

The Christian Messenger.

"Peace on Earth—Good Will to Man."

VOL. I.

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The Weekly Christian Messenger

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And all Christian Preachers, everywhere.

W. WATERHOUSE,
SASH & DOOR FACTORY
Main Street, Monmouth, Oregon,
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Blacksmithing.
DAVID ROHRER
WOULD INFORM HIS FRIENDS AND the public that he is still at the Old Stand in Monmouth, hammer in hand, believes pulling and fixing in his line—especially making, mending, and sharpening plows, ironing and repairing wagons, ironing horses, and whatever else can be done in iron or steel.
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Blacksmith Shop.
GEORGE KRAMER, having built a new and commodious shop at the southeast corner of the Public Square in Monmouth, is ready to do, at short notice, and in good style, all work in his line. Thankful to his friends for former patronage, he solicits a continuance of the same.
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J. L. COLLINS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
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Special attention given to Probate matters, Collections, Real Estate, and general practice.
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Repairing done on short notice.
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JAS. A. RICHARDSON, M. D.
(Late of Bellevue Medical College.)
NEW-YORK CITY.
Office in MOORE'S BLOCK, Salem.

ALL IS VANITY.

"From the day when Adam fell, it had been the great inquiry among men, where and how to find the true felicity; and though the Most High assured them it could only be found where they had formerly possessed it—in union with Himself and in His conscious friendship—of this they are quite incredulous. It was still the problem, 'Apart from itself, excellent, how should we be happy?' In delicious search of it, men burrowed in gold-mines and rummaged in rubbish heaps, drilled deep into the rock and dived deep into the sea. And though none succeeded, few despaired. There was always an apology for failure. They had wrought in the right direction, but with inadequate appliances. They were not rich enough; they were not clever enough. Had they been only a little wealthier; had they been better educated; had they possessed more leisure, talent, power—they were just about to touch the talisman; they would have brought to light the philosopher's stone. And as it is part of man's ungodliness to believe his fellow-sinner rather than his Creator, the Most High provided an unimpeachable testimony. He raised up Solomon; He made him healthy and handsome, wise and brilliant; He poured wealth into his lap till it ran over; He made him absolute monarch of the finest kingdom which the world at that time offered; and instead of savages and pagans, gave him for his subjects a civilized and religious people; and that he might not be distracted by wars and rubens of wars; He put in his hand a peaceful sceptre, and saved him from the hardships of the field and the perils of the fight. And thus endowed and thus favored, Solomon commenced the search after happiness. Everything except godly, he devoted himself to the art of enjoyment. And in carrying on his own experiment he unwittingly, but effectually, became God's demonstration. Into the crucible he cast rank and beauty, health and learning; and as a flux, he added youth and genius; and then, with all the ardor of his vehement nature, he urged the furnace to its whitest glow. But when the grand projection took place, from all the costly ingredients the entire residuum was 'Vanity of vanities!' And ere he left the laboratory he made ink of the ashes; and in the confessions of a converted worldling, he was constrained to write out of the saddest books in the Bible."

"If a water be laid on a furnace of polished metal, which is then breathed upon, and if, when the moisture of the breath has evaporated, the water be shaken off, we shall find the whole polished surface is not as it was before, although our senses can detect no difference, for if we breathe again on it, the surface will be moist everywhere except on the spot previously sheltered by the water, which will now appear as a spectral image on the surface. Again and again we breathe, and the moisture evaporates, but still the spectral water reappears. This experiment succeeds after a lapse of many months, if the metal be carefully put aside where its surface cannot be disturbed. If a sheet of paper, on which a key has been laid, be exposed for some minutes to the sunshine, and then instantaneously viewed in the dark, the key being removed, a fading spectro of the key will be visible. Let this paper be put aside for many months where nothing can disturb it; and then in darkness be laid on a plate of hot metal, the spectro of the key will again appear. In the case of bodies more highly phosphorescent than paper, the spectro of many different objects which may have been laid on in succession will, on warning, emerge in their proper order. This is equally true of our bodies and our minds. We are involved in the universal metamorphosis. Nothing leaves us wholly as it found us. Every man we meet, every book we read, every picture or landscape we see, every word or tone we hear, mingles with our being and modifies it."

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN PAPER publishes an arbitrary of "Sim," Chief of the Wai-hoe Indians. He says that he was "good, though very dirty red man. He possessed a well-balanced head of hair, and stomach tough for all he could get to eat. His regard for the truth was notable—he never meddled with it. He left no will, and his estate consisted of a pair of boots."

Give not thy tongue too great liberty lest it take thee prisoner.

