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"Peace on Earth—Good Will among Men."

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Poetry.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE MESSENGER.

Far back from the misty twilight,
Of the dim uncertain past,
Across my weary, care-worn mind,
The shades are flitting past;
Backward, they lead my saddened soul,
To days replete with joy:
Again I'm with the friends of yore,
Again I am a boy.

I tread once more the gas-lit street,
The "Bus" goes rattling by,
I greet each kind familiar face,
No stranger here, am I.
At home with friends what joys I find,
None, none but him can tell,
Who absent from a mother's love,
For years was doomed to dwell.

A father's smile with fondness greets,
His buoyant gleesome son;
A loving mother smiles to hear,
Of College honors won;
And as from out the well packed trunk
The prizes come in view,
A heaven-born pleasure lights the eyes
Of parents fond and true.

And sisters climb the well known knee,
And strive with kisses to smother,
Him whom they love as sisters love
Their darling youngest brother;
A brother's brow with gladness beams,
To greet me once again;

Alas that night this world can do,
Could ever break that chain.
But vain such hopes; even now the veil
Of time is rent in twain,
A stranger in a stranger's land
I find myself again;
No father near to praise or chide,
No mothers loving tone,
No brothers' sisters' kindly voice—
I feel myself alone.

MONMOUTH, August 6th, 1871.

Home Contributions.

DE ANNO PRETERITO ET FUTURO.

GRADUATING ESSAY, READ BY MISS MARY STUMP, JUNE 14, 1871.

Three times thirty suns have risen and set since we, at the beginning of the present session entered the portals of Christian College, to tread the rough and rugged road, which leads to knowledge infinite. Fresh from reveling amid the beauties of Nature's summer time, and buoyant with joy and hope, we began the toilsome march, under the guidance of teachers kind and true, who led us on step by step up the lofty heights of differential Calculus, until a glance backward made us faint and dizzy; then from our elevated position, brought us back to earth by the mystical formulas for integration. Through the instrumentality of Prof. Agassiz's researches, they have been able to teach us concerning huge monsters of the mighty deep; gigantic quadrupeds of the tropics, and the hardy animals inhabiting the icy regions of the North. So plainly have they laid the mysteries of the vegetable kingdom open before us, "that he who ran might have read," and each student has been benefited thereby in accordance with the attention given to the subject under discussion.

Thus have we perused, and laid aside the various "ologies" enumerated in the catalogue of Science. But very weary have we grown during the long dreary hours of the past Winter; while our tired and aching brain has tried in vain to rise "mid the stars of heaven, and there view the countless millions of worlds, designate the position of each in the firmament above us, or determine the links which bind together the numberless systems of universes into one grand whole, revolving slowly about a common centre of gravity. Unable to do this, we have delved down deep in mines of classical literature, where such a confused assemblage of roots, declensions and transpositions of words have been arrayed against us, that we have stood astounded at the sight; but urged forward by tutors, whose patience upon our weaknesses has never failed, have we again and again taken up our grammar, using it in the faint hope of unravelling a tough sentence of the Æneid, as a woodsman does a keen edged axe for felling the trees of the forest, and have borne the conquering palm, so long as our energy has proved adequate to the task.

Sympathizingly at all times have our teachers pardoned our faults and mis-doing, and with a diligence that knew no flagging they have directed our understanding to the contemplation of high and holy themes, and have endeavored to impress upon our hearts, that a gem far brighter, and surpassing in lustre the brilliancy of the Oriental Rhinoceros; and, in value, the gold of California, is the knowledge contained

within the volume of Divine inspiration, men call the Bible. Profited have we been by their thoughtful counsel, grateful are we now for their ever ready assistance in removing obstacles from our pathway which otherwise we should never have surmounted.

But we would not have you think our whole time has been thus engrossed by study and care; for many hours have been happily spent in the enjoyment of social intercourse, which have been to us as the verdant oasis upon the great Sahara. The sweet reminiscence of such hours has been placed within the depths of "memory's casket," from thence, after the frost of many Winters has passed over, and left our heads silvered by its touch, to shed a ray of joy and gladness upon the dark hours of our existence, or give to the peacefulness a brighter cast.

