

PACIFIC CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"GO YE, THEREFORE, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

VOL. XI.

MONMOUTH, OREGON; FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1881.

NO. 5.

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

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

Letter from Massachusetts.

LETTER NUMBER XIX.

EAST BROOKFIELD, MASS.

Dec. 31, 1880.

My Dear Girls:

It is what even an Esquimaux would call cold weather, and I shall no doubt be so accustomed to it by spring, that Greenland would be a pleasant place to summer in, if Oregon did not contain greater attractions than the region of snow and ice.

Yesterday, coming by rail from New York to this place, the cold was intense, and it was only by giving the car window a vigorous rubbing with my handkerchief every few minutes, that I kept a clear place on the glass about as large as my two fingers; so you see I was obliged to look at Connecticut through Jack Frost's spectacles, and then the sun was shining so brightly on the snow that the frost on the windows was a blessing as well as an annoyance.

Vacation is almost over and while I have the pleasure of occupying an arm chair in one of New England's cosiest parlors with a book as my writing desk, I will try and write you my holiday letter. This is Miss C.'s my roommate's home, and I am resting here and trying to get rid of the toothache before the next term begins. My few days stay in New York was not as profitable in a sight-seeing way as I hoped to make it on account of the snow and the fact that my friend's house where I boarded was so far out in Brooklyn.

A little after 2 o'clock on Tuesday, the 21st inst., about forty girls left Wellesley, via Boston and Fall river for New York. The night was stormy and the sound so rough that the steamer was delayed several hours. My roommate was very sick and could not be persuaded to leave her berth; but I was fortunate enough to escape being seasick this once and was glad to leave our close state room for the fresh air in the early morning. There were several inches of snow on deck which was soon cleared off and the morning being fair I enjoyed watching the waves first and then the shores as we neared the city. A number of the girls had homes in the city, and as we passed streets and places familiar to them they were so happy and impatient for the boat to land, that I felt a tugging of my own heart-strings for the home love that burns so steadily for the absent one in a little western village. There was a good view of the asylum and prisons on Blackwell's island. We saw the convicts at work in their striped clothes, and could but pity the

poor fellows whose sins had brought them to the degradation of such a life.

The day before Christmas, New York wore its gayest, most enticing dress; the walks everywhere were lined with men, women, and children crying their pretty gifts for sale, and the shop windows were lovely. Cinderella with coach and four, "Little Bopeep," the "Babes in the Woods" and hundreds of costly beautiful things that one might spend a fortune upon and not buy very much either.

Miss H. and myself spent the whole day in the city visiting nothing of special note beyond the large stores except the Astor library, which with its 200,000 volumes has a value not to be reckoned by dollars and cents. It is a large stone and brick building and I remember especially its heavy doors that I could scarcely push open. In the alcoves and at the tables people were reading industriously and we found the quiet very restful after the hurry of the thronged streets. On Broadway we enjoyed watching the fashionably dressed people as they hurried by, and afterward it seemed

we went upon the streets where all the little street sweepers and beggar children had congregated. The poor little waifs looked so pitiful, their hands and feet so blue and cold, that it is a mystery how they can live upon the wet ice-covered pavements. Spent a little time in the Post office, where it was as good as a play to watch the people mailing their Christmas bundles.

Christmas was so stormy we kept inside, but Sunday morning about nine o'clock we took a street car for Plymouth church which we reached just as the second bell was ringing. The building is of brick very plain and unpretentious. Anyone passing through Brooklyn would pass it without a second glance unless he knew it to be the church renowned on account of the strength and eloquence of its preacher. The text was Luke ii. 14, and the sermon proper just three quarters of an hour long. The first anthem was sung by the choir alone, but the congregation joined in the hymns that followed. Although so stormy the church was crowded, aisles, seats, and all. In the evening we went to hear Talmage. The church is very large, and is said to have a seating capacity of near 5,000. My guide book says it is the "largest Church in America, a square brick structure with the interior arranged as an amphitheatre of rather theatrical appearance," all of which I found quite true. The organ is large and showy as also the chandeliers; the organist played half an hour before Talmage appeared. The sermon was delivered in twenty-five minutes without notes, there not being even a stand before the minister. There was but little in the sermon to remember or comfort one. A greater contrast between two men than between Beecher and Talmage can scarce be imagined, but you are all so familiar with their portraits that there is no need to speak of their appearance.