HAD EFFECT OF BOARDING-HOUSE LIFE.

Live together, if you have to go into the desert for it, and feed upon herbs! Abhor Sodom and Gomorrah—or boarding-houses. Men sometimes speak of the meagre and pinched fare. Men, sometimes speak of the inconveniences. These are not worthy of notice. It is not these. It is that men learn self-indulgence there. Men learn there not to be householders. And all various discipline, all that ministrations of care, all that drill of contrivance, all that social independence, all that subtle atmosphere, indescribable and unanalyzable, which belongs to the solitary household; which belongs to no man and woman can make husband and wife, father and mother, and householders on the pattern of their fathers, who begin and continue their married life in this hallowed style of existence. And yet they are unwilling to take a house that they can afford; and they cannot afford to take the house that they find would live in, because furniture is so dear, and virtue is cheap; because society requires a certain amount of appearance, you know the outside of the town.

A log cabin is better for young married people than the Fifth Avenue Hotel would be if they had the whole of it for nothing. What you get for nothing is the least valuable to you of anything. What you earn is all value. Under these influences the whole of life is written in the wrong key. Man, having started to the false principle, they do not get over it. They are perpetually tempted to overlie by their affections. If there is anything that an honorable and sensitive man feels and cannot stand, if he is silent compassion, on the part of the wife, of the way in which she did live, and the way in which she does live. How does this drive men into dishonesty? How does it drive them into simplicity, and out of held willingness to live according to circumstances? How does it teach them to live for other people's eyes, and not their own actual needs? How does it teach them to be more subject to vanity than to love? Such life is hollow. Ostentation takes the place of sincerity. And so, ere long a man is educated to be a rogue, and steals. And women to unvirtue, because that pays the bills of extravagance more than anything else.—*W. Ward Beecher.*

We sympathize with conscientious Sunday school teachers, who, after having spent a reasonable time on Sunday morning in preparing the lesson, go to their class with a very annoying sense of confusion and emptiness. It is about as reasonable to expect the body to be vitalized with good blood from recently and hastily eaten food, as that the mind can be full of clear thoughts upon a subject about which we have just gathered in haste a few facts. Ips better prepare the lesson a few days beforehand for, in addition to the help which meditation gives, and the comparisons and illustrations which nature and daily life afford, there is evidently an involuntary mental process akin to the assimilation of food, by which the mind works up material taken into it in a somewhat crude condition. Fix the leading thought of the lesson in the mind; gather the facts, revert to it occasionally during the week, pray about it, and you may expect that, on Sunday, head and heart will be full.

LITTLE THINGS.—The preciousness of little things was never more beautifully expressed than by B. F. Taylor in the following: "Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly farthest, and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest; little hearts are the fullest, and little farms are best tilled. Little books are the most road, and little songs the most loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, little diamonds, little dew-drops. Everybody calls that little which he loves best on earth. We once heard a good sort of man speak of his little wife, and we fancied that she must be a perfect little bijou of a wife. We saw her, and she weighed two hundred pounds! We were surprised. But then it was no joke—the man meant it. He could put his wife in his heart, and have room for other things beside; and what was she but precious, and what was she but little?"

A LADY, who was not a Shakespearian scholar, hearing the 'Merry Wives of Windsor' highly praised, inquired how many wives Mr. Windsor had.

REMARKABLE CASE OF PETRIFICATION.

A writer from Reading to the Pittsburgh Christian-Radical, relates a remarkable and apparently well-authenticated case of petrification of a human body.

Mrs. Catherine Hipple died at Monrovia, Kansas, on the 23d of February, 1866, in the sixty-fifth year of her age. She was buried there on the 24th.

In the year 1868, her husband died at his old home in Tremont, Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania, requesting that his wife's remains be brought and buried by his side in Tremont cemetery.

On the 20th of February, 1869, three years after the mother had been buried, her grave was opened, and after the removal of the covering of the outer coffin it was discovered that both coffins were filled with a dark colored water, and on raising the coffin to the surface of the earth, they found it to be remarkably heavy. The coffin was emptied of the water, and on examination of the body it was pronounced by these present completely petrified. The color of the face and hands were perhaps, two shades darker than natural, and somewhat resembling a varnish surface. The features were as full and perfect as when she was alive, so that all who had known her, and came to see her remains, instantly recognized the well-remembered countenance.

The body remained exposed to atmospheric influence for four days, in order to ascertain whether any change would take place, preparatory to its transportation eastward. No change whatever was manifested. The remains were roughly handled at all transfer points, were transported fourteen hundred miles by rail, and before the burial at Tremont the body was again examined, by Dr. Prevoost, of that place, and found to be thoroughly petrified and in the same condition as it was when taken out of the grave.

