

PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

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Pacific CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,

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

Advertisers will find this one of the best mediums on the Pacific Coast for making their business known.

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

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Iowa Splinters.

We are late with the notice of the Iowa State Meeting, which convened at Mt. Pleasant Sept. 7th. There was a good attendance and the report of the Board was most satisfactory. The work of the State Evangelist, Bro. J. B. Vawter, will surely indicate a good work and cause our people to think and act more earnestly in sounding out the Gospel.

Aside from our Iowa preachers Bro. Alex. Johnson, of Cal., N. E. Cory, of Ill., and — Hickman, of Mo., were in attendance. Bros. Painter, Kirkham, Williams and McConnell did the preaching. We were kindly entertained in the pleasant home of Sister Peters, who in common with the members at Mt. Pleasant, supplied the want of ministers.

Bro. and Sister J. K. Cornell visited our city in passing.

Bro. and Sister S. B. Ross, of Shanendoh, are visiting relatives, and Bro. S. will preach in Fairfield tomorrow.

Bro. A. J. White, our exemplary pastor at Fairfield the past year, goes to Kansas for a short visit next week.

We are blessed with fine weather, interspersed with frost, rain and sunshine to a pleasant degree. Farmers are threshing, and there is a brisk trade in grain. Providence has been very kind to Iowa the past year, and there is an abundant supply of necessities.

Dr. Cottle and S. C. Faums, one of our bankers, died last week; quite a number of our old citizens have past away this year.

The Iowa Conference was held in this month at Centerville, and the preachers are now moving into their new fields of labor. Rev. F. W. Evans comes to Fairfield; he is regarded as the champion of the conference. We can cheerfully give him credit of preaching more Bible Christianity than any of his colleagues, and we are therefore glad to have him at Fairfield.

Politics is now the question upon which most people read and talk. The Maine election seems to have pleased and displeased all the parties. Happy are the politicians who can "maintain their arguments without losing their temper and assert their freedom without violating their friendship."

Brethren, the Gospel does not change because of political campaigns. Look to your work as saints of the most High God, whose throne will abide when earthly thrones, kings and governments shall have passed the way of all the earth.

S. H. HEDRIX.

Fairfield, Iowa, Sept. 18, 1880.

Letter from Moscow.

Moscow, I. T., Sept. 18, 1880.

Editor Messenger:

We think it not specially out of place to write a brief description of our flourishing little city, the center of gravity, as we all think who live here. It is beautifully situated in the center of the finest farming country north of Snake river. In coming into this place from the north we are forcibly impressed with its rapid growth.

The first building of importance is the large flouring mill being erected by the Moore Bros., of Almota. This building, when completed, will be the flouring mill of the great Palouse country, being run by steam power, and situated as it is, within the limits of the city of Nez Perce county. We pass on a few blocks, and we hear the welcome sound of the dinner bell at the Hotel De A. Frye. Here we pause and are cordially shown into the dining room, where everything calculated to please the palate is sumptuously spread, coffee and condiments kindly offered by the fair waitress. Immediately south, on the corner block, we find our old friend T. J. Craig busily engaged in serving his numerous customers with anything in his line of business. We feel to commend Tommy in his successful occupation; he is the right man in the right place, and well worthy the respect and patronage shown him. We pass to the general merchandise establishment of McConnell & Co. on the left and A. Lienallen on the right, where we see business carried on just about right, both firms dealing extensively in their line of business. Next we call on E. J. Toskey, and by his skillful hand are we shaved and slicked up nice enough to call on Mrs. Barton, our popular milliner, where we are shown all the latest styles, patterns, hats and ribbons, at prices to suit the times. After listening to beautiful strains of music rendered by Mrs. B., accompanied by the guitar, we bid adieu, and next call on Dr. Reeder, the practicing physician, at his new office; and while he is extracting one of our unruly masticators we are favorably impressed with the appearance of the new Barton House, where the weary traveler finds rest and refreshments in Bonton style. We must not pass our friend Howard Owlsen, the jeweler, until we have sampled his fine jewelry, watches, clocks and St. Julian cigars. Howard thinks not best for man to be alone, consequently our carpenter friends (too numerous to mention) are very busy repairing the cage to be used by — Our agricultural friend, J. M. Shields and Lawyer Cries, occupy the same building, both are active business men. We have one fine church house, four different denominations of worshipers, three blacksmith shops, one harness shop, saloon, dentist office, livery stable, wagon shops, China wash house; all in active running order.