Our sight of Cleopatra's Needle on Monday did us little good as it was boxed up and lying across an avenue in Central Park. The pedestal upon which it will soon be erected was not an interesting object on a winter's day so we tarried but a short time in its neighborhood.

From Central Park we took a different route back to the city; pass-

ing the palaces of railroad magnates and the brown stone fronts of New York grandees. Of our visit to Trinity church I'll not say much at present except that it was still decked with Christmas greens and very warm, for which we were truly thankful. As the snow was more than a foot deep in the church yard, the tomb-stones alone were visible, and we contented ourselves by only looking at them from the street. At Franklin Square I invested in some of the Harper half hour series and by this time I was ready to go home as my companion had been for some time.

The few weeks after I last wrote you before vacation were full of the mysterious buzz that always comes with the approach of examinations; nothing was so much dreaded as the German, by those interested at least, and I have almost come to the conclusion that Mark Twain spoke the truth when he said, none but the dead have time to undertake the German language. Notwithstanding all the hurry, there was a concert or lecture at the college every evening. I only had time for the concert by the great violinist Remenyi, and the lecture by M. Reveilland, the French reformer, who is certainly the best natured looking man I ever saw. As I went into ecstasies over Remenyi once before in my letters to you, I'll bestow my enthusiasm this time on the French orator who has been but a short time in America and will soon return to his native land. He spoke entirely in French with the Rev. G. T. Dodds, son-in-law of Dr. Horatius Bonar, and author of the "White Fields of France," as interpreter. M. Reveilland is one of the most noted men of France at the present day in the great religious movement, the leader from the Roman church into Protestantism, which is attracting the attention of the world. He says that for the first time since St. Bartholemew's days there is freedom for the preaching of the Gospel in France. The steps by which he has reached the front in this movement are remarkable and have been of quick growth, for he is not yet more than 30 years of age. He was the son of a poor school master, destined for a priest, educated for the bar, for eight years a political editor, and now fighting with a fearless pen and eloquent zeal for the the interest of Protestantism in France.

But this rambling letter has reached the last line of my last page and I refer you the *Christian Union*, *Harper's Weekly*, etc., for farther eulogy on M. Eugene Reveilland.

CASSIE STUMP.

—Massachusetts has 66,044 more females than males according to the census. The influence of this fact is shown in a better provision for higher female education in Massachusetts than in any other State. Smith's College for women, recently founded at Northampton, has cost half a million, and has a four years course as thorough as that of Harvard. Another woman's college, Wellesley, was begun with a million, and received \$155,000 in various gifts last year. This college has a four years' course; it requires as much Latin as ordinary colleges, and pupils can take as much Greek. It is palatial in its structures and elegant in all its appointments. It has nearly 400 students.

Bro. Newton Stone's Questions.

(Continued.)

The Sadducees, (the soul sleepers of the Jews), once gave to the Savior, as recorded in Luke xx. 27-38, a question that they thought he could not answer. He said to them in answer, "Ye do err not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God." He refers to the Scripture which should have been, and should be now—especially with his explanation—conclusive on the question of the resurrection, and the state of the dead "when he called the Lord the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob; for he is not a God of the dead, but of the living." Abraham, Isaac and Jacob were then living at the time when the burning bush was seen by Moses. They could only have been living in the unseen world, or in the spirit. Our Savior, in the parable already referred to, locates Abraham in paradise, or in Abraham's bosom; an expression used by the Jews as their name for the paradise of the Greeks. The difference in the condition from death to the resurrection of the spirit and the body seems to us very evident from the language of Paul in the 8th chapter of Romans, and the 4th and 5th chapters of 2nd Corinthians.

