

PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

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Pacific CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,

Devoted to the cause of Primitive Christianity, and the diffusion of general information.

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

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Your Troubles.

Mr. Campbell:

Being quite familiar with the workings of your church, and having a high appreciation of the members thereof, both with respect to their intelligence and the high-minded integrity of the masses, I have thought for some time past, as a large number of articles have appeared in the P. C. MESSENGER, on the subject of *Our Troubles*, thereby conceding that you have troubles, meaning, as I suppose, hindrances to success and influence, that I would write an article with the above caption from my standpoint of observation.

A large number of pieces setting forth your troubles were far from the point, and I became tired of reading them, till Mr. Peterson had his say and named the cause of your troubles to be conformity to the world, which I think is just the very name for it; but when he commenced to make the application of what you did that was conformity, he ran off the track and was as completely engulfed as the train that went into the Tay; as though Paul did not teach that preachers should be educated, telling one to study, to make himself a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, (I have been ashamed of some as myself,) because he was educated. For many years I have heard your preachers assay to preach on the subject "Be not conformed to this world," and they often missed it just as far by making it apply to the latest style of dressing among the ladies of the church, when, perhaps, it was as much an improvement as the present plows are over the old bar share.

Yet I shall take the position in this paper that being conformed to the world is the great hindrance to success and influence, and shall make a number of applications which I know are great hindrances to your success, and will say that the ladies should not bear all the blame, yet when they go beyond mediocrity in dress, and dress purely for show, where there is no utility, then they violate the teachings of what you claim is a revelation of your God, especially those who wear that very precious metal called gold—Peter's Epistles. The temple was ornamented with gold, which, I hear your preachers say, was typical of Christ's church, not individual members, but a spiritual organization, and I am sure plenty of gold would make your organization shine with a brilliancy that would look better to an outsider, than seeing it dangle on the side of the faces of the old and young, promiscuously bedecking both male and female, preachers, elders and the big ones of the church.

I learn you are making some mis-

sionary strides, and for Portland especially. I am confident there is enough of the precious metal used on your members in this State to buy a lot, build a house, and pay a preacher a year in Portland. When I say to your members, Peter said, don't wear gold, they say, yes, I know, but that means something else; but when you are urging "be baptized," the orthodox will say, that don't mean that, you turn on him with, we speak where the Bible speaks, the Bible means just what it says, &c. I simply conclude if your Bible teaches anything, you are being conformed in this to an alarming extent in all denominations.

I will leave the gold, and as briefly as possible, name a goodly number of practices of the world that many church members conform to.

We of the world have our theaters, we like to attend, at the same time. I know we help support about the lowest down class of persons, both as actors and managers, yet we look around and half the audience are professing Christians.

We go into the dance, especially the *parlor dance*; there's the Christian mingling with the profane, the vulgar and the tippler.

If on the steamer, the car, or private hall, the gambler or some one draws the pack of cards and begins the shuffle, even if on Sunday, many Christians walk up and take a hand. So at the billiard table, the horse race, and other similar worldly institutions, but the masses of professors refuse saying my profession keeps me out of such practices.

We now come to speak of a practice, which looked upon, by many Christians, as almost divine, is robbing your church of more glory and influence than all others indulged in promiscuously by what you term the world and the church, and one which has to be handled very lightly, and indeed I might say is not considered a subject of discussion, even in the land of *free speech*. The orders of the *mystic tie*, or more particularly those abbreviated A. F. & A. M. and I. O. O. F. What say you, dare you attack those venerable societies? Not by any means, for we on the outside believe they are very good for the world, but very hazardous to the church. I know that which tends to division in feeling, in numbers, in finances, in any body, political, religious or social, tends to the weakening of that body. I know there exists a feeling on the part of those in your church who are opposed to the members joining in such societies, that takes the utmost stretch of forbearance to endure it.

