

formed it: Why hast thou made me thus? Hath not the potter power over the clay, of the same lump to make one vessel unto honor, and another unto dishonor?"

A religion without mysteries, a revelation without incomprehensible ideas, a hope that grasps no larger sphere than the circle of human discovery. Why may not man have invented it all, and imposed it, a baseless fabrication, upon his race? It is indeed a tame and grovelling spirit, that can fill all its powers of adoration, admiration and praise, with the character of one whose grandest conception is no higher than mortal imagination, and whose attributes are all known and intelligible to the common intellect. The aspirations of a high pure nature, sigh for something more glorious and exalted, and it delights in the contemplation of One who hides himself in the depths of infinite wisdom, and whose perfection is past finding out. Such is our God, for "canst thou by searching find out God? Canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? Deeper than hell; what canst thou know? The measure thereof is longer than the earth, and broader than the sea." It is the glory of our religion that it hath mysteries; facts incomprehensible by human reason, not contrary to, but altogether above it. There is no inconsistency, no contradiction in God. So far as our feeble powers enable us to see, his manifold works are the perfection of reason, for in wisdom hath he made them all; and when we are lost in the infinite maze of creation, and the chain which connects in heavenly harmony the wonderful elements of that which is known, seems broken over the chasm that separates us from that which is unknown, it is only the dim vision of the mortal, who "now sees through a glass darkly," that fails; "but when that which is perfect is come," when we shall know even as we are known, the undiscovered links will appear and God will stand justified in all his ways.

But why should we reject any thing in God's revelation because we cannot comprehend it? His unity of nature, yet plurality of person; the conception and incarnation of the Son, and the vicarious sufferings of Christ; the prescience of God, yet the free agency of his creatures; the communication of the Spirit and his indwelling with the disciples; the mortality of man, yet the resurrection of the body;—are not these all mysteries—doctrines, glorious and sublime, yet utterly incomprehensible and above reason. But who would reject, because he cannot fathom them? To do so, were to discard the fundamental truths of our religion and put away from us, as unreasonable, our very hope of salvation.

We profess to walk by faith, but it is a faith in the past, rather than in the present. We believe that God has done certain things; that more than eighteen hundred years ago he made ample provision for the salvation of the human family; perfected the plan, proclaimed the conditions, delivered them to his creatures, and retired into eternity, no more to concern himself with the affairs of our planet, till all shall be called into judgment. The immutability of his counsels is deemed incompatible with the hearing of prayer, and he ceases to be called upon as "a present help in every time of need." It is in vain that the numerous and unequivocal instances in God's dealings with the Jews, of a positive and direct interposition on his part in answer to their prayers, are referred to; in vain the reference to the repentance and works of the Ninevites, and the consequent salvation of the city; in vain the practice and precepts of the apostles, and the example of the Savior; reason, *ex cathedra*, pronounces it absurd that God should be moved by prayer, and it is discarded as a useless ceremony or restricted in

its province to thanksgiving and praise; or else, if extended to petition at all, confined in its influence to the heart of the suppliant. It will not be allowed that God is affected, or that prayer moves him to a special interposition. A general providence is readily admitted as not incompatible with the attributes of God, but a special providence is as stoutly denied, as if there could be a general, without special providences. James says, "The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much," rationalism declares it inefficient. Paul exhorts that prayer be made for all men, rationalism rejects the exhortation as unphilosophical and absurd; in short, the religion of God teaches, without qualification, the cheering and gracious doctrine, that he heareth prayer, while the religion of man so modifies and explains it, as to make it a mere nullity, a religious ceremony it is true, but a useless and unmeaning one. The most explicit precepts and frequent examples of the sacred word are distorted to subserve a theory, and reason assumes the supremacy over faith.

