ADDRESS GIVEN BY W. D. FENTON ON "FATHER WILBUR AND HIS WORK

Paper Read at Celebration of Sixtieth Anniversary of Founding of Taylor-Street Methodist Church of Portland.

T the celebration by the congre-A gation of Taylor-Street Methodist Church of the 60th anniversary of the church, last Sunday night, an address was delivered by Hon. W. D. Fenton on "Father Wilbur and His Work." The text of the address follows:

James H. Wilbur, familiarly and aftectionately known as Father Wilbur, was born on a farm near the village of Lowellie, N. Y., September 11, 1811; was married to Lucretia Ann Stevens, Marco 2, 1831, and died at Walla Walla. Wash, October 28: 1887, in his 77th year. These three events, as related to his individual life, were the most important, his blifth, his marriage and his death. The case of the blographer merges and entask of the biographer merges and en-larges itself into the work of the his-torian. The simple and short narrative common to the lives of most men and women concerns but few, and it is only when a life in its larger development has touched closely the affairs of mon and has caused or been a part of the times that the narrative becomes histori-

cal.

Wilbur was the son of Presbyterian parents, but did not himself become identified with any church until after his marriage, when he and his wife were converted and became members of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the village of Lowvile. N. Y. At the age of 29 years the presiding elder of his district William S. Bowdish, granted to him a license as an exhorter, in accordance with the customs and usages of the church at that time, and within two years thereafter Agron Adams, as presiding elder, granted him the usual license to presch, and in July, 1832, he became a member of the Biack River Annual Conference and entered upon his life work as a Methodist minister. It is recorded member of the Black River Admin Con-ference and entered upon his life work as a Methodist minister. It is recorded that he traveled the circuit of North-ern New York until he was called to this then remote field of his future labors, the Oregon Country. George Gany was then superintendent of the Oregon mission. superintendent of the Oregon mission, and was a former presiding elder over Mr. Wilbur in the Black River Confer-ence. On September 27, 1846, in com-pany with William Roberts, who had been

ence. On September 27, 1886, in company with William Roberts, who had been appointed superintendent of the mission, he sailed from New York on the bark Whitton, coming by way of Cape Horn to the Columbia River, and landed at Oregon City, June 22, 1847.

You will recall that the treaty of Washington was signed June 15, 1846, by which the United States and Great Britain settled the Oregon boundary, and aithough a provisional government had been established for the government of the then Oregon country, it was not until August 14, 1848, that the Congress of the United States created a territorial government embracing this wast region of country between the 42d and 49th parallels and the Pacific Ocean on the west, and the Rocky Mountains on the east. James K. Polk was President of the United States, and James Buchanan was Becretary of State, and acted as pleni-Inited States, and James Backman Secretary of State, and acted as plenipotentiary for the United States, exchanging ratification of the treaty of Washington with Richard Packenham, representing Her Majesty, Queen Victoria. Wilbur and Roberts arrived 13 rears after Jason Lee had established to the control of the control pears after Jason Lee had established the Methodist Mission a few miles north of Salem, but Wilbur and Roberts came, not so much to extend and enlarge, the work begun by Lee in an effort to bring religion and civilization to the Indians in this section, but rather to establish the foundation of a Christian civilization in this far-off country by the establishment of missions and churches and schools for our own people, who ware then in increasing numbers coming to this section. Some of his co-workers of that early date who have left their impress upon the institutions of the church and of the state, were David Lesile, George Gary, A. F. Waller, Gustavus Hines, William Roberts and T. F. Royal, all of whom have passed away excepting Hines, William Repeated away excepting all of whom have passed away excepting Thomas F. Royal. Wilbur's only daughter was the wife of Rev. St. Michael Fackler, first Episcopal clergyman in the Oregon Country. Mr. Fackler was a na-Oregon Country. Mr. Fackler was a native of Slaunton, Va. He resided on a farm near Butteville, Marion County, for a time, and conducted services at Champosa, Butteville, Stringtown, Oregon City, Portland and on the Tuniatin Plains. He married Miss Wilbur in 1849, 2nd she died in 1856, and was buried in the lot in the rear of where Taylor-Street Church now stands. She left an only child and daughter, who survived her but 11 years. Father Wilbur's wife died at Walla Haughter, who survey the died at Walla Father Wilbur's wife died at Walla Walla. September 13, 1887, in her 76th year, and thus, upon the death of Father Wilbur, no lineal descendant of his family survived. He and his wife were buried in Lee Mission Cemetery, near

