

PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

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Pacific CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,

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Letter from Wellesley College.

NUMBER XII.

WELLESLEY, MASS., April 19, 1880.

My dear Sir:

We have been back from the city in our own pleasant rooms at Dana Hall for more than a week, struggling through examinations that were left over from last term, and getting in trim for future work.

I have been too busy to tell you of the last few days' sight-seeing in Boston before our vacation closed on the 12th inst., but I must take time to write you something of our visit to Cambridge and the Navy Yard before other sights dull the impression so vivid when first experienced. Four of us early one morning started from our boarding place, taking a street car for Harvard and the home of the poet, whom every one loves. The distance was only about four miles, and as we reached there quite early in the day, we had the pleasure of looking down from the gallery in Memorial Hall upon some of the young gentlemen eating their nine o'clock breakfast. We could not watch "Harvard eat," as people did when Memorial Hall was first built, for it was their spring vacation, as well as ours, but we did count six hundred chairs, and smiled to see the friskiness of the colored waiters as they flew about getting the tables ready for lunch. The room is a magnificent one, and my companions pouted a little because it threw the Wellesley dining hall completely in the shade. The windows are as high as the gallery from the first floor, and the wall beneath is filled with large and small pictures, busts and statues. I looked about me in a sort of bewilderment, and wondered which chairs my Oregon friends, who talk so much of Harvard, would fill when they came to college. I also wondered how they would manage to line their pockets with *ducats* sufficient to meet all the demands for style, which though classic betrays at every turn the clink of golden dollars.

The theater in Memorial Hall will seat perhaps a thousand people, taking the first floor and two galleries all together.

As you will remember this hall was built by the Alumni to commemorate the death of those of their number who fell in the late civil war, and the other conspicuous room in the building besides the dining hall and theater is Memorial Hall proper, which I should have mentioned first, and which we first entered. It is a large

room with marble floor, and on each side of the room are marble slabs, let into the wall, bearing the names of those who fell in the rebellion, with date, place, &c., also the class or rather department to which they belonged.

Two old men, who were raking dead leaves from the fresh green grass, looked at us with amazement when we in a dilemma asked the way to the library. As it was the first day of our lives in Cambridge we could hardly be blamed for not knowing one building from another, and in a sort of pitying way they sent us in the right direction. We had a pleasant hour wandering about the library, but "visitors not allowed" was on so many doors that Harvard library was only a sort of aggravation to our curiosity. This arrangement is a good one for the students, but provoking to admiring pilgrims. We looked over the first-class album, which was presented in 1853, and such funny, odd-looking pictures. There are no pictures of graduates before that time, and that class was not a large one; in turning from that to one of the latest classes is like looking at a different race of men, due of course to the advanced skill in photography, and not to a noticeable difference in college records.

We did not enter any other buildings, and as the wind was blowing cold we did not tarry long on the grounds. Two of our party had had sight-seeing enough for one day, so they took a car straight for Boston, while we two, who were left, took a car in the opposite direction, for Longfellow's home. We were put out directly in front of the poet's gate and, though not daring to open the charmed portal, we solaced ourselves by promenading for perhaps fifteen minutes, up and down before the threshold of historic treasures, where the muses of the fireside so long have held their court, and reaching through the street fence, plucked a bursting bud from the lilac hedge growing just within. The house is an old two storied one, painted a light yellow with long piazzas on each side. Shade trees are scattered about, and just at the foot of the second low terrace from the front door is a low railing covered with vines that must be beautiful in summer.

After that long forenoon in Cambridge we also, turned our faces toward Boston and a late dinner, only half satisfied with the superficial view we had had of America's most classical city; but if nothing happens we will all go again one of these days.

That afternoon we spent at the State house, listening to a discussion of the tramp law, reading tracts, and looking in an abstracted way at the books and relics in the Massachusetts historical rooms, for by that time I at least was too tired to take much interest in anything; however I plucked up courage to inspect the famous punch bowl, in which punch was stirred for the men who took part in the Boston tea party.