The great Robert Hall, who was occasionally remarkable for severity of repartee, on hearing a vain ignoramus boasting that he believed nothing which he did not understand, replied that he must then have a very short creed; and so we think it must be with all, however learned or profound they may be, who make their own powers of comprehension the limit of their faith. He who knows the most, feels most his ignorance, and it is only the sciolist who fancies himself at the bottom of the deep fountain of knowledge. Astronomy, which of all sciences tends most to expand the mind and enlarge our conceptions of the vastness of creation, teaches us also our own weakness, by presenting us mysteries which it is utterly beyond our powers to fathom; and if we are baffled in our search into creation and lost in the hidden laws and influences which are there at play, how presumptuous is it to expect to find out him who has made them—him "who commandeth the sun, and it riseth not, and sealeth up the stars; who alone spreadeth out the heavens, and treadeth upon the waves of the sea; who maketh Arcturus, Orion and Pleiades, and the chambers of the south; who doth great things past finding out; yea, and wonders without number."

It is true, we can observe the movements of the heavenly bodies, and by the aid of mathematics determine their path—we can calculate their velocity and measure their distance, and verify our conclusions by the periodic movements; yea, we can even compute the force which governs them, determine the laws by which they vary their intensity, and speak of them familiarly by name, as *centrifugal* and *centripetal*; but what are they? where do they reside? what is their nature—these, and a thousand similar questions, are as unanswerable to us as the mystery of a creation out of nothing. What is it that holds yonder beautiful orb in its appointed path, and draws it down constantly from the natural straight forward course, compelling it to move in a certain conic section? Look at the glorious luminary of day, sending us through the trackless waste of ninety-five millions of miles, from the first day of time till this, its sixth millennium, light, life and heat; see its broad diameter, its vast dimensions, equal to a million and a third such balls as the earth we inhabit; consider it in its majestic rotation, poised in the unsubstantial ether, a comparatively motionless centre to this, our beautiful and wonderful system. What holds it there? There are no material cables mooring it to this immovable spot in the great ocean of space, yet it moves not from its place; with all its weight and magnitude, it hangs in mid air like a phantom, and

falls not. Ah! there is a mystery here. We call it gravity, but this is only a name for a cause of which we are ignorant. This, Sir Isaac Newton discovered, but he could not penetrate to the cause, though he named it gravity. We cannot tell how it is that at the distance of many million of miles, the planets of one system are held as firmly in their accustomed paths by the sun, as though they they were bound to it by strong and durable ligaments; nor how the sun in turn is restrained to a given point in space, about which it revolves. Yet astronomers have discovered that such is the fact, and we believe it.

If, then, in the physical world we receive as true, facts that are utterly above our comprehension and contrary to the ordinary observation of our senses, as the poising upon nothing, incalculably vast and ponderous bodies, is it not equally, yea, more rational in the moral world, where the laws are less known and determinate, to receive into full confidence those mysteries, which, though unintelligible to us, have been revealed by a benevolent God, and which are so intimately connected with our enjoyment, both of him and the wonderful work of his hands. Revelation is to religion what facts are to philosophy, and as no philosopher would reject a well ascertained fact, simply because he could not discover its causes, so the Christian should not withhold his faith in a clear and explicit revelation, merely because he cannot bend it to his philosophy. We have taken an example from astronomy, of a fact which we are compelled to admit, although it appears *reasonably* impossible; but we need not have gone beyond ourselves for an instance. Who can deny the strange and mysterious union of spirit and matter—its wonderful operation upon the material organization of the human body—yet who can explain the connection or understand the mode of existence? The fact is inexplicable, yet unquestioned. When, then, an inspired teacher reveals any doctrine

concerning our relation to God, it matters not what, we have but two queries to make—does he speak infallibly? and, what does he say? These being determined, doubts must cease? Facts are facts, whether believed or not; the rotation of the earth upon its axis did not depend upon the Pope's believing or understanding it. Galileo's renunciation of the doctrine before the persecuting Cardinals, did not stop it. No more can our rejection of a revealed principle or doctrine affect its truth. It stands upon the veracity of God, and not upon the intellectual power of man.

