

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 Stamp, Publisher, Monmouth, Oregon.

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

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Letter from Butter Creek.

BUTTER CREEK, Dec. 4, 1880.

Dear Bro. Campbell:

I have many friends who are readers of the MESSENGER who would like to hear from me as well as my highly esteemed friends of Monmouth who perhaps would like to know what we are doing in this secluded spot of earth, as we deemed it, and as it seemed when I first came here. There were then only four families within six miles of us and no religious meetings except occasionally down the creek seven or eight miles from here. We talked about getting up a prayer meeting. There were some fears entertained that we could not make a success of it, but it was finally agreed upon that we should make an effort, and we met for the first time on the second Lord's day in August. The attendance was small, but we had a good meeting. Since that time we have failed to meet on Sunday twice. Bro. Stouder had an appointment to preach for us the first Sunday in this month, but it was so stormy and the snow drifted so we had no meeting. We have met twice on Sunday, with one or two exceptions, since the second Sunday in October; have met at other times to make more than average of twice on Sunday. The meetings have been well attended. Six were reclaimed. Bro. Pruett, a Baptist minister who lives near Weston, came to the neighborhood to marry a couple November ninth; the neighbors nearly all being present, he preached for them in the evening. On the following day he preached two discourses. On Wednesday he went to Pine creek, immersed two persons formerly Methodists, and preached here Thursday evening again. The people were well pleased with him and he with the people. Said he was thankful his lot was cast among the people of this neighborhood. We hope he will visit us again.

The church members here are composed of Baptists, Methodists, Presbyterians and United Brethren; all work together in perfect harmony.

Hope you will excuse this poorly written letter when I tell you I never wrote a letter till I was about forty years old. Would have written sooner but thought I could hardly write anything fit to appear in the paper, but having waited over a month for some one else to write concluded to do the best I could.

It was with much reluctance I left my home and friends of Monmouth, but I did it prayerfully believing it to be for the best; I yet believe it and think I can do more good here than

there. I want the brethren and sisters to pray for us that we may hold out faithful and persevere in the good work already begun in this neighborhood.

Our winter set in on the ninth day of November, snowed to the depth of two or three inches, partially went off, then snowed again. It was sometimes clear and cold, sometimes snowing until it got to be about fourteen inches deep. The fifth day of December was the worst day of all, but in the evening there came a mild Chinook wind and it gradually grew warmer and the wind stronger for a week when the snow was about all gone. It is now warm, seems like spring, the grass is growing nicely, stock did very well for the wind blew the snow off the hillsides so they could get plenty of grass most of the time. I think this is by far the prettiest place I have seen on this side of the mountains. Have written much longer a letter than I anticipated when I began.

Your sister,
POLLY BOWMAN.

Washington Church Fund.

To the Brethren of California:

Bro. T. W. Phillips, general agent for the Washington, D. C. church building fund, has made the undersigned general agent for California.

He requests me to district the State and appoint agents. I have done so, appointing an agent for each county, so far as I knew of any one who would be willing to labor in the enterprise. Bro. Phillips says they are organizing the whole United States by states, and sub-districts, with the view of reaching every brother and sister in the whole country.

Now brethren, let us not be behind in this good work. Let us remember when Jesus was on the earth, he sent his disciples out to preach in all the cities of Judea, saying, "The kingdom of heaven is at hand." He sent them into the cities, the centers of intelligence. When the disciples began the work of preaching the Gospel to all the world, they began at Jerusalem, and from thence into the capital cities of the various surrounding provinces. Shall we all help this grand movement of our brotherhood which looks to planting the cause firmly and conspicuously in the capital of this country. Now that the United States is taking rank among the leading nations of the earth; now when God in his providence has raised up one of our brethren to sit in the Presidential chair; when, during the next four years we can have access to the representative minds, not only of our own country, but of foreign countries, let us build a house worthy of the great plea we are making.

Come brethren, let us all help. Those who may not have an agent visit them can send their contribution to me, No. 2 Bowles Place, San Francisco, Cal.

