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hibit at the exposition.

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Office newstand.

For sale in Denver, Colo., by Hamilton &

Brook, 906-912 Seventh street.

TODAY'S WEATHER.—Increasing cloud-

iness, probably heavy rain; showers

cooler during the afternoon and evening; winds

mostly westerly and squally.

PORTLAND, SUNDAY, MAY 26, 1901.

IRRECONCILABLE FORCES IN PRES-

BYTERIANISM.

Why does so large and worthy an element in the Presbyterian Church resist revision or supplementation of the Westminster creed, when the majority of the church and all the world outside see clearly the propriety of the changes? The answer is that the opposing factions base their contention on grounds utterly dissimilar and their appeal lies to sources that have nothing in common. The revisionist appeals to the intellect, the anti-revisionist to the heart. One is desirous of a creed that is best adapted to the needs of the hour. The other stands by the Westminster document with a passionate devotion, born of a feeling that to question it is an act of disloyalty.

To the conservative mind the proposed new departure is a turning of the back upon a true and tried leader, an old and valued friend. Perfidy such as this revolts them to the soul. They will have none of it, and for those who advocate it they feel, their contempt, in this rock-bound sentiment of loyalty and in the radical's appeal to utility, there obviously is no common ground. The two can never agree. One element may be and apparently now is outnumbered by recruits to the other from younger accessions, but it can never be convinced. Its fidelity will last as long as the moral integrity of its adherents, and that is till death.

If one wishes to know the strength of this conservative emotion, he has only to measure it against the overwhelming testimony it stoutly resists. It says in the Westminster Confession that the pope is Antichrist. The conservatives admit this is erroneous, but it is better, they feel, their contention should stand, even if wrong, than that they should be disloyal to it. The confession implies that certain infants are disposed by God to eternal damnation. The conservatives admit this is wrong, but rather than be false to the old confession that has sustained the church these many generations they will perpetuate the error, the source of error in the creed is lost upon them. Argument for utility falls upon heedless ears. They will maintain their loyalty at whatever inconvenience or martyrdom of the judgment.

If we pass from details to the essential nature of the Confession, the seriousness of the objections over which the conservative's fidelity triumphs becomes apparent. The Westminster Confession is the child of the civil war in England, whose incidents were the execution of Charles I, the Cromwellian era and the Restoration. It is therefore political as well as ecclesiastical in its origin and its nature. The spirit of Presbyterianism was the presbyter, or the elected representative, set up against the pope or bishop. Presbyterianism was long the leading force in Puritanism, and came with the Puritan migration to America. But it was soon at war with others of the reform forces, and controversy soon became bitter within its own ranks. Add to these the great struggle between Cromwell and Cromwell, and we get a glimpse of the disputes of the time which are reflected in the famous Confession.

Struggle for supremacy among the reform forces developed rapidly as the English came under discussion in the assembly which Parliament ordered to meet at Westminster on July 1, 1642. The King denounced the assembly and forbade its meeting. Episcopalians who had at first attended withdrew. The assembly continued its labors during the civil war, and its Confession, conditionally accepted by Parliament, was hardly completed before Charles was beheaded and the masterful career of Cromwell had begun. Cromwell was an independent, so-called, in religion, and looked upon the assembly with disfavour equal to that of Charles. He thought their work was a form of tyranny, and Milton expressed their common protest in his famous line, "New presbyter is old priest writ large." The game of war and politics soon played nature the hands of Presbyterianism, and broke the strength of the Presbyterians. Cromwell ordered the 140 Presbyterian members of Parliament expelled, and with the speedy establishment of the Commonwealth, the dream of Presbyterian supremacy passed away, together with their actual plot with Charles I. which was subsequently received successfully, as an aid to the Restoration.

