

PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

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Pacific CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,

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Letter from Wellesley College.

WELLESLEY, MASS., Jan. 21, 1880.

My dear Girls:

Last night I was saddened by letters from home telling me that the heart of Monmouth had been made a holocaust by fire.

What a strange experience it must have been for you, who watched the desperate endeavor of the flames that so soon conquered every human strategem. You have, no doubt, noticed in the telegrams that a fire in Boston several weeks ago destroyed nearly a million dollars worth of property on Franklin St., including some of that city's magnificent publishing houses.

The day after, when Miss Beattie and myself were in Boston, we saw the great empty shells of what were supposed to be fireproof buildings, while the fire engines were still throwing streams of water upon the smoking ruins. Two blocks away no one could have told there had ever been a fire, for as the girls say, the streets of Boston "wind round and round and round, and at last run up a tree."

That is only a Wellesley rhyme, but the more I am in the city the more I believe in the story that Boston streets follow the paths where the "cows came slowly up the misty ways when the summer sun was slipping down" from the wilds where they had been feeding knee deep in the fragrant grasses through the day; as the country older grew, wagon roads took the same direction, which at last made the streets of this great Puritan city. It seems strange that when two streets run into each other at an indescribable angle it is known by one name on one side and a different one on the other, till they take a mutual turn and receive a common name.

I have heard Joseph Cook several times since I last wrote, and the more I hear him the more intensely interesting I find his lectures; I wish you would read them as they appear in the *Independent*, for I know you would enjoy them.

The lectures begin on Monday's at 12 M., and last one hour. They are always opened by singing one of the dear old hymns, and prayer; the prelude, which lasts half an hour, is given by the lecturer while sitting on the platform, and is a sound sensible talk to the people on some current subject of national importance. This manner of speaking does not detract in the least from his forcible arguments as you might suppose it would. Another song and prayer follow the prelude, after which he stands to deliver the lecture proper.

I have never told you how Joseph Cook looks, have I, and that, to be

sure, is what you want to know first. He is rather below medium height, of a stout appearance, light eyes and hair, and smooth face except a short beard. Not an Apollo, by any means, but he makes the world listen, and a nation do him honor.

Day before yesterday we were ten minutes early, so we had a chance to take a good look at the audience and you may be a little surprised to know that it was composed of all sorts and classes, old, young, and middle aged, but an intelligent one throughout. The room was better filled than I had noticed it before, owing perhaps to the subject, "Spiritualism."

The prelude concerning the present troubles in Ireland received rapt attention and I was glad that I had read a few days before a long article on the subject, as it helped me to understand what the lecturer was talking about.

The Old South Church, is, you know, carefully preserved for its many historical associations and we tarried the other day after the crowd had gone, to get near and reverently touch some of the curious old things that borrow their glory, from the vanished touch of the illustrious dead. First, there are large portraits of Washington and a score of others; an old-fashioned fireplace is built in one end of the church and in it are large heavy tongs and andirons, while swung above the fireplace are several old muskets used during the revolution. There are some easy chairs of early colonial days, which would not be uncomfortable now, but would scarcely compare with our modern luxurious ones except in durability. One I noticed was brought to America in 1763. There is an old spinning wheel, similar enough to be twin sister to Grandma's, a baby cradle, and lots of funny old dishes, some of them used by dignitaries as far back as 1690; I imagined myself covered with cobwebs, and burdened with the decay of flying centuries, as we turned from the Boston of the revolution, giving a familiar, endearing pat, before we went to the old cannon that helped buy our freedom by pouring out the warm red life blood of the haughty British cavaliers; but which stands now guarding in rusty grimness the front entrance of the old South church. We only glanced hastily at the little boat that crossed the Atlantic with such rash hardihood in 1878, I think, and came out into the crowded Boston of to-day, blinking our eyes and pinching ourselves to be sure of our identity as Wellesley College girls.

