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The CHRISTIAN MESSENGER is now upon a permanent basis. The crisis has passed, and prospects brighten for the future. In God we trust.

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

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To Our Contributors.

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2. The Editor claims and will exercise the right to reject such manuscript, as from any cause will not, in his judgment, subserve the best interest of the paper and its readers.
3. We do not hold ourselves responsible for the sentiments of contributors, or the truthfulness of advertisements, without our personal endorsement.
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FAREWELL TO MONMOUTH.

BY THE CLASS OF '76.

Let others tell of cities old,
Of bristling walls and stately towers,
Of lives for empty honors sold,
Which vanish with the fleeting hours.
The tales of classic ages gone
May charm us with their wondrous lore,
Yet dearer still, our own dear home,
Than all their treasures, stained with gore.

Then to our Monmouth we will give
This simple tribute of our praise.
Our three years here, where e'er we live,
We'll ever call our halcyon days.
Fair village nestling close beside
The hills, where firs and great oaks grow,
And looking o'er the valley wide
Where clear Willamette's waters flow.

Thou art a favored spot of earth
Walled in by mountains towring grand,
Wealth and contentment peace and mirth
Dwell in thy borders hand in hand.
Old Neptune sends his bracing breath
To chase miasma from thy streets,
And Flavius lends a cloudy wreath
To shelter thee from arctic sleets.

More pleasant still than green-clad hills,
Than fields of waving golden grain,
Than dreamy mists and purling rills,
And zephyrs from the boundless main,
Is wisdom's voice which from thy halls
Speaks to the restless anxious youth,
Which to the path of duty calls
And guides him in the way of truth.

When hill and forest, field and flood
Have faded from the realms of space,
The spirits of the pure and good
Shall find a peaceful dwelling place.
Then long as the Eternal One
Shall grant to man on earth a lease,
May each succeeding daily sun
Behold thy power for good increase.

Intermediate State.

(Concluded from last week.)

We have said in a previous letter written upon the Intermediate State, that, to our mind, the history of the rich man and Lazarus represented the condition of our dead. If we regard this history as a matter of fact, the good and the bad are both conscious and intelligent after death and before judgment. Bro. B. says it will not do to consider this teaching of Jesus as history. He stated in his first letter, that the rich man and Lazarus represented the Jew and Gentile nations, and of course, then, Jesus was illustrating their history. In the second letter he wrote, (which was published) he stated that it would not do to regard it as history, but a parable, and a parable with him is nothing real, only visionary. Jesus is evidently teaching us a great lesson. What does He teach by the history of the rich man and Lazarus? Clearly the consciousness of spirit after death.

The rich man died and was buried, and being rich, his body was escorted to its place of interment in great pomp and splendor. Revelation does not inform us whether there was any provision made for the interment of the poor. We doubt very much whether Lazarus' body was buried at all, but when it was rendered by disease an unfit temple for the indwelling spirit, it withdrew, and angels, which are God's ministering spirits, sent to minister to those that shall be heirs of salvation, escorted his spirit to a place called Abraham's bosom, or paradise. Whatever the angels escorted to Abraham, that is represented as being intelligent, for no one can be comforted without intelligence.

The rich man died and was buried. By this we infer that the poor man was not buried, but both are represented as being intelligent. The rich man was in a place of confinement. He could not pass to where Abraham and Lazarus were. While the rich man is tormented in the unseen, he still has five brothers on earth that he desired Abraham to warn of his situation. Abraham says to the rich man, "Your brothers have Moses and the prophets; if they will not hear them, they would not believe though I would send Lazarus from the dead," or any one else to teach them.

This circumstance took place in the days of Moses and the prophets, or at least when their teachings was the religious law of the land.

No one had been resurrected yet, no one judged, consequently, no one sent to heaven or hell. After the resurrection and general judgment, no one will have brothers on earth to fear hell or anticipate heaven.

We hope bro. B. will explain this parable and, if he finds it has reference to the Jew and Gentile nations, please inform us who the rich man's brothers are. In order to settle this question of difference between bro. B. and myself, we must agree upon what it is that dies, for that which dies is that which is buried, and that which is buried is precisely that which will be resurrected.

We will take a character now to illustrate, one that died and rose again! We will take the Master himself. Jesus the only Son of God submitted to death and just before He bowed His head and gave up His spirit, He says to one on His side, this day shalt thou be with me. With you, Jesus? Yes. Where? In paradise.