The transitory character that must inevitably stamp any document born out of such political as well as ecclesiastical throes is thus apparent. Furthermore, as has often been pointed out, no fixed expression of truth can long remain adequate in a world of constant

change and development. Truth is eternal, but at points in its journey mankind upon it in different aspects and views it from different angles. The views of one time are not the views of another time, nor are the religious needs of one generation the needs of another. The need of all is in one sense the same, that is, the religious impulse as the basis of conduct, but the means by which that impulse is to be aroused must vary from age to age. The church is apt to think that its creed is of no concern to any outside its precincts; but these are matters of gravest concern, not only to leaders of thought and action, but to all society. The part the church plays in the world is of tremendous importance, for by it and through its dominating influence in the family, successive generations are formed. The air is full of complaints of increasing immorality among the people and increasing wickedness among the young. What truth is in them becomes a vital question for the hour; and as religion is the most potent force in moral conduct, the inquiry is pertinent on whether subservience to old forms and resistance to changes in the direction of greater efficiency may not constitute a profoundly moving cause of the decline of religious force. If the church is not reaching the masses as it should reach them, must we necessarily conclude that the masses are inherently more perverse than the rest of an untried time? May we not at least inquire whether in this field as in others, an indispensable condition of success is enlightened adaptation of means to ends?

BEGINNINGS OF GREATNESS.

The fruitful vein of humor that has added so notably to the literary output of the South since the Civil War is fully equalled in merit by the lyric quality of much Southern verse, both before and after the war. The South has given us no such body of poetry as Emerson thought out and Whitier struck off in the public sphere, but many of its poets have been real singers with a music unsurpassed by New England's proudest names. From the South have come Key's "Star-Spangled Banner" and Theodore O'Hara's unmatched "Bivouac of the Dead" and Folger McKimsey's "The New Arlington," which stand unique in their respective spheres. The greatest of our international fame, Lanier sits in the charmed circle of lamented youth with Chatterton and Keats, while Prentice's "Closing Year" belongs with high achievement of pensive contemplation, and Margaret Preston's lines bequeath a tender memory to all who have fallen under their peculiar spell.

The greatest literary name of the South is Poe. Swinburne said that Poe is our one pure note of original song, utterly true, rich and clear. Brander Matthews truly says that "at the end of the nineteenth century Poe is the sole man of letters born in the United States whose writings are read eagerly in Great Britain, in France, Germany, in Italy, and in Spain, where Franklin is now but a name, and where the fame of James Fenimore Cooper, once so widely spread, is now slowly fading away." It is the judgment of Mr. H. W. Mabie, the critic, that Poe's work holds a first place in our literature by reason of its complete and beautiful unity, the distinctness of its form and workmanship, the purity of its art. With Hawthorne, Mr. Mabie thinks, Poe "shares the primacy among all who have enriched our literature with prose or verse."

Virginia should be credited with Poe, perhaps, though he once said he was born in Boston, and though Hawthorne was the scene of some of his triumphs and failures. Virginia also gave us Lanier, "Father" Ryan and Margaret Preston. Lanier's fame is very high, and apparently rising. Some have put him beyond Poe in achievement as he was immeasurably beyond him in moral purpose and life. He has been correctly described as a rare illustration of the poet, the dramatist, the high character and artistic production in harmony therewith; a spectacle feeding the heart with tender thoughts and pure ideals. "Father" Ryan was a delightful singer of pure note and exalted ideal. South Carolina gave us Henry Timrod, probably the most finely endowed mind in the Carolinas if not in the whole South, and his ode for the Confederate dead at Magnolia cemetery, Charleston, printed in another column, is a wonderfully perfect piece, pronounced by Whittier "the noblest poem ever written by a Southern poet." Irwin Russell was of Mississippi, Key and Pinkney of Maryland, Prentice and O'Hara of Kentucky. Perhaps in all our literature there is no more graceful poem of tender melancholy than that nameless gem of Richard Henry Wilde, the gifted son of Georgia, beginning, "My life is like the Summer rose." Its imitative line about the moaning sea on Tampa's lonely shore is pronounced by George P. Marsh to be without a superior.

