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Poetry.

MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN.

BY BURNS.

O MANKIND! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mispending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force give nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.
Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported in his right.
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, oh! ill-match'd pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

A few seem favorites of fate,
In pleasures lap cases;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, oh! what crowds in every land
Are wretched and forlorn;
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.
Many and sharp the him'rous ills
Involved with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Makes countless thousands mourn.

See yonder poor, e'er-labour'd wight,
So abject mean and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly fellow-form—
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful that, a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.
O death! the poor man's dearest friend,
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid by thee at rest!
The great, and wealthy, fear the blow;
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!

Home Contributions.

THE BIBLE.

GRADUATING ESSAY, READ BY MISS SARAH CHURCHILL, JUNE 14, 1871.

The mind is so constituted as to receive the most lively impressions thro' contrast. The glory of the day adds gloom to the night, and the splendors of refinement lend additional horror to the oppression of ignorance.

So the light of the Bible presents in fearful contrast the darkness that enveloped the nations destitute of the glorious gospel of peace. Standing, as we do, in the noon-tide glory of the Son of Righteousness, we may, with the mind's eye, contemplate a nation; whose people know not the Bible nor the God of the Bible; who have none of the advantages of Revelation; whose only aspirations are to eat, drink and merry; who think only of self, and glory in their selfishness; who, though grieved for mercy from their fellow creatures, daily fall on their knees, pass them by unheard, ever regarding self first, self next, and self last.

Think you such a people, so little elevated above the mean animals about them, could be happy? They stumble through life, ignorant and utterly regardless of their destiny, knowing not the purpose of their mission on earth, nor the glorious destiny of the righteous in Heaven.

In this day and age of the world, we so far removed from such folly and ignorance, and so abundantly blessed with Bibles, can hardly appreciate the condition of such a people.

Think of the sun taken from the heavens, and the gloom and death that would follow! Such is the moral gloom and spiritual death, where the Bible is not. Just in proportion as the light and knowledge of Revelation extends in a community, just so much is it elevated and refined. Truth is developed, morals are practiced and good will obtains among men.

In our own America, the pride of all, and truly, the most enlightened and refined nation of earth, in the homes of all, from the most wealthy to the lowliest peasant, you may find cherished above all others—the Bible—the book of Revelation. Though old, and worn by the fingers of time, it is ever new and sacred to those who love and obey it. By its precious teachings, they are able to see the sin and ruin in which they were involved, and by its holy light, they have been led to a better hope. With profound reverence they clasp it to their bosoms, rejoicing in the pleasing reflection, that though once

lost, they are found; though once blind, now they see. Cheering them on thro' life's rugged paths, when wearied and tired with the ills of this world, they would despair, it points them Heavenward, their "beacon light," their guiding star to the New Jerusalem.

History tells us of a time when Bibles were very few, and those few sealed, as it were, against all, denounced as trash and prohibited to be read. It is not difficult to imagine what state of affairs prevailed at that time, surely gloom and darkness filled the earth, wickedness reigning almost supreme, and if, perchance, a ray of light remained, it was obscured by the petty strifes and quarrels of men, all-polluted and contaminated with sin.

But a change must take place, such a condition cannot last forever. The Bible cannot remain buried in oblivion. Accordingly it pleased God, the all-wise Father, to put it into the hearts of a few of His true and tried followers, to cherish the Holy Book, and to give its light to the world, regardless of the consequences; though trial, persecutions and death, it might be, awaited them for its sake. Many accounts have we read, of Christians, burned at the stake and torn in pieces by wild beasts, rather than give up the Bible, and all this to please the fancy of the wicked and perverse rulers of the nation.

The present age knows nothing of the trials and persecution of the ancient Christians, nor the tortures of martyrdom; although some, with a lively imagination and poetic fancy, paint in glowing colors, the life of a martyr, and think 'twould be glorious thus to live and die; yet under the blessings that spring from the light of Liberty, secured through the Bible, they miserably fail to obey its precepts, and to rejoice in its hopes; filling their lives with vanity and folly; and, dying, leave their high and holy purposes of their mission on earth unaccomplished. But ah, the test! Could such a one, who could not bear the petty misfortunes and disappointments of this life, surrounded with advantages and blessings profuse; with true and tried friends many, suffer torture at the hands of wicked men? Oh, foolish man! Never satisfied. Ever changing, yet never content.

