

Letter from Mrs. E. Rohrer.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Dec. 12, 1879.

Dear Editor:

The MESSENGER has been a constant and welcome visitor to our family ever since we settled in our new home in Indianapolis, and during the three years since we left Monmouth, Dec. 12, 1876, it has been a source of real pleasure, bringing to us weekly tidings from absent friends in far-off Oregon. I wonder if those friends would be glad of a few lines from us, through the MESSENGER. If you think so, dear editor, you may publish this letter.

It was just three years ago to-day since we said good bye to friends, and started East to engage in a more extensive manufacture of my New Remedy for the Lungs, the

GREAT OREGON CURE.

It was a matter of great concern and anxiety to me to know what would be the result of this undertaking, and how my medicine would be appreciated by the people here. But there is no longer any room for doubt and anxiety, as from the very beginning of this enterprise, it has met with unbounded success, and to-day it rests upon a sure foundation, my New Remedy being a favorite and standard medicine in tens of thousands of homes throughout the East. I could give you testimonial after testimonial, of the remarkable cures it has effected, within the last three years, many being under my own personal observation, of obstinate cases of throat and lung disease, asthma, bronchitis and other kindred complaints; but this would be tiresome to your readers, and I will not go into particulars.

It may, however, be a matter of interest to some of the friends of Mrs. Rohrer's New Remedy, to know that it is now manufactured at only one place in the United States and territories, and that place is here, at Indianapolis, on Meridian St., Nos. 347 and 349, under my own personal supervision and management. We are making arrangements to ship from this point the entire supply of Oregon and the Pacific coast, so that if the present supply there is exhausted, it will be only temporary. More will be forthcoming.

To the readers of the MESSENGER who hail from the Hoosier State, we will say that Indianapolis now boasts of 100,000 inhabitants, and is still on the increase in population. It has become a great railroad center, and is known throughout the country as the "city of concentric circles." Thirteen railroads center here, and others are building. Then there is the "Belt" road, thirteen miles in circumference, extending around the city like a girdle of iron. In connection with this, immense stock yards have been built, also a magnificent hotel. Of the industries carried on here, we might mention Kingans' pork house and slaughtering establishment, the largest in the world. One of the newest features in the city is the wonderful telephone, the wires of which, connecting stores, offices and public buildings, run in every direction above the house tops, resembling so many thousand spider webs on a dewy morning. Along these wires the sounds of hundreds of voices are passing every moment of the day, but not a syllable is heard, save by the intent listener whose attention has been called, by some one, perhaps, two miles away.

The public schools of the city are unsurpassed, in point of efficiency and the number of large and commodious school buildings, by any city of the same population in the United States. It is the pride of Indiana that her school fund exceeds that of any other State in the Union. Indianapolis is also noted for her numerous church edifices, and their numerous pulpits are filled with the best talent that can be procured.

Our own denomination has six churches in the city, where services are held regularly every Sabbath. Olive Branch church is located on South Meridian St., opposite of our manufacturing establishment. To this, three in number, we belong, and its nearness to our door enables us to attend both church and Sunday school very regularly. Elder Blount is our present pastor. The Sunday school numbers about 150, with ten teachers. Howard Cole, a prominent young attorney, being superintendent. We have the pleasure of occasionally hearing Prof. O. A. Burgess preach. For many years he has been the able President of Butler University, located at Irvington, six miles east of the city. It is the old North Western Christian University, its name being changed. The old building on College Avenue was abandoned, the grounds sold, and a splendid college edifice erected at that pretty suburban village of Irvington. Here the college is now flourishing.

The weather with us has been warm and pleasant this fall. Good health has prevailed generally. We are now having quite cold weather, and winter is upon us. The crops in the east have been good the past year, though fruits have been nearly a failure. Farmers are realizing good prices for their produce; business seems to be reviving; more prosperous times are expected, and peace and plenty favor the people of Indiana and of her flourishing and beautiful capital—Indianapolis.

Very truly your friend and sister,
MRS. E. ROHRER.

Balloon Religion.

A SERMON BY THE REV. IRVING A. SEARLES.

The following sermon was preached on yesterday by the Rev. Irving A. Searles, in the Christian church, on Oakwood boulevard:

"He took Peter and James and John and went up into a mountain to pray; and as He prayed the fashion of His countenance was altered and His raiment was white and glistening." Luke ix. 28, 29.

From the mount of transfiguration come some of the most precious truths and practical lessons of the Christian system. This sublime scene throws light upon the doctrine of the recognition of friends in the life to come. "And behold there talked with Him two men, Moses and Elias, who appeared in glory." While Christ and the three disciples are on this mountain there appear among them these two visitors from the unseen world. Moses, the great lawgiver, had been gone fifteen hundred years, and nine centuries had rolled away since the voice of Elias, the prophet, had been heard by the children of Abraham. Though so long absent from earth, the three disciples are able to recognize the one as Moses the other as Elias. Notwithstanding they "appeared in glory" they are identified as the two men who once stood foremost in the Hebrew nation. The saints of all ages "shall appear in glory," in robes outshining the sun in its noonday splendor, but that does not imply such a change that friend cannot recognize friend. If Moses and Elias could be recognized after so long an absence from this world, may you not recognize that loved one when you enter that life to come?

