

PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

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Correspondence.

Venice Letter.

(REGULAR CORRESPONDENCE.)

VENICE, Oct. 3, 1879.

That American tourist who pronounced Rome to be a very fine city, but complained that the public buildings were sadly out of repair, should have been twin brother to the gentleman who, on making the ascent of the Acropolis at Athens to survey the ruins of the Partheon, remarked that they might well call the place a Necropolis, for he had never seen so many tombstones in his life. According however, to the well known "virtuoso," Mr. J. C. Robinson, who has addressed to a contemporary an interesting communication on the destruction and preservation of works of art in Italy, things archaeological in the dominions of King Humbert have reached a pass in which jocular comment is no longer appropriate, and which calls for very serious consideration indeed. Mr. Ruskin, in days gone by, used to go about Europe, acting now as a setter-up of graven images, and now as an iconoclast; but Mr. Robinson's peculiar vocation seems to be mainly and sensibly confined to taking beautiful things as he finds them, and doing his best to keep them as they are. His warnings and remonstrances sufficed to check a great deal of Vandalism in Spain, and now he has, not for the first time, taken the Italian Peninsula in hand. The grievances of which he has to complain are numerous and weighty. In the first place, the abundant art wealth of Italy, has made it the favorite hunting ground of dealers, speculators, and collectors to whom nothing is sacred. The very "stones of Venice," according to Mr. Robinson as well of many other artistic centres, are being carried away piecemeal since "nothing is too big or heavy to be moved nowadays." The critic doubts whether this mercenary and mercenary system has brought any artistic gain to the rest of Europe, while he is certain that the result has been disastrous to Italy herself. At the same time he is enabled to note with satisfaction that Italy has not the wealth of England, since, were the Italian rich, instead of selling their art treasures to foreigners, they might be bitten with a mania for restoring their ancient monuments; and such a mania, "the worst of all forms of destruction, would practically transform or blot out every genuine relic of the past."

What Mr. J. C. Robinson has said of the "stones of Venice" suggests reflections of even graver import than possibly have occurred to the writer himself. Only to a very few deeply observant archaeologists is the lamentable condition of the Queen of the

Adriatic generally known. Rome, for all the outcry that has been lately raised touching the cutting of the Tiber's banks and the desecration of the Baths of Diocletian, is tolerably free from danger. The great monuments of antiquity in the Eternal City are the property of the State; the municipality of Rome is wealthy and intelligent; the treasures of the Vatican are safely in the guardianship of the Pope, though the munificence of whose predecessors in the Holy See those treasures were collected; and Rome is moreover, the continuous resort of the most eminent scholars and archaeologists in Europe, who narrowly and jealously watch every movement on the part of every Vandalic architect and builder, and cry "Haro" whenever a relic of antiquity is tampered with. But the "stones of Venice" are in much sorer peril. That wonderful mass of brickwork, the Campanile, is sound enough; the Ducal Palace, the Patriarchate, the Bridge of Sighs, and the Prison are in tolerable repair; but the superb Basilica of St. Mark is getting into a shocking ruinous condition, so far as the pavement of the interior and the mosaic decorations are concerned, and portions of the arcades both in the Procuratie Naove and the Procuratie Vecchie in the Piazza San Marco are structurally anything but what should be desired. Nor is this the worst. Italy abounds in private palaces and in churches and convents of a secondary order. The monasteries, fallen into disuse, have been converted to all kinds of base purposes; some of the small churches are slowly sinking into disintegration through efflux of time, neglect, and the poverty of the endowment of their fabrics, while it has been the fate of the non-historic palaces, and even some of the historic ones, comprising as they do many exquisite examples of Italian and Byzantine Gothic, of Cinque-Cents and of Palladian architecture, to be successively degraded into magazines for Austrian commissariat stores, into bakeries, country-houses, and police offices, into hotels, "pensions," and old curiosity shops. The owners of the fee simple of these once splendid mansions are only too glad to let them to the first tenant who offers himself; the tenants are often as poverty-stricken as their landlords; and the Venetians are so miserably poor that they are unable to set their own houses in order, or keep their own household goods by them. Thus, as Mr. J. C. Robinson points out, the "stones of Venice" are being sold piecemeal, and carted away to all parts of the world; and, in the opinion of an authority who is at once a distinguished connoisseur and a shrewd man of business, the structural decay of Venice, unarrested by the indigence of the inhabitants, will be continuous and general until, say fifty years hence, the beautiful city will become little more than a heap of ruins, the building up of which again will be nobodys business.

