

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER.

"ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

VOL. VI.

Monmouth, Oregon, Sept. 8, 1876.

NO. 26.

CHRISTIAN MESSENGER,

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY BY

D. T. STANLEY,

MONMOUTH, POLK CO., OREGON.

Is devoted to the cause of Primitive Christianity and the diffusion of General Information.

Price Per Year, in Coin, \$2.50

All communications relating to the paper in any way, should be addressed to the Publisher, as above. Send money by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, or Money order on Dallas, at our risk.

Advertisers will find this one of the best mediums on the Pacific Coast for making their business known.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Space.	3 mon.	6 mon.	1 year.
Card, 1 inch.	\$4	\$7	\$12
Col., 2 1/2 inches.	7	14	20
Column.	12	23	35
1/2 Column.	20	33	65
1 Column.	35	65	125

Special Notices, 20 cents per line.

TRANSIENT ADVERTISEMENTS.

Per Square, ten lines or less:

First Insertion \$1.50

For each Subsequent Insertion 50

Advertising and all business in this Office will be done on the coin basis. Currency will be taken at the usual discount.

Advertising must be paid for in advance, unless credit is given by special agreement.

THE OLD MAN IN THE MODEL CHURCH.

Well, wife, I've found the model church; I worshipped there to-day!

It made me think of good old times before my hair was gray.

The meetin' house was fixed up more than they were years ago.

But then I felt when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me away back by the door.

He knew that I was old and deaf, as well as old and poor.

He must have been a Christian, for he led me through.

The long aisle of that crowded church to find a place and pew.

I wish you'd heard that singing; it had the old time ring.

The preacher said, with trumpet voice, "Let all the people sing!"

The tune was Coronation, and the music upward rolled.

Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit caught the fire;

I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir.

And sang as in my youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more;

I felt like some wrecked mariner who gets a glimpse of shore;

I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form,

And anchor in the blessed port forever from the storm.

The preachin'? Well, I can't just tell all the preacher said;

I know it wasn't written, I know it wasn't read.

He hadn't time to read it, for the lightning' of his eye

Went flashing 'long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery; 'twas simple Gospel truth;

It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful youth.

'Twas full of consolations for weary hearts that bleed;

'Twas full of invitations to Christ, and not to creed.

The preacher made sin hideous in Gentiles and in Jews.

He shot the golden sentences down in the finest pews.

And though I can't see very well—I saw the falling tear

That told me he'd was someways off, and Heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments fled, within that holy place!

How brightly beamed the light of heaven, from every happy face.

Again I longed for that sweet time, when friend shall meet with friend,

"Where congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbaths have no end."

I hope to meet that minister—that congregation too.

In that dear home beyond the stars that shine from heaven so blue.

I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's even-
ing ray.

The happy hour of worship in that model church to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought—the victory be won; The shinin' goal is just ahead; the race is nearly run. O'er the river we are nearin', they are throngin' to the shore To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

OREGON AS IT IS.

The following article is laid before the readers of the MESSENGER, not on account of literary merit, but merely as a compilation of truthful statistics, and the result of the writer's own observation. As a subject, Oregon is becoming a trite one, and in almost every instance writers on Oregon go far beyond the truth, giving eastern readers the impression that here is a glorious wonderland overflowing with cattle and wheat, while here and there a stray corner is filled in with gold nuggets for variety. A directly opposite view of Oregon is given by some disheartened individual who comes here on the strength of overdrawn newspaper articles, writes back home to his friends or perhaps sends a letter to his county paper expressing in that manner his disappointment and his longing to again behold the wide spreading prairies of Illinois.

Instances of this kind are to be met with every day and it would be well if all would take under consideration both and every side of the Oregon question before coming west. That there are two sides to the question can be readily shown, for while Mr. Dufur, the Centennial Commissioner from Oregon is so eloquently discoursing to Philadelphians of the fertility of Oregon soil in producing 60 bushels of wheat to an acre, he takes great care not to say that such a yield is very exceptional and that 20 bushels per acre is a very fair average while this year the average is less than usual. The day has gone by, when seed sown on a field simply scratched over gave sure promise of three successive crops.

For the purpose of brushing up some people's geography, I will say that Oregon is not an insignificant country of Northern California, but that it has an area of 102,000 square miles, with a population of near 100,000. It is situated between 42° and 46° 20' N. latitude, and between 116° 31', and 124° 30' W. longitude.