And as no one on earth fully appreciated the death of Jesus, all nature mourns for him, but he returns on the third morning, takes up his abode in the resurrected body that before hung bleeding upon Calvary's summit. Now he says to one of his friends that chanced to meet Him, touch me not, for, says he, I have not yet ascended to my Father and to your Father, to my God and to your God; and yet he and the thief had been in paradise—a place in the unseen. Jesus and the thief were not together that day in the grave, nor will they ever be. When Jesus says with me in paradise, he does not mean with his body in the grave. No, he did not understand that the intelligent man would lie even three days in the earth dormant.

We had better affirm that knowledge once gained can never die. It is akin to spirit which emanates from light unapproachable. God is a spirit, infinite in power. His will executes every law that moves a whole universe of matter.

God's power controls all things according to rule and with mathematical exactness. If all the planetary world, in ages past, not one has moved a moment too slow or a moment too fast. Oh, who could not trust Him whose love binds all together in progressive harmony.

To the scientific mind, "the heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork." Beneath His throne, whose light outshines a million suns, meanders forth the river of life. We look away down the valleys, lit up by the light that beams from the face of God, we see the windings of the river, and upon its banks the tree of life. God designs His children, the redeemed of earth, to reach forth their angelic fingers and pluck its fruit. The spirits of our dead are waiting to witness the redemption of their bodies. Ere long Jesus will call for them with the voice of His angel. He has their names registered and the very hairs of their heads numbered.

Brother Bryant says, however, he will not call the spirit from paradise or from any other place. We grant it, for the apostle says they are waiting to witness the redemption of their bodies. Jesus will call for that which is dead, not for the spirit that is living and ready.

God, the moving cause of all matter, can alone change our corruptible bodies to incorruptible ones, and when he has done this, it will then be prepared for the spirit to dwell in its spiritual home. Noah preached to the people that were disobedient in his day, Jesus by the same spirit that raised him from the dead, went and preached to their spirits in prison. We have clearly shown that spirits after death are capable of being taught. JAS. S.

When a person feels disposed to over-estimate his own importance, let him remember that mankind got along very well before his birth, and that in all probability they will get along very well after his death.

WESTWARD BOUND.

NO. IV.

There is not much of special interest in the surroundings as we pass the Black Hill country, to the west of Cheyenne. Evergreen timber makes it appearance for the first time and we are surrounded by snow; otherwise there is nothing different from any very rough country. But on entering Echo canyon, all are eager to see the many wonders of which so much has been said. The cars are on a heavy down grade and move with greater rapidity. As we go down, down, we find the rock ribbed sides of this wonderful chasm rising higher and higher on both sides. After a few hours we have reached the mouth of this canyon and appear to come out into a somewhat lever river bottom; but ere long find that we are moving down the Weber river with great wonders yet before us; for we plunge headlong into the mountain side and find that Nature has prepared the way. We are winding along the river's bank, which is rushing along with such rapidity that pieces of drift pass us as the train advances. On either side the mountains rise almost perpendicularly from 1000 to 4000 feet. It is the grandest scene imaginable, and reminds us of the greatness of Him who framed the earth and the worlds. At two or three miles into Weber canyon, we come to the "Thousand Mile Tree." It is a lone pine about two feet in diameter and announces to the passer-by, by a sign hanging to one of its lower branches, that he is just 1000 miles from Omaha. About three fourths of a mile further on, we come to the "Devil's Slide." Here down the mountain side a distance of some 2000 feet, come two perpendicular, parallel ledges of rocks, from 50 to 200 feet in perpendicular height, and quite near together; presenting the appearance of a passage of some kind. It is hardly probable that this is a part of the Devil's route as he descended into the lower regions. The next point of interest is "Devil's Gate." Here the river passes through a narrow gorge, with great fall, the bed filled with immense stones from the mountain side, and reverses its direction at once. It is indescribably grand. The train crosses the river above the gate, shoots through a tunnel a few yards and crosses the river again below the gate. The names of these objects suggest the fact that the early explorers were not men noted for great piety.