The tide changed. Persecution ceased. Respect for the Bible filled the public mind and it was no longer necessary to have it concealed. It was taken from its hiding place and proclaimed to the world as its only means of redemption, its only hope of salvation.

Many embraced it, and light began to gleam slowly but surely, and ever since has been increasing steadily and strongly; until now the brightest privileges and advantages, known to man since the world began, are enjoyed by many nations. In this favored land of ours; where freedom and wealth abound, and penury is almost unknown, there is no one so poor but he can afford a Bible, no one so afflicted but he can learn the plan of salvation.

Wisdom sits enthroned upon the brow of all. The youth of to-day is wiser in the knowledge of the Lord, than the most learned Philosopher of ancient times.

Such knowledge increased, and will continue to increase as long as the Bible is made the chief text book, and taught as the great scientific scientiarum—science of all sciences.

Oh! that we might hope to see the day when this precious, holy volume will be read and practiced by every nation under Heaven; and when wisdom shall fill the earth as the waters fill the mighty deep; when all shall know God, from the least to the greatest, and none shall say to his neighbor, "know the Lord."

Upon me lies a burden which I cannot shift upon any other human creature—the burdens of duties unfulfilled, words unspoken, or spoken violently and untruly; holy relationship neglected; of days wasted forever; of evil thoughts once cherished, which are ever appearing as when they were first admitted to the heart; of affections in myself, or in others, trifled with; of light within turned to darkness. So speaks the conscience; so speaks or has spoken, the conscience of each man.—Maurice.

An Iowa paper tells of a smart wife who helped her husband to raise seventeen acres of wheat. The way she helped him was to stand in the door and shake a broom at him when he sat down to rest.

Correspondence.

NOTES BY THE WAY.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE TO THE MESSENGER.

AUGUST FIFTH.—From Corvallis to Monroe the fields are ripe for harvest, and the farmers are busy preparing to gather in the golden grain. This is a beautiful part of the valley, owned in large tracts, indicated by the amount lying uncultivated. It is held at twenty dollars per acre. Above Monroe, on the State road up the Long Tom the country becomes more broken, with fertile valleys between the ranges of hills. Fir, oak and pine cover the hill-pitch pine not unlike the pitch pine of the Southern States except that the branches are more numerous and the straw is not quite so long.

A dense undergrowth on the hill and uncultivated portion of the country gives protection to the bear and cougar, which are becoming destructive to stock—especially to the flocks. They are said to be more troublesome now than at any former period. On the upper part of the Long Tom more attention has been given to stock-raising than to farming; the yellow clay soil of the hill-sides and fable lands becoming exhausted after two or three years cultivation. But little improvement of any kind is apparent, while the houses, barns, and extensive fencing, generally of good style, but bearing the marks of decay, remind one of the prosperity that characterized the country twenty years ago, caused by the abundance of gold from California and the mines of southern Oregon.

The neglected orchards, dilapidated fencing, and general appearance of decay indicate that the plodding, staid, diligent husbandman must take the place of the pioneer, who must seek a more congenial home on the frontier. The prudent scientific farmer will reap from sixty acres of this land more than the present occupant gathers from his half section. The facilities for irrigation are so numerous, and could be made available at so little cost, that it is strange so cheap a method of making certain the crops so often cut short by summer drought should be unemployed. Science has much to do in these ends of the earth before the resources of the country will be fully developed. The inhabitants of this part of the valley are friendly in disposition, social in their habits, free and generous, generally taking life easy. They manifest a lively interest in education.

EUGENE CITY, Aug. 8th, 1871.

