the Bourse, the Schools were closed, a solemn liturgy was recited in the Cathedral, the citizens ran up many-colored flags above their dwellings and were treated to Patriotic music from a choral band stationed high upon the town-house tower; the streets were thronged with holiday makers, monster military concerts have been inaugurated, and even as I write the night air is deafeningly alive with the clang of brass and the noise of exploding rockets, bearing no faint resemblance to the roar of the multitudinous guns which nine years ago to-day engirdled the city of Sedan, bringing inevitable doom to the Man of Destiny and nearly 100,000 brave troops commanded by a Marshal of France. But the leading feature in to-day's festive programme was undoubtedly the Great Parade, when the Emperor passed in review the united garrisons of Berlin, Poldam, and Frandass, forming the Army Corps of the Guards. Ever since the fateful 2, of Sept. 1870, a military demonstration of this kind has signalized each anniversary of that day. At early morn the streets here began to echo with the tramp and clang of troops marching to the parade-ground south of the city. The Emperor's Palace, Unter den Linden, was early besieged by an enthusiastic crowd which had gathered to witness the ceremonial reception of the various colors and standards by detachments of the various regiments. These honored symbols, when not in use, are deposited in His Majesty's apartments, where they are displayed as the most precious and suggestive or-

naments that can strike the eye of a visitor. Much enthusiasm was created by the arrival of Prince William, eldest son of the Crown Prince (who but lately finished his studies at Bonn), at the head of a company of the Foot Guards, to fetch away the riddled and ragged colors of various regiments, and the old Emperor's features beamed with visible satisfaction as he beheld his martial grandson proudly step off by the side of the helmeted men chosen to guard the hoarded treasures. Marching without confusion, all the regiments had conveyed from every quarter of the parade-ground, and shortly after nine the whole corps of Guards were standing marshalled like a couple of broad and massive walls to receive the Emperor. The troops, as usual, were marshalled up in two long and parallel alignments; the Infantry all in front, the Cavalry Artillery and trains behind. The day was autumn-like, and lovely, the sun being unclouded enough to make the burnished helmets and breastplates of the Cuirassiers seen in the distance glitter like a silver sea, and and there being enough wind also to cause the black and white pennons of the Uhlans to stream away while the soldiers stood forest-like and motionless. Punctually upon the stroke after His Majesty, in a carriage and four, drove on to the field, accompanied by the empress, and Crown Prince. Immediately mounting, the Emperor, followed by a numerous and brilliant suite, in which the uniforms of almost every civilized country, not excluding China and Japan, were visible, centered up to the right of the Infantry, when the whole line presented arms and burst out into jubilant music. And as the Emperor rode slowly along the front, casting a keen eye on the bearing of his favorite troops, they vented their enthusiasm for their beloved chief in loud and loyal hurrahs. His majesty having passed, each regiment, with mute and machine like regularity, broke into column and began to take up its appointed position for the march past. Having inspected the whole of the Infantry on the field the Emperor rode back in a similar manner along the front of the Cavalry and Artillery regiments, after which he centered to the saluting point and the march commenced. This was done twice by the whole corps, the first time by the infantry in columns of companies in open order, and the second time, at rather a quicker pace, in compact columns of regiments. Nothing could excel the splendid precision with which these Prussian troops—the flower of the Prussian Army—proudly paced past their Sovereign with a peculiarly rigid and high-pacing step. Gen. Kobeleff arrived here this morning, but I could not detect him in the preplexing crowd of uniforms, nor am I certain that the French Military Attache was with his colleagues, though the relations between the Empire and the Republic are now cordial enough to prevent any astonishment arising from his presence on such an occasion. After addressing some words of sincere appreciation to the assembled commanders, the Emperor, having been exactly three hours in the saddle under what may almost be termed a burning sun, dismounted and drove home through streets lined with dense, unbroken masses of spectators, who hailed the aged monarch with never-ending cheers.

Send us a new subscriber.

Our Annual Co-operation Meeting.

Especial attention of the Christian brotherhood of Oregon is called to the meeting on the second of November. It is hoped that as many congregations as possible will send messengers, and return the statistics, as blanks are sent to all the congregations so far as known to exist. If you send no messengers fill your blank and send to the undersigned, Secretary of the Coöperation.

Brethren, don't forget that when a church neglects to meet and coöperate in the general business, that church begins to show signs of decay, as well as any other organization, human or otherwise, that loses its concern respecting its existence. Very soon that congregation loses its power for influence or good.

Messengers coming can come to Independence, two miles away, either by steamer or rail.

All persons attending the meeting will be entertained.

A. W. LUCAS,

Secretary of Coöperation.

Monmouth, Or.

Assistance for Portland Church.

MCMINNVILLE, Oct. 9, 1879.

Editor Messenger:

As I travel around, the talk is, in connection with the coming State Coöperation, "What are we going to do for the church at Portland?" "How can we best assist them?" "What can we do right now that they may secure a building site?"

For one, I am, as you know, very anxious that we shall centre our efforts there for the coming year, and indeed till they are sufficiently strong to be self-sustaining. This, I think, will not take many months to accomplish. Indeed, with judicious and zealous coöperation, the work could all be accomplished in a year. I believe I speak the sentiments of a majority of the Christian church when I say that Portland is the first and the most important place to concentrate our efforts in Oregon. The brethren are beginning to feel a deep interest in the little band of disciples who are spending their energies for the cause of truth in our metropolis. This they manifest not only by their questions but are ready with the little means they have to make a wise use of the assistance they can give. They want grounds for a church, and it is confidently expected the money can be obtained in the city for the remainder of the work. It seems now or probably—never.