It is the Lord's day. We are much occupied in singing as the scenery will permit, and just before sunset, reach Ogden, where we change cars for Sacramento. The cars on the Central Pacific are not quite so large as those of the Union Pacific, so we are more crowded now. Time and space would fail us to tell of the beauties on Salt Lake and the country subsequently passed over. We passed Cape Horn in the night, but took a peep by moonlight, down from its dizzy heights. We passed some 45 miles of snow sheds the same night and were thankful that it was night. The next morning we awoke and all was changed. We are in a lovely country—are just entering the agricultural portion of the Golden State. Noon the same day finds us in Sacramento, embarking on the steamer *Amador*, to complete our journey to San Francisco by the Sacramento river. Nothing of interest is seen on the trip except tons of salmon which are being shipped to San Francisco, and the hotel drummers who throng the boat to annoy the passengers. Of course each has the the only hotel worth mentioning, when he tells it. If you are seeking a good cheap hotel, go to the Railroad or Old Franklin, House. The New Franklin, Empire and several others are little better than swindles. Of the better class of hotels, there are all classes, at prices to suit the purse, especially if well filled. But they offer good accommodations. We stayed one day and two nights here and decided that for crooked streets, early vegetables, a fine hotel—the Palace, and a variety of means of getting the stranger's money, this city is unequalled. Yet, it doubtless has its good side, if one would only take time to walk around and find it.

Saturday morning, ten o'clock finds us aboard the *John L. Stephens* and starting for Portland. All is lovely while passing the bay, but as we pass the "Golden Gate," and meet a heavy sea rolling in, so that our ship is first on one side then on the other, and folks are rolled around promiscuously on deck, the fun changes. Soon you hear sounds not so musical as some heard before in a lifetime. You easily decide that provisions are rising. The stench that soon arises, puts an end to all further pleasure during so short a voyage, and every one hails with delight the time when he is permitted to set foot on dry land again. We run under a strong head wind all the way and arrive at Portland several hours behind time; missed our train in consequence and had to remain one day. The railroad companies here, give half fare tickets to immigrants, who get certificates at the land office.

What Oregon presents to the eye as an inducement to the immigrant to forever make his home here, shall be considered at some future time.

D. T. S.

Alexander Campbell.

Eld. Daniel Buckner, an aged Baptist minister, writes as follows to the *Texas Baptist:*

Besides my centennial reading I carefully read, for the second time, Campbell and Owen's Debate, which took place in Cincinnati in 1829. I read over it when it was first published, for I had then been several years in the ministry; but because Mr. Campbell had made inroads in the Baptist ranks, I did not appreciate his defense of the Bible and the Christian religion as I ought to have done. That the debatants were two master spirits of the age, I suppose no one will deny. Every preacher, and others too, ought to read this debate. Campbell's twelve hour speech is evidently the most able and masterly defense of the Bible and the Christian religion, I have ever read.

That Mr. Owen was talented and highly educated must be conceded. He was a close student. For twenty-five years he read five hours a day to construct his system and make his "twelve articles," by which he expected to regenerate the world without the aid of the Holy Spirit or Christ. He wasted forty years, and had he lived to the age of Methuselah and directed his efforts in the same way it would still have been a failure. He was like other infidels who say that none but the weak minded will advocate the Christian religion. They certainly lose sight of the fact that the "wise men of the east" were the first to present to the infant Savior "gifts, gold, frankincense and myrrh."

But Owen must have known that Campbell was more than a match for him in intelligence. Infidels must have the organ of self-esteem largely developed, when they call all Christians fools. Every man of reading knows that in every age very many advocates of the Bible and the Christian religion have been distinguished for intellect and erudition. "Honor to whom honor is due." Let it be meted out justly; and A. Campbell should have his share. I revere his memory for his able defense of the Bible. The truth is, since I have grown old, I have have become more lenient towards those who differ from me on some points. This I do without sacrifice of principle, or a single part of the faith I have all my life advocated. But I feel thus in the exercise of that "charity that thinketh no evil." In heaven I hope to meet very many who did not believe and teach everything just as I have done, and I feel happy in the contemplation of it.

"Oh that the world would taste and see
The riches of His grace;
The arms of love that compass me
Would sinners all embrace."

Your father,
DANIEL BUCHNER.

One of the easiest and best ways to expand the chest, is to have a good large heart in it. It saves the cost of gymnastics.

A Sunday Morning Walk.