Wilbur arrived at Portland in When Wilbur arrived at Portland in June, 1847, there were 13 houses in a dense forest, where now stands a city of nearly 250,000 people, and at that dense forest, where now status a chiof nearly 250,000 people, and at that
time Salem and Oregon City were the
chief centers of business and population and influence. Salem was but a
missionary point in a country inhabited
chiefly by Indians: Oregon City was
a trading post with a few hundred
population, and Portland did not exist
as a municipality. In 1849 Wilbur was
appointed to the circuit embracing Oregon City and Fortland, and in 1850
huilt the first church in this city. It
is estimated that the parsonage and
church so constructed cost \$5000; mechanics received \$12 per day, and lumber was \$120 per thousand. The first
serinon was preached in this city by
William Roberts, then living at Oregen City, and the services were held gen City, and the services were held in a cooper shop on the west side of First street, between Morrison and Tambill. This was on the first Sunday in November, 1847. It is recorded that on the preceding Sunday Rev. C. O. Hosford rode to a point on the east side of the river, and was ferried across the stream by James B. Stephens, in an Indian canoe, and landed at what is now the foot of Stark street; that he clambered up the muddy bank and entered a dense forest of fir, City, and the services were street, that he clambered up the muddy bank and entered a dense forest of fir, and looking southward, entered an opening in the woods, crawling under and climbing over newly cut logs. At that time this ploneer preacher, who had been sent by Superintendent Roberts to arrange a religious service, found scattered about 14 log cabins and a few families. This was on the last Sunday of October, 1847, and on the succeeding Sunday William Roberts held the first religious services and preached the first sermon in what is now the city of Portland, and James is now the city of Portland, and James H. Wilbur preached the first sermon in Taylor-street Church in the Spring

Until the General Conference of 1848, Oregon had been considered a foreign mission, but during the session of that body in May of that year. In Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, the Board of Bishops were charged to organize during the quadrennium, what was to be called the "Oregon and California Mission Conference," and the territory to be emthe "Oregon and California Alission Con-ference," and the territory to be em-braced therein was to include all that portion of the United States west of the Rocky Mountains. California, as a result of the war with Mexico in 1846, had been added to the territorial pos-sessions of the United States. The Oregon country, comprising now the states of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, the western half of Montana and a por-tion of Wyoming, had been acquired by tion of Wyomins, had been acquired by the United States by right of prior dis-covery and occupation as well as by purchase, and its chief importance lay in the fact that the United States had claimed this vast section of country from the discovery of the Columbia River by Captain Gray, May 11, 1792, more than a half century prior to our acquisition of California, and its pioacquisition of California. and intermissions and Settlers were chiefly from the United States.

Ja the Spring of 1849 Eishop Waugh,

HON. W. D. FENTON

to whom the Board of Bishops en-trusted the details of organization of the "Oregon and California Mission Conference," gave explicit instructions to William Roberts, then superintend-ent of the Oregon Mission, directing its organization, and accordingly the first Conference was held in the chapel its organization, and accordingly the first Conference was held in the chapel of the Oregon Institute in Salem on September 5, 1849. There were present as participants, William Roberts, of the New Jersey Conference: David Lesie, of the Providence Conference; A. F. Woller, of the Tennessee Conference; James H. Wilbur, of the Biack River Conference: James Owen, of the Indiana Conference, and William Taylor, of the Baltimore Conference—six men, two from California and four from Oregon, charged with foundation work for the great church of which they were official representatives. Owen and Taylor, of California, were not present: Roberts was elected chairman, and Wilbur secretary: William Helm, an elder from the Kentucky Conference, was readmitted, and J. L. Parrish, who had been received on trial in the Genessee Conference in 1848, was recognized as a probationer in the Oregon and California Mission Conference, and J. E. Parrot, John McKinney and James O. Raynor were admitted on trial. It will be interesting as indicating that they Raynor were admitted on trial. It will be interesting as indicating that they were in the days of small beginning to note the record of membership at that time. Oregon City reported 25 members and six probalioners; Salem members and six probationers; Salem circuit 109 members and 35 probationers; Clatsop, eight members and one probationer; an aggregate of 345 members and six probationers; there were fourteen local preachers, and only three churches, one at Oregon City, one at Salem, and one on the Yamhill circuit; there were nine Sabbath schools, with 261 scholars.

At this conference William Roberts was

At this conference William Roberts was Wilbur and J. L. Parrish were assigned to Oregon City and Portland. For the Sa-lem circuit, William Helm, J. O. Raynor and David Leslie; Yamhill Circuit, John McKinney and C. O. Hosford; Mary's River, A. F. Walter and J. E. Parrot; As-toria and Clatson were to be supplied. River, A. F. Waller and J. E. Parrot; Astoria and Clatsop were to be supplied. The Oregon and California mission conference met one year later, in Oregon City, on September 4, 1850, and there was a reported increase of only 47 members and 20 probationers. James H. Wilbur was appointed to Oregon City and the Columbia River. The third meeting of the conference was held in the Oregon Institute on September 2, 1851, and at that time there were 475 members and 170 probationers. The last and final meeting of the Mission Conference was held at Portbationers. The last and mai meeting of the Mission Conference was held at Port-land on September 2, 1852, and thereafter, by order of the General Conference held in Boston in May, 1852, California and Oregon were separatied, and each state given a separate conference.

