

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"Peace on Earth--Good Will among Men."

VOL. 1.

MONMOUTH, OREGON: SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1871.

NO. 42.

The Weekly Christian Messenger

Published every Saturday by
T. F. CAMPBELL,
Editor and Publisher.
Office under Good Templar's Hall, Monmouth.

TERMS--IN ADVANCE:
One Copy for one year..... \$2.00

ADVERTISING RATES:
For 3 mos. 6 mos. 9 mos. 1 yr.
1 column..... \$ 5 10 15 20
2 column..... 10 20 30 40
3 column..... 15 30 45 60
1 column..... 25 50 75 100
The usual commission allowed to Advertising Agents on above rates.

TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS:
For Square, (12 lines, or less), for first insertion..... \$3 50
For each subsequent insertion..... 1 00
Advertising, and all other business in this office, will be done on the Cash basis. Copy will be taken at the usual discount. Advertising must be paid for in advance, unless credit is given by special agreement.

Agents for Christian Messenger.

The following gentlemen are authorized to act as Agents for the Messenger:

Montana--
W. K. Roberts, Helena, Montana Territory, San Francisco.

Oregon--
J. S. Churchhill, Independence
John Bounds, Starr's Point, Lane County
E. Williams, Salem, Marion
Charles Woods, Astoria, Yamhill County
Wm. Dawson, McMinnville, Yamhill
T. B. Newman, Dallas, Polk
W. A. W. Umatilla
Wm. Murphy, Jackson
Dr. Z. Davis, Buena Vista, Polk
David Lewis, Lewisville, Polk
S. D. Powell, Tillamook
Troy Shelly, The Dalles, Oregon
N. P. Brings, Corvallis
J. M. Smith, Harrisburg
Dr. W. H. Rowland, Seaside
J. W. Shelton, North Yamhill.

All Christian Teachers in Oregon, California and Washington Territory are requested to act as Agents for the Christian Messenger, to receive and remit for subscriptions and forward the names.

Business Cards.

L. VINEYARD,
Notary Public & Attorney at Law
Business from a distance, promptly attended to. Office--In the Court House, Dallas, Oregon. 14

J. LINSEY HILL, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
BUENA VISTA, Oregon.
Formerly practiced with E. C. Hill, M. D., Albany. 115

JNO. J. DALY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND NOTARY PUBLIC
Buena Vista, Oregon. 21

N. J. BUTLER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Dallas, Oregon. 21.

T. A. McBRIDE,
Attorney-at-Law,
OFFICE IN THE COURT HOUSE,
10-14 LAPELLE, OREGON.

W. C. WARINER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Bethel, Polk County, Oregon.
OFFICE--At residence near Bethel. 5-14

J. E. DAVIDSON, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Independence, Oregon.
Oct. 15th, 1870. 2-14

J. R. SITES, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
Dallas, Oregon.
Office at his residence. 2-14

J. L. COLLINS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Dallas, Oregon.
Special attention given to Probate matters, Collections, Real Estate, and general practice. 11-14

J. A. APLEGATE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
Office in second story of the Court House, Dallas, Oregon. 11-14

Poetry.

THE DYING ROYALTY'S FAREWELL.

WRITTEN FOR THE MESSENGER.

Children, farewell! I now must leave you,
Fainter, fainter, grows my breath;
Soon those eyes you loved to gaze on,
Will be closed and still in death.

Raise me gently--prop the pillow
Neath my head; these words I say,
Tell to my husband, sons, and daughters,
In our old home far away.

Tell them mourn not wife and mother,
Tho' her earthly race is o'er;
For she long ago hopes to meet them,
Where there's parting nevermore.

Tell them trust in God, their Saviour,
Him who died on Calvary's tree--
Him who to the grave descended--
Him who ransomed you and me.

Tell them in the Book 'tis written--
All can conquer in the fight;
All can reach the realms of glory,
If they only do the right.

Tell them life is brief and fleeting,
All its short-lived joys are vain;
Only 'cross the "shining river,"
Lives the soul that's free from pain.

Bid them love the Good Book, ever--
For if they its precepts keep,
When their earthly course has ended,
Calm they'll sink in death's cold sleep.

