

though named "Cabo de Frondoso" by the Spaniards. Although for years before the Columbia was discovered it was believed that a mighty river flowed from the Rocky mountains westward to the Pacific in that latitude, the bay-like appearance of its mouth prevented its discovery by even such a famous and energetic explorer as Captain Vancouver, who visited it in 1792 for the special purpose of ascertaining whether a river really did exist there, and went away firmly convinced that such was not the case. Heceta, a Spanish explorer, passed it by in 1775 and named it "Encenada de Asuncion" (Assumption inlet). Although he made no attempt to enter it, he gave it as his opinion that a river existed there, and Spanish maps thereafter marked the mouth of a river there, and called it "Encenada de Heceta" and "Rio de San Roc." A few days after Vancouver turned away in disappointment, Captain Robert Gray, in the American ship *Columbia*, on the eleventh day of May, 1792, crossed the bar and safely anchored in the broad estuary ten miles above. He remained in the river nine days, ascended it twenty-five miles, bestowed upon it the name of his vessel, gave the two capes the names they now bear,

rising in the Cascades and Calipoias, in Western Oregon, and flowing north through the beautiful and fertile valley of the Willamette. It is on the banks of this stream, nine miles above its junction with the Columbia, that Portland stands, the great seaport of the Columbia river and commercial metropolis of the entire Pacific northwest.

POETS OF THE PACIFIC COAST

Under this heading are published as many as possible of the poems entered for the monthly poetical contest. See announcement in advertising columns for particulars. The names of prize winners for March will be given next week.

No. 33.

THE STORY OF THE AGES.

A cry comes ringing down the ages vast:
 "Forget not, ye who on the earth abide,
 That we, the countless myriads of the past,
 Once lived and loved and wept and toiled and died.
 Our works live after us—ye see them yet
 By that strange river where the lotus grows—
 In Grecian column—eastern minaret,
 And on the hills by which the Tiber flows.
 Our deeds yet live—the world remembers still
 The spot where Sparta's brave three hundred lie,
 And tales of Marathon the pulses thrill—
 O, day of glory! Thou canst never die!
 We were the conquering legions of old Rome;
 We wore the knightly cross on Syria's plain.
 Age after age, to you the records come—
 Always the same sad tale of strife and pain.
 Ye are, today, as we were yesterday;
 Tomorrow, as it swiftly passes by,
 Shall write for you the same brief history:
 They lived and toiled and died—and here they lie!"
 O, silent lips that speak! O, mighty dead!
 You have not lived and toiled and died in vain!
 Little by little, from the low bowed head,
 Age after age helps lift the load of pain:
 Little by little, to our waiting eyes
 Broadens the glorious light that makes us free;
 Little by little our cramped souls arise
 And grope toward their higher destiny;
 Little by little sinks the strife of creeds,
 As in our paths the stumbling blocks decrease;
 The cross ye bore, of old, to bloody deeds
 Now blossoms with the snowy flowers of peace.
 God speed the time for which the prophet yearned,
 The happy reign of love for earth in store,
 When all the "swords to plowshares" shall be turned,
 And nations shall learn warfare never more!

Alameda, California.

EMILY BROWNE POWELL.

No. 34.

SIGHT.

Oh, kingdom limitless of mine,
 Inheritance divine!
 How are the waking hours blessed
 To one of thee possessed!
 A world of love through windows sweet
 Is rapturously seen;
 A universe is at my feet,
 The golden air between.
 Each day thy tributes newly paid
 Are never doled or weighed,
 But flood the earth and flush the sea
 With radiant mimicry:
 While e'en the night's dim shadows bring
 A shining pageantry
 Of star and moonlit glittering,
 Of smitten waters quivering,
 Of cloud and foam and wave-crest fire,
 And all the dreaming heart's desire.
 Fond memory to covered eyes
 Will bring dear shapes in every guise
 Unyielding love's demands require,
 With tenderness that satisfies;
 So, whether it be day or night,
 With open or unopened eyes,
 In darkness as in brightest light,
 I thank Thee, Father, for my sight—
 This one transcendent gift of sight!

Santa Barbara, California.

JULIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS.



A HOME IN THE COLUMBIA RIVER GORGE.—From Photo by B. C. Towne, Portland, Or.

and then sailed north on a fur trading voyage. Thus to an American belongs the honor of the actual discovery.

The Columbia river proper rises in British Columbia, near the boundary line, and flows north between the Rocky and Selkirk ranges of mountains, sweeping around the latter and flowing south again between them and the Gold mountains into Washington. It then makes a wide sweep to the west, known as the "big bend," and then to the south turning again near the forty-sixth parallel and forming the boundary line between Oregon and Washington to the ocean. It receives three great tributaries. The first rises in the Rocky mountains, near Deer Lodge, Montana, and is variously known along its course as "Deer Lodge," "Hell Gate," "Missoula," "Clarke's Fork" (its proper name) and "Pend d'Oreille." The second one rises in the Teton mountains, in Wyoming and in the National Park, near Yellowstone lake, and flows west through Idaho, then north as the boundary between Idaho and Oregon, and then west again through Eastern Washington to the Columbia. It is the "Snake" (Sahaptin) or the "Lewis." The third is the Willamette,