FROM OCEAN TO OCEAN.—Nobody can realize how great a work this has been until he takes the long ride of four or five days and nights, through dreary and unbroken solitude. It is like listening to Arabian talk to be told of the strange contrasts of this wonderful journey of 8,900 miles. At morning you ride through fields of waving grain, where the reapers are already at work, and before noon you are shivering amid perpetual snows. In a few hours the traveler passes from the valley where the mercury stands at 80 degrees in the tub to the bleak mountain station where water freezes every night in the year. From summer to winter is only a journey of a score or two miles. Seven days' travel carries us from the center of Commerce on our Atlantic coasts, through the fertile and cultivated middle States; past the busy city of the lakes, across the wide prairies, the burning alkali deserts where water for the engines must be carried a hundred miles, the mountain ranges and the wild magnificent country which lies between them, through the avalanche region of the Sierras, up the Sierras, up to the summit of the mountains 8,000 and so down the Pacific slope to the luxuriant California valleys and the luscious savor of our western seacoast.

No such road as this was ever built before, and not many will be built hereafter.

A pastor was surprised to find a lovely Christian girl in an ungodly family, and inquired of her as he sat by her sick bed, "How have you learned all this in your condition here?" Her beautiful reply was as follows: "I had a faithful Sunday school teacher—and though I never gave her much satisfaction, yet when I was taken sick I took my little bible and when over the lessons she used to teach me,—and God has taught me here alone."

Among the pithy suggestions of Ralph Wells, we find the remark that it took him a long time to learn that Sabbath school teaching was not preaching. He would come before the class brimful of a proposed lecture. But he discovered a better way. "I learned to get the lesson out of the class." He found that a single thought brought out from the scholar himself, was worth a year's thinking for him; that a single idea coming out of his boys' heads was of more profit to the class than fifty questions he himself could ask.

"We maintain that it lies within the discernible and traceable powers of a truly Christian ministry, to shed over our land a brightness as of the reserved dawn morning."

THE GREAT FARMER OF ILLINOIS.

The Decatur Republican says: The following highly interesting statistics of the immense farms of Mr. John T. Alexander, the great farmer and stock-dealer of Morgan county, have been prepared with much care, and can be relied on as substantially correct in every respect: Number of acres of improved lands on his farms, 34,000; number of acres of unimproved lands, 300; total number of acres of land, 34,300; aggregate value of lands, \$1,685,000; value of implements in use upon his farms, \$60,000; amount disbursed for wages during the past year, to hands employed on his farms, \$76,000. Number of live stock on his farms—90,000; 59 cows, 150 horses, 200 oxen, and 7,000 other cattle; hogs, 700. Total value of live stock, \$536,300. Product of his farm in 1869—Corn, 277,500 bushels; wheat, 7,000 bushels; oats, 8,000 bushels; rye, 2,000 bushels; potatoes, 1,000 bushels; hay, 3,000 tons; value of animals sold on his farm during the past year, \$493,405. Mr. Alexander has two farms, one of near 8,000 acres in Morgan county, twelve miles east of Jacksonville, upon which he resides, and the other of about 27,000 acres, in Champaign county, Illinois.

In addition to his vast business as a farmer, Mr. Alexander buys, ships, and sells, as dealer, over 50,000 head of cattle annually.

TOUCH NOT!—Several years ago a boy was hung for killing his little brother. When on the gallows, the sheriff said if you have any thing to say, speak now, for you have only five minutes to live. The boy, bursting into tears, said, "I have to die. I had only one little brother; he had beautiful blue eyes and flax hair, and I got drunk, for the first time in my life, and coming home I found him gathering strawberries in the garden. I became angry, with him without a cause, and I killed him at one blow with a rake. I did not know any thing about it till the next morning when I awoke from sleep, and found myself tied and guarded, and was told that when my little brother was found his hair was clogged with his blood and brains, and he was dead. Whisky has done this. It has ruined me. I never was drunk but once I have only one more word to say and then I am going to my final Judge. I say it to young people: Never, Never, Never touch any thing that can intoxicate!"

"SOUND ON THE GOOSE."—A pious old negro woman was caught by her master stealing a goose; and the next Sunday she partook of the communion, after which her master accosted her as follows: "Why, Hannah, I saw you to-day at the communion table!"

"Yes tank, de fore, I was 'loved to be dere wid de rest ob 'His family."

"But Hannah I was surprised to see you there!" he said. "How is it about the goose?"