Monmouth, July 16, 1871.

THE CULTURE DEMANDED IN OUR COMMON SCHOOLS.

AN ADDRESS BY J. A. BIDDLE, PRESIDENT OF PHLOMATH COLLEGE, OREGON. DELIVERED BEFORE THE TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION, SALEM, OREGON, JULY 21, 1871.

WE live on the confines of an eventful period. Men begin to look forward instead of backward, for the Golden Age. The immortal words of the persecuted Galileo still ring in our ears. "The world moves," thought the philosopher, "for he had traced it in its circle round the sun, and though it might forever tread the same well-beaten track, it was not stationary. How would his mind have expanded and his soul have glowed, had he but known that our earth was in motion, not only round the sun, but as an attendant of that mighty orb, it was silently marching onward through eternal space, and ever in its tiny orbit, was traversing new regions in the boundless heavens.

It needs no philosopher in the world of thought, to discover that the world moves. It is written on the face of society in such plain characters, that the veriest boor that carries the hod will tell you, "the world is growing wiser." I cannot believe that we live the same lives that our fathers have lived, we think the same thoughts that our fathers have thought; though we breathe and eat and sleep, just as our forefathers, and the ever revolving generations pass through the orbit of life, yet the great world of mind moves on, and every generation explores new regions in the realms of thought.

Bring from the grave the lofty soul of Plato. Place him side by side with the school-boy of to-day, and see who will be teacher. With what astonishment would the sage of Greece listen to the commonest teachings of modern science; and when he had comprehended in part the vast scope of human knowledge, and noted what vast strides had been made in every useful art, how he would have smiled at some of the boyish speculations of the olden times. How he would wonder and rejoice to see some of his almost divine dreams more than realized in this grand heroic age of the 19th century.

With this rapid advancement in knowledge, come new duties and responsibilities. The nation that produces a vast population, must provide means for sustaining her millions. The people who undertake and accomplish great works, must also expect to undergo new hardships in their construction and preservation.

The vast structure of civilization which this age has reared, has brought with it, the duty to support its bulwarks well. It is essentially true, that civilization rests its foundation upon the common people, that they must support and improve it, or it falls. Where are the proud monuments of the civilization of ancient Babylon or Greece or Rome. The sand has buried the works of their most exalted genius, and the mind columns and feeling arches are still the mute historian of the mighty nations that once flourished on the banks of the Euphrates, the Nile and

the Tiber. The civilization that produced these works was not sustained. The old enlightenment of the ages of Pericles and Augustus, went out before the awful blasts from barbaric Scythia, and the products of that civilization met with the fate of their parents.

Who would have dared to have laid sacrilegious hands upon the works of Phidias or Parrhasius, had the Greeks preserved their virtue and enlightenment? Men will fight for that which they deem worth their blood; but degenerate sons know not how to appreciate the refined pleasures of their illustrious fathers.

The advantages of civilization must be appreciated before its burdens will be borne. The wild, naked savage would jily support the weight of clothing that civilization imposes upon her children, nor would he endure it longer than necessity compelled.

To make civilization permanent and progressive, men must be taught to love its refinements and pleasures, to consider the additional labor undergone to obtain these pleasures, as labor well applied. The desire of many for a return of the simplicity of the good old times, is nothing but a protest against the refinement of our age, and a realization of that desire would be a long step backward toward barbarism. The simple dress of the puritan fathers may have been sufficient protection from the storm and sun, and at the time of their adoption, for all purposes; but it would be as burdensome for our generation to go back to tow-linen, as for them to don the softer garb of to-day.

It is a mistake to cry down all things that are not necessary to life. A vast deal is due to our higher nature. Strip life of all but necessities, and you have left only a barren savage existence. Surround it with luxuries, moderate it with virtue, and you have civilized living. By luxuries, I do not mean material luxuries simply, which only gratify the palate and satisfy the pride, but luxuries upon which the soul may feed, as books, painting, statuary, music, and many other civilizing influences that often startle men from a sensual, material existence, into something worthy of life and soul power. These are the products of the same civilization that brings the heavy burden of toil and care, of anxiety and unfulfilled dreams, and must be loved and cherished in order to be perpetuated.

