

PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

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Pacific CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

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From an Old Lady's Diary.

Death is at our door waiting for some opening that he may enter and lay hold on the strong man who bows beneath his weight, and whose soul goes back to its maker—God. If it has sowed tares in this life, they will be gathered from the wheat and burned, and the soul that is not clothed from heaven while on earth, will be naked, and oh, how shall it appear that man must be born again, born of the spirit, or he is not fit for the kingdom, for he that takes God's name in vain and loveth and maketh a lie, will never enter the kingdom of heaven. Many are walking in the road to ruin.

Sowing the seeds of lingering pain,
Sowing the seeds of a mad'ning brain,
Sowing the seeds of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seeds of eternal shame;
what shall the harvest be? I would that all should so live, yea, that all should so live that when their summons comes to join the invincible caravan which throngs the caverns of the pale dead; they go with a high calm unflinching trust, and die down to pleasant dreams. A lost soul, O how shall it be estimated, and who but a lost one can count the cost, million upon millions of years and no redemption, no reprieve, no turning back to earth again, no chance to rectify a sad and eternal mistake. A man that is reckless, and careless, and indifferent for the future welfare of his immortal soul, for it pleased God to make man a living soul, and when the soul leaves this body of dust it will, on the morning of the resurrection, be raised an immortal body, and this soul will take possession and live together in happiness or suffering.

A reckless man is like a man at sea that has a ruby or a pearl of inestimable value, and it is all he has, and no chance of obtaining another; he stands playing and tossing it until it falls into the fathomless ocean, and it sinks beneath the billows, lost forever. If it was gold or silver he would be more careful. Be not reckless of that which is of more value than all the worlds. For what shall a man give in exchange for his soul. Be in earnest, for as the tree falleth so it lieth. God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son to die for sinners. In this he showed his great love and mercy, for God is love and mercy; Christ is love and mercy or he would not have been willing to suffer such great and terrible suffering as when he cried unto the Father, My God why hast thou forsaken me? God is all love; the bright angels beautify their home by loving God and loving each other. Without love this earth would be void and dark indeed. He that is love saith, No greater commandment do I give than that ye love one another.

When a loved one takes his flight from the dear old hearth stone, it may leave an aching void, but love cannot die. I count that household happy that has a goodly share of heaven-born love. Love descended to earth became flesh and dwelt among us; that love was heaven-born, it cannot die. Love is indistructable, but with life all other passion flies. Love holy flame forever burneth, from heaven it came, to heaven returneth, when earth has no more use for it. He that hath most philanthropic love hath most flowers to weave into a garland of roses to crown love's beautiful brow. Love crowns a beautiful valley where love and life always increase. God is love, truth is love, love is live glowing coals upon the holy altar of Christ's never dying love; as glowing coals give warmth, so is the heart warmed with love's radiance, true love ever shines on. I ask for me and mine, and say, O give us not the gems of the ocean, but give us infinite love deep and lasting, and as strong as the everlasting hills.

Thoughtless multitudes, O how thoughtless, for they pass along without one thought what the day may bring forth, without one thought for the future; and the place so carefully tilled will be as carefully tilled for centuries to come, as the years roll, for seed time and harvest shall not fail, and the noon day sun shall shine as bright; the mellow dew shall descend, the bright rains shall fall, and the vintage shall be gathered in; the golden grain shall be reaped, the garner shall be filled, and the living shall rejoice, while the nation of the pale dead are mouldering away and waiting for the resurrection morn, when they shall spring up into newness of life more beautiful for sleeping a wintry sleep. So it will be with the sleeping dead, not unlike vegetation, when the winter is gone it springs up into life more beautiful, for all deformities will be left behind—blindness, deafness, lameness, sickness and death; and death shall be felt and feared no more.