Washington Territory bounds it on the north, the Columbia river forming the boundary line for the greater part of the distance. It is bounded by Idaho on the east, by Nevada and California on the south, and its western shores are washed by the biggest ocean in the world. It is about 395 miles long from east to west, and about 235 miles wide from north to south. In topography, the eastern part of the state lying between the Cascade Range and Snake river is mostly an elevated plateau, broken by mountain ranges, and chiefly adapted to grazing. The western part lying between the ocean and Cascade range is mountainous interspersed with valleys. Of these valleys the three principal ones are the Willamette, Rogue River and Umpqua, the Willamette valley being much the largest. The Cascade range of mountains are a continuation of the Sierra Nevada. The Blue mountains are a branch of the Cascades thrown off near the southern portion of the state extending north eastwardly into Washington and Idaho. The course of the Cascades is nearly parallel with the shore of the ocean, from which it is distant on an average about 110 miles.

The Willamette valley lies between this range and the Coast mountains. It is the most productive portion of the state and is about 110 miles in length by 40 in width. At the present time it is mostly divided into large farms imperfectly tilled and not until it is separated into smaller tracts of land with strong handed labor and skillful management brought to bear upon it will it produce as it should.

The Willamette river rising in the mountains of Southern Oregon flows the entire length of the valley and empties into the Columbia twelve miles below Portland. It is navigable to small steamers as far south as Eugene, a distance of 124 miles from Portland. Locks have been built around the Willamette falls at Oregon City and they have done away with the necessity of portage. The principal tributaries at the Willamette are the Santiam and Clackamas on the east and the Yamhill, LaCreole and Luckiamute on the west.

The Santiam and Yamhill rivers are navigable to small steamboats for some distance from their mouths. Two railroads have been begun in the Willamette valley. One on the west side reaching from Portland to St. Jo, a distance of about 50 miles. On the east side it has been completed as far as Roseburg, a town in the Umpqua valley, distant from Portland 200 miles. When these two railroads will connect and be completed through to Sacramento it is impossible to say. When they are, however, or better still when a railroad is built through from Eugene to Winamucca, a visit to Oregon will not be the serious undertaking it now is.

The best of farming land in a desirable location in the Willamette valley range in price from \$30 to \$50 per acre. Those who are content to open farms at a distance from the towns can secure a good home for a trifling consideration, there being thousands of acres of school lands lying along the Columbia, containing agricultural lands of a very high quality and which now are very low, selling for \$1.70 per acre. All along the Cascade mountains which begin at the falls on the Columbia and extend southward through the entire state are beautiful little valleys, fitting up now with great droves of sheep, cattle and horses and in some places the cattle ranches are becoming lovely homes and their owners find a mine of wealth in the rich pasture lands of Ochoco, and kindred valleys.

The Coast range also, extending from the mouth of the Columbia, and continuing south, is interspersed with delightful little valleys through which flow streams of clear, cold water running into the ocean, with plenty of tide-lands for pasturage and fertile up lands along the mountain side. Many of these mountain homes have been taken and there are cosy little homes about which thrift and peace abound in these out of the world nooks among the Oregon mountains.

All along the foot hills are government and railroad lands as yet uncultivated, and which can be had for a trifling sum. Oregon offers to the immigrant who is capable and industrious more inducements and better prospects than any other part of the great west. In every department of manufacture, trade and agriculture the avenues open and wide. It is estimated that there are 25,000,000 acres agricultural, 25,000,000 acres grazing, and 10,000,

000 acres timber land, which combined with the extensive water power, of which no other state in the union can boast so great an amount, conspire to make Oregon eminently adapted to meet the wants of an extended immigration. Do not understand me to say that here is a lazy man's paradise, and that slack, good for nothing farmers can make a living here by chewing tobacco and talking politics any better than they can in Indiana or Missouri. Stirring, energetic men are wanted; yes, and women too, such as first smoothed the rocky way for the thousands who have since come. Such can establish themselves here in comfortable homes, without the hard and constant work necessary to do so in the older states.