One lovely Sunday morning, eight young law students were strolling along the banks of one of the tributaries of the Potomac river. They were going to a secluded spot in the grove to murder the precious hours by playing "whist" and drinking wine. Each of them was the son of a praying mother. As they were sauntering along and amusing each other with idle jests, the court house bell—used for calling the people to the house of worship—commenced to ring. Although fully two miles away, it sounded in the ears of those thoughtless youths as plainly as if it were upon the other shore of that narrow creek. Suddenly one of them stopped, and told him who writes this narrative that he would go, no farther, but that he would return to town and go to church. Then the writer shouted to the other six boys who were a short distance ahead:

"Boys, boys, come back here! George is getting religious. Come, we must assist him. We must baptize him by immersion in the water." Speedily we all surrounded George, and told him that only by going with us could he save himself from a cold bath. To which, in a calm, soft, but earnest tone of voice, he replied:

"I know very well that you have the physical ability to put me in the stream, and hold me there even till I am drowned, and if you choose you can do so without my showing any resistance; but before you do it I have a few words to say.

"You all know that I am nearly two hundred miles from home; but you do not know that my mother is a helpless, bed-ridden invalid. I cannot remember ever having seen her out of her bed, and I never did see her out of her room. I am the youngest of the family. When my father concluded to send me here—he having been a life-long personal friend of our preceptor, who charges nothing for my tuition—he could scarcely prevail upon mother to permit my leaving her. At length, after many prayers upon the subject, she consented, and the necessary preparations for my departure from home were speedily completed.

"My mother never spoke to me upon the matter till the morning on which I left for the East. Then, after I had eaten breakfast, she sent for me and asked if I had everything ready and properly packed. I told her that all was completed, and that I would be off as soon as the stage came for me. Kneeling beside her bed, at her request, with her loving hands upon my head, she prayed for me. Many and many a night since, I have dreamed the whole scene over. It is the happiest recollection in my memory. I believe that to the day of my death I will be able to repeat every word of that prayer. When she ceased praying, she spoke to me thus:

"'My precious son—you know not—indeed you can never know—the agony of a mother's heart when parting forever from her last born, to her still a babe. When you go forth from beneath the home of your nativity, to pursue the study of the profession of your choice, and of your dear father's choosing as well, you will for the last time this side of the grave look upon the face of her who loves you as no other mortal does, or can. Your father is not able to pay your expenses for making visits home during the two years of your course of studies. I cannot possibly live so long as that. The sands in the hourglass of my feeble existence have nearly run out.

"'In that distant and strange place to which you are going, there will be no loving mother to whom you can apply for counsel when assailed by temptations. You must, therefore, while a boy learn to say, 'no,' when urged to do wrong. I cannot be with you, but I will daily commit you to the care of God, who is everywhere present, beholding your evil acts as well as your good deeds. Every Sunday morning, from ten to eleven o'clock, I will spend the hour in prayer for you. Wherever you may be during this blessed hour, when you hear the church-bell ringing for the assembling of God's people, let your thoughts carry you to this chamber of death, where your mother will be agonizing for you in prayer. Commit to memory the eighth, ninth, and tenth verses of the first chapter of Proverbs. Kiss me farewell. Now, the last words you will ever hear from my lips are, in the language of Solomon, 'My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'"

When George had finished, he and we were all weeping. Involuntarily we opened the ring which we had formed around him. He had stood up for the right against heavy odds, and each of us admired him for doing that which none of us had the courage to undertake—to break away from wicked companions and go to church. He led off, without a word, and silently we all followed. Without either one knowing that any other had done so too, each of us managed to throw his cards and flask into the creek, so that by the time we reached the church, every pocket was emptied of its former contents. Never again did any one of that little company play any games on the Sabbath. Six of the number have gone to their long homes, each a Christian. Only two of us are yet living—George, an able lawyer in Iowa, and the writer of this incident. Both of us have been church members for many years.—*Religious Intelligencer.*

A Few Words to the Wealthy.

You, dear brethren, occupy a position not enjoyed by the many in our churches. God has given you the ability—an ability which He has given to few of His professed servants—to increase wealth, for which you ought to be thankful, and which you ought to improve faithfully for the honor of His name and the advancement of His cause, as much as any other brother ought to improve his gifts that may excel yours in other directions, the ability to contribute largely to the interests of the prayer meeting, or to the harmony, and efficiency, and usefulness of the church. If those gifted in prayer and exhortation, in making and keeping peace, or in maintaining discipline in the church, should do no more than others, where would be its prosperity? It would be wanting; Zion would mourn; the solemn feasts would be deserted; harmony would disappear; sin would run riot; God would be dishonored in the house of His friends; and souls would perish, unmolested.

