

PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

VOL. X.

MONMOUTH, OREGON; FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1880.

NO. 44.

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 Stump, Publisher, Monmouth, Oregon.

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Yearly advertisements on liberal terms.
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Mr. I. G. Davidson is our Advertising Agent in Portland.

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

Letter from Wellesley College.

LETTER NUMBER XVII.

WELLESLEY, MASS.

Oct. 17, 1880.

My Dear Girls:

This is one of New England's fairest October days, and were I not reminded by the date above, of the length of time that has elapsed since I last wrote you, I would put aside writing and dally away these shining afternoon hours among the nymphs and dryads that people these lovely autumn woods.

School has now been in session several weeks and everyone seems going at a breakneck pace to secure for herself a few spoonfuls of the great ocean of knowledge contained in the Wellesley library to which a thousand new volumes were added in vacation. The chapel too, was frescoed during the summer and looks much handsomer than last year; above the platform is the college motto "Not to be ministered unto but to minister," and about the walls near the ceiling are various Scriptural texts in large letters. Music hall was intended for this year but is not yet finished. Stone Hall is assuming magnificent proportions and in less than a year will be completed and ready for use. Several of the old members of Dana Hall are back again which makes it pleasant and homelike; I think however there are about 220 entirely new students that must go through the not altogether agreeable formula of getting their necks into educational harness as I did last year. The method of "hazing" at Wellesley takes the form of "Flower Sunday" and on that occasion, the first Sunday after the classes were formed, the chapel was garlanded with flowers to welcome in the Freshmen, and Bishop Dudley, of Kentucky, preached an excellent sermon. Miss Giltner, from Portland, Oregon, is in the freshman class, and has come to remain four or five years. I called upon her immediately after hearing of her arrival, and found her about as tired as I was after the long journey East. Besides coming from the same State we soon found that we had some mutual acquaintances, besides a friend of mine and a friend of hers boarded at the same place in Portland, so we were straightway friends ourselves. I see her only two or three times a week, which you will not think strange when I tell you I scarcely see my own room-mates from the time we leave here in the morning till we return in the evening.

I will give you a glimpse of our active life and show you what one

day's work is like; and though no two days are exactly alike it will serve as a sample. Up early enough in the morning to have done the domestic work (which on my part is the filling and cleaning five lamps) straightened our rooms, dressed for the day, breakfasted and ready for the college coach a few minutes after seven (which comes pretty early these mornings), Bible lesson till chapel, just after chapel Bible class, then I study two periods; at 10:40 I go to the fifth floor to a French recitation, at 11:30 to the music room for an hour's practise, then lunch swallowed in a hurry; at 1:15 another French recitation, at 2:5 down to the third floor to German review, at 2:55 second year German on another floor, after that attendance upon lectures in English literature and *belles lettres* till the return coach lands us at Dana Hall in time for the 5 o'clock dinner which is the only meal we take at our leisure. After dinner comes washing or ironing (most all at Dana Hall do their own washing), looking over home papers, writing all manner of language exercises up to ten o'clock when the bolt is drawn, the lights blown out and the night brings well deserved rest. Monday is not even a rest day this year, for on that day I take music and straight line drawing at the college. You can imagine there is something of a bustle and hurry of morning's especially by those who have overslept themselves.

As we climbed into the coach one morning last week one of the girls said, "Now, don't you think I'm smart, I've got ready and made my bed since the morning bell," (some five or ten minutes). Everybody envied her quickness, but what a laugh there was when it was found that in her haste, instead of a cloak she had brought a dress skirt with her. She took the laugh at her expense, good naturedly, and says she will never dare brag again of her quick work.

We have the same cook and lady superintendent as last year, and I find myself more pleasantly situated perhaps on account of being acquainted and in better health; besides I find my two room-mates so after my own heart that I never have to leave my own room for congenial company, and that is quite an item for a home body like myself.

One Monday morning three of us visited Hunnewell's gardens, just across the lake from the college. The part nearest the lake is arranged after the fashion of an Italian garden; it is formed of terraces and the trees are made to grow in all manner of shapes, hedges, pyramids, pillars, etc., very nice to look at once in a while, but we enjoyed much more the shrubbery growing as nature intended it should.

