

# 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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### Letter from Wellesley College.

LETTER NUMBER XXI.

WELLESLEY, MASS., May 3, 1881.

#### My dear Girls:

This is just like a summer morning, bright and warm; how glad we would have been if it had been so yesterday morning instead of the dark, cloudy sky we looked at with such sorrowful faces at five o'clock and later. Any one not knowing our plan for the day would have been surprised if they could have seen how anxiously we looked in turns from the north, south, east and west windows, trying in vain to imagine that the wind was driving the clouds eastward. Notwithstanding the threatening rain clouds we dressed early for the day; took our breakfast at half after six, and being well equipped with umbrellas and rubbers we started for the station to take the 7:15 train for Newton. When we reached that place the walks were wet, and we were having what might be called a regular Oregon mist. Again there was some hesitation and debating about the propriety of our going further; Misses Patten and Cogswell were inclined to give up the trip, but Miss Corliss and myself insisted that such a day would never come to us again, and that there was nothing like making the most of present opportunities, so at Newton we took the street car for Cambridge, that being the nearer and cheaper route. We were hoping all the while that the sun would smile upon us, but as we were nearing the place where

"Somewhat back from the village street, Stands the old fashioned country seat," the smiles which had been lighting up our faces for the past two weeks began to disappear, and all we could think of was

"It rains and the wind is never weary." However we were not to be conquered by trifles. We left the car, and seeing a very hospitable little house near us, took courage to ring the bell and ask if we could not come in and rest a few moments till the shower was over; the lady was very pleasant and said certainly, so we rested there till we were somewhat composed and it had ceased raining, then started to walk the remaining few steps to the old historic mansion to make the call we were so much afraid of being cheated out of. You can very easily imagine how fast my heart beat when I rang the bell and afterward sent up our cards by the servant who said Mr. Longfellow was engaged; we were shown into lady Washington's room, and in a few mo-

ments Henry W. Longfellow came and shook hands with us and made us feel very much at home. He then took us across the hall to his study, and as it some way happened, he gave me the "Children's Chair" to sit in. We remained in this room some time talking of Mr. James T. Fields, the college and other things he knew we were familiar with. He showed us Coleridge's own volume of his own poems, and called our attention to the corrections Coleridge had made with his own pen. He asked us if we remembered the strange mistake Coleridge made in his "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." As Miss Cogswell was able to repeat the lines and tell the mistake she saved our credit and made us very proud of her. I do not think any of us made as ridiculous mistakes as the man who went to thank him for writing "Break, Break, Break," nor the woman who said she had read his poems when a girl, but had not seen them since, nor the man who wanted to know if that was the house where Shakspeare was born. Neither did we act as the Englishman who said that as there were no ruins in America "I thought I would come and see you, sir." When Mr. Longfellow asked us if we would like to go through the house of course we were more than glad to accept the invitation. When we again crossed the wide inviting hall we could not help but think

"Half way up the stairs it stands, And points and beckons with its hands." I betrayed myself by letting him know I thought that was the very clock and house he wrote that poem about and was truly sorry to find that I had been mistaken all the time and to know that it was written about some place I knew nothing of, though the clock we saw is one of those antique time-pieces, higher than a man's head, with a round moon face at the top, and it does stand half way up the stair. In lady Washington's room there was the large oil painting of Sir William Pepperil's grand children, a little boy and girl, and they have their little dog with them, there was also a bust of Mrs. Browning; the furniture is of a fine white goods, covered with gay flowers in vines and clusters; curtains of the same were at the windows, and when we stopped to look from the window over the meadow (which is across the street) beyond the Charles to the Boston suburbs, we could not help noticing the comfortable red cushions in the window seats and the old fashioned shutters inside as well as the green ones on the outside. Turning around toward the great old fire place we saw above either end of the mantle, double candle holders, where in modern houses bracket lamps might be placed. He called our attention to some fine paintings in this room, but our stay there was so short I can not tell you of half the nice things we glanced at. In the next room, which was small, we saw other fine paintings; but what pleased me most was a small picture of the old blacksmith's shop under the spreading chestnut tree, with the blacksmith hard at work. This room led to the dining room, where hangs the picture of his three daughters, painted by Buchanan Read, painted as well by the poet himself in the "Children's Hour."

