

Song of the Webfoot Land.

BY W. P. SULLIVAN.

Ising of a land and a golden strand,
That lies on Pacific's shore,
Where tall firs stand in phalanx grand,
Keeping time with the ocean's roar.
There peaks of snow, with lordly brow,
Watch o'er the valleys wide.
The torrents flow, and ice streams plow
Their way down the mountain side.

These steeps sublime, great oak and pine
Have graced for years untold.
The elk and deer roam blithesome here,
Fearing naught but hunters bold.
Here big, black bear in hidden lair
Chews lamb and youthful swine.
His toothsome fare, sleek coyotes share,
And all have a lovely time.

There many a stream, like a happy
dream,
Glides down the vale so fair;
Willamette's sheen, in the sunlight's
gleam,
Makes a crown of jewels rare.
On her banks we stand; on either hand
Are plains and woodland shade.
The landscape scanned, say: "Here's
the land
The gods' own hands have made."
To tell the tale of hill, and dale,
And stream, all time and space
Would surely fail, nor words avail
That my poor pen could trace.
For field and mine, with woods com-
bine
Its timber, gold and wheat,
To show, in fine, a land divine;
All things on earth complete.

Here luscious pear, and peach compare
Their cheeks with the beautiful rose;
With prunes of blue and silver hue
The big red apple grows;
And cherries fair, with grapes so rare,
The touch and taste invite.
All that trees bear "Fruit Palace" there
Presents a royal sight.

The air so still, sweet blossoms fill
With scents from tree and vine,
And zephyrs trill o'er wooded hill,
With sniff of ocean's brine.
Though there's no fear of cyclones here
To strew you o'er the plain.
Should one appear, from far and near
They'd pick you up again.

When breezes blow, don't look for snow,
With blizzard in its train.
The "Oregon mist" will never desist,
Till summer resumes her reign;
When its gentle fall drops over all
A veil of glistening rain,
"Spuds" not small, and turnips tall,
Rise up to grow again.

With "mossy" back, they say 'tis fact
The mud the granger plods
And where there's lack, the grass on
their back
Grows into verdant sods.
His "donation claim" is a king's domain;
With gold his purse is filled.
If 'twill but rain with might and main,
All care in his breast is stilled.

His spouse so good, a likely brood
Of "native sons" has reared;
Should Willamette's flood submerge Mt.
Hood,
No danger need be feared;
For one and all, both great and small,
Would paddle themselves to land;
For between their toes a tough skin
grows:-
Kind Nature's "Webfoot" brand.

Nor is her son the only one
To sound fair Oregon's fame;
For those who come from the rising sun
Will honor, too, her name.
Then from Scappoose to Siskiyou,
We shout on every hand;
The Cascades blue, will echo, too,
Hurrah, for the Webfoot land!

Aunt Frances and Estelle.

BY M. M. T.

(Suggested by the editorial com-
ment in the Torch of Reason on an
article in the Youth's Companion
for April, 1900, E. M. 300.)

Aunt Frances. I speak passion-
ately Estelle, for once I lost
hope.

Estelle. I enjoy life so much
that I don't seem to hope for any-
thing, it is so beautiful to see the
flowers growing, so deeply interest-
ing to see the birds and their ways;
even the making of bread is a poem
to me, with its memories of broad
sunny fields, man's out door indus-
try, then the mixing and mingling
and the silent work of the yeast, all
controlled by the changeless laws of
nature, the realization of which
brings an ever growing feeling of
delight.

I am very sorry you studied the
"old philosophy" Aunt Frances, no
wonder you felt learned and as-
tute and so much above your com-
panions that you became "lone-
some." It seems to me that the
more one lives with nature, under-
stands and loves her laws, the more
humble and natural they become,
the more sympathy and kinship
they feel with their brother man.
You say you once lost hope? Hope
of what?

Aunt Frances. Hope of bliss
and peace beyond the grave. A
hope I never could have had but
for this day of resurrection.

Estelle. I should think that
hoping for something better than
this life and beyond it, would take
the interest and joy out of it, in-
ducing one to be a stone, and lead a
life of stern, false virtue. I cannot
understand why, though practicing
this stern virtue, you could not
love your relations and your friends,
unless they cast you off because
you didn't think as they did.

You say that the "philosophy of
Christ is love." It seems to me
that this philosophy, until Science
had won her victories over theolo-
gy, strewed the path of life with
blood and agony. The different
construction of this philosophy di-
vides communities into factions,
disuniting and demoralizing. Now
after 2000 years, all but a few
months, the professors of this phil-
osophy are killing off the weaker
races and taking possession of their
lands.