This transaction teaches us that Christ, not Moses, is now to be heard. "And then came a voice out of the clouds saying, This is my beloved Son; hear Him; and when the voice was passed Jesus was found alone." The Hebrew people had heretofore heard Moses. He was their lawgiver. The Jew who wished to know the will of God concerning him went to Moses for instruction. This was proper. But a new dispensation is now to be inaugurated, and another lawgiver announced to the world. The voice from the unseen glories say not "This is Elias, hear him;" not "This is Moses, hear him;" but these two characters are removed from view,

and as Jesus remains alone in supernatural splendor the heavens break silence with the utterance "This is my beloved Son; hear Him."

Notwithstanding this plain statement, it is not uncommon to find religious teachers still calling upon the world to hear Moses instead of hearing Christ. Those seeking the terms of salvation to-day are told to read the Old Testament. I would in no sense depreciate that portion of God's word. It is valuable for its history, for its types, for its delineation of human character, and for its practical lessons. But it is not that part of revealed truth which tells you and me in this age of the world what we must do to be saved. Christ, not Moses, now announces the terms of pardon. In the last chapter of the last book of the Old Testament is this statement: "Remember ye the law of Moses, my servant, which I commanded unto him in Horeb for all Israel." It was the law of Moses, not the law of Christ. It was for all Israel, not for all the world. The New Testament contains not the law of Moses, but the law of Christ. It is not for all Israel only, but reads, "Go ye unto all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

Travelers down the St. Croix river, as they reach the line between the United States and Canada, find a monument upon one side of which are the words, "The United States," and upon the other side the inscription, "The Dominion of Canada." While they read "United States" they know that they are under the laws of this country, but after they have passed along until they read "The Dominion of Canada" they know that they are then under another form of government. Upon the line between the Old and New Testament towers as a monument the cross upon which the Messiah died. Upon one side of that monument is the word "Moses;" upon the other side the word "Christ." For centuries the nations coming down the stream of time read "Moses." Then they were under the law of Moses. But by and by the line between the two great dispensations is crossed, and now we read the word "Christ." Erroneous is the teaching that would hurl back the development of the flow of salvation until the world shall read "Moses" again. Such teaching is eighteen hundred and seventy-nine years behind the times. "Send not the inquiring sinner to the Old Testament, but the New."

From this incident we learn that some are very selfish in religious matters. "Peter said unto Jesus, Master, it is good for us to be here, and let us make three tabernacles, one for Thee, one for Moses, and one for Elias." Let us put up three tents, and we six can have a heaven all to ourselves. Peter forgot the other disciples, the great world beneath, and the generations yet to come. He was willing to have a heaven that would contain only a half-dozen persons, provided he could be one of the half-dozen. How narrow and insignificant this proposed heaven compared with the one that the Patmos exile saw, wherein was gathered a "multitude that no man could number!" But Peter is not the only follower of Christ who would be satisfied with a little threetent heaven. Call on some people to help in preaching the Gospel, and they say we expect to reach heaven ourselves, and what care we for the rest of mankind? In fact, if not professedly, this is the position of many. Such a spirit is the death warrant of all missionary enterprise. It is this spirit that says:

"O Lord, bless me and my wife,
Brother John and his wife,
Us four and no more."

There is more downright nonsense talked regarding religion than concerning any other theme. You will observe this in our Sunday school literature. Some little boy or girl is

portrayed as an angel, never disobeyed parents, never told a lie, never did anything wrong. If we read such a story in *The New York Ledger* we say it is a lie, and hurl anathemas at a Bonner who will persist in publishing fiction! When the same narrative appears in a Sunday school book we say, Well, it may be a lie, but it is a pious lie, anyway, and let it go.

This tendency is seen in our talk of special providence. A child is taken very sick, and the father, instead of employing a physician, secures the services of a quack. The treatment is opposed to all medical science. The child dies. The minister standing over the little coffin, says: "'A mysterious providence' hath done this." It is a lie; a quack hath done this.

No other public teacher is permitted to say so many manifestly absurd things unchallenged as is the preacher. When nonsense finds its way in the editorial column, into our courts, on the platform, it meets with exposure. When known absurdities come from the sacred desk decorum forbids a reply. The congregation says: "Oh, that is religion; let it go." By a tacit understanding between pulpit and pew, the audience feel in duty bound to swallow everything the minister says. Let us stop talking on religious themes as did Peter, "not knowing what he said."