In this manner have the days, weeks and months of the session, which in another day will have taken its place with "ages beyond the flood," escaped our grasp; and now appears before you the class of 1871, as champions for the reputation of Christian College, each one our number has received recompense an hundred fold in return for diligence exerted, and with feelings of pleasure we shall ever remember the happy days of student life spent within these "old College halls," which, tho' marred and defaced by time and rough usage, yet shall always be held dear by us for the many pleasant associations of the past year.

With those of our number who will now leave these "cherishing walls," to dwell "mid the busy haunts of men, we will part with regret; and should their after lives be burdened with sorrows and trials of earth, may they look back through the mist of years, to the joyous period of their life's history spent in Monmouth, 'till lighten their burden of mortal cares, and if they shall have pursued their way firmly and steadily, within the narrow path in which they have been taught to tread, 'till send a cheerful ray of hope to pierce the "vail of their afflictions," that when their probation here is ended, they may the easier behold "the shining boatman" who will come to bear them o'er death's dark and silent river to bright Elysian fields beyond. With the remainder we hope at the beginning of next session, to re-enter, not this old building, tottering 'neath its weight of years; but to cross the threshold of the spacious brick edifice, which the Trustees and friends of Christian College have kindly proposed to build for our accommodation. May success attend their efforts, and may we look with pride upon the imposing structure to be raised at Monmouth, by those who feel the necessity of educating the youth of Oregon.

After our summer's vacation; refreshed and invigorated by ten weeks' communing with Nature, may we, if it be the "will of Him who rules the Heavens above us," again take our stations with those who are seeking the Elysian spring, and drink with them deep draughts at the fountain of knowledge, that the Commencement week of 1872 may find us better prepared to meet the criticism of the public. May others, seeing our struggle to gain information, and encouraged by our success, join our ranks and move onward to the contest. Though the battle may be hard fought and many fall by the wayside, yet a full reward is for those who, at last reach the goal, and they may secure the "coveted jewel;" and we trust that each succeeding year, many will take their place, and pass from the lecture room, to the Alumni of Christian College.

May here many be led from the darkness of midnight, to the bright light of day, until the institution shall be known far and wide as the great radiating center, dispelling the gloom of error, the darkness of ignorance, and irradiating and illuminating the future's horizon with the cheering beams of hope, until truth and love shall culminate in an eternal day.

A man will die for want of air in five minutes, for want of sleep in ten days; for want of water in a week; for want of food at varying intervals dependent on constitution, habits of life, and the circumstances of the occasion. Instances have been given where persons have been said to live many weeks without eating a particle of food; but when opportunities have offered for a fair investigation of the case, it has invariably been found that a weak and wicked fraud has been at the bottom of it.
Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.

Correspondence.

Letter from Bro. Finlayson.

ED. MESSENGER.—I see letter No. 3 in the Messenger of June 17th, to which I send Bro. Murphy a few remarks. Letters No. 1 and 2, as they had no reference to the subject between us, I took no notice of them. I am sorry to learn that Murphy has been so severely afflicted, but he will remember that the Lord hath done it. "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble. The Lord killeth and maketh alive, he bringeth down to the grave and bringeth up, he bringeth low and lifteth up. Although affliction cometh not forth of the dust neither doth trouble spring out of the ground, yet man is born unto trouble as the sparks fly upwards."

"Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth, therefore despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty, for he maketh sore and bindeth up, he woundeth and his hands make whole. The Psalmist says, 'before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy word. It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I might learn thy statutes. I know, O Lord, that thy judgements are right and that thou in faithfulness hast afflicted me. My son despise not the chastening of the Lord, neither be weary of his correction. It may be that God hath foreordained whatsoever comes to pass.'

Query—Is not this a most wholesome doctrine and very full of comfort. See Methodist Discipline, 9th article. You have astonished me again, Bro. Murphy, in leaving the Bible and going to the Methodist book of discipline for comfort. I would prefer the Bible, but as you have gone to the Methodist book of discipline will you please turn to the 6th article and read it.

I am glad to hear you say that you did preach a discourse in this neighborhood on the proper division of the Scriptures, and that you intended to show that the law given by Moses, for the government of Israel, was taken out of the way by Jesus Christ, and that you did most emphatically use the illustration of the old constitution of the State of Illinois, or intended to do so. And you did aim to teach that Christ incorporated into his law every thing suited to his people, under the christian dispensation, to be observed; and the routine of rites and ceremonies was no longer adapted to the end for which it was given.