There is a good deal of mourning at the absence of a great literature in America. Vast numbers are bewailing the death of genius and conducting inquiries as to its cause, who have not, it is to be feared, become familiar with such good literature as we have. Who has stored his mind with the vast store of really true and beautiful literature with their modern legal safeguards and restraints. The essence: admitted nobody but men into their sect; the Shakers enforce celibacy, and are recruited by converts and adopted children. So far as abuse of Professor Heron is concerned, he has not been abused unless it be abuse to tell the shameful truth concerning this latter-day apostle of the state doctrine of a new deal in property and marriage. As for his silence, it is entirely natural, but it is as utterly non-heroic as the silence of a chicken-thief caught red-handed, or a pickpocket taken with the stolen watch or purse in his hand. He is silent because he cannot deny his deeds, which are in strict line with the doctrine he has preached and has practiced. He may be the dupe of his own moral delusion so completely that he feels no more sense of self-reproach than a cannibal who has killed and eaten a fat missionary, or an Indian who has taken a fresh scalp. But to the ordinary American, an intelligent, educated man who will so conduct himself with other women as to furnish his wife with just cause for divorce is to disgrace to the public function of teacher in any school or preacher in any decent pulpit. On its industrial side, communism has been felicitously described in these lines of Ebenezer Elliot, the "Corn Law Rhymist," who defines a communist as

One who hath yearning for the show, For equal division of unequal earnings, Idle or bungler, or both, he is willing To fork out his penny and pocket your shilling. Its industrial side means the endow-

ment of social parasites and swindlers, while its sexual side means the abolition of the family, the different institution of "go-as-you-please" marriages.

PULPIT AND STOCK GAMBLING.

Bishop Lawrence, in his recent address to the Massachusetts Diocesan Convention, described "vicious gambling" as "but the symptom of a spirit pervading the community," the spirit of "unreadiness to work steadily for the legitimate reward of labor, unrest at the moderate and fair returns of capital, a making haste to get rich." His preaching in "glittering generalities" against the rash stock speculation and the unscrupulousness of men who make haste to get rich is very well as far as it goes, but when we pass from stock gambling and ill-gotten wealth in general to the great stock gambler and railroad wrecker in particular, the clergy cannot altogether escape a large share of responsibility for his influence on the public mind. Following of imitators, respect whatever the great stock gambler or railroad wrecker happens to belong to a leading church, or if he belongs to no church but is liberal in his gifts to the church, the church has bows and smiles for him. No infidel or newspaper in the land had any praise for Jay Gould while living or any whitewashing tribute to him when dead; it was reserved for the leading Presbyterian ministers of New York City to break into applause when Jay Gould told them that "after many years' deliberation he had become convinced that the Presbyterian Church was the best bulwark of the present organization in the country," and then subscribed \$10,000 to the cause of church extension. Then the Rev. Dr. John Hall rose and told how Jay Gould had once given him a free pass for a returning missionary.

One of the causes of the decline of respect for the church is the religious pulpit to vulgar, great metropolitan wealth. Of this class of wealthy men, whose ship was loaded to the gunwale with pirate spoil, Jay Gould was the most notorious representative. These leading ministers knew that Gould had robbed the Erie railroad so ruthlessly as to cause a dividend-paying road to cease to exist; that the poor small investors were frozen out of the stock by the combination of the Erie and the Tweed judiciary ring. All these eminent ministers knew that Gould illegally overruled thousands of shares of stock in his fight with Vanderbilt, and that after the "ring" were impeached and removed, Vanderbilt had them back. These eminent ministers knew that Gould came out of Erie with \$12,000,000 cash, pure plunder that this robber and wrecker of a great railway trust was permitted to carry away by the English stockholders in order to get him out of his position, entrenched as he was behind a vengeful judiciary and a corrupt newspaper. When the monument to "Jim" Fisk and Gould was erected, it was dedicated on Memorial day, 1874, in the presence of thousands of people, a clergyman holding a reputable position delivered a fulsome panegyric over a man who was notorious as the most reckless robber and most dazzling example of a successful knave that this country has seen.

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GEMS FROM SOUTHERN POETS

To Helen. (Edgar Allan Poe.) Helen, thy beauty is to me Like those Naxian barks of yore, On whose sterns, and with whose oars, The weary, weary wanderer bore To his own native shore. On desperate seas long wont to roam, Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face, Thy Naiad airs, have brought me home To the glory that was Greece And the grandeur that was Rome. And the great heart that was here, Laid in yon brilliant window-niche How statue-like I see thee stand, The grave-lid on which he lies, The dim pale glimmers of the region which Are Holy Land!