Wilbur was a strong man mentally and physically, and he was not only a forceful preacher, but a great executive. Inured to the hardships and privations of pioneer life, he worked as a common workman in the construction of old Taylor-Street Church and in the building of lor-Street Church and in the building of Portland Academy, of which he was the founder. One of the earliest cares of the Methodiat Episcopal Church in the Oregon country was the establishment of educational institutions, the oldest one being the Oregon Institute, now Willamette University. It was in the mind of Wilbur to freed the university by the asiabilish. to feed the university by the establishment of academies and schools in different parts of the state. With this end ir ment of academies and schools in different parts of the state. With this end in view, and to serve its immediate constituents, he established the Portland Academy from a fund arising from the donation of three blocks of land in this city, one of which was used as a building site, and the other two of which were to constitute an endowment. The Portland Academy was opened in 1851, in charge of Calvin S. Kingsley. Father Wilbur also founded the Umpous Academy at the town of Wilbur, in Douglas County, Or. In September, 1851, Chapman, Coffin and Lownsdale were then the proprietors of the townsite of the city of Portland, and recognizing the demands for the establishment of educational institutions, donated block 265, upon which the Portland Academy was first built, and block 224, immediately west of this, for this purpose, and deed to which was made to Pather Wilbur—"in trust to build a male and female seminary thereon and therewith," and it was intended that this should be held in trust for the Methodist Episcopal Church, of the state of Oregon, At that time these blocks were covered with heavy fir timber, and it is recorded that Father Wilbur personally cleared the ground and hewed out of the native fir the timbers for the frame of the building, and questions, advanced and borrowed on his own credit, about \$500, and the building was completed November 17, 1851. In June, 1854, the Territorial Legislature in corporated the school, with a board of trustees, of wilch Wilbur was president, Ing. was completed Notcher and June, siSs, the Territorial Legislature incorporated the school, with a board of frustees, of which Wilbur was president, T. J. Dryer, vice-president; C. S. Kingsley, secretary and W. S. Ladd treasurer. Many of the children of the pioneer men and women of those early days were students and graduates of this institution, called Portland Academy and Female Seminary. The building was constructed at the corner of West Park and Jefferson streets, and slood there a monument of the devotion and zeal of these early settlers until within recent years. The Willamette University was incorporated by act of the Territorial Legislature January 12, 183, and Wilhur was one of the first trustees. You will recall that the Territorial Legislative Assembly,

th 181, passed an act incorporating the City of Portland, and that the first election was held on April 7, 1851. Hugh D. O'Bryant being elected Mayor by a majority of 4 over J. S. Smith. In June, 1851, the territorial election for Delegate to Congress took place, and as an indication of the namilation of the city at that tion of the population of the city at that time, it may be noted that Joseph Lane received 162 votes, and W. H. Willson 60

received 162 votes, and W. H. Willson 60 votes, or a total of 222 votes.

Taylor-Street Church was incorporated under the laws of the territory by special act of the Legislative Assembly on January 35, 1855, although the church had been organized before that time, and the building constructed. The original structure was a frame building fronting on Taylor street, near Third street, and the present brick structure was erected in 1865. It will be remembered that the first Protestant Church creeted on the Pacific Coast, from Cape Horn to Bering Strait, was the Methodist Church in Oregon City, begun in 1862, by Waller, and completed was the Methodist Church in Oregon City, begun in 1842 by Waller, and completed in 1844 by Hines, and that Bishop E. R. Ames, who visited Portland in March, 1852, was the first bishop who presided over an Oregon conference, held at Sa-lem, March 17 of that year. The super-transfers of the Oregon mission were: intendents of the Oregon mission were: Jason Lee, 1834-1841; George Gary, 1844-1847; William Roberts, 1847-1849, when the Oregon mission was succeeded by what was called the Oregon and California Mission Conference, under the strong and intelligent hand of William Roberts, who candingted the work of the Oregon and conducted the work of the Oregon and California Mission Conference until it was merged in the Oregon Conference, in 1832. In all of this work Wilbur was an active participant; his duty led him into close contact with public affairs, and his activities were not confined entirely to the immediate work of the Christian min-