Another afternoon we went to Bunker Hill, but as it had been but a little while since I had climbed to the top, I let the rest go on without me, while I waited below saving my strength and my 20 cts. When the girls came down we went on a tour of investigation to the Boston Navy Yard. We passed two or three open gates where savage looking sentries were pacing up and down with drawn

bayonets, and we did not even dare look that way; but we came to the visitor's gate at last, and were shown the museum, where we saw, what looked to us a conglomerate mass of old guns, shells, ship models, &c., about which the keeper could tell such long unparalleled stories, and in such a fast glib way, that we opened our eyes in wonderment that such lengthy lies should be spun for our innocent gratification. When this gentleman had talked himself red in the face, and we were tired of the museum, we asked this same knight of historical adventure what other places about the Navy Yard would be of interest, and he said he guessed we would like to see the rope and wire walks. Of course we wanted to go, but each held her peace till one, a little braver about exposing her ignorance in naval matters than the rest of us, asked what walking ropes had to do with the U. S. Navy. We found out that the rope walk was not a place for gymnasts to prove their agility, but a long low two storied building where the entire process of making rope for the Navy is carried on. We saw the raw flax or hemp taken through all sorts of machinery till it came out in great coils of heavy rope. But rope-making, cannons and cannon balls did not give us the most pleasant fancies, and we came away tired of the implements of warfare.

Stone Hall is to be dedicated some time in May, at which ceremony Mrs. President Hayes and others of political, social, and literary importance are expected to lend the dignity of their presence. Till then, my far off friends, adieu.

CASSIE STUMP.

"Prudence Papers" Criticised.

Several articles have recently appeared in the MESSENGER, under heading of "Prudence Papers" finely written in the main, but which are in a few positions assumed, I think untenable, and deserving notice.

What I wish to call attention to are his remarks as occurring in the MESSENGER of April 9th, referring to preachers and preaching, where he says: "These good nice preachers, who are willing to preach for nothing—volunteer workers. Beware of them * * * Beware of the man who works for nothing."

The plain English of this is that the man who has preached, or is willing to preach for nothing is to be disregarded, ignored, and considered unworthy, while no one is to be accepted as a proper man to preach but he that is "called" or "sent," and is paid for his services.

Now I have been well aware for many years that there was a strong element in the Christian church that would like to see it take the position that no man ought to preach except he be paid a stated salary for a stated lot of work, and I have noticed things tending surely and steadily in that direction; but I was not prepared for the statement boldly, and advocacy of the position that one who would preach for nothing was to be totally driven out of the field as a suspicious and unworthy character.

I had known long ago that "local preachers" who were able to preach for nothing, or worked with their hands for their support, and proclaimed salvation freely to the people, were regarded rather as nuisances by those lazy, shiftless preachers who depend alone on what the church would pay them for preaching. But I did

not expect one of them to show his hand thus plainly yet awhile.

Silas should have waited a little longer before avowing such sentiments. Should have waited at least till all those old pioneer preachers are dead who went forth without scrip or purse to fight the battles of the Reformation, and without being called or sent, pushed the Word into destitute places, and whose labors were crowned with such glorious results—results which have never been equalled, not even by all the "called" "sent" paid preachers of subsequent times.

Will Silas only be just to our dear old primitive preachers, as well as the many worthy preaching brethren of to-day, who are spending their lives in the cause of Christ honestly and devotedly, and with much and indispensable advantage to the church?

If the cause of Christ, in the past, had depended upon the work of a paid ministry, it had long since drooped and died. And I humbly conceive that its future success does not depend on a "called" or "sent" paid ministry. I am inclined to think that the poorest paid preachers of whom we have any account have been the most successful, while on the other hand I believe that the love of money, the root of all evil, has had more to do in corrupting the ministry and the church of God, than all other influences combined.