We are very jubilant over the prospects of a railroad to this place, to be completed within six months. Contracts have been let and work is being pushed forward as rapidly as possible.

Have written already more than will probably be profitable or interesting, we bid adieu for a time.

Respectfully,

TURNER SHIRLEY.

Letter from J. H. McCollough.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,

Sept. 29, 1880.

Bro. Editor:

Permit me to say through your valuable paper, that I am now preaching for the church here; began last Lord's day.

We meet in a hall on cor. 6th and Market streets. Our hall is cheery and large enough for our present needs. We pay \$30 per month rent, janitor and light found. We can only have the use of it on Sundays, so we have our prayer meetings from house to house.

The Woman's Board of Missions of our State have chosen this as the place where they will concentrate their efforts till we can buy a lot and build a chapel. Their action, together with the sympathy of the brethren of the State, has greatly encouraged the struggling few who have remained true under all discouragements. We have been unable heretofore, to hold on long enough, and when we let go, things lose ground. It is like rolling a big ball up hill, when you get out from under, it rolls down to the foot very soon. The assurance of a continued work inclines all our friends in the city to take hold. Take it all in all, the prospect is encouraging. We take great pleasure in inviting all our friends who may be in the city over Lord's day to meet with us.

Any who may read this who have friends living in the city, write them a card, and exhort them to attend with us. Their help is greatly needed for although we expect to hold on continuously whether there be many or few who are faithful to the Lord and his work, we would rejoice to have the many.

May God help us all to love one another, and all pull together.

Don't forget the place, cor. 6th and Market streets. Come and see us.

Yours truly,

J. H. MCCOLLOUGH.

SALEM, OR., Oct. 4, 1880.

Bro. Campbell:

Will you have the kindness to announce to the many friends, who have desired copies of my lecture on "The Law and the Gospel" that it is ready at last. You will see, by the copy sent, that it is a neat pamphlet of 44 pages, with covers, neatly printed, with clear type, so that it can be easily read.

I will furnish them at 10 cents a copy, though that will not reimburse me, still I shall be repaid if the friends of truth will each one circulate as many as he or she may feel able to do. It has been very carefully revised, with many additional thoughts.

At the price stated, I will prepay postage and send any number ordered.

Hoping it may be like "good seed" sown, that will produce "good fruit," and in an abundant manner.

I am your friend and brother,
S. C. ADAMS.

—Methodism will be counted out of the White House next time. Neither Gen. Hancock nor Gen. Garfield has any connection with the church of Mrs. Hayes. This is well. A large church, like ours, has great temptation to intermeddle in politics, as it is courted and has numbers sufficient to turn the scale in a sharp contest. Let the "vest pocket series" have a chance.—N. E. Methodist.

First Appearance After The Resurrection.

But as yet no eye had seen Him; and to Mary of Magdala—to her, who loved more because she had been forgiven more, and out of whose soul, now ardent as flame and clear as crystal, He had cast seven devils—was this glorious honor first vouchsafed. Even the vision of angels had not soothed the passion of agitation and alarm which she experienced when, returning once more to the tomb, she found it was no longer possible for her to pay the last offices of devotion and tenderness to the crucified body of her Lord. From her impassioned soul not even the white-robed vision and angel-voices could expel the anguish she experienced in the one haunting thought, "They have taken away my Lord out of the sepulchre, and I know not where they have laid Him." With her whole heart absorbed in this thought she turned away—and lo! Jesus himself standing before her. It was Jesus, but not as she had known Him. There was something spiritual, something not of the earth, in that risen and glorified body. Some accident of dress, or appearance, made her fancy that it was the keeper of the garden, and in the eager hope that he can explain to her the secret of that empty and angel-haunted grave, she exclaims to Him in an agony of appeal—turning her head aside as she addressed Him, perhaps that she might hide her streaming tears—"Oh, Sir, if you took Him away, tell me where you put him, and I will take Him." Jesus saith to her, "Mary." That one word, in those awful yet tender tones of voice, at once penetrated to her heart. Turning towards Him, trying apparently to clasp His feet or the hem of His garment, she cried to Him in her native Aramic, "Rabboni!" "Oh, my master!" and then remained speechless with her transports. Jesus himself gently checked the passion of her enthusiasm. "Cling not to me," He exclaimed, "for not yet have I ascended to the Father; but go to my brethren, and say to them, I am ascending to my Father and your Father, and my God and your God." Awe-struck, she hastened to obey. She repeated to them that solemn message—and through all future ages has thrilled that first utterance, which made on the minds of those who heard it so indelible an impression—"I have seen the Lord."—Canon Farrar.