istry. On September 11, 1867, a joint conven-State of Oregon was held at Salem. Or., to elect a successor to Benjamin Stark, whose Senatorial term would expire March 4, 1884, and Benjamin P. Harding, March 4, 1884, and Benjamin F. Harding, of Marion County, was chosen. James H. Wilbur was nominated as a candidate before that convention. He was appointed superintendent of teaching at the Yakima Indian Reservation in 1886, and was continuously in the Indian service for about 10 years. From the position of superintendent of teaching he was promoted by President Lincoln to the position of perintendent of teaching he was promoted by President Lincoln to the position of Indian Agent. It will be remembered that

the Yakima Indian Reservation was established near old Fort Simcoe, an aban-doned military fort, and that the Indians there assembled were from various tribes of Western Washington, but chiefly the Yakimas on the north bank of the Co-

Yakimas on the north bank of the Columbia River.
Wilbur had the confidence of the authorities at Washington, and in 1873, during the Modoc Indian war, he was appointed peace commissioner with A. B. Meacham and T. B. Odeneal, charged with the duty of attempting to negotiate a treaty of peace with the Modoc Indians. They were to meet at Linkville. February 18, 1875, but Meacham declined to serve with Odeneal or Wilbur, or either of them, and Jesse Applerate and Samuel Case were appointed in their stead. At that time Wilbur was Indian Agent at Fort Simcoe. Applegate accepted his commission, but subsequently resigned, and he characterized the peace commission as "an expensive blunder." It is enough to say that it failed in its mission, and there are those who believe that if Wilbur had been allowed to serve with Meachem, his knowledge of Indian character would have enabled him to negotiate the peace treaty, and would have avoided the subsequent treachery of the Modocs and the mur-

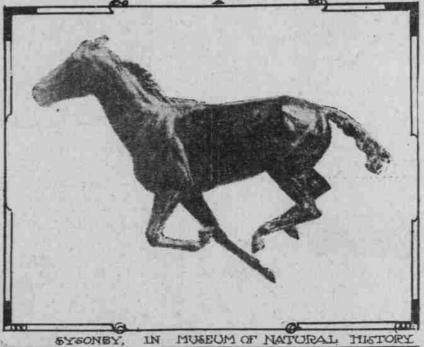
Indian character we have a larger than to negotiate the peace treaty, and would have avoided the subsequent treachery of the Modocs and the murder of General Edward R. S. Canby.

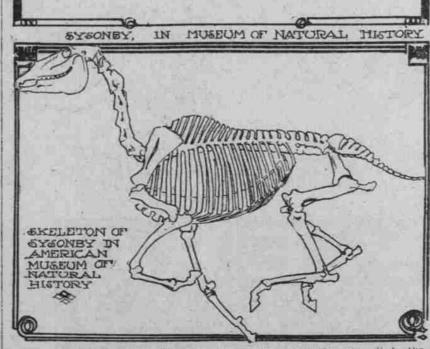
Wilbur devoted himself to the Indian service for about 20 years, and as it seems to me, made a sacrifice which not only did him an injustice, but deprived the commonwealth of a larger service which he might have rendered if he had continued in his work as a great preacher and constructive builder of Christian civilization among his own people. At this distance, and from this point of view, missionary efforts of the early churches, both Protestant and Catholic, seem to have been devoid of permanent results. been devoid of permanent results.

Jason Lee and his associates, as early
as 1834, were inspired with the purpose to convert to Christianity the Indians in this great, unsettled and un-developed region. The Methodist developed region. The Methodist Church for a generation devoted its Church for a generation devoted his great energy to this work. A like ambition inspired the mission of Dr. Whitman, Father Desmet, Archbishop Blanchet and other devoted men, both Blanchet and other devotes men be that their work in some measure acted as a bridge over which the early ploneers could pass to a riper and better civilization. These missionaries to the Indians, in anticipation of the probable fallure of their work in that direction, turned their energies toward the establishment of educational institutions and of local churches for the developand of local churches for the develop-ment of our own people, and in this work Wilbur was a pioneer builder of strength and character. The found-ations laid by him in this city in the building of Taylor-Street Church were broad and deep, and the influence of what he did in the early '50s, in the work of his hands here, far out-reaches any work that he did or could have done in his self-immolation in reaches any work that he did not have done in his self-immolation in the service of a passing and perishing race. The American Indian, while uncivilized, was not entirely without religion. While it is true that he had no special knowledge of religion as we understand it, and especially of the Christian religion, he was not barrer of all religious instincts and traditions and was not entirely without guidance The work done in his behalf has beer transitory and without permanent ef fect. This perhaps could not be fore-seen, and yet, as civilization has ex-tended its influence over that wast indian territory which at one time em-braced the entire United States, it will be seen that the Indian race itself has vanished, and that but a fragment here and there now remains. Wilbur, when he retired from work among his ow people and devoted himself exclusively to the Indian service, was in the prin of a vigorous manhood, and had not yet reached the age of 50 years. If the had remained in the work of Christian education and in the work of the ministry among his own people, it is impossible now to say what might have been the record of his successful life. There are men and women still living, here and eisewhere, who were co-workers with him, and who testify to the sterling qualities with which he was endowed. He was a type of man devoted to the ministry of the church, that has in large measure passed away. In his day he had much to do of detail, of preparation, of control, that could not now and ought not to be done by his successors. These was done in specific cases. of a vigorous manhood, and had not yet reached the age of 50 years. If he had remained in the work of Chrisbe done by his successors. These mer were forerunners of a different era and did the work which times and con-