In Rom. "the creature (the body) was made subject to vanity, (suffering and death), not willingly," and is to "be delivered from the bondage of corruption (death) into the glorious liberty of the children of God." Rom. viii. 21. "The whole creation (all men) groan and travail in pain together until now, and not only they, but ourselves (Christians) also, which have the first fruits of the Spirit (our spirits redeemed) even we ourselves (our bodies) waiting for the adoption, the redemption of our body," (the second fruits of the Spirit). Rom. viii. 22, 23.

In 2 Cor. iv. 16: "But though our outward man (the body) perish, yet the inward man (the spirit) is renewed day by day." "For our light affliction, (the vanity and the sufferings of this present time of Romans) which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory; while we look not at the things which are seen, (the body), but at the things which are not seen (the spirit); for the things that are seen (the body) are temporal; but the things which are not seen (the spirit) are eternal," 17th and 18th verses. "For we know that, if our (the spirits) earthly house of this tabernacle (the body) were dissolved, we (our spirits) have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. For in this we (our spirits) groan." Fifth chapter, first and second verses. "For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened; not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality (our body) might be swallowed up of life." Fourth verse.

Evidently the groaning here is the same as that in Romans, and the mortality swallowed up of life here, the redemption of the body of Romans, and both take place in the resurrection, when the body is brought out of the grave, "that it may be fashioned like unto the glorious body of our Savior, the Lord Jesus Christ." Phil. iii. 20, 21.

With all these passages before us it seems that the following conclusions are warranted. In death there is a

separation of the body and spirit. The spirit goes to the abode of the dead, in which there are two conditions, one of enjoyment, the other of torment. The enjoyment is not heaven, and the torment is not hell. In the resurrection the body is brought out of the grave mortal, and the bodies of the saints are changed, the spirit from the unseen world inhabits the body, now incorruptible, and the saints, immortalized, enter heaven, now for the first time prepared for a full participation in its enjoyment.

The third question then, "Does the spirit return to God immediately after death?" must be answered in the negative. Let it be noted that Solomon in Ecclesiastes does not say immediately, but that the spirit returns to God who gave it. More soon.

R. H. MOSS.

Monmouth, Or., Jan. 29, 1881.

Answers to Newton Stone's Questions.

Question 1.—In its organized activity, Yes. In its constitutional elements, No.

Question 2.—The third heaven where the great white throne is seen and where God and Jesus dwells.

Question 3.—Yes. K.

Church at Washington, D. C.

To the Churches of Oregon—Beloved Brethren:

Having been appointed General Agent for Oregon, with full power to appoint special agents, to secure subscriptions and raise funds to assist in building a house of worship at our National Capital, I desire to give the generous and large souled brotherhood of Oregon an opportunity to take a part and lot, in this national object. I am aware of the urgent and pressing demands for missionary work all over our State, and I am also aware that those who are in the habit of assisting in every possible way, in building up the cause of Christ, are the most willing to give, and lend assistance whenever a pressing demand for aid is heard. As it is almost impossible to designate the most benevolent and most willing worker in every neighborhood and church: I shall be profoundly grateful of every one such brother or sister in every neighborhood and church in Oregon; would immediately, on reading this, write me, stating their willingness to make a careful canvass of their locality. No large contribution is expected of any one; but by a small gift from each brother and sister in the United States, it is hoped that the desired object may be accomplished. I feel sure that no one will regret taking a small interest in a house of worship at our National Capital.

Any brother or sister who is willing to do this much for the great and blessed cause, being constrained by the love of Christ, will please write me at once, and the appointment as Special Agent, with all necessary papers will be sent by return mail. All remittances to me will be duly acknowledged in our paper.

Hoping for prompt and full responses from every church and neighborhood in Oregon, I am ever the servant of the brethren and of the Lord Jesus.

S. C. ADAMS,

Genl. Agt. for Oregon.

Sam, Oregon, Jan. 25, 1881.

—"The church is the first toll-gate to heaven."