For this new civilization, or the one that is to be developed from it, new men and women are demanded. The stability of our enlightenment is not assured, as yet. The same pressure that crushed the civilization of Greece and Rome has never been brought to bear upon ours. It will yet come. The multitudes of Catholic Irish, who redden the streets of New York City with innocent blood, are coming upon us, and we need not shut our eyes to the deadly conflict before us.

The student of history, may well ask: "will our civilization follow in the track of those in the past? Were they misled, and did they build on wrong foundations; and have we struck the rock, and laid an immovable foundation?"

They failed because they began at the top and worked downward. We have reversed the operation, and, beginning with the lower classes of society, we are working upward. They cared for the branches--we water the roots. In fact, we follow the example of the Great Master, who began his labors with the poor. This, at least, is our theory, whatever our practice may be. If energetically carried into practice, it must lay a foundation for the perpetuity of the blessings we enjoy, and generations yet unborn, will feel the influence of its power.

We turn our eyes naturally to our common schools. We think through them we have the power to mould society at our pleasure. There we think we find the crucible into which we may throw the discordant elements of humanity, and work all into a splendid civilization.

These are the chemical elements out of which must be formed the exceedingly complex substance called society. Then we reach the basis of society, and can lay whatever foundation we choose. What wonders may be wrought by the teachers, then. Do they ever think that they are raising the bulwarks of our civilization; that they are the guardians of our nation's liberty; that upon their actions depend the fortune and destiny of immortal souls; that

they are here forming the foundation of all our national prosperity and greatness?

There is something fearful in the thought that I hold in my hands the destiny of that which cannot die. But yet it must be so. We may not know nor see it, but we will impress our image upon all our pupils. They are but waxen tablets on which our pictures will be faintly seen. Oh, we cannot over-estimate the importance thereof. They are the workshops of the Nation. The teachers themselves are the master workmen. All the groaning and creaking of the machinery of to-day, comes from the miserable manner in which these workmen have done their work. All the corrupt men who wield power to-day have come up through our common schools, and had they been cultured then as they should have been, we would not have to hide our faces in shame at the political corruption that makes a freeman blush. And that many rulers are corrupt, reveals the sad fact that the people who choose them are like unto them. The reformation must be accomplished in our common schools. Then our people are to be educated and cultured. How small the minority who ever attain anything like a competent education! How few, indeed, ever enjoy the advantages of our higher institutions of learning! By the common school-teacher must the people be educated and enlightened. How fearful their responsibility! The educators of a nation of freemen; the framers of the character of a nation; the builders of monuments more enduring than brass. The Vendome column may crumble to dust, but character is everlasting. The grandest monuments of antiquity, must yield in last to the ruthless hand of ages, and the antiquarian will search in vain for its foundations; but human thought, embodied in character, will rise triumphant from the ashes of a universe, and boldly stand forth in eternity. Ye architects of character and life, give but the model to the child, and he will follow it with fearful exactness. He may change it in the details, but the central idea ever remains.

This is not rhetoric. It is an awful truth, and must stand out as realities before the mind of the successful teacher. So great are the interests at stake, so much depends upon the success in answering the question: "what culture must our common schools have?" that we find ourselves greatly inadequate to the task. The age demands great things, and the culture must be such as will meet those demands.

The old Grecian philosopher went through the streets of Athens, at mid-day, with a lighted lamp, searching for a man. That is what our age seeks and must have, if our civilization and national greatness are preserved. Not crammed, stuffed patriots, who may do as they are bidden, but living, active men and women, with soul, and heart, and blood, and life; with grit and endurance and strength, and thought, with purpose and will, and with almighty faith in themselves, mankind and God. These in a great measure must be the product of our common schools. The old Spartan Lyeurgus, knew well that manly endurance, patient submission, heroic fortitude and unyielding virtue, were the corner-stones of national greatness. On these he built, and the little kingdom of Sparta, amid the storms of war, preserved her unity and power, her freedom and glory for five hundred years, with no wall to guard her but the bold, unbending will of her citizens.