Miss Clarke, one of the college teachers who went to Europe this last summer, was visiting at Dana Hall a few days ago, and gave us a delightful account of some of the places she visited. She was at Ober-Ammergau and witnessed the Passion Play or the life of Christ as a religious ceremony; it takes eight hours, and she says their devoutness makes it very different from what it would be in the United States. You have read of it in the papers, of course, and heard its propriety discussed, but Miss C. tells of what she has seen in so charming a way that I found it very different from reading a description of the same thing.

I have been to the city but once

since school began, and that was last Wednesday evening, to attend the "Oratorio of Elijah" given by the Handel and Hadyn society at the dedication of Tremont Temple. About fifty, including a number of the teachers, went on the five o'clock train, dined at a restaurant and came home between eleven and twelve. Miss P. and myself had a good seat in the front of one of the balconies where we could see as well as hear. The chorus numbered three hundred voices. There were sixty or seventy instruments, and when I come home I'll tell you how the dresses and diamonds of the principal singers dazzled and shone in the brilliantly lighted hall. After such a musical feast I could well be content with poor lessons the next day and scratched exercise papers.

Miss Howard gave a reception not long since in the Browning Room, at the college, to which were invited the seniors, juniors, sophomores and teachers. We made our most profound obeisance to that lady and spent a most delightful evening with afterward a stroll homeward in the delicious moonlight.

Cards from the Monmouth double wedding have been received, and the box of brides' cake divided with the Dana girls, under whose pillows the morning after, might have been found cake crumbs, that all night long had been expected to reveal futurity in marvelous dreams. For the remembrance of one so far away I am the more grateful, as it was entirely unexpected.

I don't suppose you will find this letter so very interesting, but it has done me good to even have this desultory everyday talk with you.

CASSIE STUMP.

People Who Attend the Passion Play.

BY ARTHUR BEAVIS.

The audiences which have gathered during the past summer at Ober-Ammergau have been composed of three classes of people—tourists, the clergy, and peasants. The tourists are principally English and Americans, and it is surprising to see how many, even from America, have made the European trip simply to witness this relic of mediæval theatricals.

First in number among the clergy come the Catholic priests, next a goodly showing from the Church of England, and lastly, a sprinkling of American ministers, of various denominations. The clergy have not, by any means adopted the unit rule in forming their opinions of the Passion Play. The Catholics and their cousins german of the High Church vote it a great and holy thing which should be kept up, by all means. Its tendency, they argue, is to elevate the lower classes and by its vividness to impress them with the reality of Christ's life and sufferings. But the majority of members of other denominations hold that it is little short of sacrilege to create a drama out of the Passion of our Lord, even though it be rendered in a spirit of true devotion.

But the visitor to Ober-Ammergau will be surprised to observe that the common peasants comprise the larger portion of the great crowd of onlookers. It is rather hard to believe in the elevating tendency theory of our Catholic brethren when we gaze on the vast crowd, reeking of schweitzerkase and leberwurst, which two hours before the performance begins is gathering before the doors of the one and

two-mark places. These invariably come provided with a lunch of sausage and pretzels in one pocket and a bottle of cheap wine in another. The going down of the curtain is taken as the signal for the producing of the aforesaid dainties, and the reappearance of the chorus ends the meal. By way of contrast, let me give two scenes, one from the stage and that which follows, given by a portion of the spectators.