Nevada's Natural Phenomena.

Nevada is a land of curious natural phenomena. Her rivers have no visible outlet to the ocean. She has no lake of any magnitude. She has vast stretches of alkali deserts, however, that give every indication of having been the beds or bottoms of either seas or lakes. Down in Lincoln county there is a spring of ice cold water that bubbles up over a rock and disappears on the other side, and no one has been able to find where the water goes. At another point in the same county is a large spring, about twenty feet square, that is apparently only some eighteen or twenty inches in depth, with a sandy bottom. The sand can be plainly seen, but on looking closer it is perceived that this sand is in a perpetual state of unrest. No bottom has ever been found to this spring. It is said that a teamster, on reaching this spring one day, deceived by its apparent shallowness, concluded to soak one of his wagon

wheels to cure the looseness of its tire. He therefore took it off and rolled it, as he thought, into the shallow water. He never laid his eyes on that wagon wheel again. Our mountains are full of caves and caverns, many of which have been explored to a great distance. Speaking of caves, a redeo was held last spring over in Huntington valley. During its progress quite a number of cattle were missed and for a time unavailing search was made for them. At last they were traced to the mouth of a natural tunnel or cave in the mountain. The herders entered the cave, and following it for a long distance, at last found the cattle. It appears that they had probably entered the cave, which was very narrow, in search of water. It had finally narrowed so that they could proceed no further. Neither could they turn around to get out. They had been missed some days, and if they had not been found must inevitably have perished in a short time. As it was they were extracted from their predicament with difficulty, by the herders squeezing past and getting in front of them and scaring them into a retrograde movement by flapping their hats into the faces of the stupid bovines.—Eureka Leader.

While it is unmistakably true that he who seeks to acquire knowledge for the mere sake of knowledge is not likely to be a wise user of knowledge—any more than a lover of gold as gold is likely to be a good user of gold; it is also true that he who has a great purpose of life finds increased fitness for his work by laborious and prolonged study. And study with a purpose of using the results of study is no foe to spirituality. Growth in grace is not only absolutely consistent with growth in knowledge, but growth in grace is more likely to be concurrent with growth in knowledge than apart from it. You will rarely find a saintly man who is not a studious man—to the extent of his opportunities. One of the most devoted and spiritually minded of our modern missionaries was the Rev. Dr. Jonas King of Greece. In his posthumously published diary there is found an entry of this sort: "From November, 1820, till the spring of 1821, I spent my time in reading the Hebrew Bible, Oriental Antiquities, by Jahn and Warnercroft in the German, the Greek and Latin Fathers, Livy's History, Eichhorn's Extracts of History in Latin, the works of Massillon in French, Quintilian, and commenced a translation of Bellarmine's Biblical Geography. During this time, was put into my hands by Mrs. P—the Life of Henry Martyn, as she feared I was too much occupied with human science, and too little with divine. This I read with eagerness, but instead of abating my desire for study, it increased it." It seems a little odd that anybody should have feared that Jonas King was too much absorbed with the study of human learning; but we presume that there are a good many persons in this world, who, if they spoke right out, would have to say that, in their opinion, Moses and Daniel and Paul wasted precious time in studying in preparation for the work which God had for them to do. But it is very clear that God wants his servants to give needful preparation for their best work for him; and he is willing to wait—and wants them to be—until they have learned enough to do their work intelligently.—S. S. Times.