In vain we attempt to preserve our national greatness with bulwarks of granite and walls of iron, unless we have manly hearts beating behind them. In vain we attempt to bolster up our civilization with anything but true, genuine manhood. The crumbled fortifications of Paris and the fallen greatness of France speak with trumpet tongue, that *chassepot* and *matrailleuse* are trifling weapons, unless they have men to wield them.

Where is this manhood to come from? Especially in this age of lightning and steam. When we have no time for aught but that which panders to our greed for gain or ambition for power; in this age when great men are deluded by material prosperity into the thought that all culture is useless and unpractical?

Shortly before Webster made his reply to Hayne, a friend entered his study and found him in his shirtsleeves busily reading Homer's Iliad in the original Greek. What had that to do with Massachusetts and S. C., with States rights and disunion? He was bending up his mighty intellect to its highest tension by severe application and when the shaft was sent it went like an avalanche.

Practical and useful! What is practical and useful, but that which fits men and women for their highest duties? But that which prepares their minds to grapple with any of the new and tough questions of our modern life. If the same old questions which our fathers answered so well were still before us then I would say apply yourself closely to the facts of the past and they will help you through the conflict of life. But the issues of the past are dead. From their tomb have arisen a thousand new ones with which our age must grapple and will be laid low only by hard thought and original methods.

If we desire to rise to the dignity of the occasion and fortify our civilization against the foes that beset it, we must not treat the rising generation as if their minds were open cisterns into whose limited capacity we can pour facts and theories of science, rules and formulas which will last them for life, but as ever flowing fountains which may be opened by generous culture and whose perennial streams will flow to bless the land of their birth.

As the solid rock at Meribah opened at the stroke of Moses and sent forth healing streams to the fainting Israelites, so will the human mind struck by the rod of generous training, send forth her hidden streams of knowledge to bless the fainting millions of mankind. What awful power is possessed by the human soul. What irresistible energies. What limitless resources! Confined and cramped as it is by a frail human body how it astonishes us by its action! The power that worketh in darkness and silence, that builds our Rail Roads, and Cities, that chains the wild steam giant and calls from its slumbers the immaterial imponderable substance called electricity, and sets it into action for our convenience, the influence that is to be Absolute Monarch of Nature, bringing all things in subjection under it, this intangible incomprehensible soul that can plan and execute, think and act in and of itself, free to roam when its fancy may dictate, who can trace it to its chamber and find out whence it derives its boundless power and tell us how we may culture it to the highest advantage.

Yet this ever active energetic mind inhabits every little human body; the active restless little ones who try our patience, the stupid dolls who can not learn that 9 times 8 are 72, the quiet meditative child who wins our hearts, all possess this same immortal power. Don't you see it working, reaching out its long arms into eternity, as the little one comes to you with a question which you can not answer, or intricate problem which a life time can not solve? That is the overtopping of the soul ever curious, with its whys and hows, driving impatient mothers and teachers almost distracted. Oh teacher and mother, cherish that eager curious spirit, keep it ever going ever seeking and never discourage it. The soul has power in itself only awake it and keep it moving.

When Dan Webster was once pleading a case it was noticed that he was intoxicated and was enunciating principles that were not founded upon sound law. One of his opponents saw this and said to another, "That is not law, stop him and demand proofs." I know it is not law replied the other, but let the lion sleep." He knew that to awake Webster was all that was necessary for his own defeat. So of the many human minds that have been lulled to sleep by the monotony of daily life or the intoxicating pleasures of the world, they are sleeping lions. Teachers, arouse them! To this exalted mission are you called. Cry to them with a voice as earnest as Satan in his prostrate angels "Awake arise or be forever fallen." Teach them that they possess within themselves the power of lofty living. Got them to feel that power, fan it into a flame until it fires up their whole beings. Teach them that the text book is but a helper for the mind. Help them to look from it to themselves, to deduce new principles, and originate new methods. When they come to you for assistance in a difficulty do not by your impatient haste make them to feel

It is related of Honest Old Abe Lincoln, whose logic few men could equal; when he was a young man he listened to a lawyer whose reasoning powers were very remarkable. He determined to acquire the same power. He returned to his home, and would you think it, purchased a Geometry. What had a lawyer to do with Geometry? But he studied it carefully and thoroughly until he became imbued with the spirit of Euclid. Those who met him in debate in after life or who read the speeches of his maturer years know the result.