Ode. (Henry Timrod.) Sleep sweetly in your humble grave, Sleep, martyr of a fallen cause; Though yet no marble column craves The pilgrim here to pause. In needs of laurel in the earth The blossoms of your stanza lie blown, And somewhere, waiting for its birth, The shaft is in the stone! Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years Which keep in trust your storied tomb, Behold your sisters' hearts and tears And these memorial blooms. Small tributes! but your shades will smile More proudly on these wreaths today, Than when some cannon-mouthed pile Shall overlook this bay. Stoop, angels, hither from the skies! There is no holier spot of ground Than these defeated walls lie. By mourning beauty crowned!

A Serenade. (Edward Coats Pinkney.) Look out upon my dear my eye, And shame them with this eye, On which, than on the lights above The stars themselves are dim. Night's beauty is the harmony Of blending shades and light; Then, lady, up—look out, and be a slave to the night! Sleep not—this image waits for eye Within my watching breast; Sleep not! for her soft sleep should fly, Who robs all hearts of rest. As though she were a broken shell, And make this darkness gay, With looks whose brightness well might make Of darker nights a day.

My Life is Like the Summer Rose. (Richard Henry Wilde.) My life is like the Summer rose, That opens to the morning sky, And scatters its perfume on the breeze, Is scattered on the ground to die! Yet on the rose's humble bed The sweetest days of night are shed. As though she were a broken shell, And make this darkness gay, With looks whose brightness well might make Of darker nights a day.

The Grapevine Swing. (William Gilmore Simms.) Lithe and long as the serpent train, Springing and clinging from tree to tree, Now darting upward, now down again, With a twist and a swirl that are strange to see: Never took serpent a deadlier hold, Than this on the grapevine's twisted fold. And strange and sings in the moonday shade! O! giant strength of our southern woods, I dream of the still in the well-known spot, Though our vessel strains o'er the ocean flood, And the northern forest beholds the spot: As down the tree still with a sweet regard, As the cordage yields to my playful grasp— Down that spring and cling in our woodlands fast!

The Conquered Banner. (Abram Joseph Ryan.) Furl that Banner, for 'tis weary; Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary; Furl it, fold it, it is best; For there's not a man to wave it. And there's not one left to love it In the blood which heroes gave it; And as ever loved and brave it; Furl it, his life—let it rest! Take that Banner down! 'tis tattered; Broken is its staff and shattered; And the valiant hosts are scattered Over whom it floated high. Hard to think there's none to hold it; Hard that those who once unraveled it, Now must furl it with a sigh.

The Oregon exhibits at Buffalo are of high quality. They are four in number: The agricultural, the horticultural, the mineral and the forestry, each in a different part of the general exposition. An exhibit of our school work is also to be made in the educational department. Our exhibits all occupy prominent and conspicuous places in the exposition. All of them are tastefully arranged. In the forestry department there is nothing from any quarter that can bear any comparison with our exhibit; and in the other departments there is nothing better than ours. An account from a Buffalo journal, which we reprint today, presents the plain truth.

It is pleasing to learn that proceedings are to be commenced in the near future to recover at least a small part of the \$31,000 lost to the school fund through the defalcation of ex-Clerk Davis. However, the statement by members of the State Land Board that there has been no unnecessary delay does not explain why so much time and money was spent examining the books of Napoleon Davis for errors that did not exist, while the George W. Davis defalcation was left to await a more convenient season.

Perry Heath, in trying to push Mark Hanna for the Presidency, is "unnecessarily and superfluous." The Anaconda (Mont.) Standard rightly says that Hanna is "merely passing phenomenon"; that "he came in with the McKinley and will pass out into privacy with them."

SLINGS AND ARROWS.

John Morgan. John Morgan's at your country's door, Oh where's your railroad, Johnny Bull? He'll buy them all and ask for more. Oh where's your money, Johnny Bull? He'll not waste time on you, not he. The longest road you've got, you see, Will look like sidewalks to J. P. Oh where's your railroad, Johnny Bull?

The Record. (Being documents found on the person of the late Mr. John Smith.) Bought of Barker & Bight, Dog Panacea—One bull-tettered pup.....\$15 Received payment, B. & B. Mr. John Smith—Dear Sir: Please call at my office and settle for two Angora cats, the property of my wife prior to their destruction. THOMAS JONES.