(Concluded on Page 6.)

SKELETON OF THE GREAT SYSONBY IS PRESERVED IN NEW YORK MUSEUM





porated by act of the Territorial Legisla-ture January 12, 1833, and Wilhur was one of the first trustees. You will recall that the Territorial Legislative Assembly,

Christmas Civing; The Reason Why

MERELY AN EXCHANGE OF COMMODITIES, SAYS AN EARNEST PORTLAND WOMAN WHO DECIDED TO ABANDON THE PRACTICE.

Portland, Dec. 18, 1908.

M Y DEAREST NELLE.—This is the first time in years that I've had a chance to write you a letter in the last days before Christmas, and in doing so I recall your favorite expression: "There must be a reason!" Indeed, I not only recall it, but I have a distinct pleture of your face as you say it. Every degree of experience prompted it, from the falling of Nan's wedding cate to your discussion of immortality with that superannunted fatallst, Professor Tate, it degree of experience prompted it, from the falling of Nan's wedding case to your discussion of immortality with that superannuated fatalist, Professor Tate, it was your concluding phrase: "There superannuated fatalist, Professor Tate, it was your concluding phrase: "There must be a reason!" I see your frown, I perceive your lifted brows and feel that sirug of yours, even now, and I implore you not to say a word until I have a chance to give you the reason.

You know for years from the time when Thanksgiving was safely passed until after Christmas, I have been fairly swamped in the effort to buy, beg, manufacture and invent suitable gifts to cover

facture and invent suitable gifts to cove my indebtedness to friends and relatives You remember the Winter I had nervou prestration—in January—and had to go to California, and the time my eyes failed so abominably? Nelle, I verily believe

Yes, of course there is a reason. I'm coming to it. What if it is in a round-about way? Isn't that the woman's way, and doesn't that mean variety and isn't

variety her chief assot?

You see, I've met a remarkable woman. Now, remarkable women are not uncommon, praise be! but such unusually remarkable ones as the one I have in mind are exceedingly scarce. I shall not tell you her name, for I have an impression that I shouldn't talk her over, even to you, so let us call her Mrs. Blank. She has traveled, but does not tell you about it the first time you meet. She is highly educated but says that books have not taught her. She has a beautiful home but you get an effect of extreme simplicity when in it and near her. She is self-controlled to a remarkable degree, and yet you don't begin to estimate her power. In short, she is a real woman, an individualized spirit such as each of us must some time be. But variety her chief asset? as each of us must some time be. But there, I'm not going to fill this letter with personal details. This is what sle does not do: SHE DOES NOT GIVE does not do: SHE DOES NOT GIVE CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS!
She ceased doing so four years ago and at that time there were over 100 names on her list. She has abundant means and could give what she wishes, but does not give a single gift.
When the holidays approach she takes herself out of the stress and hurry and

does not mix with it in any way, she claims that since she has taken step a clearer understanding of the real Christmas spirit has come to her, more happiness in the understanding, and inestimably greater peace. And surely un-dertsanding, happiness and peace are needed at Christmas time, if ever.

I suppose her thought is that gifts cease to be an offering of love and become a mere exchange of commodities. And, in truth, one afternoon's shopping in the midst of a Christmas round is enough to convince the most crowd is enough to convince the most skeptical that this is true. To be sure, no sensible person would say it is true of everyone, but it is true of the majority. For love, that love which human beings feel for each other, is spiritualized in degree, and which human beings too to other, is spiritualized in degree, and colf-love is infinitely greater than self-love is infinitely greater than that pure outgoing emotion which seeks the good of the beloved and

asks no return.

If this is true, it is but natural that

erefore, I am going to do as Mrs Therefore, I am going to do as Mrs. Blank does—not give Christimas gifts, and it follows as the night the day that I shall have pienty of time. Not one creature shall have a tissued, blue-ribboned, holly-adorned parcel from me—save the children, and they

must have.

