

scene, carry her into his retirement; show her the Prophet's chamber; his concubines and his wives; and let her hear him allege revelation and divine commission to justify his adultery and lust. When she is tired with this prospect, then show her the blessed Jesus humble and meek, doing good to all the sons of men. Let her see him in his most retired privacies; let her follow him to the Mount, and hear his devotions and supplications to God. Carry her to his table, to view his poor fare, and hear his heavenly discourse. Let her attend him to the tribunal, and consider the patience with which he endured the scoffs and reproaches of his enemies. Lead her to his cross; let her hear his last prayer for his persecutors, "Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!" When natural religion has thus viewed both, ask her which is the Prophet of God. But her answer we have already had, when she saw part of this scene, through the eyes of the centurion, who attended at the cross. By him she spoke and said, "Truly, this man is the Son of God!"

But such comparisons are less necessary, from the consideration that infidels themselves do readily concede that Christianity has the best claims of any religion whatever, to be considered a divine revelation.

Herbert says, "Christianity is the religion. It has manifestly the advantage of all other pretenders to revelation, as in respect of the intrinsic excellency of the matter, so likewise in respect of the reasons that may be pleaded for its truth." Hobbes says, "the Scriptures are the voice of God." Shaftsbury says, "Christianity ought to be more highly prized." Collins says, "Christianity ought to be respected." Woolston says, "Jesus is worthy of glory forever." Tyndall says, "Pure Christianity is a most holy religion, and all the doctrines of Christianity plainly speak themselves to be the will of an infinitely wise and holy God." Chubb says, "Christ's mission was probably divine, and he was sent into the world to communicate to mankind the will of God. The New Testament contains excellent cautions and instructions for our right conduct, and yields much clearer light than any other traditional revelation." Bolingbroke says, "Such moral perfections are in God as Christians ascribe to him. I will not presume to deny, that there have been particular providences; that Christianity is a re-publication of the religion of nature; and that its morals are pure." Paine says, "Jesus Christ was a virtuous and an amiable man; that the morality he preached and practiced was of the most benevolent kind; and that it has not been exceeded by any." Rousseau (again to quote him) says, "if all were perfect Christians, individuals would do their duty; the people would be obedient to the laws; the chiefs just; the magistrates incorrupt; the soldiers would dispose death; and there would be neither vanity nor luxury in such a state." And finally, to conclude this species of testimony, we cannot do better than to give the admirable character of Christ, as drawn by the same individual.

"I will confess to you," says he, "that the majesty of the Scriptures strikes me with admiration, as the purity of the gospel has its influence on my heart. Peruse the works of our philosophers, with all their pomp of diction; how mean, how contemptible are they, compared with the Scripture! Is it possible that a book at once so simple and sublime, should be merely the work of man? Is it possible that the sacred personage whose history it contains, should be himself a mere man? Do we find that he assumed the tone of an enthusiast or ambitious secretary? What sweetness, what purity in his manners! What an affecting gracefulness in his delivery! What sublimity in his maxims! What profound wisdom

in his discourses! What presence of mind in his replies! How great the command over his passions! Where is the man, where the philosopher, who could so live and so die, without weakness and without ostentation? When Plato described his imaginary good man with all the shame of guilt yet meriting the highest rewards of virtue, he describes exactly the character of Jesus Christ; the resemblance was so striking that all the Christian fathers perceived it. What prepossession, what blindness must it be to compare (Socrates) the son of Sophronius to (Jesus) the son of Mary! What an infinite disproportion is there between them! Socrates, dying without pain or ignominy, easily supported his character to the last; and if his death, however easy, had not crowned his life, it might have been doubted whether Socrates, with all his wisdom, was anything more than a vain sophist. He invented, it is said, the theory of morals. Others, however, had before put them in practice; he had only to say, therefore, what they had done, and to reduce their examples to precept. But where could Jesus learn among his competitors, that pure and sublime morality, of which he only has given us both precept and example? The death of Socrates, peaceably philosophizing with his friends, appears the most agreeable that could be wished for; that of Jesus, expiring in the midst of agonizing pains, abused, insulted, and accused by a whole nation is the most horrible that could be feared. Socrates, in receiving the cup of poison, blessed the weeping executioner who administered it, but Jesus, in the midst of excruciating tortures, prayed for his merciless tormentors. Yes! if the life and death of Socrates were those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus were those of a God. Shall we suppose the evangelical history a mere fiction? Indeed, my friend, it bears not the marks of fiction; on the contrary, the history of Socrates which nobody presumes to doubt, is not so well attested as that of Jesus Christ. Such a supposition, in fact, only shifts the difficulty, without obviating it; it is more inconceivable, that a number of persons could write such a history, than that one should furnish the subject of it. The Jewish authors were incapable of the diction and strangers to the morality contained in the gospel, the marks of whose truth are so striking and inimitable, that the inventor would be a more astonishing character than the hero."

