



THE BREAD OF LIFE.

By Henry F. Cope.

Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.—Matt. iv., 4.

There are lives that have bread in abundance and yet are starved; with barns and warehouses filled, with shelves and larders laden they are empty and hungry. No man need envy them; their feverish, restless whirl is but the search for satisfaction never to be found in things. Called rich in a world where no others are more truly, pitifully poor, having all, yet lacking all because they have neglected the things within.

The abundance of bread is the cause of many a man's deeper hunger. Having known nothing of the discipline that develops life's hidden sources of satisfaction, nothing of the struggle in which deep calls unto deep and the true life finds itself, he spends his days in seeking to satisfy his soul with furniture, houses and lands, with yachts and merchandise, seeking to feed his heart on things, a process of less promise and reason than feeding a snapping turtle on thoughts.

If the heart be empty the life cannot be filled. The flow must cease at the faucet if the foundations go dry. The prime, the elemental necessities of our being are for the life rather than the body, its house. But, alas, how often out of the marble edifice issues the poor emaciated inmate, how out of the life having many things comes that which amounts to nothing.

The essential things are not often those which most readily strike our blunt senses. We see the shell first. To the undeveloped mind the material is all there is. But looking deeper into life there comes an awakening to the fact and the significance of the spiritual, the feeling that the reason, the emotions, the joys and pains that have nothing to do with things, the ties that knit on to the infinite, all constitute the permanent elements of life.

Because man is a spirit his life never can consist wholly in things; he must come into his heritage of the soul wealth of all the ages; he must reach out, though often as in the dark, until across the void there comes voices, the sages and the seers, the prophets, and the poets speaking the language of the soul. In these he finds his food nor can his deeper hunger be assuaged until it thus is fed.

Because man is a spirit and gradually is coming into the dominant spirit life in which things shall count for less and thought and character for more, he seeks after his own kind. The deeps of life have their relationships. The spirit of man cries out after the father of spirits. By whatever name men have called the most high they ever have sought after him the eternal who would be one with them in soul, in all that is essential and abiding in being.

Every religion, every philosophy, every endeavor after character and truth is but the cry of humanity for word with God. Hearing His word on any lip the heart of man answers with joy. The words of eternal truth have been the food of the great in all ages. Fainting in the fight the message from the unseen, the echo of everlasting verities has revived their spirits; they have fought the fight that despises things and seeks truth.

Who would not exchange a mess of pottage for the benediction from a father's lips? Who is so dead he no longer finds more satisfaction in truth and love and beauty than in food or furniture? And why are we so foolish as still to seek to satisfy ourselves with things that perish, while down to the least blade of creation earth is laden with unfading riches, God is everywhere, and every open heart may hear His voice?

If we might but learn this lesson, we people of the laden hand and the empty heart, that since life is more than digestion and man more than beast or machine, since determining all is the spiritual world, they only are wise who set first things first, who use the garnered experience of the past and the opportunities of the present to the enriching of the soul, who listen among all the voices of time for the words that proceed from the lips of Him who inhabiteth eternity.

SOLACE FOR ALL ILLS.

By Rev. Dr. Falk Vidaver.

It is thou who hast set up all the boundaries of the earth, summer and

winter—thou thyself hast formed them.—Psalms lxxiv., 17.

The psalmist and all the godly men and prophets of the biblical age attained their greatness and distinction, not through scientific researches, nor through art and philosophy, like the ancient wise men of Rome and Greece, but through their childlike confidence and faith in the Almighty.

From such a faith they not only drew their inspiration, but also their moral strength and solace in gloomy hours of trouble and affliction. In all the occurrences of life—in the summer, when the sun of happiness smiled on them, and in the winter, when life seemed to them dark and dreary—they beheld the finger of God. Hence the one could not render them vain and overbearing and the other could not dishearten and render them despondent and downcast.

"For everything that emanates from Him has been calculated for man's welfare."