We enjoyed Lord's day with the Disciples at Fir Grove, which is an outpost of Oak Hill congregation, over two hundred strong, and held its regular worship at the church six miles east of Fir Grove, where we addressed a part of the same congregation, at the same time, on a few hours notice, and found myself so surrounded with brethren and friends, we were obliged to adjourn from the large school-house to the grove, where, with ample room and every comfort, we enjoyed the day in a pleasant manner not soon to be forgotten.

From Fir Grove we came to Eugene City, passing in the vicinity of Oak Grove, calling on and making the acquaintance of many of the brethren.

The Disciples in Lane county have a bright future before them, for they are really enjoying the sweets of christian love and unity, and are being more firmly bound together by the shafts of malice and jealousy hurled by a few restless spirits and superannated sectarian preachers, who have no flock to lead nor bell to jingle, and who show their craze and acknowledge their mourning, by attempting to find a difference between our preachers. And a difference in the teachings, when neither existed; by such gossip as the "young preacher," disputing with the elder about doing that which the Bible absolutely commands, and being anxious to receive a man, sprinkled, into the church, and in the same history, (gossip) the same young preacher—now the "Campbellite big gun," who, in his zeal for immersion, offered a horse, bridle and saddle, a hack and span of horses, and finally one hundred and sixty acres of land for the privilege of baptizing somebody who had been sprinkled because he was in the kingdom or out of it, he did not know which. "O, consistency!"

We have been amused by a full history of these rumors, and as they are

old in these parts, and as the brethren have got about all the enjoyment and good out of them, lest they die, we are privileged to make a note of them for future reference. Though these rumors never had any foundation in fact, they show how, in a sinking cause, the imagination will be put upon the rack, and subjected to torture by men who are alarmed at the increasing numbers and growing strength of the Disciples of Jesus.

Shall the hoary honors of "orthodoxy" in the hands of Rev's. and D. sink in gloom before the advancing light of truth, in the hands of stripping and "young preachers," and shall its advocates be permitted to squirm a little? Though the agony is intense and excites sympathy, the contortions are grotesque and compel laughter.

More anon. T. F. C.

Bro. Murphy's reply to Finlayson.

BRO. FINLAYSON:—I trust I fully appreciate your sympathy for me in my afflictions, as expressed in your communication.

Now, as respects the numerous passages of scripture that you refer me to, doubtless for my comfort; I wish to say this: Read to me any of God's precious word and my response is "every time amen."—You agree with me that the ceremonial law of Moses was taken out of the way by Jesus Christ, but say that the moral law was not taken out of the way nor never will be till the end of time. I hold that we are bound to obey all the good and moral precepts that were taught in that law; but we are not bound to obey them, because they were taught in the law, but because they are taught in the Gospel. When Christ came, his Heavenly Father said: "This is my beloved Son, hear him." Before Christ came the people were to hear Moses as law-giver, but after Christ came he was to be their law-giver. "There is no law given to us to save and to destroy."—James iv, 12.

Now, the difference between us, if I understand you, is simply this: you think we are bound to obey the moral precepts of the law, because they are taught in that law; and I think we are bound to obey them because they are taught in the Gospel. And I agree with you that they will be binding upon men till the close of time, and it was this that I had reference to mainly in the sermon you speak of when I used the two constitutions of the State of Illinois to illustrate the law and the Gospel, and said, all that was good, valuable, and adapted to God's children under the christian dispensation was taken out of the law and incorporated into the Gospel.

With regard to the letter written by Mr. McClure for publication, I will inform you that the Editor showed it to me and in my judgement all that is worth a notice in it has already been referred to in my replies to you, and indeed I have nothing to do with him in this matter; yet the Editor can judge of the propriety of publishing it; but should he choose to publish it I now think I shall not notice it. I am pleased to see that you have become fully satisfied that I am orthodox, so far as the Old Testament and the New are concerned, and I think in this you judge me correctly.

And now, Bro. Finlayson, let us read and meditate upon God's Holy Word both day and night, and may it do us good as it doth the upright in heart, and let us try to be guided by the council of God that we may be received into glory. J. E. MURPHY.

