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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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Letter from Canada.

NUMBER XIV.

ST. MARIE DE MONOIRE,
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

July 5, 1880.

My dear Girls:

Would you know what "Acadie" is like, where "lives glide on like the rivers that water the woodlands," then spend a week with me in this little French village.

To-day, while American boys are in a fever of noisy delight over flags and firecrackers, these little urchins have no excitement, but go on complacently squeezing the dust between their bare toes, chattering a French never put into a grammar by Fasquelle. It seems so strange to hear no talk of Fourth of July speeches, when I know that not very far away across the border, the green hills of Vermont are echoing back the cheers that greet the reading of the declaration of Independence. Here the vesper bells seem always calling "Evangeline, Evangeline," though it may be my own license and not Longfellow's that makes St. Marie a village of Acadie. I stepped from the express, after a twelve hour's ride, direct from Boston, some two weeks ago, and received this introduction: "Madame a made-moiselle" from the coachman that brought me and my bundles from the depot to Mme. Ledoux. He declined U. S. silver for the service, as he wanted no foreign money; but Madame came to my relief, and soon satisfied him that coin was coin whether stamped with an eagle or a queen's head. I felt something, I suppose, like the "man without a country," and you may wonder what possessed me to forsake my plan for visiting friends during the summer vacation and wander away off up here where even the friendliness of my native tongue is never heard, except among Madame's students, who are here for the purpose of learning French among those who have learned nothing else. As I heard this place highly recommended by those who had studied here, and wishing to make the most of both time and money, I reluctantly gave up the intended visits, and a day or two after the Wellesley commencement resolutely turned my back upon the United States, though I did not realize that fact, till asked for baggage keys and checks by the custom house officer. The scenery about lake Memphramagog and Winepisaukee was very picturesque. You may know I greatly enjoyed the White mountains as it had been nearly a year since I had looked

upon anything like them.

Northern Vermont is sparsely settled, the houses primitive, and all improvements decidedly after the fashion of the backwoods. The people find it hard living on fine scenery perhaps.

I cannot tell you how many inhabitants St. Marie has, but I can tell you something of their queer ways of living. This house is not very large but contains about twenty people nevertheless. Madame Ledoux lodges and gives daily lessons three hours long for \$1.25 per week. The students that are here only for a few summer weeks can either board themselves or take board with some family in the village; Madame declining boarders because Americans object to French cooking. I had made arrangements for boarding before coming; and was greatly amused that the only other boarder and myself were alone at the little round table, while the family ate in the kitchen.

After being here a few days, and finding it much cheaper to cook my own tid bits, I bought from a young lady who was ready to leave for home, the following articles, three plates, cup and saucer, glass, mug, bowl, two pounds of butter in a stone jar, an old fashioned sugar-bowl full of salt and a bottle of maple syrup, all for the enormous sum of \$1.00, and went to house-keeping myself. When I get ready to leave I'll sell out and get my \$1.00 back. Madame and her company eat in one room; in the next "Salle de Manger" a company of New Yorkers eat at one table, two Canada girls and myself at another, while others who belong to the house eat in the kitchen, and as we all do our cooking on the same stove you can imagine our Sunday dinners are not very elaborate meals. One thing I like is that no bread is baked at the houses; it all comes from the baker, the rattle of whose cart is as anxiously listened for as the arrival of our letters. The bread is good and sweet, but very dark for which I blame the country and the wheat, not the baker.

There is a large Catholic college not far from here, and the community at large is Catholic, but Madame and others are Protestants. The Protestant church is built of brick in style and size about the same as the church at home. The pews are the same except they are high and have doors. I like the minister's appearance very much, and his sermon may have been excellent; I am not French enough to know. There were not more than thirty present at morning service, if that many. At Sunday school they sang "Hold the Fort," which I recognized when read; the melody was, of course, the same, and it sounded so good and natural that I felt almost at home.