Mr. John Smith—Dear Sir: I cannot afford to feed that bull pup on Plymouth Rock chickens. You will confer a favor on me by sending me your check for \$25. HENRY JOHNSON. Mr. John Smith—My Dear Mr. Smith: I assure you, sir, that your bull-dog has buried nothing in my yard, and I wish you would endeavor to disengage him from your yard, as he is digging it up every day in search of certain bones which he seems to believe has concealed under my sulp-bud. I am sorry to have to do it, but I am obliged to inclose a bill just sent me by my gardener. Sincerely yours, HENRIETTA BROWN.

Diggs & Grubb, Landscape Gardeners, in account with Mrs. Henrietta Brown—Repairing tulip bed and sodding square yards of lawn.....\$5.00 I Slaughter, Butcher, in account with John Smith—To dog meat.....\$15 L. Hassendorff, Emerson, Veterinary Surgeon, in account with John Smith—To curing on the bull pup of distemper.....\$5 To curing " " of mange.....\$5 Total.....\$50

Mr. John Smith—Dear Sir: As that beligerent animal you keep around your place will not allow the carrier to approach your premises, I hereby notify you that you must hereafter get your mail at the Postoffice. Yours truly, HENRY THOMPSON, P. M. John Smith, Esq.—My Dear Mr. Smith: I know that a warm friendship has always existed between us, but I cannot conceive how any man in his right mind can allow such a villainous wretch as that of yours to remain around his house, and I must insist that you pay me the full value of my fine bird dog, who is now lying at the point of death as a result of an encounter with your cur the last time he followed me to your house. He came home three days after I lost him, and if he ever does cover he is ruined forever more. I don't want to quarrel with you, Smith, but this is a serious matter, and while no money can replace my fine old Brutus, I feel that it will be only justice for you to pay me \$250, which is the price I paid for the dog two years ago. CHARLES KANINE.

John Smith, Esq.—Sir: Complaint comes to this office that you are violating city ordinance 4144, which makes it a misdemeanor to allow a vicious dog to run at large. I shall be obliged to send a policeman to your neighborhood to investigate this matter if you do not immediately take steps to abate the nuisance. The maximum fine to your case is \$50 or 30 days' imprisonment. Respectfully, ROBERT PULL, Chief of Police.

Mr. John Smith—My Dear Mr. Smith: The Widow Brown is sending the loss of her 4-year-old child, which while playing near your house yesterday, was seized—(Mr. Smith evidently destroyed the remainder of this letter, as the foregoing was all of it that could be found on his person.) XI. Hard & Ware, Firearms, sold to John Smith—One Smith & Wesson revolver, 6 cal. #12 (Exact as from Morning Paper). John Smith, a well-known resident of the city, committed suicide last night by shooting himself through the head. Mr. Smith was a man of means, of happy domestic surroundings, and the motive for his rash act is shrouded in mystery.

Procrastination. I thought of a joke worth good money to me, And just as I was about to write it, A friend when I told it to heard it with glee, And I still had the joke when he told me that he Had received two similes for it. A Seasonable Lay. It is upward and ever onward, That the path to happiness goes; Though dim in the shrouding darkness The beckoning angel glows. There is rest from the heat of battle Where the breeze of success blows cool— For so says the maid who is sweetly arrayed In a fair fetching gown of soft tulle. There is always the hand of friendship To cradle when the world is ailing, But we still must be toiling forward, While our lagging comrades sleep. We must find our own way through the gloom, On the stony, unyielding rock— We are told by the girl with the graceful curl And the dotted Swiss muslin frock. There's a goal in the misty future That we all are striving for; We must seek our own path to breakers, And stand on the rock-bound shore; By the compass of high ambition We must steer when the stars are gone— We must leave the lowest for all this time, Who looks charming in Persian lawn. We have gathered the rose of knowledge— The bud with its petals curled— But under our care 'twill open, And make fragrant all the world. We must away our blessings, As honey is stored by the bee— Or they'll all take wing, says the sweet young Wren in the filmy white organdie. 'Tis a beautiful thing, is knowledge, For it opens the rose-stem way, To the rostrum that's bright with hunting On the glad commencement day. We must leave the lowest for all this time, 'Tis of practical value, too, Don't think it's not, for without it what Would the dreammaker ever do? J. J. MONTAGUE.