Twelve o'clock at night, on awaking, I find the mind unhappy, I know of no cause why it should be so. O how much and how great is the mind capable of suffering, for its capacities are large; what shall it be on that long leagued shore. Here we weep, at times find relief and sleep, and so for a time forget our sorrows. Not so there, the eye will be dry, no chance to weep away our anguish or sob out our complaints, nor sleep away our years. But they that have made Christ their friend know no sorrow beyond the tomb. This body shall rest in the bright hope of a resurrection morn, when it will be renewed, warmed into life again. Then the righteous shall behold him in clouds of bright glory, with tens of thousands bright angels around him, and the dead in Christ shall arise, first, and blessed are the dead that hath a part in the first resurrection, for over such the second death hath no power. An eminent man said as when you reckon with your creditor, and as when you have paid all, you reckon yourself free, so now reckon with God, for Jesus has paid all, our debt is canceled, and we, through the Mediator, approach the Father, and be justified through faith, and not of ourselves. It is the gift of God, and the spirit and the Bride say come. The Bride is the church; all that can attend church should do so; it is the

means appointed through grace to save the soul; it is the means appointed of the Holy Spirit, for man's salvation. Invitations are sounding forth from the church, and few there are that heed it. O that a messenger, even the spirit of truth, would come and bring them into the sheep fold, through the door, which is Christ. O to be born again, born of the Spirit, for none will be saved without it. Again, go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature. But many refuse, while others make excuses that they are married and cannot come; married to their worldly gain, married to the lusts of the flesh, married to the pride of life, married to their sinful recreation. O, my Father, put forth another servant that shall compel them to come in, that thine house may be full. O, my Father, there shall be wars and rumors of wars, and races to be run, and many shall be discouraged, and many hearts shall wax faint, and many shall suffer great tribulation; and wickedness shall abound in high places, and many shall sit in the scoffer's seat; many unbelievers will rejoice in their unbelief. O Lord, I ask that thou wilt set a watch over these things, that mine may be saved from such deadly sins. But when this earth recedes, when the last loud pulse shall cease to beat, and time shall be no more, then, O my Father, may it so be that I may see and know that all my kindred family, and all that is added to mine, through grace and mercy, be prepared to sit with the ransomed of the Lord. Even so amen.

MRS. E. BRACE.

Leland, Oregon.

Grains of Gold.

—Difficulties, by bracing the mind to overcome them assist cheerfulness, as exercise assists digestion.—*Bovee.*

—To tell a falsehood is like the cut of a sabre; for, though the wound may heal, the scar of it will remain.—*Saadi.*

—We mount to heaven mostly on the ruins of our cherished schemes, finding our failures were successes.—*Alcott.*

—Drunkenness places man much below the level of the brutes as reason elevates him above them.—*Sir G. Sinclair.*

—Humility is the Christian's greater honor; and the higher men climb, the farther they are from heaven.—*Burder.*

—He who has no opinion of his own, but depends upon the opinion and taste of others, is a slave.—*F. G. Klopstock.*

—Never think that God's delays are God's denials. Hold on; hold fast; hold out. Patience is genius.—*Buffon.*

—There is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair.—*Carlyle.*

—Hope is like the wing of an angel, soaring up to heaven and bearing our prayers to the throne of God.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

—One who is content with what he has done will never become famous for what he will do. He has lain down to die.—*Bovee.*

—Of all the possessions of this life, fame is the noblest; when the body has sunk into the dust the great name still lives.—*Schiller.*

—We sacrifice to dress till household joys and comforts cease. Dress

drains our cellar dry, and keeps our larder lean.—*Cowper.*

—To be perfectly just is an attribute of the divine nature; to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of man.—*Addison.*

—That life is long which answers life's great end; the tree that bears no fruit deserves no name; the man of wisdom is the man of years.—*Young.*

—Dependence is a perpetual call upon humanity, and a greater incitement to tenderness and pity than any other motive whatsoever.—*Addison.*

—He who imitates what is evil always goes beyond the example that is set; on the contrary he who imitates what is good always falls short.—*Gaiuciardini.*

—Faith builds a bridge across the gulf of death, to break the shock blind Nature cannot shun, and lands thought smoothly on the further shore.—*Young.*

—Take the good with the evil, for ye all are pensioners of God, and none may choose or refuse the cup his wisdom mixeth.—*Tupper.*

—It is only by labor that thought can be made healthy, and only by thought that labor can be made happy, and the two cannot be separated with impunity.—*Ruskin.*

—Falsehood, like poison, will generally be rejected when administered alone; but, when blended with wholesome ingredients, may be swallowed unperceived.—*Whately.*

