

PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

VOL. X.

MONMOUTH, OREGON; FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1880.

NO. 32.

Pacific CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,

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

Price Per Year, in Advance, \$2.50

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

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Notices in local columns 10 cents per line for each insertion.
Yearly advertisements on liberal terms.
Professional Cards (1 square) \$12 per annum.

Mr. I. G. Davidson is our Advertising Agent in Portland.

Entered at the Post Office at Monmouth as second class matter.

Gashmu.

REV. DASHAWAY CROMO, D. D., BEFORE THE STUDENTS OF BABELMANDEB THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY. AS SEEN AND HEARD.
BY JAMES M. MATWELL.

I am just at home from the Gate of Tears, or Babelmandeb School of the Prophets, where I have been in attendance on the closing exercises of the year.

The chief interest of the occasion centered in the address to the graduating class by the distinguished pastor of the leading church of Blank City. The evening was excessively warm and the crowd of eager listeners very great.

The speaker, Dr. Cromo, has grown corpulent during recent years, and from custom is unable to appear on the rostrum without his gown, which appears to be of winter rather than of summer texture; hence, the sympathy of the audience was with him from the moment he stepped on the platform. By perhaps the foresight of Mrs. Cromo, the Doctor had with him a good supply of most elegant Canton silk pocket-handkerchiefs, of which frequent use was made, and on which could be distinctively, as well as distinctly seen by spectators using the opera-glass the initial "C."

A deeply interested young lady, a stranger to me, who sat by my side, asked if I would be so kind as to tell her whether that letter "C" stood for Cromo or Canton. Whereupon I politely replied that I was not a Chinese scholar, and therefore, could not say. The orator's words, however, were hotter than either the man or the evening, and luminous as the great glory-embazoned reservoir which dazzles from day to day in the ethereal blue of the summer skies. His subject was "Gashmu," and was suggested as Professor Dogmatic, of the theological chair of the Seminary, thinks, by the penman of the book of Nehemiah, who has words to this effect: "It is reported * * * and Gashmu saith it."

Young gentlemen of the graduating class of the Babelmandeb Seminary, began Dr. Cromo, I am here to hold up before you, as a signal light of warning to the engineer, a type of man whom you may have overlooked in your widely-extended biographical research; a subject of study too seldom found in the curriculum of the college and of the professional school; yet a man you will be sure to meet on the lonely, rough roads of life's conflict which you are now about to enter. For the sake of directness of address, I will call this man I am going to show you to-night Gashmu, though a great many other names are equally

applicable to him, and it is just possible that the less devout of your number will be often tempted, before you are done with out-door life, to speak of him with one or more prefixes which do not properly belong in the theological vocabulary.

Gashmu lives in nearly all towns, villages, and cities, and manages to get into most positions and callings in life. He is a lawyer, doctor, preacher, author, merchant, editor, politician, mechanic, banker, stockdealer and so on and on, as the case may be. He is a man who is perfectly self-poised, never off his guard never excited; has a reputation for great wisdom; is cautious, level-headed, of good memory, of fascinating manners, of lamb-like looks. A great, noble, kind, loving, good, true man, you, my callow friend, would say, but be careful. Gashmu wears a mask. Were it presumable that theological students had ever read the works of Fielding, I would make myself understood by saying to you that Gashmu is not Squire Western, who went through life as boisterously and as tumultuously as his hounds; but he is the demure, decorous, hypocritical Bliffl, who seems most himself when burying Tom Jones' Bible. I think however, I detect something just now in the countenance of these beloved theological preceptors around me which very emphatically says: Dr. Cromo, please do not turn the attention of these dear young brethren who are just entering the ministry to such persons as the Foundling, Black George, or even Sophia Western; for with all her beauty, she was a dainty, frivolous young lady. But inasmuch as I have the floor and am the largest man on the platform, I propose to say just in this connection, that teachers of theology ought to manage in the course of three years to instill into their pupils a little more knowledge of human nature and of practical life, and not send out so many young turkey and gosling-like divines. Pardon me. As I see now seated on my left (though I had overlooked him before) Dr. Hercules, the president of this institution, a man who outweighs me in every way, I, therefore, propose to cease digression, and proceed to tell you who Gashmu is.

