



See Our Windows

WM. GADSBY & SONS'

See Our Windows

ANNUAL CLEARANCE SALE CONTINUES

See Our Windows for Bargains. Every Article Reduced From 10% to 50%

NOTE THE FOLLOWING PRICES

Chairs and Rockers At Clearance Sale Prices

Table with 2 columns: Item description and price. Includes Genuine Leather Rocker, Solid Mahogany Rocker, etc.

Rugs Are on Sale at Reduced Prices

Table with 2 columns: Item description and price. Includes Bagdad Rugs, Burlington Axminsters, etc.

Brass and Iron Beds

Table with 2 columns: Item description and price. Includes Brass Beds, Iron Beds, etc.

Dressers, Chiffoniers Clearance Sale Prices

Table with 2 columns: Item description and price. Includes Dressers, Chiffoniers, etc.

Sample Carpet Rugs 3 for \$1

Desks and Bookcases At Sale Prices

Table with 2 columns: Item description and price. Includes Ladies' Desk, Combination Bookcase, etc.

Sanitary Steel Bed Davenport and Couches Reduced

Table with 2 columns: Item description and price. Includes Steel Davenport, Steel Couch.

Parlor Cabinets At Sale Prices

Table with 2 columns: Item description and price. Includes Mahogany Parlor Cabinet, etc.

Sideboard Bargains

Table with 2 columns: Item description and price. Includes Sideboard, etc.

China Closets

Table with 2 columns: Item description and price. Includes China Closet, etc.

Small Parlor Rugs At Clearance Sale Prices

Table with 2 columns: Item description and price. Includes Rugs, etc.

Buffet Bargains

Table with 2 columns: Item description and price. Includes Buffets, etc.

Open Saturday Evenings Until 9 o'Clock

We Are Sole Agents for the

Celebrated Majestic Ranges

Prices Reduced

The Impartial God and His Love

Sermon Written for The Sunday Oregonian by Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis, Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn.

Text: "He maketh His sun to rise upon the evil and the good, and sendeth rain upon the just and the unjust." AFFIRMING that God is love, Jesus goes on to affirm that this love is impartial and all-inclusive, being for the low as well as the high, for the weak and the strong, the bond and the free.

of Joe. Running out, the tides had left the ice behind. The carts also from the city had come down, with their sweepings of the streets, their dust and ashes and coal cinders, and broken boxes and tin cans, and old barrels, and made the shore hideous. Now, what power could cleanse that filth away? Yonder in the sky hangs an orb that loves sweetness and works towards beauty. Silently it sends forth its whisper. Quickly the waves hear the secret call, and the waters, obedient, spring forward like well-trained steeds. Fulfilling their task, the tides come in to cleanse the bay. They knew well their work, these cleansing waters. They lifted the ice, tore it from its place, ground it to dust, tossed its cakes like driftwood, swept all the scavenger's filth from the shore, and, retreating, carried all out to sea, to bathe the cakes of ice in the far-off tropic streams. Even so the love of God flows in upon the generations of men, and that love, coming in like the tides, brings cleansing and recovery. What! You are discouraged—over economic wrongs, social abuses, commercial iniquities? God's loving thoughts, and his purposes of righteousness will grind to powder every iniquitous custom, every unwholesome law, scatter all wicked wealth, as the tides grind the ice in the harbors, as the tropic waves consume the icebergs of the north. One frosty Winter's morning, when the air was sharp and the wheels sent forth that sound of crunching snow that comes from bitter cold, and rich men went toward the ferry turning up their fur collars, and drivers slapped their arms to keep the blood pulsating, a little girl with an old shawl pinned over her head, went along the street, following a coal wagon, to pick up bits of anthracite. Suddenly, on the clear, sharp, frosty air, the child began to sing "In the Good Old Summer Time." It was the tide of youth and hope, bursting through all the elements of frost and snow. The song of hope and joy bubbled upon her lips. And taught by a little child, every patriot who loves his country, and every Christian who loves his God, has the right, in the darkest hour of depression, to remember that it is God's world, that his love will warm all inhospitable shores, change all the Winters into Summers.