I will now state some of the effects it is having on the church. First, it has made all outsiders, who belong to those orders, believe that said orders are *saving institutions*, and when you preach to such to come to your church they simply sneer at it, and say, this is good enough religion for me, and even your preachers, in the order, *send all who die to the grand lodge above*. I even heard a learned speaker of the I. O. O. F. say in closing an address to his brethren at one of their celebrations, "It will be said to all good O. F. in the last day, 'well done good and faithful servants, enter into the joys of your Lord.'" I heard some church members say immediately, "A saving institution according to that."

But that is not all. I learn at your meetings, and through your paper, that you are much troubled to get the necessary means to carry on the work

of your church. I know also that these orders have well filled treasuries, and church members are compelled to pay their dues, and do so, and I know some don't pay a half dollar per year to their church, and I know where you see lodges prosper you see churches languish, and I know you may go to any little town or village in this State, where the people meet in one, two or three buildings, for all the purposes of the town, and you will see just such state of affairs.

You teach that the Jewish church was typical of the Christian. Is such the case? Certainly the Jews who suffered the frowns and curses of heaven for being conformed to the world around in their pagan and idolatrous practices, ought to be warning enough to keep your church out of so many conformities.

I have, as hastily as possible, laid before you a few of the things your members conform in, and shall mention only one other thing before I close, that don't come exactly under the head, but I know it does your church much harm, and prevails in all the churches I have ever known. Your speakers and writers, whom I have heard, say, trim the dead branches, prune, discipline closely, put from you all who walk disorderly; yet I have hardly known a person excluded for even the blackest sins, but some members would indulge in abuse against the church, or its officers, and justify the parties so excluded, thereby casting an adium on your church.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

SKEPTIC.

Laurele, Jan. 7, 1880.

Letter from Wellesley College.

WELLESLEY, MASS., Dec. 21, 1879.

My dear Girls:

Yesterday morning I went with Miss Reed to Boston, where we spent the day till five o'clock, when we separated up in the city about half way between our depots, she going home for vacation, I to return to Wellesley.

I have become somewhat familiar with the principal streets, so that I have no longer any fear of being lost, but we yesterday found some trouble in pushing our way through the crowds who were doing their Christmas shopping. Boston streets are so narrow, and so very crooked and withal so very dirty, that one must keep a sharp lookout if he keeps the even tenor of his way. The windows are filled with Christmas goods, and we could not help stopping before one of the stores to admire a most beautiful scene from the wonderland where Santa Claus holds court. It all looked so real that we could scarcely believe we had outgrown our trust in *kriss kringle* lore. There was the veritable Santa Claus bundled in furs, who so often has "placed his finger alongside his nose, gave a queer little nod as up the chimney he rose." The sleigh, reindeer and all were as large as life, but we didn't have time to bring up all the poetry of our youth, for we were brought hurriedly back to mundane things, by the struggle to keep ourselves from being pushed into the fearful mud of that Boston street by those more eager than ourselves to get near the Christmas fairy land.

Other places in the world have mud as well as Oregon, and surely Boston has a generous share. You would be shocked if you could see my

overshoes, as they still stand in the corner, covered with regular Boston mud—the genuine article you understand, but just as hard to get rid of as any other.

We visited the soldiers' monument on the Commons, and tried to go back to the day when the "muffled bells of Boston rang out a funeral peal over the Stamp Act," but the day was too disagreeable for building romance upon historic landmarks of the Revolution.

The Boston girls don't much like Chicago's reason for Boston being called the Hub. They say it's not the slowest part of creation, but there are too many Western girls here for them to always carry the day.

Mrs. Shelton, our housekeeper, was suddenly called to Oakland, Cal., a few days ago, by the severe illness of her daughter, but we get along with the cook first-rate.

Miss Parker and Miss Denis, both teachers, took dinner with us to-day. Miss Parker reminds me very much of Mrs. Blanche Patterson when she taught music in Monmouth. She dresses exquisitely.

Dr. Lord lectured last night at the College on Napoleon Bonaparte, and we all regret very much that it was the last of the course.

Some of the Dana Hall girls attend Joseph Cook's Monday lectures in the Old South Church regularly, but I have only been once; he then lectured on the Mormons, and read several letters from gentlemen in high position at Washington, showing why Utah should not now be admitted as a State. In another letter, after I have heard him again, I will tell you something more of what he says and how he looks.