Aunt Frances. Think Estelle of
the love of your heavenly father,
who gave his only son, "begotten
before all worlds" to be crucified
for our salvation.

Estelle. Did not God of his own
will make Adam's unborn descen-
dant participate in Adam's sin?
Had not an omnipotent God a bet-
ter way than to make an innocent
one bear the penalty of this curse

visited on those who were not
PARTICEPS CRIMINIS? I cannot ac-
cept injustice as love.

Aunt Frances. My dear, you
must have faith. Martin Luther
said "The highest perfection of
faith is to believe that God is just
though he necessarily causes our
damnation and seemeth to enjoy
the sufferings of the sinful."

Estelle. I cannot have such
faith, it is horrid. I cannot be
afraid of a god any more than I
am of my dear father. I will not
accept the redemption secured by
the shedding of the blood of an in-
nocent victim.

How The Rev. J. P. Bland
Closes Out.

BY T. B. W.

In the Boston Investigator of
September 22, Rev. Mr. Bland
prints over four columns of reply
to Mr. Wakeman's review of his "de-
ity and immortality." resulting
from his "Gospel of Evolution" and
then "cries enough," for he says he
will not add another word.

Those who read the articles under
"Ignorabimus" in the Torch of Sep-
tember 6, may read this reply, but
it is too long to reprint in the
Torch, and does not make any new
point. Much of the reply is taken
up in disparagement of Mr. Wake-
man and calling him offensive
names, which seems to us a waste
of temper and print. It then tries
to show that Mr. Wakeman did
not understand or else misrepres-
ented his position to be that of an
"affirmant" of God and Immortali-
ty, when he was simply an "Agn-
nostic" about them.

But what we insisted was that
the words Power, Energy and Force
etc., must no longer be used in the
old metaphysical sense as meaning
entity, thing, and so a God of some
kind, but in the modern Scientific
sense as CHANGES in matter and
ether, which being correlative,
equivalent and endless in time and
space, make the end of this whole
God and "Agnostic" business. That
leaves us nothing to stand upon but
Heckel's last expression, "God and
the world are one". That his position
was not mistated at all is proved
conclusively by his final words in
this very reply, which repeats the
very same un-Scientific fog and
dubious agnostic "knownothing-
ism, which is the basis and cause
of all "nothingarian, do-nothing
and good-for-nothingism;"—all of
which is now out of Science and out
of date; and which we held, and
still hold up to Liberals, as the very
thing to get out of, if anything
realy good is to be done in and for
this world: he ends it all up thus,
and by this quotation we leave, in
every sense, the "last word" with

him, and in the friendly spirit
he seems to wish:—

Mr. Bland's Last.

"For, to now get at the very
heart of this whole matter, the
fundamental question underlying
all intelligent discussion of this
subject simply is: Is this Power
which the universe everywhere
manifests, and of whose manifesta-
tions all things are but the expres-
sion, a self-conscious Power, or is it
not? Or, put in current philosoph-
ic phrase, is that system of efficient
causes, which everywhere we see
in operation, within the guiding
grasp of a conscient and foreseeing
First Cause? And to that question
it is perfectly evident that no pos-
itive answer can possibly be given,
as, to the knowing, it is equally
certain that the very data which
might make such answer possible
is not even conceivable. While if
any one would realize how impos-
sible such an answer is, and how
even inconceivable is the data that
might furnish it; let us turn to
Spencer's "First Principles," and
read its opening chapters on "The
Unknowable."

Such, then, our friend's depict-
ment of the writer might have been,
had he my "Gospel" read with care
and with carefulness represented;
While if the reader would perceive
what his portrayal is, let him turn
to your issue.

Now one word more, friend
Wakeman! and this the last, the
last that on our issue I shall ever
pen. Though here I some ungra-
cious things have said, yet it is all
over now, and in me there will no
ungraciousness remain. Not, my
brother! upon these small matters
on which we differ let us dwell;
but rather, upon those surpassing-
ly great ones on which we do not
differ, upon the priceless worth of
liberty, the deathless glory of
truth, the supreme desirability of
happiness; never forgetting the
wise old proverb, that while "opin-
ions are many, truth is one, and
we are brothers."

KINNEY
AND
PORTER

Main Street Silvertown, Ore

CARRY A COMPLETE STOCK OF

School
Supplies
Books and
Stationery.

Dealers in Fruits, Vegetables
and Confectionery.