After the presentation of such testimony as the foregoing, from the writings of the most distinguished infidels, it cannot be necessary to say more in proof of the position, that Christianity has the best claim to a divine origin of all religions whatever. We have, then, as we conceive, established, beyond all controversy, the three following positions: 1st. That revelation is necessary. 2d. That it is therefore probable that God has actually given a revelation. And 3d. That Christianity has the best claim of all religions to be considered that revelation.

"Which way went the Spirit of the Lord from me?" What way did he come to you? By prayer? Then it went from you through neglect of prayer. For what purpose did it come to you? A guide? If you have persistently chosen your own way; seeing its service was not required it has taken its departure. How long will you vainly endeavor to thread your way through life's labyrinth before you recall the voice that whispered, "This is the way, walk ye in it?" It may be you grieved it through the flesh, and in that way it has gone. If the Spirit is to walk by your side, the flesh must be trampled under foot. I pray you, search every avenue and alley through which he may have made his flight, and rest not till you welcome his return.

Items of Interest.

The congregation at Farmington, Washington county, Oregon, propose to build a new house of worship during the coming summer.

The church at Hillsboro has been repaired and now presents a very neat and comfortable appearance.

The brethren at Lacentre, Washington Territory, are raising a subscription for the purpose of building a church. Bro. Milne is preaching for them.

The church at Portland now numbers 54 members. During the year just closed there have been 18 accessions; 3 by confession and baptism and 15 by commendation. The loss in membership is 4 by removal and 1 by death, total 5. They hope to have the privilege, before the close of the present year, of meeting in a house of their own, erected on the lots purchased by the liberality of the brotherhood. B. W.

Portland Lot Fund.

PORTLAND, OR., Jan. 11, 1880.

Editor Messenger:

Allow me to receipt, through the MESSENGER, for subscriptions to the Portland Lot Fund.

Buena Vista, \$7.00; list received with H. Linville.

Harrisburg, \$19.50; list received with J. B. Harris.

Konnewock, W. T., \$10.00; individual subscription.

Lebanon, Or., \$10.00; individual subscription.

Sodaville, Or., \$10.00; individual subscription.

Several churches have sent in nearly the whole amount of their subscriptions, some lacking less than five dollars. We hope the agents appointed will take a little pains to collect the remainder, as interest is increasing the amount of our indebtedness, and the church is unable to make up any deficit. If any part of the subscriptions have been received let the agents send in immediately that payments may be made as fast as possible.

Very truly and fraternally,
BRUCE WOLVERTON.

Church Directory.

Portland—First Christian Church.

Elders—A. Blaney and J. P. Dickinson. Deacons—W. H. Adams and I. G. Davidson. Bruce Wolverson, Pastor.

Services—Preaching at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:30 P. M. W. H. Adams, Supt.

Prayer meeting, Thursdays, 7:30 P. M., at private residences. Visiting brethren and friends will please make themselves known. W. H. Adams, Clerk.

Missionary Board.

J. W. Cowls, McMinnville, Chairman. Bruce Wolverson, Portland, Secretary. H. A. Johnson, Salem, Treasurer. R. H. Moss, Monmouth; Jonathan Todd, McMinnville, and Frank Martin, Lafayette.

Christian College, Monmouth, Oregon.

T. F. Campbell, President. I. F. M. Butler, President of Board of Trustees. Wm. Dawson, Vice-President. A. W. Lucas, Secretary. L. Bentley, Treasurer.

Pacific Christian Messenger.