It makes me a bit nervous wondering what my friends may think though I'm sure they're too sensible openly to comment. I'm going to believe they'll give me credit for the best intentions, but it is an open ques-tion whether they'd be flattered if they knew I do it for the sake of freedom.

I've always thought of Christmas as a time when the soul should stir and tremble with a very passion of understanding, when the mind should be trimmed with beautiful thoughts, and the stomach left to grumble a little. Why, "I have dreamed dreams" of a time when I should actually live the Christmas spirit, enthusiastically, time when I should actually hee the Christmas spirit, enthusiastically, deeply, trustingly. Who could do this in the maelstrom of shopping, cooking, baking, decorating and gasping for more time? Do you suppose Jesus would have gone about the shops pushing to buy something "marked down for Christmas shoppers"—an article that a hundred hands were reaching for? Would he have killed thousands of turkeys that the people might ing for? Would he have killed thou-sands of turkeys that the people might gorge themselves one day in the year and probably not taste again in 3647. Would he have raced madly from range to pantry, from pantry to range? I know it is ridiculous to make such a comparison, but the record of his life is so profoundly human that it is outle spontaneous.

is so profoundly numan that it is quite spontaneous.

But I must close. What a lot of vaporings! . . We are all well. William is more than unusually busy-the Christmas activity even invades the sacred precincts of the law . . The boys and Kitty are a very syllabus of whisperings; they lurk, they listen, they behave as angels! . Yes, Christmas is most for the childrenfor the open heart, unmarred by sordidners. Faithfully yours. didners. Faithfully yours, MARIANA.

The same day; bedtime. MY DEAR: After writing to you this morning one might think that I'd said all there was to say, and more, but several things have happened since then, and I've been thinking of you all day. Now I'm merely telling you

You know We always could get at You know we always could get at the ins and outs of a subject when we were together. I miss our talks more than anything else since coming to B.—, and, therefore, I'm pretending you are here, warm and close on the rug by the fireplace. How you always liked to stretch yourself out in front of an open fire, to turn and toast, to talk, "to let the words flow," as you put it. I can see you as you used to thrust your hair out of your face, raise on an elbow and shake your finger at me, violently defending some absurd hypothesis. When we mixed salad in

Cadillac for my Christmas gift, and I can't help wondering how he found the time. His one hope is to write a book which shall modify certain rulings of the Juvenile Court. This book is a passion with him, but he has so little time for it outside of his regular work. I laughed at him at dinner, for he stopped eating to make a memorandum about a little deaf boy who was before him today.

"It gives me an idea for a chapter,"

"It gives me an idea for a chapter," he explained, and there was actually a gleam in his eyes,
"Goodness, Billy!" I teased, "Your
mind turns to that book as a lover's

"Only more uninterruptedly and with greater faith," he said, dryly, getting up to go with his dessert untasted. He is a rare combination of determination and enthusiasm, and I feel quite sure that the book is as good as

Do you know I was all abloom with good intentions when I wrote to you this morning? A long forenoon stretched before me to do as I pleased in, to write, to read, to think, and I was planning to cut some flowers for the hospital, when my neighbor

This particular neighbor is a woman This particular neighbor is a woman of the old school. She is warm-hearted and delightfully drawly, and also as tightly conventional as a society woman in a sheath corsea. Her ideas are cut, dried and laid away in lavender. She brought me a jar of quince preserve and seemed surprised to find me at leisure.

"My de-ah!" she exclaimed, and I love to hear her say it; "you are the

"My de-ah!" she exclaimed, and I love to hear her say it; "you are the most remarkable woman! All the Christmas gifts made and put away, and sitting reposefully with paper, pencils and a book of that delectable dreamer. Emerson, before you. I always said I was a most fortunate person to have you for a neighbor!"

Whereupon I told her my resolution in as plain speech as I could muster. She looked at me, herrified.

"Not give any Christmas gifts! Why,

In as plain speech as I charlified.

She looked at me, horrified.

"Not give any Christmas gifts! Why, my deah madam, you must be mad!"

I never heard her quite so direct and forceful before me and it pleased me.

"Yes," I said. "This giving remembrances to so many people is a foolish practice. I've worn myself out at it for years: my eyes have fairly turned from blue to gray with lace-making and embroidery. NOW, I have stopped. All I shall do will be to write a few letters—a few loving messages to some close friend."

'But my de-ah Mis' Grange," was all she could say. She gave the impression of one gasping for breath. She sank into a chair. There was silence between us while we regarded each other. Then she blushed.

we regarded each blushed.

"Please overlook the seeming rudeness, Mis' Grange, and tell me—how are you going to forget the obligations you are already under?"