"Grave Alice and laughing Allegra, And Edith with golden hair."

But the most wonderful thing I can tell you about that room is that we found the table spread as if waiting

for some one, and Mr. Longfellow said, "I always like a cup of tea in the morning, won't you take tea with me?" What could we do but sit down, Miss Corliss at his left, Miss Cogswell next, Miss Patten opposite, and I at his right. There was a little box of tea on the table and a spirit lamp, or something of that kind, with a handsome copper kettle nicely polished, which perhaps would hold a quart, and in which he heated water and made the tea himself in a beautiful silver tea pot. None of us ever think of drinking tea, indeed it was Miss Cogswell's first cup; but we could not refuse it, could you? The cups of china were all of different patterns, and of course we each thought we had the handsomest or most antique one, and I was not the only one who thought she had never tasted such delicious toast and johnny cake, perhaps it was the poet's entertaining stories which gave the extra flavor. This time Miss P. saved our credit, when he asked if we had ever heard the story that one of his daughters was born without arms, then told us that a lady remarked in the street car as it was passing his house, "Yes, this is Longfellow's house; isn't it too bad that one of his girls was born without arms." James Russell Lowell happened to be in the car and said, "Madam, you are mistaken, I am intimately acquainted with the family, and know that story to be false." She insisted that it was true, however, as she had it from the best authority. On the side board was a "Longfellow jug" with his picture and lines from Keramos on it. Afterward we were shown into another room where there were a great many busts and pieces of statuary. A door opens from this room on the piazza, and I think from that door I saw the most lovely view I have had the pleasure of admiring since I have been in Massachusetts. In the drawing room which we entered next we saw an open fire place such as we had seen in the study, lady Washington's room and the dining room. In this room also were book case after book case filled with valuable books. We lingered for a moment before the picture of Liszt the Hungarian pianist and composer; he told us how, when he went with an artist one evening to visit Liszt, he followed the servant to the door, and stood holding a candle above his head. The position in which he stood so pleased Mr. Longfellow that he requested the artist to paint him so for him, which he did. He told us too that when Liszt took them in he set the candle down on a piano, saying, this is a Chickering and they thought they were going to have the pleasure of hearing him play, but instead he immediately took up the light and went into another room where there was no piano; as they did not say anything about music, he told them before they went away they would have a concert any evening they would name. They named the time and went again. We could look through the window into the beautiful garden back of the house. Mr. Longfellow said, "If it were only not so damp we would take a walk in the garden but shrubbery on a rainy morning is better at a distance." We now returned to his study and were surprised to find that we had been there a whole hour. When we thanked him for his great kindness he made it appear that we had done him an honor. While he was talking with us, and we could see the sparkle of his

deep blue eyes, we thought it perfectly true that "He is not one of those great men who must be seen, like an oil-painting, at a distance, but the nearer one approaches, the finer show the outlines and shadings of his character." I do not think that we could fully realize we were in the home of America's greatest poet, nor that we were in the room where all the councils of war were held immediately after the battle of Bunker Hill. Our adieu at the front door closed one of the happiest hours of our lives. Longfellow looks just like his pictures, and when he first came in he looked so familiar that we felt as if we had known him for years; his face was as familiar as his household poems we are so fond of repeating. At the gate we paused a moment to look upon the

"River that in silence windest Through the meadows bright and free, Till at length thy rest thou findest In the bosom of the sea."

Turning, we took another look at the green lawn which leads to the terrace a few steps in front of the old historic mansion with its broad piazzas. It looked much better to us painted in yellow with its border of white around the windows and doors than any brown stone front in New York. Taking a bud from the lilac hedge we started on our journey again; by this time it had quit raining, and the day was much pleasanter for our various wanderings than if it had been bright and clear.