Now, Bro. Murphy, I understand you exactly, and will agree with you here that the ceremonial law of Moses was taken out of the way by Jesus Christ and that those rites and ceremonies are no longer to be observed, but the moral law of Moses was not taken out of the way nor never will be until the end of time. Do you believe this? Now, whether this misunderstanding of yours and others, was owing to prejudice or some other cause on your part or whether the speaker was not sufficiently explicit, I stop not now to enquire, but simply state what I aimed to teach." Now, I will speak for myself and state to you that I have no prejudice against you, or against any that bear the name Christian; but when a Christian minister will get up with the intention of telling his congregation that the ceremonial law of Moses was destroyed in Christ Jesus, and tell them that a great portion of the Scriptures was not inspired, this certainly would be very far from being explicit. I thought at the time it was a blunder, and now I can see you did not intend to teach a false doctrine.

With regard to the questions that Mr. McClure asked you, I have no doubt that you understood the question correctly for McClure said plainly Old Testament. I understand from Mr. McClure that he had forwarded, some five or six weeks ago, a letter to the Editor of the Messenger on this subject. Why don't the Editor publish it you might get to learn something more about it?

"You will doubtless well remember that after I had preached the discourse to which you refer, at your school house in the evening," etc. Bro. Murphy you must have, like a good many of my neighbors that you speak of, forgotten all about it. The discourse you preached in the evening was not the one you preached in the morning they were different entirely. When you called for a show of hands, with regard

to the soundness of the doctrine, that evening all hands was raised with the exception of McClure. I thought the evening discourse very good I had no fault to find with it, but if you had taken a show of hands with regard to soundness of the morning discourse you would have found a number of hands raised against you. Permit me here to remind you that I did not that evening know that you and McClure had a secret organization about asking questions. McClure told me afterward that you gave him authority to get up that evening and ask any questions he had a mind to. If I had known this thing I would have let you fight it out.

"Now, Bro. Finlayson, do you not honestly think that I had sufficient reason to be astonished beyond measure when about eleven months after all this, you trumpeted my name in our own paper and wished to warn and enlighten all Oregon and the rest of mankind with regard to certain dangerous doctrines set forth by me on the above occasion, that I had thrown the Old Testament over-board?"

Now, Bro. Murphy, I think you had sufficient reason to be astonished beyond measure when you did not know that you had declared a great portion of the Bible to be not inspired and that the balance of it was like the old constitution of the State of Illinois, thrown overboard, when you only intended to say that the ceremonial law of Moses was destroyed in Christ Jesus. I am perfectly satisfied that you did not mean to teach that dangerous doctrine, and that you receive and hold to the whole Scripture, both of the Old and New Testament, which I think is a very safe foundation to build upon. I remain yours, hoping the Spirit will guide you into all truth. JAMES FINLAYSON.

Note—Brother Murphy's reply to the above will appear next week.

Selected Reading.

A TOUCHING STORY.

The Hon. Alexander H. Stevens, of Georgia, in a recent address, at a meeting at Alexandria, for the Orphan Asylum and Free School of that city, related the following incident:

"A poor, little boy, on a cold night, with no home or roof to shelter his head, no paternal guardian or guide to protect or direct him on his way, reached at nightfall, the home of a wealthy farmer, who took him in, and fed him, and sent him on his way with his blessing. These kind attentions cheered his heart, and inspired him with fresh courage to battle with the obstacles of life. Years rolled round. Providence led him on, and he reached the legal profession. His host had died. The cormorants that prey on the substance of man had formed a conspiracy to get from the widow her estates. She sent for the nearest counsel, to commit her cause to him, and that counsel proved to be the orphan boy long before welcomed and entertained by her deceased husband. The stimulus now added to the ordinary motives connected with the profession, he undertook her cause with a will not to be resisted; he gained it; the widow's estates were secured to her in perpetuity, and," Mr. Stevens added, with an emphasis of emotion that sent an electric thrill throughout the house, "that boy stands before you."—Texas Advocate.