The curtain rises, and we behold a copy, true in every detail, of Leonardo da Vinci's great work, "The Last Supper." At first the figures are as motionless as though they were, indeed, wrought upon the canvas; but presently the stately figure of the Christ rises from the center of the group, washes the feet of his disciples and with his own hands offers to each the bread and wine. On every face but one is depicted the utmost love and devotion. Judas alone would fain refuse the offering; but dare not yet openly avow his hatred, lest the treacherous plot he has already laid should fail. As in the middle ages it was commonly believed that a perjurer could not swallow a piece of consecrated bread, so it is with the traitor Judas. The bread which his Master offers him sticks in his throat, and it is only by an intense effort he is able to gulp it down. Then comes the command: "What thou doest, do quickly." And the traitor departs to finish his infamous work. The curtain drops and now, if you please gaze on the second scene. It is here one expects an awestruck and reverential silence to ensue. Scores, indeed, are gazing upward as if in prayer; but it is only to give a satisfactory slant to their wine bottles. Others are sitting with bowed heads, as though in deep meditation; but, upon observing closely, it will be seen that the object of their attentions is a huge piece of potent Limburger. This beer and wine guzzling, following those scenes which are calculated to fill one with the most solemn emotions, is apt to disabuse one's mind of preconceived notions of peasant simplicity. Why this class of people attend such an entertainment as the Passion Play might be surprising; but we must remember in the first place, that music will charm the most savage, and in the second place, the play is sufficiently sensational in its character to startle the duller mind. It is this phase of the representation which causes so many to consider it vitiating. Though a small per cent, may go away realizing more deeply than ever the sublimity and magnitude of the vicarious offering, there is no doubt that hundreds go merely to satisfy a morbid curiosity, being drawn thither by much the same feeling that leads the gaping crowd to the city morgue.

In striking contrast to this is the reverent manner of the actors in their rendition of this most wonderful drama. The very children seem imbued with the solemnity of their task, and their childish faces assume expressions of the utmost gravity. In the scene of the triumphal entry into Jerusalem the children form the salient feature. Nothing can surpass this scene in beauty. Christ rides upon the stage, the center of a jubilant throng of three hundred men, women and children. The countenance of each one beams with love and admiration for their Lord, and I think many of them look upon the stately actor in the middle of the group as a personage almost divine. It is really

astonishing to notice the natural manner of all the actors. You would think that every one of the six hundred of them had carefully read and digested Hamlet's "Advice to Players." Among so large a crowd, the bulk must necessarily be what we designate as "supes," and every theater-goer knows how execrating their formal style of acting becomes; but here the "supes" vies with the "star" in depicting his character true to life. Germans is as well known, are very emotional and naturally are good actors. It is this national characteristic, as much as anything, which tends to produce the perfection of acting witnessed in the Passion Play. Entirely apart from the play itself, the peculiar structure of the building they use deserves some notice. From the outside one could never form a definite idea of its character. The part which constitutes the stage looks like a long, low warehouse. Adjoining this is a large enclosure, with a small portion of one end covered with the rest surrounded by a high board fence. Inside, looking from the stage, you see a vast quadrilateral, filled with wooden benches, which rise one above the other like the seats of an amphitheater. As only a few hundred of these are covered, the great mass of the audience must take their chances with the elements. Of course, it is not allowable to raise umbrellas, as it would obstruct the view; so you must protect yourself from the blazing sun as well as you can with handkerchiefs, fans, etc. If it should rain, you are graciously permitted to hoist an umbrella. But do not lavish all your pity upon the audience, for much more to be pitied are the poor chorus singers, who throughout the entire performance stand bareheaded upon that part of the stage which is exposed to the sky. We attended the representation on one of the few days which remained clear from morning till night, and it was pitiable to see how savagely the sun poured down his rays upon the faces of those fair German girls, with each succeeding scene burning their cheeks one degree redder than before. Nothing impressed us more strongly with their great devotion to the cause than this heroic offering up of their complexions.—*Independent.*

—Fifty thousand Bibles and New Testaments have been sold in England during the past twelve months through "the Gospel carriage," established by Mr. H. Morehouse. Besides these seventy thousand periodicals and five thousand Gospel books have been given away by the same. The Bible carriage resembles a very small omnibus, and is large enough to carry several evangelist singers, with their stock of Bibles, Religious books and tracts. On either side is but a single window, and there are no steps behind. The entrance is from the platform in front on which the singers and speakers stand. It travels through the country, attending fairs, and markets, the evangelists using the opportunity afforded them by assembled multitudes to preach the gospel, and much good has been done. The work was suggested to Mr. Morehouse by an earnest Christian lady in Ireland, who defrayed one half the cost of the carriage.—*Christian Herald.*

—Two of Moody's Boston converts have given \$50,000 each for the spread of the Gospel.