

PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

VOL. X.

MONMOUTH, OREGON; FRIDAY, AUGUST 20, 1880.

NO. 33.

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.

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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.

Letter from Canada.

NUMBER XV.

STE. MARIE DE MONOIRE,
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC,
Aug. 3, 1880.

My Dear Girls:

A day or two after I last wrote you, I was fortunate enough to make one of a party of some ten or twelve that went picnicking to the mountains that I told you were seen under such a disadvantage from my window.

We started a little after 8 A. M., and rode for nine miles across this flat-est of flat countries, passing homes not better than hovels, with swarms of unkempt children playing about the doors, women hoeing gardens and milking cows, or spinning on wheels that I thought disappeared with the girlhood of our grandmothers, and men seated in the doorways placidly smoking their pipes as though they had ages ago solved the problem of life, my conclusions were anything but complimentary to the thrift of this French Catholic Province. We saw some large fields of peas, some barley and oats, and a very little wheat that evinced but little energy in its cultivation, indeed it is a hard question with me how so many people live on so very little.

Nothing goes to waste however, and I will mention one little incident to show how economical they are. Mme. L. had a little dog that was a nuisance, as most dogs are, but he was very fat, and after having him killed, (now don't look knowing and say sausage), they built a fire out in the back yard and melted him into a pot of soap-grease. What would you think of working hard for \$3.00 a month. That is all the girl who does the housework here gets; beside keeping the house she is all the one I have seen hoeing the garden.

Shrines by the roadside are common, and you can imagine what your thoughts would be upon seeing for the first time a large cross with a miniature one in a glass case at its base, the whole enclosed by a picket fence, with a little gate at one side where devout Catholics enter and worship the sacred image.

It was ten o'clock when we reached the little lake which is about half way up the mountains, and said to be a mile across. The mountains rise steep and high on all sides of the lake, and are covered with oak, maple, some pine, and other varieties sufficient to give a pleasant effect to the leafy shadows that are mirrored in the lake. After resting we all went boating for an hour, and after that had a regular

Yankee dinner, Mr. W. said, with no french cooking about it. Mr. W. and wife are from Mass., and here on an extended visit. Then we began climbing the mile and a half that was too steep for the carriages. The path led us all the way through the lovely, shady woods, but really it was as rocky and full of pit-falls as the road up the "Hill of Science." At last hot and out of breath we reached the summit and seated ourselves on a large rock where once a cross had been erected at much expense. The large iron bolts still remained in the rock, though the cross blew over some time ago.

We were well paid for our tiresome climbing by the magnificent view of the country that lay spread like a great map below us. The Richlieu river though several miles away looked very near and as the banks are devoid of trees like the Platte, we could trace the silver cord almost from Lake Champlain to the St. Lawrence. The country for miles and miles being so very level, and cut up into such small regular fields looked like a chess-board; the villages and forests here and there on the plain were picturesque, and we could distinctly see the house tops of Montreal. After the descent there was more resting, another lunch and the tiresome ride home.

Ste. Marie it is said has 2,500 inhabitants and besides the Convent, College and hospital, (which is really the poor house) it boasts a hat factory. A gentleman connected with this factory has told me many interesting things about the people, especially the girls in their employ. They get very low wages, but after they begin to earn five or six dollars per month they will make no further exertion that being enough for them to live on, although an expert could earn several dollars more as they are paid for making hats by the dozen.

An echo comes to me from Oregon inquiring about the "Pine barrens," and another asks of fir trees and running brooks, to which I most cordially send an answer back that I have not seen the one nor the other.

The houses in Ste. Marie are shaded by elm and poplar trees, and as this house fronts east, the piazza is very pleasant in the afternoon.

I have been reading the life of Mme. Feller, one of the first missionaries to Canada in 1835. Much was accomplished through her influence. Madame Ledoux' grandfather was converted after he was eighty, and gave the ground for the church and cemetery. The church opened for worship in 1852 is but a few steps from this house and pleasantly overshadowed by elm trees. The minister Mr. Reaudeau, has a pleasant home just on the other side of the church; he was one of the young converts of early days and I have learned much from him

and Mme. Ledoux concerning the persecutions suffered by the early Baptist mission, as this was one of the most thickly settled Catholic districts.