J. H. McCOLLOUGH.

—The aged Emperor of Germany is described as looking very imposing when with his wife on his arm, he emerged from the venerable cathedral at Cologne followed by a long train of princes and generals. He took his place in a pavilion prepared on the plaza, and signed a record which, after having been also signed by sixty-seven German princes and nobilities, was placed in a long silver tube and given over to the workmen to be deposited in the principal stone cross at the top of the cathedral spire, 530 feet above.

Selfishness not Always Stingy.

There is a great deal of open-hearted and open-handed selfishness in the world. Some of the most liberal givers in the community are thoroughly selfish. Selfish prodigality is by no means uncommon. There are those who look upon themselves as exceptionally generous, and who are even so counted by their fellows, who are unmistakably selfish. This is a truth that ought to be borne in mind when we are passing upon the characteristics of ourselves, or of those whom we have a right to judge—because of our responsibility for their training. Selfishness is not always conjoined with stinginess.

Esau was a good illustration of the thoroughly selfish man, who was open-hearted, open-handed, and prodigally liberal. He was ready to spend a fortune for one square meal. There was nothing stingy about that. Men would be a great deal more likely to call his brother Jacob, close-fisted and niggardly. But Esau was really more selfish than Jacob. Esau lived for self. His parting with his fortune so recklessly was merely because just then he wanted something more than he wanted a fortune. So with his marrying, and so with his failing to cherish and retain his anger against Jacob. If he wanted a wife or two from the heathen nations about him, he took them. What did he care for the Lord's or his parents' opinions on that point? If his wives didn't entirely suit the old folks, he would take another of a different sort, rather than have trouble in the family. You don't hear of Esau's toiling away seven years to win a woman who had his heart, while all these years seemed unto him but a few days, for the love he had to her. Esau was too much taken up with self, too much absorbed in his own personal enjoyment for the hour, to let love or spite have control of him for any great length of time. But what did Esau ever do in the line of self-denying or self-forgetful good to others? When did he ever seem to give others the first place in his affections or in his plans? In what did he ever show real unselfishness of character or conduct?

From Esau down to Jim Fisk, this kind of an open-handed, generous-seeming, thoroughly selfish man has been a prominent and a popular character in the community; and its outside attractiveness has blinded the eyes of many to the sharp distinction between selfishness and stinginess, so that those who are known to give freely, and to have no taint of penuriousness are generally looked upon as free from the objectionable trait of selfishness. Yet many a free giver is wretchedly selfish; and many an unselfish man is sadly prone to penuriousness.

One man gives freely because of his reckless enjoyment in prodigality; another because of the reputation his giving brings him; another because of the sense of power that comes with the bestowal of gifts on others—the creating thereby of a circle of grateful recipients, if hot of conscious pensioners; another because it is easier for him to give than to refrain from giving—with his tender heart and sensitive conscience. In neither of these instances is it unselfishness which prompts the giving; self is in each case at the bottom of the apparent generosity. Another test than that of giving, would prove either of these open-handed ones to be a selfish per-

son. Would he deny himself enough to stop and look into this case to see if it is a worthy charity? At a recent public meeting in Philadelphia in behalf of the Society for Organizing Charity, the Rev. Dr. Goodwin made an address on "The uncharitableness of alms giving." There is a great deal of almsgiving instead of aid-giving because of the selfishness of the givers. Would the giver make just as liberal donations in this and that direction, if his name were never to be known as a giver? Would he want his left hand to be entirely ignorant of what his right hand was doing and giving? Would he be ready to take a gift from another without rendering an equivalent and thereby lose the proud sense of independence and superiority his giving now secures him, if he were sure that the one to whom he has been giving, and whose interests he professes to have at heart would more enjoy that way of doing? Is his giving in any event at a cost of self-denial to himself, either in funds or in feeling? It was said of a good man in a certain church that it was harder for that man to give a dollar than for any other church member, but that he gave more dollars in proportion to his means than any other man in the church. He might have been called a stingy man who gave unselfishly. And there are other men of his sort. They deserve more credit than those, who when they are asked to give cannot refuse without an exercise of positive self-denial. Free giving is a very poor test and measure of unselfishness.