The little loving charities of daily life preach loudly for Him who went about doing good. The testimony that it is for Jesus will make the even tenor of the walk glorify Him; whereas, if kindness and forbearance be shown only to please ourselves, or for the gratification of another, they will be fitful, and witness nothing of the living faith to proclaim Him whose we are, and whom we serve.

ADMIRAL Rodgers' dispatch announcing particulars of the Corcan naval engagement contained 110 words, and cost \$355.90 in gold. It came from Shanghai, via Hong Kong, and British India Cables, the Red Sea, across the Mediterranean by way of Gibraltar to Falmouth, England, then over the Atlantic Cable, a distance probably of about 15,000 miles or more.

EVERY man has just as much vanity as he wants understanding.

Selected Reading.

DISCONTENT.

The immediate causes of discontent are numberless. Some of those who seem to have all that earth can bestow—wealth; station; education; friends and talent, are the least satisfied. Trifles disconcert them. A wet day, an ill-fitted garment, a broken engagement, a slight disappointment, are sufficient to destroy their peace of mind, and render them slaves to vexation and chagrin. The main cause of discontent, however, is always to be found within. It has its origin in selfishness. Whenever we forget ourselves in our efforts for others, we strike at the very root of all discontent. The truly benevolent, loving man, is seldom tormented by vain regrets at his own circumstances; and he who is harassed by the spirit of discontent, can in no surer way free himself from the chains that enslave him, than by turning his thoughts and energies to some good work for others.

There are no blessings, however rich, that discontent will not convert into evils, and no trials, however severe, that serenity and virtue may not transform into blessings. Mere condition has little to do with happiness; the poor and the rich, the high and the low, are about equally blessed with it. Life has her blessings in store for all, and he who will bring fidelity, energy and cheerfulness into his life's work, will partake of his full share, whatever may be his outward surroundings. But discontent will blight the fairest scene and poison the most favored lot. It makes little difference what it is we thus inwardly bemoan; whether the ordinary trials of life, or our own peculiar disadvantages, or petty vexations; if we meet them in a complaining spirit, we undermine the foundation of our own happiness, and destroy our influence over others. But, if we meet them with a courageous, serene spirit, wisely expiating their nature to see how far they are inevitable, exerting our energies to meliorate them where possible, and patiently and firmly enduring them when unavoidable, we shall sow the seeds of virtue, and reap a full harvest of happiness.

Above all, if we resolutely conquer the selfishness that is the core of all discontent, and cultivate a kindly interest in our fellow men, striving by loving helpfulness and sympathy, to lighten their burdens and increase their joys, sweet contentment will fill our own hearts and the path of self-forgetfulness will prove the surest road to happiness.

A QUAKER-PRINTER'S PROVERBS.

[From American Newspaper Reporter.]
Never send them an article for publication without giving the editor thy name, for thy name oftentimes secures publication to worthless articles.

Thou should'st not rap at the door of a printing office, for he that answereth the rap sneereth in his sleeves and loseth time.

Neither do thou loaf about, ask questions, or knock down type, or the boys will love thee like they do shade trees—when thou leavest.

Thou should'st never read the copy on the printer's case, or the sharp and hooked container thereof, or he may knock thee down.

Never inquire thou of the editor for the news, for behold, it is his business at the appointed time, to give it thee without asking.

It is not right that thou should'st ask him who is the author of an article, for his duty requireth him to keep such things to himself.

When thou dost enter into his office, take heed unto thyself that thou dost not look at what may be lying open and concerneth thee not, for that is not meet in the sight of good breeding.

Neither examine thou the proof sheet, for it is not ready to meet thine eye, that thou mayest understand.

Prefer thine own town paper to any other, and subscribe for it immediately. Pay for it in advance, and it shall be well with thee and thine.

"I weeded my friends," said an eccentric old man, "by haing a piece of stair carpet out of my first floor window with a constable's announcement affixed. It had the desired effect. I soon saw who were my friends. It was like firing a gun at a pigeon house. They forsook the building at the first report."