An experience of nearly forty years in the ministry with some of your class that have gone to their reward, suggests some things that may be of use to you, therefore I write.

In my first settlement, I found an excellent church, one of more than usual piety. About once in two years, they enjoyed a revival, till the larger part of the young people became members of the church. All were laborers, who had to work to live, and to sustain the ministry, except one brother, who was wealthy, and yet none worked harder than he.

They gave him a salary of $400, which was large for such a church in those days. To do it they apportioned it, as near as they could, on the members; it was about $1 on $100 for what they possessed. Bro. W. was worth three, if not four times as much as any of the rest, but he would give only as some of the rest gave, not a third of what was his part; yet he was increasing in property faster than any other brother. To make up the deficiency, some of the brethren gave more than the church asked them to give. Bro. P. had about $3,000 of property in his possession, while he owed $1,500, and paid $25 year after year, as much as bro. W. gave with his $12,000 or $15,000. Deacon F., with a large family and small means of living, worth about $800, gave $12.

Under such circumstances, bro. W. could not enjoy the confidence of the brethren or the community, yet he did nothing for which we could take up labor with him, unless for covetousness, and the church preferred to bear with him as best they could; but his usefulness was small compared with what it might and ought to have been, in his family and in the church, as well as in the community.

He lived a few years, bending every energy, improving every opportunity, to increase wealth, and died instantly, leaving little consolation for his friends and a poor example for his children. Few ever speak of him with pleasure. I often thought how much better it would be for himself, his family, and the cause of Christ, if he could heartily, give one of his farms to benevolent objects. Then it could not have been wasted.

Now, brother, you have means beyond most of your brethren in the church. Use it properly for Christ and His cause. They work weeks to get what they give. You have only to put your hand in your pocket and take it out. You can hardly imagine the good you can do; and the comfort you can give the church. Try it.

In these hard times, it is very difficult for many of your brethren to give, as they have to sustain the ministry. Some can hardly live. You do not feel the pressure of the times as they do. Unless you are very generous, the cause will suffer. Perhaps the pastor will be obliged to remove or resort to secular employment to live. Will you hold on to the rope and speak encouraging words to the brethren, your pastor, and those without? If so the hearts of many will be made glad.

Thirty years since a small church applied to the Convention for assistance. A brother in that church had wealth, but he would do but little, very little, to help sustain the ministry. Their application was refused, on the ground that it was not right to ask the poor in other churches to help that church do what they could do for themselves, if all were willing. There was no Baptist church in that town. Whose fault is it? that of the Convention, or of that wealthy brother? Said a very generous brother, "We could sustain our pastor without aid from the Convention, if the brethren were willing." Was it right to employ an agent at no small expense to collect money from the poor to help that church do what they could, if they would for themselves? I know a church that for years received aid to pay their pastor a small salary, when, if the brethren had been as generous as were the deacons, no aid would have been needed. How can they give account to God for the money they ought to have given to help their church and relieve the Convention? I could write much more, but I will only add that the money thus withholden has been very poor property to those that withheld it.—SENEX, in *Watchman.*

A Beautiful Incident.

William IV. expired about midnight at Windsor Palace. The Archbishop of Canterbury with other peers and high functionaries of the kingdom, were in attendance. As soon as the "scepter had departed," with the last breath of the king, the Archbishop quitted Windsor Castle, and made his way, with all possible speed, to Kingston Palace, the residence at that time of the princess—already, by the law of succession, Queen Victoria. He arrived long before daylight, announced himself, and requested an immediate interview with the princess. She hastily attired herself and met the venerable prelate in her ante-room. He informed her of the death of William, and formally announced to her that she was, in law of right, successor to the deceased monarch. "The sovereignty of the most powerful nation at the feet of a girl of eighteen." She was de jure Queen of the Anglo realm, in fact, on which the "sun never sets." She was deeply agitated over the formidable words, so fraught with blessing or calamity, and the first words she was able to utter were these: "I ask your prayers in my behalf." They kneeled together, and Victoria inaugurated her reign, like the young king of Israel in the olden time, by asking from the Highest, who ruleth in the kingdoms of men, "an understanding heart to judge so great a people, who could not be numbered nor counted for multitude." The sequel of her reign has been worthy of such a beginning. Many a throne in Europe has tottered since that day. Most of them have been for a time overturned. That of England was never so firmly seated in the loyalty and love of the people as now.—*Selected.*