We spent Monday forenoon visiting the Boston Normal School and the preparatory rooms adjoining. A sweet little boy of perhaps five summers answered the bell of the first preparatory room we entered, and very politely showed us into his room where there were 48 little girls and boys of his own age. It was surprising to see how well they had advanced in this their first six months of school. Miss Williams, their teacher, kept them busy, and they were very proud of their writing, which indeed was very good. Their copy was on the blackboard before them, as also were their reading lessons, which they read with delicate shades of emphasis. In the next room they were just finishing their first year, and the exercises were much the same. It was wonderful to see the self-possession with which each little fellow mounted the platform to take his

turn, leading the others through their gymnastic exercises. We remained there until recess and watched the \$50 march from their rooms to the play ground. There were none, I think, over ten years old. We then returned to the Normal department, where Mr. Duncan, president of the school, talked to us pleasantly of schools in general, and we saw the young ladies go through their Calisthenic drill. The remainder of the time we spent in Miss Moses' room, where a class of about 20 young ladies were going through the motions of teaching geography to children. We wanted to stay longer, but had just time to take a street car and reach the old South church in time for the lecture.

From what I have heard of the severe winter in Oregon I feel as if we were not having any winter at all. A big sleigh has taken the place of the College coach part of the time, and there have been cold snaps more than once, but it is not the Massachusetts I expected to endure. School days I do not notice so much, but last Monday was a day of sunshine and perfect beauty. The air was not too cold and was full of spring-time sparkle; as we were going to the train we could distinctly hear the school bells ringing at Grantville, the first station east of here.

Massachusetts is rich in history, rich in the untold wealth of her citizens; rich in learning, as its literature and heavily endowed colleges, which furnish at a nominal price everything but capacity, attest, but nature in recompense has given the west broad waters "calmly sweeping to the sea" forests of gloom, and far-reaching meadows, breezy uplands and fertile lowlands, while here everything but art is pinched and small. It is trite enough, that "comparisons are odious," but how can one help it when he looks from the fifth story window of the college (the highest place I have yet found) and sees an undulating highly cultivated surface dotted with villages, as far as the eye can reach, and nothing more; who that has been born and reared under the shadow of Mt. Hood could help remembering the broad rich farming acres, the distant picture everywhere of mountains robed in purple mist, with snow peaks looming up magnificently grand, more ennobling, though a hundred miles away, than any fifty-thousand dollar painting done in oil, and think what one would hardly dare to whisper here, that if New England would longer keep ahead of the land of the sunset, in culture or wealth, her vacation days must be few and far between.

The third bell has rung, and that means quick to breakfast, so I say a gain reluctantly, Good by.

CASSIE STUMP.

—One of the doings of the late Boston fire was to burn about a thousand bound copies of "A Fool's Errand," and badly damaged by water and smoke five thousand more that were on the press. This will be but a brief check, however, to the rapid circulation which the book is having, for a new edition will be ready this week. The publishers have never yet fairly caught up with their orders for the book, it started off with such suddenness and rapidity. A Washington correspondent in an exchange states that "all Washington is at this moment reading it. President Hayes is said to have ordered ten copies of it. Every member of the Cabinet has one," &c.—Es.

Parties Among Christians.

Our brethren need no arguments to prove to them that their children should not dance; but it seems difficult for them to see the tendency of night parties countenanced and encouraged among us.

We can see the impropriety of our children meeting with and mingling with the ungodly and unconverted, yet we will have parties in which our young people mingle with the ungodly, engage in sports and mirthful performances, which are found to be a good substitute for a dance, in which jesting and hilarity is the main attraction and chief stimulant.

But says one, "What harm is there in the party? where does the Bible condemn it?" With equal propriety, let me ask, "What harm is there in the dance?" But says one, "Dancing is reveling." Then parties tend to the same thing. The object of the one is the object of the other.