Several of us went with Mme. L. a day or two ago to visit the hospital which is kept by the "gray nuns," and by whom we were shown over the neatly kept building with every politeness and courtesy. They know Mme. L. very well but hate her religion and while there she had an excited discussion with the same priest who tried to make her father confess on his deathbed. It was something new to me and irresistibly funny, to hear such an argument in high-keyed rapid French, and I am afraid I did

not appreciate the importance of the subject as I should have done.

Last Thursday Mme. L., Mme. H. and myself spent the day in Montreal, leaving here on the 7 A. M. train; the morning was cool and the ride enjoyable. We crossed the Richlieu at the rapids where it is quite wide, but looked shallow, though it may be deeper than it looked to me. Had a glimpse of the St. Lawrence before the train darted into the Victoria bridge. The bridge is as dark as a tunnel except now and then a gleam of light from the windows, and it took a long time to cross the river which is a mile and a half wide where the Victoria bridge spans it. As soon as we reached the other side I took a long look at the mighty river that rolls away like an ocean toward the Atlantic. We went first to a bank to get some checks cashed and then of course we did our shopping, being caught in a hard rain storm meanwhile; finishing our shopping we dined at a restaurant where they say Dr. Tanner's efforts to prove the world can live without eating, has as yet had no effect upon their customers. It would be too tedious for you to follow us in all our wanderings up and down the streets, so we will go immediately to the church of Notre Dame said to be the second largest church in the world. It is rich and magnificent in all its appointments. A number of gray headed men and women were there and children saying their prayers. One thing I like about Catholic churches is that they are always open and the "Children of the Public" may enter when they wish.

We made our way to the city market and there bought apples at 15cts and pears at 25cts a dozen. The peaches were not tempting and but little larger than a good sized peach stone. When we thought it about our train time, we arranged our many divers packages in as small a space as possible and started for the depot. I carried a heavy half-bushel basket almost full of fruit with bundles on my other arm while the others had fully as much. Mme. L. walked the fastest, so she went ahead, I keeping just in sight of her, while Mme. H. was as far behind me. Our procession must have looked very droll, but we consoled ourselves that no one knew us. We reached the Ste. Marie station about half past seven where some of the others met us and we were relieved of our numerous packages.

I am getting a little tired of this prosy place, though the people here would without doubt think Monmouth prosier still; earth's fairest spot is where the home-light shines.

I begin to long for the land of the Star spangled banner, and intend leaving here with a Philadelphia lady in about two weeks for Boston, via Albany and New York City; if so, I hope to have something pleasant to tell you of my trip around Lake Champlain and down the Hudson.

CASSIE STUMP.

—Over the facade of a certain university is a Latin motto, which, translated, gives the truth: "Either teach or learn or leave." This might well apply to some of the schools and colleges of the present day. By removing the scholars who are too dull to learn, or will not learn, and properly rewarding the scholars deserving merit, you can attain this standard of excellence; and the same with the teachers—if they are either naturally, morally or mentally deficient, they should be made to go about their business.—*Christian Union.*

A Reminiscence of 1865.

I shall never forget the first time I saw General Garfield; a distinguished gentleman recently said to a representative of the Cincinnati Gazette. "It was the morning after President Lincoln's assassination. The country was excited to its utmost tension, and New York City seemed ready for the scenes of the French revolution. The intelligence of Lincoln's murder had been flashed by the wires over the whole land. The newspaper headings of the transaction were set up in the largest type, and the high crime was on everyone's tongue. Fear took possession of men's minds as to the fate of the Government, for in a few hours news came on that Seward's throat was cut, and that attempts had been made on the lives of others of the Government's officers. Posters were stuck up everywhere in great black letters, calling upon the loyal citizens of New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and neighboring places to meet around the Wall street exchange and give expression to their sentiments. It was a dark and terrible hour. What might come next no one could tell. Men spoke with abated breath. The wrath of the workmen was simply uncontrollable, and revolvers and knives were in the hands of thousands of Lincoln's friends, ready at the first opportunity to take the law into their own hands and avenge the death of the martyred President upon any and all who dared to utter a word against him. Eleven o'clock A. M. was the hour set for the rendezvous. Fifty thousand people crowded around the Exchange building, cramping and jamming in the streets, and wedged in tight as men could stand together.