But why should we presume to announce that impossible which we cannot comprehend? Nothing is impossible with God—many things are incomprehensible to man. And even in those things, that he is permitted to fathom, how few are there that understand them all. How many are there to whom a demonstration in Euclid would be as utterly inexplicable as the greatest mystery in revelation? Take a man who has never heard of the science of astronomy, and tell him you can measure the exact distance from the earth to the moon, or the sun, or any of the planets, and how perfectly impossible will it seem to him. We would smile at his incredulity, and marvel at his presumption; yet he is less incredulous, less presumptuous than the man who rejects the mysteries of revelation and makes his own span-like intellect the measure of the Infinite Mind. O how humble and childlike should we be, when we take into our hands the book of God! How devoutly should we discard every temptation to enter into vain and worthless speculations upon unfounded questions; and with what fond credulity should we drink in, as from the sweet fountain of purity and truth, every disclosure, no matter how mysterious, which in the wisdom of our Heavenly Father, it has been good to make unto us.

Church Directory.

Portland—First Christian Church.

East Park and Columbia Streets.
Elders—A. Blaney and J. P. Dickinson.
Deacons—W. H. Adams and I. G. Davidson. Bruce Wolverton, 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. Cows, McMinville, Chairman.
Bruce Wolverton, Portland, Secretary.
H. A. Johnson, Salem, Treasurer. R. H. Moss, Monmouth; Jonathan Todd, McMinville, 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.

Christian Church at Monmouth.

Services every Lord's day at 11 A. M. and 7 P. M.
Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 7 P. M.

B. H. Moss, Pastor.

Sunday school at 9:30 A. M. D. T. Stanley, Superintendent. Perry Powell, Secretary. All are invited to be present at church services, prayer meetings and Sunday school.

Christian Church at Independence.

Elders—J. M. Butler and C. Richardson. Deacons—J. Vanduynd and W. L. Hodgins. Service first Sunday in each month by Eld. H. M. Waller.

Church of Christ at Salem.

Services at 10:30 A. M., and 7 P. M. Sunday school at 2 P. M.
Prayer meeting on Thursday evening at 7 P. M.

Elders—S. C. Adams, L. L. Rowland and Leo Willis.

Deacons—Andrew Kelley and H. A. Johnson.

S. C. Adams, President of the Board of Officers. Leo Willis, Clerk.

Brethren and friends visiting the city are cordially invited to attend these meetings.

The Church of Christ at Clear Lake, Lane County.

Elder—J. E. Roberts.
Deacons—Wm. Bond and J. C. Jennings.

The church meets every 4th Lord's day. Preaching by Elder J. E. Roberts. Sunday school every Sunday through the summer and autumn.

Church of Christ at Bethel.

Elders—J. H. Hawley, — Alderman and Charles Graves.

Deacons—L. B. Frazier and E. Bailly.

Church services every Lord's day at 11 A. M. Sunday school at 10 A. M. J. E. Fenton, superintendent, and J. H. Hawley, assistant superintendent.

Preaching every 2nd Lord's day by Eld. T. M. Morgan.

Church of Christ at Chehalis.

Elders—W. N. Parrish and J. O. Gustin.

Deacons—G. W. Hardwick and B. Heater.

Preaching every 4th Lord's day by Eld. T. M. Morgan.

Christian Church at San Francisco.

J. H. McCollough, pastor.

Services every Lord's day in Grand Central Hall, cor. 6th and Market, at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday school at 12:45 P. M. Prayer meeting Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.; meets from house to house. Visiting brethren and friends invited to meet with us.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat

should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. Brown's Bronchial Troches are certain to give relief in Asthma, Bronchitis, Coughs, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases. For thirty years the Troches has been recommended by physicians, and always give perfect satisfaction. They are not new or untried but having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well-merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Public speakers and Singers use them to clear and strengthen the Voice. Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.

"Mother," said a little girl, who was engaged in making an apron for her doll, "I believe I will be a duchess when I grow up." "How do you expect to become a duchess, my daughter?" "Why, by marrying a Dutchman, to be sure!" replied the little girl.

Literary Notices.