Learn from this subject that the arousing of religious emotions is not all there is of the Christian life. Peter is in ecstasy amid these surroundings. He is desirous to remain on the mount forever. He says in rapture: "It is good for us to be here." He would rather remain there than go down from the mountain and engage in the practical duties of life. But his request is denied him. Sometimes in revival meetings you have felt the same way. Sermon, song and prayer have stirred your religious nature to its very depths. You have said: "Oh, that this meeting might always continue; oh, that I might live forever amid these surroundings, and in this frame of mind!" But religion involves more than that. There are duties outside of the revival.

Longfellow in one of his poems picture a youth who in winter seizes a banner and begins the ascent of a mountain. He gradually leaves behind him the fields, the workshops, the dwellings, the neighbors. As he rises higher and higher he shouts "Excelsior!" His voice grows fainter and fainter until heard no more. He has gone so high that the atmosphere in which he moves is so thin it will not sustain life, and he dies. So it is no uncommon thing to see professed Christians taking the banner of the cross in a revival, and crying "Hallelujah!" "Amen!" rise higher and higher emotionally, until they leave behind this practical world. They lose sight of duties appertaining to every day life. They are too high up to give much attention to such matters as telling the truth, keeping their temper, restraining the tongue from slander, and paying their debts. They have become too religious to give attention to these things. But this class of persons soon reach an altitude where the atmosphere is too thin for them to live, and they die.

It is not the emotional, but the practical part of religion that is most difficult to observe. It is easier to shout in a revival than to go home and put up a stove and fit the pipe without at least thinking swear. It is related of a deacon in one of the New England states that he would, in prayer-meeting, pronounce the words "blessed Jesus" in a tone so pathetic that it moved the congregation to tears. That same man has recently been arrested for stealing sheep. It is one thing to say "blessed Jesus" on Sunday, and another thing to let the sheep alone on Monday. It is one thing to be religious on the mount of transfiguration, and another

thing not to deny our Lord in the world below. Instead of this balloon religion let us have one that touches the ground.—*The Chicago Times*, Sept. 29, 1879.

"Just as I Am Without One Plea."

This beautiful hymn, written by Miss Charlotte Elliott in 1836, expresses the sentiment of a heart overlaid with sorrow, and casting itself, with all its burdens, into the arms of its Redeemer. In Him it finds pardon, purification, peace. The words, well chosen, Scriptural, finds an echo in every penitent breast, and hence they are now treasured and sung wherever our English tongue is known.

Miss Elliott, the author of this exquisite lyric, was born in 1789, and spent most of her life in a cottage, over which the ivy and honeysuckle clambered, and which overlooked the waters of Torbay, in Devonshire, England. The locality is celebrated as the landing-place of the Prince of Orange when he came, in 1688, to claim the crown of England; and also as the residence of Sir Culling Eardley. The scenery of Torquay, the town where Miss Elliott resided, and where she wrote "Just as I am," and other lyrics, is remarkably fine and the climate delightful. Shut in by cliffs on the north and inclining towards the south, the land produces flowers almost all the year around, and the lanes and hedges are almost always verdant. Miss Elliott was distinguished for piety and benevolence. Her time and property were alike devoted to the alleviation of the miseries of the poor. She passed several years of her life in Switzerland, and there became acquainted with Dr. Cesar Matten, an eminent hymn-writer and musician, from whose evangelical and poetic spirit she received fresh inspiration, and whose friendship she highly prized. On returning to Torquay she named her beautiful cottage "Mornex Lodge," from a picturesque scene on the southern slope of Mount Saleve near Geneva. She published a collection of devotional hymns for every day in the week, which is very popular in England; and died, lamented by all who knew her, in 1871, at the age of 81.

Such a writer has two immortalities; one in heaven, another on earth. Her soul in her sweet lyric steals into myriads of other souls, moving them to seek the Savior whom she loved, and of whose tenderness she sang. I have known of many instances, and have been informed of more, of persons who have been turned to Jesus, or who have been comforted in their last moments, by the singing of this hymn. I will mention only one.

Presenting a scrap of printed paper to a minister one day, a poor boy said to him: "My father wants to get a clean piece like that."

It was the hymn, "Just as I am."

"For what does your father want it?" inquired the minister.

"We found this," replied the boy, "in sister's pocket after she died. She used to sing it all the time when she was sick, and loved it so much that father wants to get a clean one, put it in a frame and hang it up."

Thus embalmed in the hearts of children even, will the sweet words of Charlotte Elliott go down to many generations, and myriads will rise up to bless her memory.—REV. ELIAS MASON, in the *Congregationalist*.

—Christianity means to the merchant that he should be honest; to judge it means that he should be just; to the servant, that he should be faithful; to the school-boy, that he should be diligent; to the street-sweeper, that he should sweep clean; to every worker, that his work should be well done.

—Go ahead, and notice the good things done—the progress made, and let the other phases of school life pass with the least possible notice and friction.