You are, I know, very anxious to hear how all this visit came about, but I am not going to tell you anything except I have a letter from Mr. Longfellow himself saying he would be happy to see us any time Monday forenoon, May 2nd. I will tell you the rest when I come home, and show you the letter too, and possibly I may enlarge upon my description of our visit when I can do away with pen and paper.

The remainder of our tour yesterday must wait till another letter, as this is already too long.

CASSIE STUMP.

### Our Returned Manuscript.

NUMBER V.

Pentecost continued.—"When they heard this they were pricked in their hearts and cried out to Peter and the rest of the apostles, Men and brethren what shall we do?" Acts ii. 37.

1. The Holy Spirit, through Peter, had boldly declared that Jesus was Lord and Christ, and this being fully established, these men became anxious to know what to do. That testimony is the same now as then; when men hear it and believe it now they become anxious to know what to do. If it was not for the testimony of the Spirit, through the apostles and prophets, no one would ask this question. No one who rejects the divine testimony and resists its teaching asks what to do. But when the mind opens to the Sonship of Jesus, the affection and conscience calls for the salvation he has provided with intense interest.

2. The divine testimony of the Holy Spirit which convicts men of sin offers them an infallible answer to their question. "Repent and be baptized everyone of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Spirit, for the promise is unto you and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the

Lord our God shall call."

Dear reader, this is a divine answer, and it can not be wrong. They are divinely exhorted to "save themselves." There is no other way to save one self but to accept and follow the teaching of the Holy Spirit. Those convicted men "gladly received this word and were baptized." Did any one ever become a Christian without doing likewise? They have heard, received, believed and obeyed what Jesus put in the great commission as recorded in Matt. xxviii. 19; Mark xvi. 16; Luke xxiv. 47. They are now "added to the saved," and in harmony with another clause in the commission, "they continue steadfast in the apostles' doctrine, in fellowship, in breaking of bread and in prayer." Jesus had said he would build his church here, it is in all its elements a glorious model. The key that looses and binds both in heaven and earth is the truth. The Holy Spirit speaks the truth through God's chosen messengers, it declares all things that pertain to life and salvation through Jesus Christ. It convicts men of sin by testifying to the Lordship of Jesus, and when they are convicted and believe on Jesus "through this word." (See John xvii. 20). It directs what to do, and offers the pardon of sin and all needful instruction, comfort and consolation. To those who "gladly receive" his teachings, he is ever thereafter their comforter, "for they that are after the Spirit do mind the things of the Spirit. Let him that has an ear hear what the Spirit says." Because the Holy Spirit will ever comfort those who hear its teaching. For one I want no more and I can not be satisfied with less. The more I study the apostles' work the more I desire to see it fully enthroned in every heart, and then we shall see the ancient simplicity of the pure Christianity which began in and went forth by the word of the Lord from Jerusalem. These were facts, commands and promises then, and they were taught, believed, obeyed and relied upon as God's truth then. Surely 1800 years time has not lessened their value to saints and sinners. It was not Roman Catholicism nor sectarian Protestantism; but it was the church of God in Christ, on the foundation of apostles and prophets, Christ the chief corner stone. Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Christ; any other pattern is a human and not a divine one. This apostolic work was of God, and is divine, is spiritual, and not human. "On what foundation do you build, neighbor, does your walls reach down to the rock below, and rest securely there?" Let me here express my thanks to the many readers of the *Tidings* who have so freely expressed their interest in my feeble efforts. I most heartily reciprocate your words of sympathy and good cheer. We have more to say on the apostles' teachings; our desire is to stay on the safe ground of divine truth. Let us, therefore, "Walk about Zion, go round about her; tell the towers thereof, work ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generations following. For this God is our God forever and forever; he will be our guide even unto death."

Surely it is safe to rely upon God and the word of his grace, which is able to build us up and give us an inheritance among all them which are sanctified.

Fairfield, Iowa. S. H. HEDRIX.