"Obligations? That's just it! Didn't I say the whole affair became a question of give and take, and that the real beauty of giving is lost sight of?"

"O, but the entire social fabric would fall apart if everyone thought as you do. We couldn't even make calls. I couldn't ever have my friends to dinner; and you know what a real pleasure it is for my

ever have my friends to dinner, and you what a real pleasure it is for my husband and me to have our friends to dine. I should have to cease accepting invitations; in fact very soon there would not be any to accept. I—where is the not be any to accept. I-where is the wisdom of such a decision? I cannot

"But the fact that you do see how un-necessarily complex our ordinary life has become, is proof that each of us should try to simplify it where we can,"

I said.

She rose up in dignified silence and went home. I could see that she had suffered an upheavail and that her good opinion of me had collapsed like a torn balloon. For a moment I felt guilty. Was I interfering with other people's rights by trying to secure my own?

I was genuinely distressed until it occurred to me that she is entirely too conventional. She was brought up on this catechism: "Do this, my child, for it is proper; behave so, my dear, it is the custom. I have lived longer than you and I was taught her," and so on ad infinitum. Hers is the attitude which Herbert Spencer gravely deplores—a willing-her. initium. Hers is the attitude which Her-bert Spencer gravely deplores—a willing-ness to accept and follow an established order. And then this sentence, of Swe-denborg's flashed into my mind: "To be able to discern that which is true is true, and that which is false is false, this is the mark and character. of intelliis the mark and character of intelli-

It isn't such a simple problem as it might be. I can see that it is beautifully

In deciding not to give gifts at Christ-mas time it never occurred to me that I was doing something unconventional. I have never been one to defy the convencomplicated. have never been one to defy the conven-tions. It has always seemed to me that established forms and customs are good, that they make life easier, that many a man and woman is what he or she is be-cause they are hedged about by an estab-lished order. Though, also, I can see that to be so protected is often produc-tive of but ordinary results. The great life is the free life, and the free life is the life of struggle, of breaking away, of pioneering. One thing that strengthened me in my

resolution was a letter from a little 16-year-old niece. She hadn't written to me for seven months until today, when I received a long girlish effusion in which parties, dresses and boys were somewhat incoherently written about. The conclud-ing sentences interested me. They ran

ing sentences into established in the file in the file in the for the first when you have so much? As for me I want an all-wool blue sweater like all the girls are wearing, a diamond ring and a jeweled algrette for my hair."

for my hair!"

Did you write anything like that when Did you write anything like that when you were a girl? Poor child! I can't help being sorry for her; she is full of the qualities whereby her sex has wen the victory over man in many a bloodless battle. And yet I feel as though I couldn't even answer the letter.

As I sit here the clock strikes II, the coals fall apart and darken, and there's a chill in the room. I must go to bed or build the fire. This time I'll choose the easier way and go to bed, deferring my

easier way and go to bed, deferring my ealvation until tomorrow.

Poor William! How tired he must be! I wish he were home.

Lovingly, MARIANA.

The next day in my own room after

breakfast.

MY DEAREST NELLE:-Whatever has got into me that I keep scribme, violently defending some absurd hypothesis. When we mixed salad in Aunt Jane's lovely old bowl, do you recall how seriously we conversed as you cracked the crab and I cut the cabbage and trimmed the celery? Those were heavenly days and the mind gives them an enticing glamor in looking back upon them.

William came in late to dinner tonight and had to dress and attend a directors' meeting immediately after. He looked so tired that I felt ashamed

"But dearest," I said, "your teacher hasn't any use for a china plate; she's

boarding!"
"Why, mamma, they're just lovely to
put upon a shelf and make a border
around the room!"
"Nonsense, child! A border of china
plates round a bedroom wall is absurd."
Whereat she came out with her real
reason.

"All the other girls are giving her All the other girls are giving her something, an' I wan' to! Besides, she keeps me in for laughing, an' if I don't give her something she'll think I'm 'fended, an' don't like her, an' I do, even when I have to stay in; most then, 'cause s'e helps me do my 'rithmetic."

I capitulated and gave her money

enough to buy a Sovres plate, telephon-ing Mr. Justand to assist her choosing. So you see, if I do not give gifts I am still responsible for the giving of one and where there was no obligation.