"With a few to whom a special favor was intended, I went over from Brooklyn at 9 A. M., and even then with the utmost difficulty found way to the reception-room for the speakers in the front of the Exchange building and looking out on to the high and massive balcony, whose front was protected by a heavy iron railing. We sat in solemnity and silence, waiting for General Butler, who it was announced, had started from Washington, and was either already in the city or expected every minute. Not a hurrah was heard, but for the most part dead silence, or a deep and ominous muttering ran like a rising wave up the street toward Broadway, and again down toward the river on the right. At length the batons of the police were seen swinging in the air, far up to the left, parting the crowd and pressing it back to make way for a carriage that moved slowly, and with difficult jogs, through the compact multitude. Suddenly the silence was broken and the cry 'Butler! Butler!' rang out with tremendous and thrilling effect, and was taken up by the people. But not a hurrah! Not one! It was the cry of a great people, asking to know how their President died. The blood bounced in our veins, and the tears ran like streams down our faces. How it was done, I forget; but Butler was pulled through and pulled up, and entered the room, where we had just walked back to meet him. A broad crape, a yard long hung from his left arm—terrible contrast with the countless flags that were waving the nation's victory in the breeze. We first realized then the truth of the sad news that Lincoln was dead. The only word Butler had for us all at the first break of the silence was: 'Gentlemen, he died in the

fullness of his fame' and as he spoke it his lips quivered and the tears ran fast down his cheeks.

"Then, after a few moments, came the speaking. And you can imagine the effect as the crape fluttered in the wind while his arm was uplifted. Dickinson of New York, was fairly wild. The old man leaped over the iron railing of the balcony and stood on the very edge overhanging the crowd, gesticulating in the most vehement manner, and next thing to bidding the crowd burn up the rebel seed root and branch, while a by-stander held on to his coat-tails to keep him from falling over.

"By this time the wave of popular indignation had swelled to its crest. Two men lay bleeding on one of the side streets, the one dead, the other next to dying; one on the pavement, the other in the gutter. They had said, a minute before, that Lincoln ought to have been shot long ago. They were not allowed to say it again!

"Soon two long pieces of scantling stood out above the heads of the crowd, crossed at the top like the letter X, and a looped halter pendant from the junction, a dozen men following its slow motion through the masses, while 'Vengeance was the cry. On the right suddenly arose the shout, 'The World! The World! The World!' The office of the World! and a movement of perhaps 8,000 or 10,000 turning their faces in the direction of that building began to be executed. It was a critical moment. What might come, no one could tell, did that crowd get in front of that office. Police or military would have availed little or been too late. A telegram had just been received from Washington, 'Seward is dying.'

"Just then, at that juncture, a man stepped forward with a small flag in his hand, and beckoned to the crowd. 'Another telegram from Washington.' And then, in the awful stillness of the crisis, taking advantage of the hesitation of the crowd, whose steps had been arrested a moment, a right arm was lifted skyward, and a voice, clear and steady, loud and distinct, spoke out:

"Fellow citizens! Clouds and darkness are around about Him! His pavilion is dark waters and thick clouds of the skies! Justice and judgment are the establishment of His throne! Mercy and truth shall go before His face! Fellow citizens, God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives!"

"The effect was tremendous. The crowd stood riveted to the ground in awe, gazing at the motionless orator, and thinking of God and the security of the Government in that hour. As the boiling wave subsides and settles to the sea when the strong wind beats it down, so the tumult of the people sank and became still. All took it as a Divine omen. It was a triumph of eloquence, inspired by the moment, such as falls to but one man's lot, and but once in a century. The genius of Webster, Choate, Everett or Seward never reached it. Demosthenes never equalled it. What might have happened had the surging and maiden mob been let loose, none can tell. The man for the crisis was on the spot, more potent than Napoleon's guns at Paris. I inquired his name. The answer came, in a low whisper, 'It is General Garfield of Ohio.'—*Ed.*

—The Bible has been translated anew in two hundred and twenty six languages since 1804.