What is it that causes young people to gather together on Christmas and New Year's nights and carouse with jests and plays until midnight, and return home between midnight and day with the brain full of unfruitful levity, and spend the following day with a headache from loss of sleep? The same that leads young people to the ball room. The performances may be different, but the object and principle and sin is the same. The Devil is willing to no longer contend for the ball room if he can accomplish his object by convincing Christian parents that it is right to allow their children to frequent "play parties," "candy pulling," "bussing bees," "oyster supper," etc. But says one, "What harm is there in an oyster supper? I suppose if the young 'folks' are so exceedingly fond of oysters, and that is the all important object, it would be well enough to allow our children a day occasionally for cooking and eating oysters. But the trouble is, we find but few young people that are fond of oysters, so we conclude that 'hankering' for oysters is not the cause of all this ado.

I used to be under the necessity of giving pills to my children before I came to "healthy Oregon." Some times those pills were bitter, and the children would protest against them, and consequently I was constrained to resort to strategy, in order to induce them to willingly swallow them, which was usually by concealing them in sugar or something sweet to the taste.

Perhaps, fathers and mothers, you see the point. The love of the world is enmity against God, and the Devil is "sugar coating" the principal that tends to ruin and destruction, which are the festivities and revellings and banquetings countenanced among Christians.

T. M. MORGAN.

—A Walnut street clerk was discharged. He asked the reason. "You are so awful slow about everything," said his employer. "You do me an injustice," responded the clerk; "there is one thing I am not slow about." "I should be delighted to hear you name it," sneered the proprietor. "Well," said the clerk, slowly, "nobody can get tired as quick as I can." A motion for a reconsideration of his case has been referred to the proper committee.—*Des Moines Register*.

A dose of Yankee Cough Syrup taken at bed-time will insure you a good night's rest from coughing.

From an Old Lady's Diary.

Many invitations are sent out in writing, some preach by precept and example, and their good works do testify of Jesus and some souls are saved thereby; some sow seed early and late, and the Lord, in mercy, waters it, and it brings forth, some thirty, some sixty, and some one hundred fold. In this he sheweth his great love and earnestness for the salvation of these who, having gone astray, he draws with strong cords of everlasting love, and who can estimate the height and depth of a redeeming love?

O, my Father, roll the wheel, and be thou the pilot, and let our barque be no more foundered at sea; but cause it to come into port laden with all the necessary things of the life that is to come; and now what shall I say more, that thou, Lord, take all my kindred dust and breath upon it the breath of life, and say unto it live, yea live; and with that material make and rear a beautiful mansion without spot or wrinkle, or any such a thing. When done, will it not be a costly edifice, for Jesus hath paid a price? O may it be a building built with all manner of precious stones, even the word of his truth, a glorious house and a temple for the Lord God to dwell in, and the Lamb to be the light thereof, and fountains of living waters flowing from out of it, which is the word of his truth; and may it be as a goodly city set upon a high hill, and may its beauties and glories be seen afar off, and its light lighten many nations, and the tree of life grow there, and its leaves be for the healing of many nations. Surely the Isle shall await for them; they shall spring up as grass, as willows by the water courses, and one shall say I am the Lord's, and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob, and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel.

Fear not, for I am with thee, I will bring thy seed from the east, and gather thee from the west, and say to the north give up, and to the south keep not back; bring my sons from far, and my daughters from the ends of the earth; even every one that is called by my name, for I have created him for my glory; I have formed him, I have made him. Yea, Lord, of thine ownself thou wilt do these things that the heathen may be given to thee, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession. As a soul and spirit inhabit this body in this life so will the soul and spirit enter in and take possession of the immortal body in that other life on that other shore; they will be united in one the same as here below. The soul that is filled with Christ in this life will be filled with Christ in the life that is to come, and in union with God ever more. God said, "let us make man after our image and after our likeness, and in the similitude of God made he man; herein are we like unto him, Father, Son and Holy Spirit, three in one, so it is with man, body, soul and spirit, three in one in this life, and the life to come, the life beyond the tomb.

MRS. E. BRACE.

Leland, Or.

—Late reports from Mr. Spurgeon say he is in a state of great prostration, and that there is a little likelihood of his being able to return home for a considerable time to come. To his congregation he writes that he "is altogether laid aside, without either brain to think or heart to write."