—We ought always to deal justly, not only with those who are just to us, but likewise with those who endeavor to injure us; and this, too for fear lest, by rendering them evil for evil, we should fall into the same vice.—*Hierocles.*

—In forming a judgment, lay your hearts void of foretaken opinions; else, whatsoever is done or said will be measured or said by a wrong rule; like them who have the jaundice, to whom everything appeareth yellow.—*Sir Phillip Sidney.*

—No language can express the power and beauty and heroism and majesty of a mother's love. It shrinks not where men cower, and grows stronger where men faint, and over the wastes of worldly fortunes sends the radiance of its quenchless fidelity like a star in heaven.—*Chapin.*

—If thou desire to see thy child virtuous, let him not see his father's vices; thou canst not rebuke that in children that they behold in thee; till reason be ripe, examples direct them more than precepts; such as thy behavior is before thy children's faces, such commonly is theirs behind their parents' backs.—*Quaerius.*

HOW TO CLEAN LACE CURTAINS.

After a long experience in this direction I have found the following the most satisfactory: "Having washed and dried them in the usual manner (when not used in summer they may be put away in this form), I starch and re-dry them. Any number may be prepared in this way, thus saving the trouble of making starch every time that you wish to put them upon the frame. Taking the number that I am to use at once, I dip them into cold bluing water and pass them through the wringer. This will not remove the starch, it will only put them into a condition so that when stretched and dry the meshes of the lace will be clear and free from starch, which will not be the case if taken directly out of hot starch.—A. B. J. in N. Y. Times.

Golden Wedding.

The following description of the golden wedding of our old friend, Eld. G. O. Burnett, we take from the *Sonoma Democrat*:

On the 6th day of Jan., 1830, in Hardman county, Tennessee, Eld. G. O. Burnett was married to Miss Sarah M. Rogers, daughter of Peter Rogers, Esq., who some years afterward was Judge of Clay county, Missouri, the minister officiating being Rev. Thomas Smith, at that time Presiding Elder of the circuit of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, that included that county. On Tuesday evening of last week a number of the friends and relatives of Father Burnett and his estimable wife surprised them by flocking into the house en masse, bearing with them many valuable, substantial and useful presents, and all passing an enjoyable evening. The wedding ceremony was not performed, but Elders Dibble and Martin both made happy and appropriate speeches, which were responded to by Father Burnett in a feeling and happy manner. Eld. Martin referred to the long and useful life passed by Father Burnett, and from it we glean the following facts which will be of interest to all our readers; He went to Oregon in 1846, crossing the plains as all the sturdy Pioneers did, with ox teams, and remained in that State (then a Territory) until 1858, when he visited Colusa county, in this State, and two years afterward removed there with his family. In 1872 he removed to Santa Rosa where he has since resided. For the past forty years he has labored faithfully and ardently as a minister of the Gospel, sowing the good seed all over this coast. At the time of their marriage Father Burnett was twenty years of age, and his wife five years younger. They have raised twelve children to adult age, nine of whom are still living—some in Oregon and others in California. They have forty grandchildren and eighteen great grandchildren. Few there are who can look back, at the age of three score and ten, over a life so well spent as can Mr. Burnett. As a pleasing coincidence, we might mention that his brother, Peter H. Burnett, the first Governor of California, whose wife was a sister to Mrs. G. O. Burnett, celebrated his golden wedding August 20, 1878, or about seventeen months ago. W. H. Nash, who was present at the golden wedding, was one of the company who crossed the plains with Father Burnett thirty-four years ago.

—Thomas Ball, the American sculptor, lives in a simple, pretty, flower-surrounded house which he built himself just outside one of the old gates of Florence. Mr. Ball is now sixty years old, and a clever, agreeable man, with a frank, bright face. His flowing brown beard is fast turning gray, his heavy locks are gray and his eyes are blue. Mr. Ball, *The Herald* of Boston says, got his first artistic learnings in the studio of a Boston artist, wherein as a quick-witted little lad just out of school became general factotum almost a half-century ago.

TO CLEAN BLACK CASHMERE.

Place the dress or goods in strong borax water, made luke-warm; let it remain in soak all night, then take out and hang on line to drip, and when nearly dry press off. Do not rinse or wring.