The great Wm. Pitt, who became Premier of England before he was thirty and held his position during the stormiest period of English history; though opposed by such men as Walpole and Fox and Burke, acquired his tremendous power from hard study of the classics. He was absolute monarch of the English language, and could express what he wished to express and conceal what he wished to conceal with such marvelous facility that confounded his adversaries. And all this power came from the study of Greek and Latin. I do not know that he ever used either language after he left College. I do not know that he ever quoted a single Greek or Latin sentence in any of his speeches. Yet who is so dull as to think the studies useless and unpractical?

Shortly before Webster made his reply to Hayne, a friend entered his

study and found him in his shirtsleeves busily reading Homer's Iliad in the original Greek. What had that to do with Massachusetts and S. C., with States rights and disunion? He was bending up his mighty intellect to its highest tension by severe application and when the shaft was sent it went like an avalanche.

Practical and useful! What is practical and useful, but that which fits men and women for their highest duties? But that which prepares their minds to grapple with any of the new and tough questions of our modern life. If the same old questions which our fathers answered so well were still before us then I would say apply yourself closely to the facts of the past and they will help you through the conflict of life. But the issues of the past are dead. From their tomb have arisen a thousand new ones with which our age must grapple and will be laid low only by hard thought and original methods.

If we desire to rise to the dignity of the occasion and fortify our civilization against the foes that beset it, we must not treat the rising generation as if their minds were open cisterns into whose limited capacity we can pour facts and theories of science, rules and formulas which will last them for life, but as ever flowing fountains which may be opened by generous culture and whose perennial streams will flow to bless the land of their birth.

As the solid rock at Meribah opened at the stroke of Moses and sent forth healing streams to the fainting Israelites, so will the human mind struck by the rod of generous training, send forth her hidden streams of knowledge to bless the fainting millions of mankind. What awful power is possessed by the human soul. What irresistible energies. What limitless resources! Confined and cramped as it is by a frail human body how it astonishes us by its action! The power that worketh in darkness and silence, that builds our Rail Roads, and Cities, that chains the wild steam giant and calls from its slumbers the immaterial imponderable substance called electricity, and sets it into action for our convenience, the influence that is to be Absolute Monarch of Nature, bringing all things in subjection under it, this intangible incomprehensible soul that can plan and execute, think and act in and of itself, free to roam when its fancy may dictate, who can trace it to its chamber and find out whence it derives its boundless power and tell us how we may culture it to the highest advantage.

Yet this ever active energetic mind inhabits every little human body; the active restless little ones who try our patience, the stupid dolls who can not learn that 9 times 8 are 72, the quiet meditative child who wins our hearts, all possess this same immortal power. Don't you see it working, reaching out its long arms into eternity, as the little one comes to you with a question which you can not answer, or intricate problem which a life time can not solve? That is the overtopping of the soul ever curious, with its whys and hows, driving impatient mothers and teachers almost distracted. Oh teacher and mother, cherish that eager curious spirit, keep it ever going ever seeking and never discourage it. The soul has power in itself only awake it and keep it moving.

When Dan Webster was once pleading a case it was noticed that he was intoxicated and was enunciating principles that were not founded upon sound law. One of his opponents saw this and said to another, "That is not law, stop him and demand proofs." I know it is not law replied the other, but let the lion sleep." He knew that to awake Webster was all that was necessary for his own defeat. So of the many human minds that have been lulled to sleep by the monotony of daily life or the intoxicating pleasures of the world, they are sleeping lions. Teachers, arouse them! To this exalted mission are you called. Cry to them with a voice as earnest as Satan in his prostrate angels "Awake arise or be forever fallen." Teach them that they possess within themselves the power of lofty living. Got them to feel that power, fan it into a flame until it fires up their whole beings. Teach them that the text book is but a helper for the mind. Help them to look from it to themselves, to deduce new principles, and originate new methods. When they come to you for assistance in a difficulty do not by your impatient haste make them to feel

(Continued on Fourth Page.)