



SUNRISE.

The sun sinks downward thro' the silver mist  
That looms across the valley, fold on fold,  
And sliding thro' the fields that dawn has kissed,  
Willamette trails, a serpent scaled with gold.

Trails onward ever, curving as it goes,  
Past many a hill and many a flowered lea,  
Until it pauses where Columbia flows,  
Deep-tongued, deep-chested, to the waiting sea.

O, lovely vales thro' which Willamette slips!  
O, vine-clad hills that bear its soft voice call!  
My heart turns over to those sweet, cool lips  
That, passing, press each rock or grassy wall.

Thro' pasture lands, where mild-eyed cattle feed,  
Thro' marshy flats, where velvet tules grow,  
Past many a rose tree many a singing reed,  
I hear those wet lips calling, calling, low.

The sun sinks downward thro' the trembling haze,  
The mist flings glistening needles high and higher,  
And thro' the clouds—O, fair beyond all praise!—  
Mount Hood leaps, chastened, from a sea of fire.

Men are always at their worst—as to temper—when in need of their dinner; and at their best—when in need of forgiveness.

If, as they say, one who has recovered his sight after having been long blind can not at first bear the light, would one who has long been unhappy be able to bear sudden happiness?

I am inclined to believe that the one who feels his great want to be a "soul companion," and who goes groping about in search of one, is, really, in need of but one thing—common sense.

Is there ever a fatted calf killed for a Hagar who returns—or are Hagar never allowed to return? Yet, if there were no prodigal sons there would be no Hagar. Do not tell me the one should return and not the other.

In naming over the authors and the poets that we like best, we hesitate when we come to the name of Helen Hunt Jackson; and we do not say, "I like her," but, with a hushed feeling, and in a softer, lower tone, we say, "I love her."

Once in a while God puts the soul of a lily in the body of a red, red poppy; so that it comes, then, to pass that the body may be swayed and shaken by passionate storms, yet the soul will still remain chaste and white as the soul of a little child.

It is quite the rage now to publish portraits and biographical sketches of the "unknown wives of famous men." With equal sense might be brought out the "unknown husbands of famous women." Verily, the world is growing too old.

*Current Literature*, published in New York, is not as well known on this coast as it deserves to be. It reprints the best sketches, poems and articles on all subjects of interest to the many which have previously appeared in various publications of Europe and America. It does not forget the old writers, nor does it overlook the new.

Winter in Sunset Land. It is a day in the middle of January. The air is yellow with sunlight, and the sky above and the sea below are blue, blue—yea, blue as a bank of violets in early spring. A Chinook leaned her glowing face at the mountain line last night, and this morning the creeks run, full-throated, down to leap into the sea and meet the flowing tide. The hill sides are green, and there are new ferns leaping up underneath the old ones; the gardens flame with chrysanthemums, violets, roses and other blossoms that have caught the hues of the sunset skies—caught and locked them in their little hearts. Doors and windows are open wide and the strong, salt, sea winds do their will. There has been scarcely a day that the wild birds have not flooded the air with song, and all the winter long

a frog has lived in a marsh place near by and insisted every evening that somebody has "struck it!" "struck it!" "struck it!" in his deep guttural. Today has been perfect; and tonight—ah, tonight!—the western hills will circle like a wall of gold, linking sea to sky, and the pearl clouds will roll into great pillars which the sun will set afire, and they will tower, burning, up and up to be lost. I found a little feathery tuft of willow the other day; and presently, if you kneel down by some old moss-grown stump and push back the dead vines and leaves, that first pale flower that we all so love will put up its three snow-white petals, purple veined, and in a day you will find that the hill sides have all run yellow with dandelions—for spring is already reaching her hands to us.

I wish every mother in this broad land would see that her daughter is taught the "noble art" of dress making. What is so admirable as a perfectly gowned woman, unless, indeed, it be that woman's graceful ease of manner in the consciousness that her appearance, at least, is above criticism? Only think how many women you and I know whose husbands' incomes do not exceed \$1,500 or \$2,000 a year, who pay from \$10 to \$20 for the simple making of a dress! Very often does the making cost more than the goods; and besides, dear, how seldom does your dress please you after the dress maker has pronounced it a faultless fit and charged you a good, round sum for it! It has no originality, perhaps; it is in the latest style she tells you, fixing you with a terrible eye, and when you have seen that same style on every corner for a dozen days, you realize with much bitterness of spirit that she told the truth—it is in the latest style, and you wish with tears that it were not. Dress makers must live? Yes, I know; but they should live only for people who are able to pay round prices for the making of their gowns. Then the dress maker would have leisure to give them originality and good work as well as style. It is a mistake to think you are one whit of more importance because somebody else made your gown. Learn to be a thorough dress maker while you are young, and every woman of modest income—and some rich ones, too—will envy you because you will be as well gowned as themselves at from \$10 to \$20 less per gown. There is nothing like independence, and knowing how to "do things" makes one independent.

If we are to continue to teach our children blind obedience to their mothers, would it not be well to interview the mothers once in a while and ascertain whether they are capable to assume so great a responsibility; whether they have the education and strength and patience to inspire confidence and to deserve trust; whether they have the minds, the judgment and the plain, common sense to guide those younger, thirsty minds in the ways they should go? What must we think of a mother who teaches a child that there is but one right creed, and that the creed of her own church; who objects to a minister coming into the house to say a prayer over the dead because he does not believe Christ to be the son of God, while she so believes? Who lays such a burden of petty maxims of "they says" and "they thinks" upon the shoulders of a young and sensitive girl that she is afraid to let her thoughts run in original channels, lest this be the way of madness? Who brings her daughter up to be but a pretty, ladylike puppet of society, with her little strained smile or stony stare, as occasion may require? Who—and this is worst of all, though commonest of all, more's the pity!—teaches her that the sole aim and end of girlhood is, first, last and always, marriage; marriage with a good and rich man if possible; and if such a husband is not to be found, why, still a rich one, under any circumstances, putting herself with the convenient reflection that the most immoral men sometimes settle down and make the best husbands? I wonder, by the way, how many mothers, after wedding innocent girls to rich and dissolute men, toss with sleepless eyes upon their pillows trying to force this pale reflection to strengthen into permanent belief in their troubled minds! No woman can have a higher, purer, nobler fate than a happy marriage and motherhood; but there are a good many better fates in store for women than loveless marriages—and earning her own living and being independent is one of them. A young woman who had been taught that a wealthy marriage was the only one to be considered, was one day in conversation with a Unitarian minister, who is one of the noblest of all nature's noblemen, and speaking of a girl friend who had recently married a very wealthy man, she added: "I have heard that she made an excellent marriage," thinking only of the money part of the transaction. What was her mortification and humiliation when, after a moment's silence, she received the gentle reply: "Yes, I believe that she has married a good man." It was a simple and mild answer, but it set that young woman to thinking—and you know much good is often brought about only by setting some one to thinking. I have known mothers, too, who exulted openly because their daughters received more attention and had more admirers than other girls of her "set." Now, mothers, all over the land, be careful what you teach. Remember that one day your girl will be a woman; and if she has a bright, original mind she will struggle out of your narrow groove, but the struggle will so wear out her strength that she will look back at you in dumb reproach for the wrong you have done unto her.