Some of our readers who have lived fifty years may be glad to know what they have accomplished in that time. According to a French statistician, the average man has worked six thousand five hundred days, walked eight hundred days, amused himself four thousand days, spent fifteen hundred days in eating, and been sick five hundred days. He has eaten seventeen thousand pounds of bread, sixteen thousand pounds of meat, and forty-six hundred pounds of vegetables, fish, &c., drunk seven thousand gallons of liquors, and slept six thousand days. There are eighteen thousand two hundred and fifty days in a half century, and from the above statement it would seem that a man slept just one-third of the time.

Education is a companion which no misfortune can depress—no climate destroy—no enemy alienate—no despotism enslave. At home, a friend—abroad, an introduction—in solitude, a solace—in society, an ornament. It checks vice—it guides virtue—it gives at once grace and government to genius. Without it, what is man? A splendid slave! A reasoning savage! vacillating between the dignity of an intelligence derived from God and the degradation of brutal passion.

There is a great deal of theology in the idea of the little girl who wished she could be good without obeying her grandmother. She said it was easy enough to read books and pray, but pretty hard to mind grandmother.

NO HOUSEHOLD GOD.

A little boy, three years old, whose father was irreligious, spent several months in the dwelling of a godly family, where he was taught the simple elements of divine truth.

The good seed fell into a good and tender soil, and the child learned to note the difference between a prayerless and a Christian dwelling. One day, as some one was conversing with the little fellow about the great and good Lord, the child said:

"We haven't got any God at my papa's house."

Alas! how many such houses there are in our world and land—houses where there is no prayer, no praise, no worship, no God! And what homes they are for children; ay, and for men and women, too! How much better is the pure atmosphere of "Christian love," than the cold, selfish worldliness of a godless home!

Said an ungodly man: "I never was so near heaven, and probably never shall be again, as when I spent a day in the house of Ebenezer Brown—a godly Scotchman, who guided his household in the fear of the Lord."

Would that there were more such homes, the memory of which might shed a holy savor over many a wanderer's heart, and lead the sad and lonely sons of sorrow and of tears, to look forward to the gladness of the eternal gathering; beyond the toil and fears and trials of this weary pilgrimage!

To such homes the weary come for rest and the troubled for consolation. The Son of Peace is there. Blessed be such homes! and may ours ever be of this number!

SPEND WISELY.—Look well to your spending. No matter what comes in, if more goes out you will always be poor. This art is not in making money, but in keeping it; little expenses, like mice in a barn, when they are many, make great waste. Hair by hair heads get bald; straw by straw the thatch goes off the cottage; and by and by the rain comes into the chamber. A barrel is soon empty, if the tap runs but a drop a minute. When you mean to save, being with your money; there are many thieves down their land. The ale-jug is a great waste! In all other things keep within compass. Never stretch your legs farther than the blankets will reach, or you will soon be cold. In clothes, choose suitable and lasting stuff, and not tawdry fineries. To be warm is the main thing; never mind the looks. A fool may make money, but it needs a wise man to spend it. Remember, it is easier to build two chimneys, than to keep one going. If you give all to back and board, there is nothing left for the savings bank. Fare hard and work hard while you are young, and you have a chance of rest when you are old.

The true newspaper—that which would represent the true mission of the press of this wonderful age of progress—must have a great heart in it, and a never-sleeping conscience. It must be magnanimous and godly—"with charity toward all, and malice toward none."—It must speak the truth boldly for the truth's sake, and cherish justice as the apple of its eye. It must seek by the prosperity of right principles and right thoughts—to be useful as well as popular—to build up the truth and ennobles, as well as to enlighten mankind.

How sweetly Moore sang of Ireland: "Dear harp of my country! in darkness I found thee, the cold of silence had hung o'er thee long, when proudly, my own island harp, I unbound thee, and gave all thy cords to love, freedom, and song! the warm ray of love, and the light note of gladness, have wakened thy fondest, thy loveliest thrill; but, so oft thou has echoed the deep sigh of sadness, that e'en in thy mirth it will steal from thee still!"

They have a funny way of voting at the elections in Roumania. The elections last two days. On the first day only voters voting "aye" are admitted to the polls. On the following day the "noes" are received.

"Swivel Sermons" was the name a young minister of lazy habits gave to a package of sermons which he "could preach to any text."

A religion that does not control a man's thoughts, words actions and his imagination, is not worth much.