Dyer & Howard's Journal of music for June is before us. It contains two songs and a Schottisch and is well worth its price, 60cts. a year. Published at St. Paul, Minn.

THE WEST SHORE for June is devoted almost entirely to British Columbia. It contains much information concerning our northern neighbors and will no doubt induce many to visit Victoria during the Summer. L. Samuels, publisher, Portland, Oregon.

THE PERSIAN QUEEN, by Edward P. Twing. No. 63, Standard Series. Octavo form. Price 10 cents. New York: I. K. Funk & Co., Publishers. Pictures always attract, whether from the painter's easel or the author's pen. Professor Tawing is a natural rhetorician and has had long experience as teacher as well as preacher. He has collected a few of some of his most vivid sketches, of a historical character, with brief monographs which mirror social and civic life, all of which glow with his wonted fervor of style while they impart a healthful moral stimulus to character. Ancient art and Oriental beauty, apt quotation and felicitous similes, make this brochure a capital handbook for the student or instructor, the parent or preacher. It is an admirable work for circulation in school or parish among young, and old conveying truth in alluring forms and with a graphic power that will fasten itself on the mind where abstract statements are forgotten.

THE SALON OF MADAME NECKER.—Vol. III. Translated from the French by Mary Stuart Smith. No. 64, Standard Series. Quarto form. Price 15 cents. New York: I. K. Funk & Co., Publishers. Madame Necker, as is well known, was the mother of Madame de Stael. In this volume we have most interesting reminiscences of the early life of the daughter, and much about the social life in France which preceded the bloody Reign of Terror. It is an exceedingly interesting book.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for July is an unusually interesting number. Mrs. Champney contributes a charming description of Oporto and the Oporto vineyards, with beautiful illustrations. Mrs. Annie Howells Frechette describes the life of Lord Lorne and the Princess Louise at Rideau Hall—giving all those details in which the public has a legitimate interest. This article is illustrated with excellent portraits of the Marquis and his royal consort, and with interior views of Rideau Hall never before published. T. B. Aldrich contributes a delightful article—entitled "A Day in Africa," a description of one day's adventures in Tanager, by H. B. and J. C. Jones. E. Mason contributes a paper on "Old Dutch Masters"—including Donw, Metz, and Mieris, with portraits, and engravings from their paintings. Asa H. Waters gives an interesting biographical sketch of Thomas Blanchard, the inventor of the eccentric lathe, with a portrait. A patriotic poem by Julia C. R. Dorr, entitled "The Parson's Daughter," is finely illustrated by Fredericks; and Mr. Abbey is represented by another of his characteristic full-page illustrations of Herrick's poems. Among the poems of the Number are two especially noticeable—"First Appearance of the Odeon," by the late J. T. Fields; and "My June Boy," by Christine Chaplin Brush.

The Editorial Departments are, as usual full of entertaining and instructive matter for all classes of readers.

GOOD COMPANY (\$3.00 a year; Springfield, Mass.) for May has a long installment of "In the Land of the Midnight Sun," by Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, commander of the Franklin Search Expedition in which he begins the account of the great Arctic sledge journey, the longest both in distance and time ever attempted. It was absent from its base eleven months and a half and traversed a distance of over 3,200 miles. To quote from the narrative Lieut. Schwatka's own words:—

"With less than one month's provisions we were separating ourselves by any icy desert of four or five hundred miles from all chances of rescue, with eighteen human and forty-four brute mouths to be fed, in a region where over a hundred men, led by as experienced leaders as it was possible to produce in a country famous for its arctic heroes, had perished; there to spend possibly a year, and under the most favorable circumstances not less than nine months, to make a laborious and thorough search to determine the fate of those that had thus died."

"Recollections of My Childhood in Old Japan," is by a native of that country, a young lady now pursuing her education in the United States. It is perhaps a more detailed account of life in a Japanese family under the old regime than has been before published. One of the poems has for its subject Old Abe, the famous war-eagle, of a Wisconsin regiment, that died recently. Other articles and poems round out the number.