T. F. Campbell, Editor. Miss Mary Stump, Office Editor and Publisher. Issued weekly from Monmouth, Oregon. Terms per annum, in advance, \$2.50. Send for sample copies.

A Fine Thing for the Teeth.

Fragrant SOZODONT is a composition of the purest and choicest ingredients of the Oriental vegetable kingdom. Every ingredient is well known to have a beneficial effect on the teeth and gums. Its embalming or antiseptic property and aromatic fragrance makes it a toilet luxury. SOZODONT removes all disagreeable odors from the breath caused by catarrh, bad teeth, &c. It is entirely free from the injurious and acid properties of tooth pastes and powders which destroy the enamel. One bottle lasts six months.

The Peruvian Syrup has cured thousands who were suffering from Dyspepsia, Debility, Liver Complaint, Boils, Humors, Female Complaints, etc. Pamphlets free to any address, Seth W. Fowle & Sons, Boston.

Born.

At Waitsburg, W. T., Dec. 12, 1880, to the wife of S. G. Kramer, a daughter.

Married.

At Centerville, Or., Jan. 2, 1881, at the bride's home, by Neal Cheatham, Mr. C. M. Ely and Miss Flora E. Reeder.

Obituary.

SPANGLE, W. T., Jan. 2, 1881.

Died, at the residence of his father, near this place, Oct. 24, 1880, Bro. Henry Dashiell, aged 21 years.

This young disciple, some six months before his death, confessed the Savior and yielded himself to be His servant. He died in the triumph of a living faith. He leaves a father, mother, several brothers and sisters and one who had promised to be his wife, to mourn their loss. While with sad hearts they say farewell, the echo responds, "until the resurrection morn." A memorial sermon was preached by the writer to day.

C. J. WRIGHT.

BETHEL, OR., Jan. 17, 1881.

Departed this life, at 8 A. M., Jan. 17, 1881, Geitie Graves, aged 23 years, 3 months and 24 days.

She became a member of the Church of Christ when fourteen years old. Although an invalid during the last seven years of her life, she bore her sufferings, which were very great, with Christian fortitude, and during her last few days craved to die. She was possessed of a very amiable disposition, kind, sympathetic and beloved by all. The stroke is heavy, yet we sorrow not, for

She is borne from here, to a happier sphere,
To Eden's immortal bowers;
To join the choir, in heaven so fair,
And pluck immortal flowers.

She is freed from pain, in heaven to reign,
To bask, 'mid sunny skies;
In Eden, to roam, in heaven's fair home,
Where no tears bedim the eyes.

In garments bright, with snowy white,
With heaven's glories crowned;
In pastures green, by angels seen,
Where heavenly music sounds.

May roses bloom, above her tomb,
To mark the sacred spot;
And her body sleep, where friends did weep,
And her memory ne'er be forgot.

T. M. MORGAN.

Died, at his home in College City, Cal., on Saturday, December 4, 1880, at 5 P. M., of pneumonia, Prof. J. A. Eradsbaw, in the 32d year of his age.

Joseph Andrew Bradshaw was born in Warren county, Illinois, on the 22d day of November, 1849. In 1852, when Joseph was a child of three years, the family emigrated to Oregon. In those days, before the railway had traversed the mighty plains, or the scream of the engine on the shining track had frightened away the buffalo and prowling Indian, there were many dangers and hardships to be encountered by the hardy pioneers. For safety and assistance they traveled in large trains, or companies, camping together at night; and while some slept, others stood guard through the long, lonely hours. In such a company the family traveled, and little Joseph, being a bright-eyed, interesting child, had the freedom of the train, wandering whither he pleased, the pet and favorite of all.

The family resided in Oregon nine years, and then moved to Sutter county, Cal. Joseph was then twelve years of age, and began to work on the farm for his father. He made an industrious and faithful hand on the farm, always willing to bear his part of the burden, as far as he was able.

In 1871, the family moved to Southern California, and settled in San Buenaventura county, where his parents still reside.

In the autumn of 1871, Joseph went back to Oregon, and entered the college at Monmouth. Always fond of books, and always a good student, he was enabled to finish the course in three years. Here he made rapid progress and remained to witness a short time of graduation, when, for some cause not known to the writer, he left Monmouth and went to Albany College Institute. Here he graduated in 1874, with the degree of A. B.