Down with your money and stop your everlasting fault-finding with the manner of doing the work. It is the "money" more than the "manner" that hurts you, and you should know that this is patent to every body. Get out of the church if you won't support it.—"Gleaner," in *Record and Evangelist*.

Send us a new subscriber.

Iowa and Missouri Splinters.

Just for the sake of a little variety we substitute "splinters" for "dots," and further this is necessary because that three weeks of hay fever took away 15 lbs of flesh, and we feel *slim*.

Politics is the all absorbing question in Iowa, now all parties are "booming." Altogether this is about the liveliest canvass since the war. The election is so near we will not predict results. Bro. D. R. Dungan, the prohibition candidate for governor, addressed the people of Fairfield Sept. 30th. The audience was small, but all admit that Bro. D. made an eloquent speech, and he surely gained some votes. Bro. D. is one of our best men and would make an excellent governor if there was any possible show of his election, which we think is now impossible; yet we believe that he is doing a work that will in the near future be recognized for its merit. Bro. D. was our guest, and we enjoyed, as we always do, his genial company. Soon after the election he will meet Rev. D. D. Miller, of the Presbyterian church, in debate, at Agency Ford, Mo. Bro. D.'s book, "Rum, Ruin, and Remedy," is a gem on the temperance work, and meets a rapid sale.

We hear that the district meeting at Eddyville, selected Bro. C. T. Evans as district evangelist—a good selection.

Bro. F. M. Kirkham has resigned his work at Centerville, Iowa, after seven years continuous and successful work.

Mary Blake, of Poweshuck county, Iowa, saw our name in the *Review*. She wrote me a letter, asking me to visit them. She says, I was raised a Calvinist, sprinkled when an infant, but of late years I have read Campbell's and Franklin's writings, and became convinced that I have never been baptized, and am not in the Lord's body at all. Since I believed this there have been no preachers coming this way, by whom I could be immersed but sectarian preachers. Ever since I knew I was wrong myself I have a few relations here that I have been trying to persuade to become Christians with me, and now I am thankful that a few of them are ready to be baptized with me. We did intend to go Sept. 18th, but at their request and on account of sickness, the trip is deferred till Oct. 17th.

We sent a copy of her letter to the *Review*, with an appeal to brethren to aid us in the work, therefore the response represents Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Michigan. The church on Plume street, Detroit, sent \$2 50. This is the first time I ever was paid before hand to go out among the destitute.

In mean time this sister is working as a true soldier to raise enough to pay for the meeting.—We shall therefore be prepared to do more than just get up an interest and then leave. What we can do we do not know, but we shall try, feeling much encouraged by the response already at hand. In a letter this week, Sister B. says: "It is four years since I believed with my whole heart and that I should be baptized, and I may say that I have had many a cloudy and doubtful days in all that time; but I am now looking forward to that long prayed for bright and happy day when I shall be buried with my Lord in baptism, and rise to walk in newness of life. There are five others to

be baptized with me, and there are six or seven brethren scattered around here. One brother takes the *Review*. There are a few Methodists, but no religious papers in the community, all the rest are disbelievers."

I am anxious to get into that field. I hope and pray that I may be able to do much good. If I can start a congregation under favorable circumstances, I shall appeal to the State Board and brotherhood in general for aid to put in half my time for, at least, one year. We will tell you more in our next.

S. H. HEDRIX.

Fairfield, Iowa, Oct. 2, 1879.

A Novel Institution for Spinners.