These holy men of old firmly believed that all natural phenomena, summer and winter, have their origin from and their existence in Him. Hence they never shirked their duties, neither amidst the torrid heat of summer, nor amidst the freezing cold of winter. Patriarch Jacob, therefore, whose vocation in his younger days was that of a shepherd, tells how conscientiously he kept Laban's sheep, saying "in the day the heat consumed me and the frost by night and my sleep departed from my eyes."

A firm and childlike confidence and faith in the fact that all the works of nature have been formed and ordained so wisely and so beautifully by the Almighty is of incalculable good. It is elevating, edifying, encouraging and idealizing. True religion and such a faith are inseparably united. One without the other is worthless and ineffective.

Had not the psalmist been imbued with such a faith he could never have enriched the world with his sacred psalms and sweet hymns. Had not the divine men and prophets of old been animated with such a faith they would have been unable to pour forth the sublime emotions and holy effusions which have been transmitted to mankind through the medium of His holy scriptures.

How much improved would mankind be collectively and individually if they adopted and fostered the psalmist's faith. "It is Thou who has set up all the boundaries of the earth, summer and winter—Thou Thyself hast formed them."

Since the all-wise Creator has called into existence the universe and all things therein, and since He in His endless grace sustains and upholds all His handiwork, it would be unreasonable to assert that man, the best workmanship of the Creator, is left uncared for and exposed to the pranks of blind chance. We should, therefore, implant in our hearts the faith of the psalmist. We should never forget that we stand under God's providence, which guides our steps and directs our path. Then we shall surely be cautious not to incur His righteous displeasure, but strive to please Him and sanctify His holy name by our noble deportment and exemplary actions.

SHORT METER SERMONS.

Work cures worry.

Sorrow is the parent of many a song. The law is best kept when it is lost in love.

To work for love is to learn to love your work.

The only way to discover truth is by doing truth.

The doing of daily duty makes every day divine.

The gate of heaven opens only to foot passengers.

He who cheers others need not fear for himself.

The right to rule is acquired by ruling ourselves aright.

The front door to delight runs through the garden of duty.

The man who lacks moral muscle always thinks he is meek.

The man who laughs at his troubles soon laughs over them.

This always is a dirty world to people who seek nothing but dust.

If you want to find a happy Christian look for a wholehearted one.

The church finds her beauty when she is a chisel instead of a statue.

It's not the engine with the loudest exhaust that is hauling the longest train.

If you would hear the joy of heaven you must go into the saddest places of earth.

It does not follow that you are helping men to heaven because you are insisting that they keep step with you.



Wigg—Jones was after a political job for a long time. What's he doing now? Wagg—Nothing. He got it.—Philadelphia Record.

"Your son is studying art, I believe. Has he made much progress?" "Oh, yes. He is able to talk the language quite fluently."—Judge.

She—Did you notice the beautiful palms in the new restaurant? He—The only palms I saw were the waiters'.—Boston Transcript.

"Do you think it pays country people to take in city boarders?" "Certainly, as long as the boarders don't find it out."—Baltimore American.

Country Minister—My parishioners gave me a donation party last week. Sympathetic Friend—How much did you lose?—Somerville Journal.

Visitor—Are there any fish in the river? Native—Fish! I should rather think there was. Why, the water's simply saturated with 'em!—Punch.

Employer—What, then, are your demands? Committee of Union—We want more money and shorter hours so's we can have time to spend it.—Puck.

Kind Lady—How many servants does your mother keep, dear? Small Girl—She doesn't keep any; they're always coming and going.—Boston Transcript.

Lady—Did the natives like the perfume I sent them? Returned Missionary—No, madam, they bit it, and threw it away.—Detroit Free Press.

Church—What do you think of your wife's voice since she took music lessons? Gotham—It's no better; but there seems to be more of it.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Who were the chief beneficiaries under your uncle's will?" "The automobile manufacturers. Each legatee bought two as soon as they got their money."—Judge.

Mother (to Tommy, who has just said his prayers)—Tommy, you forgot to ask the Lord to take care of your baby sister. Tommy—No, I didn't, ma. I'll take care of her myself.—Life.