Soon after this he returned to California, and was elected to the chair of Mathematics in Christian College, Santa Rosa.

On the 17th day of September he was married to Miss Emma Clark, of Santa Rosa, with whom he lived in happy concord to the day of his death. Their union was blessed with two children, one of whom remains with the mother, and the other preceded the father to the shores of the Unseen, and the little body now reposes by his side.

In September, 1879, Professor Bradshaw assumed the duties of Prof. of Mathematics in Pierce Christian College, and in this capacity he was engaged when his last illness came upon him. A short time before his death, a great fire broke out

around our village; and threatened the destruction of the whole place. In the flight of the citizens to subdue the flames, he labored heroically, and I think was never entirely well after that time. On Monday morning, November 29th, as I was leaving the chapel I saw him enter. He taught his class a short time, left it to go home, and never returned. He got worse rapidly, and on Saturday evening, as the sun dropped behind the pine-clad crests of the Coast Range, casting the long shadows across the valley of the Sacramento, his spirit passed away, casting the deeper shadow over the hearts of our whole community.

Professor Bradshaw was a fine Mathematician, a hard student, a laborious, efficient and faithful teacher. Besides mathematics, science and other things, he read the Latin, Greek, Persian and French languages. He loved study, and the achievements of his short life show what young men may do with patience and industry. By intense study, and the employment of those "spare hours" which some throw away, he accomplished much of his preparation for his life work. His mind was of a high, refined order, and I never knew anything coarse or uncouth to escape his lips. He was a member of the church, and a teacher in the Sunday school. His health being poor for several years, he could not do as much here as he wished. Conscientious in his actions, upright in his dealing, pure in life, kind and affable to all, he has passed away, and his death has cast a gloom over our whole community. But though he is dead, the influence of his bright example remains and will lead others in the right way long after the monuments of earth have crumbled in the ruins of time.

Farewell, dear brother, but though we shall see you here no more, we hope to meet you on the shores of that land, when "God shall wipe away all tears from all eyes," where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

J. C. KEITH.

College City, Cal., Dec. 1880.

Literary Notices.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.—Of the many guides and seed and Plant Catalogues sent out by our Seedsmen and Nurserymen and that are doing so much to inform the people and beautify and enrich our country, none are so beautiful, none so instructive, as Vick's Floral Guide. Its paper is the choicest, its illustrations handsome, and given by the hundred, while its Colored Plate is a gem. This work, although costing but 10 cents, is handsome enough for a Gift Book, or a place on the parlor table. Published by James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

THE LITTLE GEM AND KINDERGARTEN for December is indeed a gem among the many magazines for little people. E. B. Grannis, Publisher, 22 Beekman St., N. Y.

THE LITTLE S-WELL is the only eight-page Sunday school paper in the field. Considering its size it is very cheap. Only 50 cents a year. Christian Pub. Co., 707 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

A NEW VOLUME.—Littell's Living Age enters upon its one hundred and forty-eighth volume in January.

Foreign periodical literature embraces more thoroughly every year the work of the foremost writers in all departments of literature, science, politics and art; and the Living Age, which gives in convenient form the best of this literature, can therefore hardly fail to become of more and more value every year to its readers. The first weekly number of the new year and new volume—a good one with which to begin a subscription—has the following table of contents:—Village Life in New England, by a Non-resident American; Contemporary Review; The Marshal Duke of Saldanha, Quarterly Review; A Splinter of P-trified History, Cornhill; My Holiday in Jamaica, Chambers' Journal; Girl and Grandfather, Temple Bar; Sir Alexander Cockburn, Spectator; Jewish Success and Failure, Spectator; and a variety of select poetry. For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3300 pages a year), the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publisher offers to send any one of the American \$1 monthlies or weeklies with the Living Age for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

W. E. Miller, of Belvue, Ohio, says:—I have been troubled with Asthma, and received no relief until I procured your "Only Lung Pad." I can recommend it to any one having the asthma.—See Adv.

Have Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry always at hand. It cures Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Influenza, Consumption and all Throat and Lung Complaints, 50 cents and \$1 a bottle.