The post-office is in a little room around by some one's kitchen, and is kept by a girl whose limited knowledge of things in general and geography in particular, you may know, when I tell you how she said the first thing when I went to post some letters this morning: "You sent two letters to Indiana yesterday, and the postage is five cents, not three, and you must pay four cents more." The lady with me and myself both knew that postage was invariably three cents to each State; but we had some trouble in convincing her that Indiana was not a foreign country, and I, no doubt, would have paid the four cents, had the lady with me not given her a decided "non" as we turned away.

At the baker's the bread room

occupies the position of parlor and the jeweler's is another good sized box with a big wooden watch hanging outside. There are half a dozen watches inside, and when I passed by a woman was ironing on a table near them.

Canadian carriages may be first cousins to Boston coaches, or the relation may be even nearer than that; but the most of them can boast of but two wheels with beds just large enough to hold two comfortably, often painted dark, but more frequently red, springs to be sure, and would be very easy to ride in if the shafts did not extend right out from the bed and the one-horse brought into very close proximity to the occupants.

The people of St. Marie are not strikingly literary, and the weeds overrun their gardens as well as their aspirations. Their gardens contain only or chiefly potatoes, onions, tobacco, with sometimes a little corn, the whole plot not being larger than a corner of what father would make. They say things won't grow here, but from the way the few things do grow that are cared for, it looks more like the blame belongs to Acadian laziness than an unfruitful soil. There is no fruit here, but I intend to go to Montreal, (which is 20 miles from here by rail), one of these days, and get a supply. Butter at 15 cts, eggs at 10 cts per doz, and milk I buy of Madame Ledoux.

By this time I know you are curious to know something of Madame herself. In the first place she is as smart as six of her poke-about husband, and makes the living, like many a woman in our own fair land, by both head and hands. She would have been a very superior woman if she had been given the opportunities many an American girl throws away; as it is she is a decidedly clever one, far above her surroundings. She is quite large, about 50 years old, has bright black eyes that snap with fun and energy, jet black hair that she always wears in what the fashion books call a grecian coil, but which we girls always dubbed the washday twist. She has much company from Montreal, and her summer students are a study in themselves, both ladies and gentlemen.

The lady who talks very loud about herself is here, and the Yankee would make such a fine character as the "quaisance" in a story. His self conceit is enough to strike the beholder with awe. He is cramming, you understand, in order to finish a university course next year. This is France indeed, no carpets, no draperies about the windows or on the tables, no luxuries, everything as primitive and as near like everyday life on the vine clad hills as it could possibly be in the New World.

Some of Madame's lodgers sleep in hammocks, but I have an old fashioned bed of feathers and straw, the straw on top, for comfort this hot weather. Not much like Boston and Dana Hall, nor to be compared to the comforts of the snug little home in Oregon, but I shall enjoy the few summer weeks though to stay here always would be dreadful. From my window I would have a very pretty view if an ugly old barn did not hide part of it. The country, as far as I can see, is flat, except a lone mountain several miles distant. To-morrow some of us intend riding out to it on a sort of exploring expedition. I do not know its exact direction from here as I have lost my reckoning. I thought, as I

was traveling north I could keep the points of the compass, but have been somewhat surprised to see the sun set due north-east.

They are all gathered on the front piazza, chatting French, and I must leave you to join them, for I cannot afford to lose anything I can get without study. Tout a vous,

CASSIE STUMP.

Educational Development.

The census just completed will, if we may judge by unofficial reports from several cities, probably give our country over 15,000,000 increase of population in the last ten years. A part of this vast number is made up of foreign immigrants, a large proportion of whom are comparatively ignorant, and as they mingle with our population, contribute to reduce the standard of intelligence among us. Notwithstanding this, the standard has been gradually going higher and higher. With this growth of population, institutions of learning have multiplied, methods improved, and substantial progress has been made in every department of education. The way in which education develops itself in the country is the only sure standard of measuring the intellectual development of the inhabitants, and to approximate this standard, let us look at the most carefully prepared statistics within our reach, viz.: those found in the Report of the Commissioner of Education, which covers a period of five years (1873-1877, inclusive). In 1873 there was in the States and Territories a school population of 13,458,916; in 1877 the number had increased to 15,227,748. Estimating upon this basis, the increase for ten years has been 1,537,664. In 1873 the number of scholars enrolled in the public schools was 7,935,596; in 1877 this number had increased to 8,954,478 which would make the increase for ten years, 3,057,764. The average daily attendance has been only about 5,000,000, and the increase for ten years about 1,500,000. In 1872—omitting city, preparatory, kindergarten and schools for feeble-minded children—there were 1,897 colleges and schools; in 1877 this number increased to 3,187. The kindergarten schools increased from 55 in 1874 to 127 in 1877, and are probably double that number to-day.