I verily believe that the churches of the valley generally will be strengthened more in years to come by lending a helping hand at Portland than by expending their means all at home, and truly will be verified the words of a holier one, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Bro. F. at Bethel says, "We shall help them some," and Bro. C. at Amity says, "I am going to do something for the Portland church," while here and there are found many who will do to the extent of their ability. May God bless them in their liberality.

Now, a few suggestions. Can we not make this a matter of prime importance at our coming Coöperation?

In some parts of the valley brethren have not had the opportunity presented them for some time of casting their dollars and dimes into the treasury. Let them send to the

Coöperation for this purpose. How much will the various congregations be willing to pledge for the coming year? How much will individual brethren give? Let us swell the little amount already in the treasury, this fall, so that they can purchase soon, for the value of real estate is rapidly on the increase, and the sooner this work is done the easier the burden. And may the Father's wisdom guide us, and may his peace be shed around us "as the dew unto Israel."

WOLVERTON.

Literary Notices.

Our friend the *Primitive Christian* came to us last week in a handsome new dress. We congratulate its managers upon the improved appearance of their paper, and hope it may long continue to send the truth into many a home.

We welcome this week the *Gardener's Monthly* for Oct. It is filled as usual with knowledge for people who till the soil, either for pleasure or profit. Editor, Thomas Meehan, 814 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. \$2.10 per year, postage paid.

We received the October numbers of the SUNDAY SCHOOL MEMORY CHART, size 32 x 44 inches, published weekly by E. F. Hobart & Co., St. Louis, and heartily commend them. The scholars to whom the chart for October 12th is shown by the Superintendent can hardly fail to receive a more vivid idea of how all the world centers in Christ than they ever had before. And further, this idea is summed up for them in so few words that they will be able to retain it and be able to give it when called on in review. And so on with the other lessons. The scholars learn each Sunday from the chart the Lesson title, the Golden Text, the principle Truths taught in the lesson, and an appropriate song of Praise, and it is part of the plan of instruction that they are frequently called on to give them in review. Mr. Hobart also publishes a complete concert exercise for the 13th Sunday, which includes this review and a variety of beautiful recitations and other appropriate exercises. So the Quarterly Sunday becomes the bright day of the Sunday school cycle, for which all strive to be prepared and on which the parents and friends gather with the children.

You can try this plan for one month for 25 cents. Address the publishers.

Drunkenness is a Sin.

We are thankful the world is emphasizing the truth more. But quite consistent with this view is the statement that it is often not only a cause of disease, but disease itself. Drunkenness, more than any other sin, directly affects the very tissues of the body, and eats upon the brain. An alcohol-saturated brain is a diseased brain; and therefore a diseased nervous system. When drunkenness has reached that stage, it has so affected soul and body that the man is thoroughly diseased.

The custom of wearing orange blossoms for bridal wreaths was derived from the Saracens among whom the orange branch, from the circumstance of its bearing fruit and flowers at the same time, was considered an emblem of prosperity.

An English Lavender Field.

Here is a description of an English Lavender Field, which almost enables one to sniff up its perfume and say "yes, there it is!"

There is one sight in old England that I love beyond measure, and that is a lavender field; it pleases from its intrinsic beauty. The lovely colors of its flowers all the silk-dyers are trying to match, but cannot exactly hit on the shade. Then its fragrance! ha! how imitable, as the sprays wave with the breeze! It pleases a patriotic Englishman, simply, because it cannot be matched "in all the world," and he is proud of it accordingly. In this little island, no less than about 270 acres of its precious land is devoted to lavender farming. Each acre yields say 6200 pounds of flowers. Every hundred pounds of flowers will give up by distillation about one pound of the otto of lavender; and thus we learn that there is an average production of 700 pounds of lavender otto annually. It requires six ounces of this to make a gallon of lavender water; so that Britannia and her children—you know their names, Jamiaca, Canada, Australia—together with a few visitors, America, Germany and Russia, use, and take home with them enormous quantities of 17,000 gallons of this favorite spirit. The lavender farms in England are situated at Mitcham, in Surrey and at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire. At Mr. Peck's farm, of the latter place, the lavender, when in blossom, is resorted to by all the bees for miles around. The sound of their hum in such vast numbers is quite enchanting; nor do the butterflies neglect to visit so luxurious a feast, the taste of which appears to be particularly grateful to them. The bees' love for the lavender is so excessive, that, at the harvest time, as the sprays fall before the sickle and are tied up into sheaves, they will follow it, even at a sacrifice of life, into the boiling still! Dear reader, should you feel inclined to leave the din and smoke of your native city for a peep at the lavender farm, go when July is old or August is young, and see Mr. Peck's farm: he will greet you merrily, and his good wife will give you a hearty welcome.—*The Covenant.*

The Psalms in Scotch.

Following is Dr. P. Hatley Waddell's translation of the 23d Psalm from Hebrew into the Scottish dialect:

The Lord is my herd, nae want sal fa' me: He louts me till lie amang green bowers; he airts me atowre by the lown watis; He waukens my wa' gaen saul; he weises me roun, for his ain name's sake intil right roddins: Na! tho' I gang thro' the dead-mirk-dal; e'en thar, sal I dread nae skaithin; for yersel are har-by me; yer stok an' yer stay haud me baith fa' cheerie. My buird ye hae hansell'd in face o' my faes; ye hae drookit my head wi' oyle; my bicker is fu' an' skailin. E'en sae, sal gude-guidin an' gude-gree gang wi' me, ilk day o' my livin'; an' e'vir mair syne i' the Lord's ain Lowff, at lang last, sal I mak by-dan.

—He who learns and makes no use of his learning is a beast of burden with a load of books. Comprehendeth the ass whether he carries on his back a library or a bundle of fagots?—*Saadi.*