William stopped long enough this morning to ask if I had sufficient money to buy my Christmas presents. I assured him I had, not daring to tell him of my resolution; but something in my glance must have convinced him to the contrary for he sat down and the contrary for he sat down and my glance must have convinced him to the contrary, for he sat down and wrote me a check for a ruinous sum. And I'll have to cash it or confess. Which shall I do? Shall I choose the easy way again, I wonder? I haven't the languor of night time to influence me now, but the broad light of day, for the sunshine is pouring in through the window, warming me and dislodg-ing an array of icteles along the caves. Do you know, Nelle, as I st bere and Do you know, Nelle, as I st here and scribble these poorly adorned thoughts, I have an impression which amounts almost to a conviction, that if I fail to live up to my resolution I shall fall in something far more important—the power to carry out an idea, the capacity to realize truth for myself. We

are all hero-worshipers. Each of us follows a leader, until we are strong enough to choose a path for ourselves. And yet, side by side with my capacity for idealizing, there has always been a for idealizing, there has always been a tendency to express myself, to cast off other people's ideas and evolve my own. And the only reason I have not developed he latter tendency is because I don't like to be lonely, and have not lived enough to find happiness within, as some do—the lovely woman of whom I told you in the first letter, for instance.

But the tendency persists, and will.

But the tendency persists, and will, I imagine, while I am held in the body. It reminds me of an experience a friend of mine had—or has. This friend has a hard life, at least you and I would call it hard; no help, small means, five children and only a moderately attempt body. Sometimes also gets ately strong body. horribly down, and then she cries hard for a long time. Finally she says, "There is no God! If there were"— There is no God! If there were"—
and she never gets any farther, for her
mind is incapable of expressing what
would happen if the statement were
true. It is then that she comes to herself and dries her eyes. She confessed
to me, but lately, that she would die if
she could complete that sentence in a
way to satisfy her intelligence, but the
fact that she cannot do so leaves her fact that she cannot do so leaves her

fact that she cannot do so leaves her something to stand on.
So it is with me in my tendencies. The fact that they persist in the face of all the experiences of life makes them a very foundation for my feet.

I used to believe that old saw, "There is more pleasure in the pursuit than in the possession," but I don't any more, it is not true to me not if ten thousand. the possession," but I don't any more It is not true to me, not if ten thousand tongues shout in the affirmative. The only high and imperishable delight lies in the soul's knowledge of and acquaintance with truth, be it in spite of the truth, by means of it, or by not attaining to the expression of it in the bodily consciousness. Life is simply

with this question of Christmas So with this question of Chrisimas giving. I can put by the superficial discomfort of what my friends and relatives may think and say when no remembrance comes from me, but I cannot put by the alluring possibility which lies behind the simple act of

ceasing to do as the world does.

This to me is pregnant with posst-bilities of understanding and happi-ness. If I can be serone in the home, ness. If I can be serene in the home, loving to every member in it, from my immediate family to the help: if I can fill my place successfully and still find time to sit in quiet and let the whiri and babble of Christmas shopping pass by unheard, am I not lessening it by just that much? Am I not helping humanity to comprehend the truths that Jesus so matchlessly taught fust in the Jesus so matchlessly taught just in the degre, that I am wholly reverential and simple? And will not my soul sing its shepherd hymn and see the Star shine? Oh, I believe it will. I believe the individual avenue of ex-pression, of understanding, is common to all, and that an equal development of all is only possible as the individ-ual grows in the God consciousness.

How we grope and yearn and reach toward the truth, and in what wise and loving ways we are taught! Lovingly,

(Several hours later.) This is only a postscript, Nelle, to tell you that I'm not going to write I want only to ask you this question: How can we judge another's personal need by our idea of his capacity? This

bothers me when I fondle my resolu-

MARIANA.

Tim going down to see the friend who cries and ends her abjurations with a dash which isn't a bad word. Sile has sent for me to come and ward off an attack. As I ink of it, in asking me to talk she is also offering me a pleas-

But I am hanging heart and hands to my resolution, though I have decided to send the algrette to my niece. If the "thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," the desires of youth are deep, deep ones, and dollars are more than a purchasing agent when they fulfill the dreams of youth and postpone the awakening. A happy Christmas to you. Faithfully yours,

MARIANA GRANGE,

Where Would Man Get Off?

Nashvillo American.

If she could talk in public.

Proclaim things in a hall.

The way she takes in private.

Say, wouldn't men look small?

Deliver curtain lectures.

To voters from the simp.

Then wouldn't man, the biarvel.

Look like a shriveted chump?

If she could rise in meeting
And there lay down the law
As when in home controllors
She agilates her faw,
She'd make in Just a minute
Important noley gents
Look as they sat and listened
Lake less than thirty cents

For there is something doing in language, less or more, Quite pointed and emphatic When mother takes the fie And in the family circle No one attempts to scoff. When sits informs each member Where he or she gets off.

So if in public places
To argify cho rose
And to affirm some question
Then woe be to the "noes."
Provided she was feeling
Quite well and in the form
She uses on the homefolks To quell a family storm.