



### AUNT MARY'S LETTER.

SILVERTON, OR., July 1, 2000.

DEAR SISTER MARTHA:—

Jonah and I had a very pleasant trip and reached this city much sooner than we expected to. We are well pleased with the city and will move here this fall.

I wish you would make up your mind to come too and send your children to the Liberal University. You must send the children here to school any how, whether you conclude to move or not. I promised to tell you what they teach here. Well they teach good useful book learning and how to work too, so the children can take care of themselves when they grow up.

They teach every boy a trade of some kind, how to keep accounts, how to garden, mend his own clothes and cook.

The girls all have trades, too, besides learning how to sew, cook and keep house.

We have been all through the buildings and grounds, and have seen the children at work and heard them recite their lessons from books.

It was very interesting to watch them. They cook, dairy, type-write, print, carpenter, trim hats, prune, black-smith, carve wood, make dresses, burn bricks, besides playing the piano and violin and painting pictures. There appears to be a good steady woman at the head of each of the girls' work, and the same sort of a man to guide the boys.

They were all very proud of their work and kept saying, "Look here, Auntie, at my flower bed," or what ever they'd worked at. I'd open my eyes wide and tell them that the youngsters out our way couldn't begin to do that well.

They had their commencement the next week after we got here, and of course we went. They have a large hall with a platform across one end of it, and we were shown in there and seated on nice velvet chairs. The hall was nearly full when we got there, but the people kept coming until I thought I never saw so many men and women before in my life. I don't see how the polite little ushers managed to take care of everyone.

They opened with some nice music by the school orchestra, and then one of the girl graduates got up and read a piece she had written about the scenery along the Columbia river. Then she went to a little table and trimmed a lady's hat, talking all the while about what colors go well together, and what shapes are becoming to tall women, and short women, and round and slim faces. Then they exhibited two or three nice, large pictures she had painted.

Then one of the boys spoke about

laboring men and their troubles, after which he took some blocks and nails and pipes and showed how he would build a house, and ventilate, and drain, and heat it. This pleased Jonah so he clapped his hands until I had to shake my head at him. You know he sometimes forgets where he is.

The next girl told all about when printing was discovered, and how they made books of skins and things before that, and, oh, lots more, and then she showed us how to fix type, and she printed a little verse with a hand press they had there.

Another young fellow had an oration telling about how the government should be run, and then he bound a book that had no back, just as good as you can buy of an agent.

There were several others, but I will skip over these and tell about the last girl. She told about how wonderful our bodies are made and put together, and how we should take good care of them. She just gave the women fits for the way they dress, and Jonah kept winking at me and winking, but before long he had to catch it, too, and then he wouldn't look so I could wink. After we got done laughing and applauding, she cut and fitted a long apron on one of the girls, and they told us she had chosen dress-making for her trade, and that she had made all the graduating dresses for the class. They were white, and as neat and dainty looking as you ever saw, and not too tight, either.

Between the orations they gave us some music. The milliner and the printer played a lively piece on the piano together. One girl sang a song and the rest of them joined in the chorus. Another time they all sang together, and at last the boys got out their fiddles and just made them hum. They all got lots of flowers, and it did a person good to see them know so much and look so bright and happy. I wished them well, every one of them, and do yet.

A few days after school was out, the teachers and all the students that did not have to go home for vacation, packed up and went to the ocean beach to camp. We had never been to the coast, so we accepted an invitation from them and went along too. I am glad I did, for I never had such a good time before in my life.

Every day after the morning work was all done and the camp cleaned up, we would go to the shore and wade and swim in the surf.

The young folks have pretty bathing suits and you ought to see them swim out to the rocks and tow one another in, so that if an accident ever called on them to risk their lives, they'd be ready for it. I thought it was a fine thing. They were not allowed to go in only when

we all went, so nobody got hurt or drowned.

Then we'd come back, gathering flowers and rocks and bugs on the way, and the boys would take just one egg out of the birds' nests they'd find and catch all kinds of fish.

After dinner we'd all gather in rocking-chairs, rustic seats, cots and hammocks and the teachers would tell about the bugs, flowers, birds, fish, rocks and almost everything. The young folks would listen and ask questions about them right along.

Why, land! those youngsters know a heap more than Jonah or I either.

I only wish I was young again; but they say it is never too late to learn. I know I have learned more here in a week than I used to learn in a year at the old country school house, or ever could learn there for that matter.

Some nights we'd all go to the top of a high, rocky hill that seems to rise straight out of the water, and we would listen to the waves dashing against the rocks below us and look at the stars through a telescope they'd brought along. It would make you dizzy to hear those children talk about the stars and planets; tell how far away they are and call them by names.

The old professor just dotes on his students, and one day when he was telling me about how good they all are I just asked him if he expected to make angels out of all his graduates. He smiled a queer little smile and said:

"I don't know what you mean by angels, but I do expect to send out good, noble, intelligent human beings. Can you imagine anything better than that?"

I had to own I couldn't.

It is seldom I write such long letters as this, but it is not often I find anything I am as interested in as I am in this institution of learning built by the broad-minded, liberty-loving men and women of a hundred years ago, when the world was so full of narrow, blighting religious creeds. They have a list of the names of all who contributed to erect the first building, and although the men and women have long since passed away, their work will live forever and multiply each year.

There, I didn't mean to preach, and I will close before you accuse me of it. Send the children soon.

Your loving sister,

MARY.

Knowledge is the highest good and happiness the highest satisfaction of life.

The world has suffered long at the hands of those who have meant well. The serious business of progress and reform has no enemy so dangerous as its fool friends.—Dr. F. E. Roberts.

### Bible Contradictions.

BY JOHN A. WILSON.

The Christian bible contains hundreds of contradictions. We have room here for only a few. No rational man or woman can read the bible attentively and believe it to be the word of an unchangeable god of infinite love, wisdom and power. The fact that the bible was written by many different men, and at remote periods of time, is no excuse for the contradictions if all the writers were inspired by the same god, who is quoted as saying, "For I am the Lord, I change not" (Mal. iii. 6).

And when they were departed, behold the angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream, saying, Arise and take the young child and his mother into Egypt. . . . When he arose he took the young child and his mother by night and departed into Egypt: and was there until the death of Herod.—Matt. ii. 13-15.

And when eight days were accomplished for the circumcising of the child, his name was called Jesus, which was so named of the angel before he was conceived in the womb. [Read Matt. i. 22-23.] And when the days of her purification according to the law of Moses were accomplished, they brought him to Jerusalem to present him to the lord.—Luke ii. 21-22.

Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation.—Matt. xxvi. 41.

My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall in divers temptations.—James i. 2.

Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God, for God cannot be tempted of evil, neither tempteth he any man.—James i. 13.

Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.—Matt. iv. 7.

And it came to pass after these things that God did tempt Abraham.—Gen. xxii. 1.

God is not a man, that he should lie.—Num. xxiii. 19.

It was impossible for God to lie. Heb. vi. 18.

For this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie.—2 Thess. ii. 11.

Now, therefore, behold, the Lord hath put a lying spirit in the mouth of all these thy prophets.—1 Kings xxii. 23.

And if the prophet be deceived when he hath spoken a thing, I the Lord deceived that prophet.—Ezek. xiv. 9.

With God all things are possible.—Matt. xix. 26.

I am the Lord, the God of all flesh; is there anything too hard for me? . . . There is nothing too hard for thee.—Jer. xxxii. 27, 17.

And the Lord was with Judah, and drove out the inhabitants of the mountain; but could not drive