I have somehow, heard of a man who had pretty much everything about him false—his hair, his teeth, his calves, and one of his eyes; yet nobody ever suspected it until some one happened to get into his room on one occasion before he was up and dressed, and saw the larger and better part of him deposited round his bed on chairs, and tables, and stools, and washstands. This young gentleman, is Gashmu; and my aim is to get you into his dormitory before he gets up, and have you look around a little. Gashmu in dishabille is a narrow-minded, extremely selfish man; governed by his prejudices, unprincipled, adroit, shrewd, skulking, sneaking, treacherous. Gashmu in full dress is ordinarily gentlemanly, polite, respectful, discreet, patriotic, profound, pious, affable, sympathetic and virtuous. He is a hypocrite that is generally regarded as a saint; a counterfeit that so closely resembles the genuine as to pass current in many circles.

You my young friends, are leaving these sacred walls, and going out into the discordant world to preach against sin and sinners, and Gashmu will be the wickedest hearer in your audiences. Yet so subtle is he, so evasive, so cunning and crafty, that it is possible that you may canonize from the pul-

pit all your lives at moral offenders and yet never succeed in lodging a ball in Gashmu.

You would think, when you have fired your heavy artillery at the every day liar, gossip, mischief-maker, inebriate, law-breaker, and skeptic, you have shot down about all the dangerous foes within pulpit range; but after the smoke clears away, you will find Gashmu right there as before, without even the smell of powder or brimstone on his garments. Gashmu is not a common gossip at all. "His sisters and cousins and his aunts" may be; but so, careful is he of the use of the tongue, so sparing is he of words, that when it can be said of a slanderous rumor "Gashmu saith it," that carries conviction to most minds. Gashmu is not a common liar; so far from it that when he attaches his *ipse dixit* to almost any lie it passes for truth. Gashmu is not a rowdy, not an open foe in hostile array; not a chronic objector even. Just a quiet bitter obstructionist, who always rather seems to favor the end which he is at work, in disguise, every hour in the day every day in the week, every week in the month, every month in the year, to defeat. Gashmu is a consummate mischief-maker, but nobody suspects it. He writes no letters and posts no bulletins of his movements.

He will manage to keep neighbors quarreling who have so good an opinion of him that both parties will select him as the arbitrator of their difficulties. When Gashmu is an uneducated man and belongs to church, he is very liable to take a dislike to his pastor the first time he sees him. He doesn't know why, but he just concludes that he don't like him, and that he won't like him, and he never does. Still he prays most fervently and persistently in public that the Lord will make his "dear pastor a pillow"—that is, a head-rest, which the auditors understand to be of feathers or eider-down, but which the offerer of the prayer is secretly and resolutely manufacturing of thorns, and with inexorable grip pressing his religious teachers' brow upon it. Gashmu, when educated, acts precisely the same way, under similar circumstances, except that the phraseology of his prayer is that "our beloved pastor may be made a pillar in the house of the Lord." My intimation that Gashmu belongs to a church may startle you, my younger brethren of the ministry; but mere churchmembership is not all. He is at times and in places, an officer in the church. He has been known to be in the church session, and when once there, was never known to be rotated out by any power whatever, save that which "changeth man's countenance and sendeth him away." Gashmu more commonly holds the office of deacon, steward, class-leader, trustee, and so forth. He is ordinarily prominent in vacant churches at such times as they meet together to call an under shepherd to go in and out before them. Under certain social or family conditions, he invariably, ostensibly on financial grounds, advocates the calling of a young unmarried man, as best adapted to "build up" their beloved Zion. Possibly some of you of this graduating class have letters in your pockets now from Gashmu, and are going hence to be his pastor. If so, I am sorry to say to you that, if in the course of future events, it becomes evident that your affections have no inclination whatever to intertwine and become enfolded and unified with those of Miss Noadiah

Gashmu, who has just graduated and gotten home from Flimflam Female Institute, you will find fewer flowers and less of sunshine in the coming years than you are anticipating. It is just possible that the day you accepted the call to Gashmu's church your June of bloom and song began to lapse into a December of leaden clouds and melancholy prospects—a December that will spit snow, and drizzle, and blow, and freeze, and do the same over again, and keep on at it all the rest of your life. Gashmu may get up an unpleasantness of this kind for you whether you marry his daughter Noadiah or not; and because you are innocents going abroad in life, without a knowledge of Gashmu, who is somewhere around lurking in wait for every mother's son of you.

It will be prudent, then, for you to make a study of this character at once, if you expect to accomplish anything in practical life; otherwise he will defeat your aims and plans and purposes with a Waterloo or Bull Run overwhelmingness.