There has been a new \$4,000 picture hung in the College, near the south entrance, opposite the \$5,000 one of Mono Pass, that I told you of before. I would not dare to say what difference in merit makes the difference in price, for they both look very grand in my eyes. The new picture is a view in London. If the gentleman who presented it is at all partial to feminine attention, he must have been delighted, with the ovation the young ladies gave him in the parlor after the hanging of the picture.

Of course being in New England we had a grand Thanksgiving dinner, which, I assure you, was heartily enjoyed, we having been kept waiting for it till three o'clock; after which some of us started hap hazard for a walk, and before we knew it were reading inscriptions on old moss grown tombstones that dated back as far as 1793. It was not a very enticing place, and we hurried home to be safely housed before the darkness settled down around us.

To the young gentlemen who inquire in such a solicitous way how many hairpin factories have been built on the College grounds to supply so many fussy girls, I must say that Boston draws that revenue at three cents a dozen. The ink is furnished by the College, and is not of the best quality. Matches we must buy for ourselves, and they must be safety matches, some of which are so hard to light they never light at all. They can very well be called safety matches; little sticks from the fir woods at home couldn't be safer.

We have discovered that what we have believed all this time was only an ornament at the bottom of our bureau is in reality a big nice drawer, and designed for use. The

discovery has silenced considerable muttering about crowded quarters.

If you hear of a new book printed on the famous Riverside Press with the suggestive title of "A House Without a Man," you may know it hails from Dana Hall, and the twenty-six writers, one for each chapter, confidently expect it will be the best selling book of the season in the market. Political opinions in our little world are just as decided as they are on religious subjects; Miss Cainstock, a democrat from New York, and Miss Prescott, a republican from Maine, occupy seats at opposite ends of the table, and the way they dish up each other's Congressmen between the courses, would soon convince the multitude that Blaine and Tilden were both abused and underrated. The house is mostly republican however, though in the war of words the contestants are not far from equal.

Miss Guernsey, the author of the drama played in Salem a few weeks ago, boards on the same floor with myself. She drew a \$50 prize for writing it. She is quite an artist, and is now here taking triple lessons in Botany. Her sketches of ferns and flowers are very beautiful.

Being so near vacation we cannot study all the time you know, and we put in our spare minutes on "Hypatia," "Sir Gibbie," the "Fool's Errand," and have a pile of tracts and assorted music put away for vacation, which begins to-morrow.

All the girls are leaving or have already left, to enjoy the next two weeks in recreation among their loved ones at home, except five or six who are too far away to think of doing more than send loving messages, over sea and land, to those whose hearts are full of love and ever thinking of the absent ones.

You need not be surprised to find this letter written in detached sentences, for I, with all the rest, have caught the Christmas fever, and since I began writing we have eaten dinner, received a dozen calls, and accepted an invitation to dine with the minister on Christmas day.

What are the Vespertines doing I wonder this Christmas tide? I send to you, and all my Oregon friends, wishes kind, that this may be the merriest Christmas you have ever known, and that the dear old year may die for you with all its rapturous plans fulfilled, and the glad new year begin with promises as fair as the dream of the poet in the heart of silverland.

CASSIE STUMP.

THE DOMESTIC MONTHLY for January, 1880—The *Domestic Monthly* for January will be found in every respect appropriate to the season, and abreast with the latest ideas of the best customers.

A sketch of furs and their history, in the current number, will be found of present interest, and poetry by popular authors, with the regular departments of editorial comment and criticism, make up an attractive, amusing, and instructive number.

A revised list of premiums offered as inducements to canvassers is published in this number. Among them are all the books now in market, and Wm. Holl's superb engraving of Washington as painted by John Faed, R. S. A.

The *Domestic Monthly* is published by Blake & Company, corner Broadway and 14th Street, New York, at \$1 50 per year, inclusive of pattern premium. Specimen copies 15 cents.

Behavior is a mirror in which every one shows his image.—Goethe.