There exists in Denmark a singular institution, established mainly for the benefit of the daughters of the nobility. When a man is blessed by the birth of a daughter, he causes her to be enrolled at this institution, paying a very small sum, with a fixed annual payment of a moderate amount. When the young girl reaches the age of twenty-one years, she not only finds herself in possession of a very comfortable little income, but she has a right to occupy and enjoy a fine apartment, well furnished, in an elegant house, with parks and gardens, and her companions will be ladies, young or old, who are members of the association. It is not obligatory upon a member to live longer at the chateau or more frequently than suits her convenience. If the father dies and the young girl is unprotected, she has an asylum at once, even if the subsequent annual subscriptions are not liquidated, and when she attains her majority, her annual income begins. If she should die or marry, her interest in the association passes to the general fund. If she should be married when she is twenty, all that is paid in by the father accrues to the association, and it is this source of income that enables the institution to demand only a small subscription, which renders it easy for a father to meet the demand, with the assurance that if his daughter cannot be married without a marriage portion, she will at least have the enjoyment of a comfortable home for life. This institution has been prosperous at Copenhagen for sixty years.—*Ex.*

—You, O man! who with your honey words and your tender looks steal away a young girl's heart, for thoughtless or selfish vanity, do you know what it is you do? Do you know what it is to turn the precious fountain of woman's first love into a very Marah, whose bitterness may pervade her whole life's current, crushing her, if humble, beneath the torture of self-contempt, or, if proud, making her cold, heartless, revengeful, quick to wound others as she herself has been wounded? And if she marry, what is her fate? She has lost that instinctive worship of what is noble in man, which causes a woman gladly to follow out the righteous altar-vow, and in "honoring" and "obeying" her husband to create the sunshine of her home; and this is caused by your deed! Is not such deed a sin? Ay, almost second to that deadly one which ruins life and fame, body and soul! Yet man does both toward woman, and goes smiling amidst the world, which smiles at him again.

—There is no real use in riches, except it be in the distribution; the rest is but conceit.

Quiet Lives.

Christ's lowly, quiet workers unconsciously bless the world. They come out every morning from the presence of God, and go to their business or household work. And all day long as they toil they drop gentle words from their lips, and scatter little seeds of kindness about them; and to-morrow flowers from the garden of God spring up in the dusty streets of earth, and along the hard paths of toil on which their feet tread.

More than once in the Scripture the lives of God's people in this world are compared in their influence to the dew. There may be other points of analogy, but specially noteworthy is the quiet manner in which the dew performs its ministry. It falls silently and imperceptibly. It makes no noise. No one hears it dropping. It chooses the darkness of the night when men are sleeping, and when no man can witness its beautiful work. It covers the leaves with clusters of pearls. It steals into the bosom of the flowers, and leaves a new cupful of sweetness there. It pours itself down among the roots of the grasses and tender herbs and plants.

And in the morning there is fresh beauty everywhere. The fields look greener, the gardens are more fragrant all life glows and sparkles with a new splendor. And is there no lesson here as to the manner in which we should seek to do good in this world? Should we not strive to have our influence felt rather than be seen or heard? Should we not scatter blessings so silently and so secretly that no one shall know what hand dropped them? The whole spirit of the Gospel teaches this: "When thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth; that thine alms may be in secret." We are not to speak praise of men. We are not to do good deeds to receive rewards from men. We are not to sound trumpets or announce our good deeds from the housetops.

—Ouida, the celebrated English novelist, has recently received a medal from the Paris Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals in recognition of her energetic protests against the practice of vivisection. The evils she has wrought to the human family by her writings is in deplorable contrast with her efforts for the good of animals. Her novels are more injurious in their tone and influence than any literary works of this century.

—The man that laughs heartily is the doctor without a diploma. His face does more good in a sick room than a bushel of powders or a gallon of bitter draughts. People are always glad to see him. Their hands instinctively go half way out to meet his grasp, while they turn involuntarily from the clammy touch of the dyspeptic who speaks in the groaning key. Such a one laughs you out of your faults, while you never think of being offended with him; and you never know what a pleasant world you live in till he points out the sunny streaks on its pathway.

—At the recent Oxford local examinations 2,163 candidates were examined, 751 of this number being seniors, 540 of them passed, among them being 229 girls. Of the 1,412 juniors 853 were successful, 211 being girls.