My parting charge to you, therefore, is to lay aside for a time the text-books of the schools, and open the volumes of common sense and of human nature, and read up on Gashmu in all his unsanctified phases of character; for I speak only the words of truth and soberness when I assure you that, though you have roamed all the fields of language, science, philosophy, ethics, and literature; though you have lingered with amazing interest and protracted delight over abiogenesis or the incoming of life, and have step by step passed all along to the termini of those vast lines of speculative thought which eventually lead the thinker to the melancholy contemplation of eschatology or last things; though you have carefully investigated the chemico-physical mathematics of atomic oscillations, and are thoroughly familiar with the schematism of the categories of Aristotle; though you have scanned the pages of the biographies and autobiographies of all men, from the mooted savage progenitor of Eden all the way down to the ear-punctured Cadet Whittaker, of West Point; though you have sat for three years at the feet of these venerable rabbis of this seminary of learning, and have been so carefully instructed in didactic, polemic, pastoral, and historical theology; in biblical and ecclesiastical history, in church government and polity, in biblical literature and exegesis, in sacred rhetoric and in homiletics, that you are prepared to speak and act with apodictic accuracy in all these matters; and though you have had the advantages of European travel—stood on her renowned battlefields, lingered under the shadows of her magnificent architectural structures, sauntered through her libraries and galleries of art, witnessed the Oberammergau Passion Play, climbed to the summits of her crag piled mountain-cliffs, sat down to a fish-fry on the shores of Galilee, and lighted your cigars at the crater of Mount Vesuvius; yet, with all this, if you have taken no notice of Gashmu the lamb-wolf, Gashmu the dove-serpent, Gashmu the angel-devil, he will overthrow and defeat you. Yonder, when the chaff and the whirlwind meet, oh! ye who go forth in life ignorant of Gashmu, read your doom! Yonder, where the mastless, rudderless wreck meets the mountain-billow which lifts it far-to-the-skyward, and hurls it crashing on the reef, read your doom! —Independent.

Missionary Co-operation.

NORTH PALOUSE, July 10, 1880.
Missionary Co-operation met at the camp ground near Chase's Mill. Vice-President in the chair.

A motion prevailed to enlarge the co-operation, taking in all the territory north of Snake river, and bound on the west by the Columbia river, on the north by the lines of the two territories, on the east by the eastern boundary of Nez Perse county, I. T. The name of the co-operation changed to the Territorial Co-operation North of Snake River.

Decided to employ Bro. C. J. Wright as evangelist for said district.

Board adjourned to meet again during the meeting.

R. M. CALLISON, Vice-President,
T. L. CHILDERS, Secretary.

July 16, 1880.

Board called to order by President. Motion prevailed that chair appoint a committee consisting of one member from each congregation to ascertain what each congregation can raise to support an evangelist, and report to the President at an early day as possible.

Names of committee:—Spangle, Wm. Sanders, Hangman's Creek, R. H. Wimpy; Farmington, G. W. Smith; Deep Creek, David Hayden; Eden Valley, S. P. Gilliland; Four Mile, David Royle; Moscow, John Russell; Colfax, C. G. White; Palouse City, F. L. Bell; Pipe City, J. W. Richardson; Union Flat, W. D. Craig.

Bro. W. A. Gibbins was appointed general soliciting agent to solicit fund for the support of an evangelist.

Board adjourned to meet at the Wimpy school house, on Hangman's creek, on Thursday before the first Lord's day in November, 1880.

S. P. GILLILAND, President.

F. M. DAVIS, Assist. Sec.

General Hancock's Wife.

Mrs. Hancock, the wife of the General, is a few years his junior in age, and as a woman is as imposing in appearance as he is as a man. Tall and well proportioned, with a most winsome smile, a manner that puts you at your ease at once, and a pair of eyes that animate every line of a handsome face, she is still a beauty, although her hair is streaked with gray. She was married when the General was but a young Lieutenant doing duty in the far West. It was entirely a love match, and neither of them has since regretted it; in fact, their home is one of the happiest imaginable. Mrs. Hancock has always been opposed to her husband's becoming a candidate for the Presidency. She is even above the weakness of wishing to be mistress of the White House. She dreads the worry of the canvass, and if her husband is elected she thinks that the honor which the position brings will be dearly purchased by the renunciation of all domestic life for four years to come and of his position as senior Major General and his chances of soon becoming chief of the army. While she prefers her own home existence, however, there is no one better qualified to play the hostess on a grand scale than she. A society belle, even after her marriage, she has all the self-confidence and resources needed to entertain the most varied company. There is nothing in the range of conversation about which she does not know something. Her greatest charm, however, is the art of making every individual feel as if he were the one sole object of her attention.—Ee.