Christmas time is a season of giving; but it is by no means the season that shows whether or not one is truly selfish. Almost everybody gives gifts at Christmas time. One is ashamed not to give, then. Most persons, indeed—especially in "good society," have to give more holiday presents than they want to give. They give to keep up their good name—their name for generosity—among their friends and neighbors; or they give to get a new hold on some whom they have selfishly neglected all the rest of the year. There is, therefore, a danger to be guarded against, of putting the enforced or customary giving of Christmas time into the place of unselfish feeling and doing; just as we too often put Sunday religious observances into the place of personal religion for all the week through. The giving is all right just as far as it goes; but it doesn't go far enough; and it is neither a proof of nor a substitute for real unselfishness and true generosity.

If you were always receiving and never giving gifts, you would admit that you were stingy; you would even call yourself mean. So it would be in your estimate of your children. You would be shocked if they found no enjoyment in giving to others. But both for yourself and for your children you should bear in mind that one may give freely and heartily and yet be grossly selfish. Generosity is literally "nobleness of birth or of soul." He who is really generous will show his generosity twelve months in the year; will show it in uniform courtesy of manner; in tender consideration for the feelings of others; in self-forgetful or self-denying deference to the wants or interests or tastes of his companions, in the ordinary intercourse of life—whether in the parlor, on the play-ground, or in the place of public gathering or conveyance. His unselfishness will not hinge upon his

holiday giving; nor upon his giving at any time of the year.

Giving may or may not be commendable and beautiful. Unselfishness and generosity are always admirable. There are selfish givers—givers who are not stingy but selfish. There are those who, by their giving, deceive others as to their character; and there are many more who deceive themselves in the thought that they are generous because they give freely and gladly. There are others, again who have little to give, and who indeed have little thought of giving, who are so generous and so unselfish that they hardly have a separate existence either in getting or giving. They absolutely live for each other—and that is better far than giving to others.

"The nature of such souls is to be blind
To self, and to self-seeking, let them
blend

Their life as harmony and atmosphere
With other lives; let them but have a
friend

Whose merit they may set off or endear,
And they are gladder than in any guess
Or dream of their own separate happiness."

Though we bestow all our goods to feed the poor—or to please the rich—and have not unselfish, generous love, it profiteth us nothing.—S. S. Times.

—The Spanish papers of all shades of politics profess alarm at the establishment in Spain of expelled religious orders from France. A cable dispatch from Madrid says: "It is reported in ministerial circles that the government has decided to place restrictions on the admission of French monks into Spain, and that the minister of justice has had a conference with the Papal Nuncio on the subject. It is reported that the government's course has received the approval of high episcopal authority."

—The clergymen in Brattleboro, Vt., take turns in preaching to the inmates of the asylum for the insane, and one afternoon one of them preached about the alabaster box of ointment which was poured upon the Master's feet. As he came out of the chapel, one of the patients came to him and said: "You have got us pretty well annotated now," and in explanation added that for two preceding Sundays different clergymen had preached on the same subject. This story brings to mind another told of a clergyman in Jacksonville, Ill. This minister was out of a field, and hearing that there was no preaching in the asylum in that city, sought the opportunity to dispense the Gospel there. At the first service he was very much gratified to observe the close attention that one of the patients gave to his sermon, and he went away and told some of his friends that he had found a very hopeful field of labor in the asylum, which had been neglected too long. The next Sunday he noticed the same intent expression on the face of his hopeful listener, and thought the man would soon be converted. Again the next Sunday the same man gave eager attention, convincing the clergyman that he was not far from the kingdom of heaven. In the sermon the old story was related about Hindu women casting their children into the Ganges. The minister sought an opportunity at the close of service for a personal conversation with his eager listener. The patient grasped his hand warily, and said: "I couldn't help thinking while you were telling that story that it was a great pity your mother didn't chuck you into the river when you were a baby."