Such Love Beyond Men. We do not understand it. We love those who love us. Interested in books, we love scholars. Interested in business, we love merchants. Interested in politics, our friends are politicians. We are not universal in our loves. We do not understand God's love. This is the pathos and tragedy of God—we think of him, not as he is, but we think of him as we are. We debate him to the level of our life. We suppose that he is such an one as we. What if some infinite genius like Plato should choose feeble-minded children for his pupils, instead of the brightest young minds of Athens! What if some great poet should refuse invitations to rich men's houses, and forswear all congenial friendships, and make his way to some orphan asylum and carry in his arms these forsaken little ones that are even without names. Why, our earth hath never known a man or woman so divine. And but for the life and example of Jesus Christ and his revelation of God's impartial love, in our wildest moments we would never have been able to dream of such a one. But God loves the unlovely and sinful. Being pure, he loves the impure. Being strong, he loves the weak. Being wise, he is interested in the ignorant. Being holy, he loves the children of iniquity. Yes, he hath "set his heart upon man." Why does he love sinful men? Because it is his nature. How can you explain the all-righteous and all-holy God forgiving iniquity, transgression and sin? Because it is his nature to do so. We cannot explain it. We do not know how he makes a mother love a sick babe, or why he makes a bird love to sing, or why the rose is red, or why the dewdrop is pure, or why the sun gives warmth incessantly and forever. But we do know that God waits upon sinful men; that his love never grows faint; that his heart is never discouraged; that though men's sins be as scarlet, he will make them white; that he does not desire the death of any man; that to the very last, if we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive our sins. For nothing shall be able to separate man from the love of God in Christ Jesus.

God's Love the Life Blood of the Universe. Consider that the love of God is the life blood of this universe, the sap that flows through all the trees, the life that runs through all the veins, the music also of his wide-lying universe. Husbandmen know that so long as the sap runs freely the vine and tree are safe. You can prune away the boughs from the vine; you can lift the ax upon the trunk itself. The storms can pound away the leaves, but the sap within will heal the wound without. Is the gash deep? The great tides and life juices will send forth oils, and heal the gaping cuts. Is the bough broken by some wild beast? The sap will grow new boughs. These life currents will weave a new raiment of glossy leaves, will put on a new coat of bark against the storms of Winter, will ripen new clusters, and in another Autumn bend the bough with fruit. Oh, beautiful image of the love of God, that pours through the heart of man, and when old plans fail like leaves puts forth new hopes, manifests itself in new boughs, new friendships, more glorious activities. The other day, on the southern shore of Connecticut, I stood at an inlet of the sea. The cold night, with frost fingers, had covered the little bay with a coating of Joe. Running out, the tides had left the ice behind. The carts also from the city had come down, with their sweepings of the streets, their dust and ashes and coal cinders, and broken boxes and tin cans, and old barrels, and made the shore hideous. Now, what power could cleanse that filth away? Yonder in the sky hangs an orb that loves sweetness and works towards beauty. Silently it sends forth its whisper. Quickly the waves hear the secret call, and the waters, obedient, spring forward like well-trained steeds. Fulfilling their task, the tides come in to cleanse the bay. They knew well their work, these cleansing waters. They lifted the ice, tore it from its place, ground it to dust, tossed its cakes like driftwood, swept all the scavenger's filth from the shore, and, retreating, carried all out to sea, to bathe the cakes of ice in the far-off tropic streams. Even so the love of God flows in upon the generations of men, and that love, coming in like the tides, brings cleansing and recovery. What! You are discouraged—over economic wrongs, social abuses, commercial iniquities? God's loving thoughts, and his purposes of righteousness will grind to powder every iniquitous custom, every unwholesome law, scatter all wicked wealth, as the tides grind the ice in the harbors, as the tropic waves consume the icebergs of the north. One frosty Winter's morning, when the air was sharp and the wheels sent forth that sound of crunching snow that comes from bitter cold, and rich men went toward the ferry turning up their fur collars, and drivers slapped their arms to keep the blood pulsating, a little girl with an old shawl pinned over her head, went along the street, following a coal wagon, to pick up bits of anthracite. Suddenly, on the clear, sharp, frosty air, the child began to sing "In the Good Old Summer Time." It was the tide of youth and hope, bursting through all the elements of frost and snow. The song of hope and joy bubbled upon her lips. And taught by a little child, every patriot who loves his country, and every Christian who loves his God, has the right, in the darkest hour of depression, to remember that it is God's world, that his love will warm all inhospitable shores, change all the Winters into Summers.

What His Love Does Depend Upon Man.

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WILLIAM GADSBY & SONS THE HOUSEFURNISHERS (INCORPORATED) COR. WASHINGTON AND FIRST

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