An old lady on the witness stand at Bellinzona, Switzerland, gave her age as 102. But it was ascertained on cross-examination, that she was 106. She explained that she was "ashamed of being so old."

"A great many people do things they are sorry for." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "The trouble is that they often fail to realize that they are sorry till they get into the newspapers."—Washington Star.

"And best of all," said the boastful American, "we have no titled aristocracy to support over here." "No," replied the foreigner, "but you have a good many titled sons-in-law to support over here."—Judge.

"Do you believe that Samson lost his strength by having his hair cut?" asked the non-believer. "I have no reason to doubt it," replied the practical man. "A talkative barber always makes me tired."—Chicago Daily News.

Mr. Verycareful (to his new man)—William, do you smoke? William (with large expectations of a perfectio)—Yes, Mr. Verycareful—Well, here is a box of safety matches. I allow no other sort on the premises.—Judge.

"Does your chauffeur have any perquisites?" asked Mrs. Van Uppson. "He had one the first week he was with us," replied Mrs. Neurich, "but I induced him to sign the pledge, and he hasn't had any since."—Chicago Daily News.

"Alas!" confessed the penitent man, "in a moment of weakness I stole a carload of brass fittings." "In a moment of weakness?" exclaimed the judge. "Goodness, man! what would you have taken if you had yielded in a moment when you felt strong?"—Judge.

Dumley—I met a fellow to-day who was simply nutty about a buried treasure; couldn't talk of anything else. Peckham—That reminds me of my wife. Dumley—Oh, does she talk about one? Peckham—Yes; her first husband. I'm her second, you know.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"No, Tommy," said his mother, "you can't have any more cake. You've had enough." "What a fine little fellow he is," replied the guest; "and when you're a man, Tommy, what are you going to do?" "I'm goin' ter buy too much of everything I like to eat," replied Tommy, sulkily.—Philadelphia Press.

Classifying Him.

Mrs. Browne—I saw some rhymes in the paper to-day by Penyer Liner.

Mrs. Malaprop—Yes, he's a friend of mine.

Mrs. Browne—So you told me. By the way, "Penyer Liner" is a pseudonym, of course.

Mrs. Malaprop—Not much he ain't! He's a good Baptist.—Philadelphia Press.

Herodism is generally a foolish act with a successful termination.

She Knew. Sunday School Teacher—Can any of you children tell me what was King David's nationality? Willie—Hebrew. S. S. T.—That's right. Now, can any one tell me his wife's nationality? Annie (after pause)—I know, teacher. S. S. T.—Well, Annie, you may tell us. Annie—Shebrew.—Toledo Blade.

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Differentiating. "William," said the boss, "sort those eggs into two piles. They are to be sold at different prices." "Yes, sir," said the boy. "The fresh and the near fresh?" "No, you lunkhead; the big and the little."—Chicago Tribune.

Information. The train had stopped for water at a little station in the country. The passenger with the skull cap, seeing a lone native standing on the station platform, addressed him. "Farmers around here seem to have been cutting a good deal of hay this morning," he said.

"Yes, sir," answered the native. "They're taking risks. Don't you think it looks like rain?" "Sort o'."

"What do you suppose they will do if it does rain?" "I reckon they'll have sense enough to go in out of it, mister."—Chicago Tribune.

In the Nick of Time. Coleridge was enumerating the stenches of Cologne.

He had counted up to seventy-one, and stopped in despair. "That seems to be all!" he muttered. "And I've just got to have another one!" At this moment an automobile whizzed by.

"Ah!" he exclaimed. "There it is!" Sniffing the strange odor with satisfaction in spite of its disagreeable quality, he proceeded to write his immortal poem.

Mean Man. "So the burglar that paid your home a visit the other night wasn't a 'gentleman burglar'?" said Mrs. A.

"I—I should say not," pouted Mrs. Z. "He took all of your money?" "Y-yes."

"And all of your jewels?" "Y-yes. B-but I could have stood all of that, but for one thing."

"And what was that, dear?" "He—he said the baby was home-ly."

The other day in Paris a dog was seen in a motor car with a well-fitted pair of blue spectacles to protect his eyes.

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