By natural divisions and differences of climate, Oregon is divided into three distinct divisions, the eastern, western, and southern. The eastern portion is cold and dry, requiring irrigation to insure a crop of cereals while part is classed as barren; the soil being intermingled with potash, called alkali soil, which produces only sagebrush and grease wood. This is totally unfit for cultivation, but is only a small portion compared with the whole; the greater part being a fine grass country eminently devoted to stock grazing. Cultivated grasses do well along the rivers, streams, and small lakes in that section; the fact that there is much uncultivated farming and grazing land in eastern Oregon is fast becoming known, but the best portion of country extending from the foot of the Blue Mountains westward is yet under the control of the Indians. It is hoped this reservation will soon be thrown open for settlements, as it would undoubtedly, make one of the thriftiest settlements east of the Cascade Mountains. The western portion of the state, embracing the Willamette valley and numerous little mountain valleys, has a more even temperature, but not as unceasing a fall of rain as many have been led to believe. The summers are delightful, rain seldom falling during the months of July, August, and September. The nights are always cool enough to sleep comfortably, and one is not forever fighting mosquitoes or being smothered by net to keep them at a distance. Bed bugs, however, are plenty in eastern Oregon, and fleas are not strangers to the Willamette valley. Hitherto the population has been so sparse and grass so abundant, that stock raising has been the principal source of gaining a livelihood by those fortunate enough to possess large tracts of land.

The distance to market has been another disadvantage that farmers have had to contend against, but now boats on the Willamette and a railroad extending the whole length of the valley, remedy the inconvenience. Grain-growing is remunerative, and Oregon is coming prominently forward as an exporter of wheat. Heretofore there has been but little incentive to surplus production as there have been no facilities for marketing crops; and swine in Oregon have been as regularly fattened on wheat as those of Indiana on corn.

Compared with other grain growing states Oregon falls far short in agricultural lands, but no other state possesses larger bodies of as good wheat land. The wheat raised in Oregon is stronger and much more valuable for the manufacture of flour, and commands quite an ad-

vance as to price over that shipped from the east. Another fact in favor of Oregon wheat is that, while farmers in the east make such lamentable failures in attempting the cultivation of the best Oregon grains, all grains grown in the east, can, by cultivation in Oregon soil, be greatly improved in quality. This has been tested and proven in the most satisfactory manner. Corn does not grow well, but barley, oats, and rye yield abundant crops. Barley is especially adapted to the rich bottom lands, on the sea shore, and along the streams of the interior. Quite a considerable foreign demand has lately been developed for the brewing varieties, and several cargoes were shipped to Liverpool last year, while orders have been already received from England for much of this year's crop.

Flax culture for the past two years has formed an important item in Oregon husbandry, but as it is controlled by a monopoly of those who own the single off mill in the state, it cannot greatly benefit the farmers. Lint flax growing is also being tried and will ultimately be a success. A sample was sent last year to the Flax Association at Belfast, Ireland, to find how it would compare with that grown in other countries. The reply of the President was that it showed the best fiber and was really the best flax ever shown in that great flax market, and that any amount Oregon might produce could be contracted at twenty cents a pound, delivered on the docks of Belfast.

Fruit of all kinds known to the temperate zone grow in abundance, and reach the highest perfection, unless it be grapes and peaches which do not mature well. It is more than all, an apple country, and the big red apples, Golden Pippin and Greenings, that lie in bushels under the trees in many an Oregon orchard after a hard wind storm in October, cannot be equaled in any land beneath the sun.

Wild game is yet abundant, though the herds of deer, elk, and antelope that once grazed on the hillsides and plains of the west, have vanished from the white man's sight, and the hunter who longs for a haunch of venison is obliged to seek for it among the canyons and hidden recesses of lonely mountains. Sportsmen, in the spring, indulge in pheasant and grouse shooting, and later in the season, when migratory birds stop in their flight from northern regions, the bang, bang, of the hunter's fowling piece, along the water courses and upon the newly sown fields, tells that another duck or goose is to be served up as a dainty dish at to-morrow's dinner. A game law prohibiting the indiscriminate slaughter of wild fowl and venison was passed by the legislature some years ago, which, if regarded, will prevent the utter extermination of wild game in Oregon. Varieties of singing birds and small animals are not numerous, neither are those of a rapacious and thieving nature. Poisonous insects and reptiles are seldom found, and Oregon is entirely free from the plagues of grasshoppers and army worms that have so devastated the farming lands of the western states for the past few years.

The mineral resources of Oregon are apparently inexhaustible and being but slowly developed. Coal of good quality has been found in different localities, and is exported in (Concluded on page 5)