By these statistics it will be seen that the proportionate increase of attendance, and the attendance exceeds the increase of scholars enrolled, and the proportionate increase of scholars enrolled exceeds the proportionate growth of population. Since writing the above we have read with pleasure an article from the pen of Hon. E. D. Mansfield, in the Cincinnati Gazette, upon the same general subject, in which, among other things, he says:

Let us now take a view of the extraordinary rise and progress of the higher education in this country. Let us take first the growth of collegiate institutions. Prior to the last forty years there were very few colleges and those almost exclusively in the Eastern States. But since then the increased necessity of education, the great increase of surplus wealth in the hands of Christian people, and the great and liberal grants of land by the Government, have greatly and rapidly increased the number and the quality of colleges. Dividing the ninety years since 1790 into three periods we see the establishment of colleges as follows:

Colleges.	
Established prior to 1790.....	14
Established from 1790 to 1820.....	13
Established from 1820 to 1850.....	80
Established from 1850 to 1880.....	251

A glance at this table shows how very recent and yet how great, has been the advance in collegiate education. The year 1840 may be taken as the beginning of the advance. Out of 358 colleges now existing, nearly 300 have come into existence the last forty years. A superficial observer might be apt to say that this advance of students and the quality of education were not as great as the advance in the number of colleges. This would be only superficial, for the increase of students is even more in proportion to that of colleges, for not only have many of the new colleges a large number of students, but the oldest and best colleges have more than doubled their numbers. Harvard, Yale and Princeton have doubled their numbers and doubled the means of instruction.

The facilities for studying the arts and sciences have also greatly increased by inventions, research, cabinet collections, digests and encyclopedias; together with learned treatises on languages and the exact sciences, etc., so that greater perfection is attainable in every department of study at a marvelously low cost, compared with the expense a few years ago. This brings opportunities for education within the reach of every American child.—A. C. Review.

Whom can You Trust?

A ship's captain in New York wanted a trustworthy man to take care of his ship. The captain had sent away all his sailors, and was going into the country himself.

Somebody said, "John will do; he is a trustworthy sailor."

The captain did not believe in John. He thought every sailor would steal if he could.

But, as he could do no better, he locked up everything on board the ship, and brought John to stay there.

Next morning before he left the city he thought he would take an early peep at his ship. So he quietly stepped on board, and softly opened the cabin door. There was John on his knees, with the Bible open before him.

The captain shut the door carefully, and waited. By-and-by John came out.

"John," said the captain, handing him all the ship's keys, "You may open all the drawers and trunks, and air those things. Keep a sharp lookout, John, for those thieves along the wharves, have everything snag; and I'll be back next week."—Sel.

Kitchen Maxims.

A tablespoonful of salt will weigh about an ounce.

In icing cakes dip the knife frequently into cold water.

Plug up mice holes with soap. The mice will not go through.

Clean oil cloths with milk and water; a brush and soap will ruin them.

Tumblers that have had milk in them should never be put into hot water.

Cool rain water and soda will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell.

Cut bread fine for filling for fowls; this is better than to crumb it. No soggy mess.

If your coal fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt, and it will help it very much.

Large holes in a loaf of bread are proof of a careless cook. The kneading has been slighted.

Milk cans or pans not kept clean are liable to impart to the milk dangerous fermentive poison.