She looked a little surprised as if she didn't comprehend the cause of his wonder; but soon catching the meaning, exclaimed: "Why sar, do you tink I see gein' to let an old goose stand between me and my maker?"

Some one has very fitly said that the Sunday school spirit is the spirit of a child. Only a child-heart can give you a true sympathy with children; can set you on their level; enable you to take a place beside their littleness; really to understand their thoughts and feelings; adapt the truth you would teach them to their capacity; and arrange your very language and style so as to be full of the very hottest power upon them. How shall you gain this spirit, and how keep it? The answer is very simple. Be more of a Christian than you ever have been; be a better Christian. The more a Christian the more like a child; the less like a Christian the more just a poor, burdened, weary, toiling man.

Moses—priest, prophet, philosopher, historian, legislator, and warrior—had neither friends nor fortune. David, the royal minstrel, was a shepherd boy. The Savior of the world, Son of the eternal God, maker of all created existence, had not where to lay his head.

An old author quaintly remarks:—"Avoid argument with ladies. In spinning yarns among silks and satins, a man is sure to be worried and twisted. And when a man is worried and twisted, he may consider himself wound up."

THE ASSURANCE OF FAITH.

story is this, and well illustrates assurance of faith: One day to was reviewing some of his horse slipped from the horse galloped off. A soldier held the horse to the man, and laying the hand on his breast, said to the man, "I am captain." The soldier inquired, "What regiment, sire?" "Of the Emperor's," Napoleon, pleased with the constant belief in his word. The emperor rode off; the soldier threw down his musket and though he had no epaulettes on his shoulders, no sword by his side, nor any mark of advancement, he ran and joined the staff of commanding officers.

They laughed at him and said, "What have you to do here?" He replied, "I am captain of the guards." They were amazed, but he said, "The emperor has said so, therefore I am." In like manner, through the word of God, "He that believeth hath everlasting life," is not confounded by the seeming of the believer; he ought to see the word of God as true because He has said it, and thus honor Him as a God of truth, and rejoice with joy unspeakable.

PREVENTION OF LEAD-COLIC.—A hint, which may be of service to some of our manufacturers, is furnished by the experience of a red-lead establishment in France: As usual, where lead is made use of in considerable quantity, the workmen were subject to lead-colic, and for a time an efficient remedy was found in supplying the men with a drink prepared of sweetened and much diluted sulphuric acid. After a few months' trial the men became tired of this preparation, and refused to use it any longer. Noticing that among the workmen, two who were in the habit of drinking milk very freely, were exempt from any indication of the lead-disease, the experiment was tried of supplying milk to all, a daily allowance being regularly given out. This practice was commenced in February, 1858, and from that time to the present not a single instance of lead-colic has made its appearance among the workmen.

We have not heard of the application of this remedy in other instances, but would suggest it as well worthy of experiment on the part of painters, who are so liable to similar affections.

Another excellent remedy which has been found to be of great benefit to painters, and those working in lead and type, is the iodide of potassium.

Dissolve half an ounce in a pint of water, and take a teaspoonful two or three times a day while working in paint.

"POE'S RAVEN" is a household phrase. But the latest wonderful discovery is that of a letter purporting to have been written by Edgar A. Poe to a Mr. Daniels, of Philadelphia, under date of September 29, 1849, in which he confesses that he was not the author of the "Raven," so long and closely linked with his name, but that it was written by Samuel Penwick, of New York, and sent to Poe, who put his name to it in a fit of intoxication. The letter states that the sensation it produced induced Poe to conceal the name of the real author. The New Orleans Times says these statements were communicated to a Mr. C. C. Macon, of New Orleans, by Rev. J. Shaver, of Burlington, New Jersey, who declares that he found the letter referred to among documents in possession of John T. Tompkins, of the latter town.

WASTING OTHER PEOPLE'S TIME.—A committee of eight gentlemen had an appointment to meet at 12 o'clock, seven of them were punctual, but the eighth came bustling in with apologies for being a quarter of an hour behind time. "The time," said he, "passed away without my being aware of it. I had no idea of its being so late," etc. A Quaker present, said, "I am not sure that we should admit thy excuse. It were a matter to regret that thou shouldst have wasted thine own quarter of an hour; but there are seven besides thyself, whose time thou hast also consumed, amounting in the whole to two hours, and one-eighth of it only was thine own property."

A PRUDENT man advised his drunken servant to put by his money for a rainy day. In few weeks the master inquired how much of his wages he had saved: "Faith, none at all," said he; "it rained yesterday and it all went."