Paul worked with his hands, at a very humble calling, to sustain himself, and did sustain himself and those with him, while evangelizing, that he might not be a burden to the church. Peter the fisherman and John when asked for alms by the beggar had no silver and gold to give him, but was only too glad to impart to him such as they had, to-wit: the healing through faith in Christ, the poor man's malady. Indeed, our blessed Master was so poor that he had not where to lay his precious head.

Contemplating the history of the church and the work of the poor Messiah and his humble followers, and contrasting these with language quoted from Silas, and the spirit of the times, I confess to a feeling of sadness and sorrow if not of indignation; and feel much like paraphrasing his words and saying: Beware of the good, nice preachers who will not preach without money. Beware of them. Beware of the man who will not work in the cause of Christianity without pay. And I am almost ready to add, Beware of the able bodied man who depends solely upon the church for his food and raiment, and will not work with his hands. It is written that man shall obtain his bread in the sweat of his face. And again, he that will not work shall not eat.

I do not know a more pitiable character than the man who can get his consent to fasten himself at a round salary upon a weak congregation of disciples either in village, town, or country, and will spend most of his time through the week loitering about, not even making himself a good garden. It is not the man that will preach for nothing that is really to be dreaded, but the one who will not preach without money. For the difference between the two is simply this, one preaches through love for Christ and trusts him for his pay, while the other preaches through love for money and takes no trust of any, but must be paid if "sent" or "called." He never moves otherwise.

JAMES THE ELDER.

Bro. D. W. Eledge's Letter.

HOWELL PRAIRIE, OR.,

May 3, 1880.

Bro. Campbell:

Being very seriously afflicted—confined to my room—I thought I would write a short letter, especially for the benefit of our old Bro. Weddle and Sister Anna M. Martin. Bro. Weddle, I never had the pleasure of seeing, but I know him well from reputation. Sister Anna I remember well, having partaking of her hospitalities at her house. I now wish to say to the brethren and sisters generally, and to the above named brother and sister particularly, that it is like a refreshing shower upon the parched earth to read such encouraging letters. Yes, Sister Anna, I remember well the protracted meeting at Lafayette, in years gone, never more to return. I am thankful to hear that the congregation is yet living. But the name of Bro. Wolverton standing as their sentinel is enough, having new sunshine. I know enough of him that he is faithful and efficient.

To the brotherhood generally I wish to say that old "time speeding away" has left its deep impression on me personally, with a loss of all my earthly effects. For the last four years I have struggled hard to make a living, keeping a little post office connected then with a country store. I gave credit to many who would not and some who could not pay me; and thus failing in business I am left badly afflicted to lean upon a faithful wife who is now nearly three score and ten years old. But certainly one of the most industrious women living. Old age is telling on her perceptibly also. After forty long years of hard labor for the blessed Master, I feel like one forsaken by my brethren (not all of them). But my days are well nigh numbered, and my stewardship is soon to be surrendered to him who will do justice to all. When I regret that I am well nigh forgotten by those for whom I labored, so many years, am I judging wrongly, or have more efficient men taken my place, and I ranked an old fogey?

Allow me to make a statement, not loading up, to the time of my leaving the Eastern States, in the spring of 1864, I had with my own hands immersed over three thousand persons. Since coming to this coast I failed to keep an account of those I immersed; but not near so many. It is no more than natural that I should desire to be remembered by my children in the Gospel, and, this day, could I have the greatest desire of my heart gratified were I able, it would be to preach the Gospel to the world. I do know I am no infidel. I love the cause of the Lord above all things. A deep affliction in my side and back confines me to the house, and forbids further labor. God bless all the brethren. Good bye.

Your old brother,
D. W. ELLEDGE.

—The value of the church property of the Northern Methodist Church in the South is estimated at \$6,500,000. The benevolent collections last year amounted to \$67,650, of which \$10,130 was contributed by the colored members.

—An Adventist Conference, held at Worcester, Mass., recently discussed at length certain prophecies of Daniel and decided that they indicate that the end of the world will come in Feb. 1884.