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SABBATH REFLECTIONS.

Some one has said that the true test of love is the willingness to endure and suffer for another; that it is the suffering element that measures love, and that characters that are great must of necessity be characters that shall be willing, patient and strong to endure for others; that to hold our nature in the willing service of another is the divine idea of manhood. Unquestionably the average parent would successfully meet the test, even as it was met by the father of Nan Patterson. An illustration of this was the devotion displayed by the distracted father toward his wayward daughter. When during her first trial, Nan Patterson stepped from the witness stand after having passed through the ordeal of a relentless cross-examination, the old man put his arm affectionately around his child and said: "You did splendidly little girl."

No human pen can acurately describe that love. It is wonderfully elastic, and as child after child is born into the family, covers them all, giving the same portion to the new born, while lessening none of that enjoyed by the others. The good mother when asked which of her children she loved the best said "the one who is sick," pointed out in a happy way the only difference a parent can feel in his attitude toward his children. We love best "the one who is sick;" we love best the one who is crippled in body; we love best the one who has some weakness, for which he is not entirely responsible; we love best the one who has fallen, even though he fell as Nan Patterson did, even though the doors of society are closed against him, even though all but the hope of heaven has been denied him.

"Don't worry, little girl, it will come out all right yet," said Nan Patterson's father ,and will all her faults she was his "little girl," then, now and she will be his "little girl" until the end. The faithful father best remembers his daughter as she was when indeed a little girl. Although she has grown into womanhood there is always a picture of the little innocent plaything, or praying at the mother's knee. That little girl may have met the world and been conquered by the world; her friends one by one may have turned from her; she may have fallen even as Nan Patterson fell; but at the critical moment the majesty of parental love asserts itself; "the divine idea of manhood" is manifested. At the critical moment the love of the parent for the child is supreme and arm in arm the devoted father and the wayward daughter face a frowning world and walk together through the dark valley, the one loving as he always loved, the other appreciative of the majestic affection perhaps for the first time in her life.

All the world loves a lover. It smiles at the sweethearts gathered at the trysting place. It nods approval when the husband and wife grow day by day into a fonder and holier union; it admires the manly devotion of brother and sister; it respects the affection of friend for friend; it is inspired by the lovelight in the mother's eyes when she bends over the cradle of the babe. It must stand uncovered in the presence of that parental love, for that is the true reflection of the love shown by the Savior of men; that is the spirit which hovered over the manger at Bethlehem; made Gehsemane endurable and Calvary possible. "Greater love than this hath no man."

Painters have sought to paint love upon canvass; poets have tried to picture it in verse; dramatists have endeavored to describe it in play. But it is not a thing to show in picture or in words. It was manifested in all its majesty when the Nazarene cried: "It is finished." And since then it has been shown in the palaces of the rich and in the hovels of the poor whenever a good parent's love for his child has been put to the test. But it would be worth all the tears and all the grief and all the toil and trouble if the plain moral presented could be written indelibly upon the heart of every other man's "little girl" in all this wide, wide world.

SOWING AND REAPING.

"For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Galatians, vi.:7.

Truer words were never spoken. They apply with equal force to the home, to business avocations, to public enterprises. The great men and women of today had the seeds of their foundation sowed around the family fireside. Pure thoughts eminating from a kind and devoted mother and father, instilled into the youthful mind, surrounded with environments of higher and nobler ideas; reared in the highest standard of manhood and womanhood; taught to honor thy father and thy mother; filial devotion to brother and sister; love thy neighbor as thyself; and that boy and girl will grow up an honor to the nation, an example worthy of emulation, and the father and mother will be blessed with the words, "well done, good and faithful servant." For what a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

Dissension and strife at home, abuse instead of kindness; cuss words instead of praise; kicking, beating and cuffing, is productive of loathing for the home, and boys and girls are only too anxious to leave the parental roof and seek solace in the excitement of the busy world, often choosing associates and companions from the very element that the father has chosen. Drunkenness and dissipation in the father is an excuse for the son, and it is from this class principally that the penitentiaries and asylums are recruited, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

The Astorian has called attention to the condition of public burial places, public schools, and the conditions of the homes of the city. A home that is attractive; whose surroundings are made beautiful, where roses and creeping vines supplant rubbish, impresses upon the minds of the boy and girl, in after years, a desire to have just such a beautiful and attractive home, and in this way the true ideals of civic improvement is instilled in the minds and hearts of the rising generation. Homes that are unkempt; the yards strewn with rubbish, no flowers, no trees, no shrubbery, makes an impression upon the children of that home that will not tend to a desire for the acquisition of homes of refinement and culture.

Beautiful school grounds, such as do not exist in Astoria, have a wonderful effect upon the minds of the children. When they see the school grounds beautified with flowers and shrubbery they evince a desire to make their homes more attractive and it is inculcating a knowledge of importance that makes a lasting impression upon the young minds. What is taught in the youth, is almost always carried out in manhood and womanhood.

The condition of Hillside cemetery creates a bad impression upon the youth of the city. Why should the last resting place of those once near and dear be neglected? Are they so soon forgotten? Go back to the day when death invaded the home, causing desolation and sorrow. Death is a bitter thing, even to those whose faith in immortality teaches that earthly passing has no sting, that the grave can win no victory. Even to such the pain of eternal parting, the untranslatable sorrow and bitterness of bidding a long, last farewell to a loved one is not eased. Such a faith serves but to make the pain transitory—brings in time the healing balm of religious philosophy to the heart bowed down.

Abstract theological dogma, biblical philosophy, Buddhism, spiritualism, Mohammedanism, none of these can dry the tears shed at a grave side. Days, weeks, months, years afterward when the vision of a white face staring unseeingly toward heaven through the lid of a casket, has faded in the memory and has given place to a dull heartache of lonliness, when the bereaved one sits silent and in solitude, gazing into the stern and inscrutable eyes of fate, it is then that faith comes stealing in to mend the broken heart and to hold up trembling lips, the sweetest cup known to human lips, and yet, when viewing or visiting the places where friends are laid to rest, and noting the conditions prevailing, one is prone to ask, is it true they have been so soon forgotten? It is no credit to those whose duty it is to see that these places are made beautiful and the impression gained by visitors does not reflect econiums of praise upon them, and it teaches the rising generation that the dead are soon forgotten, for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

Epitome of Anecdotes and Incidents With Comments by a Layman.

Only 62 persons have been killed by automobiles this year. There were 37 killed by football, so football is not as dangerous as automobiles.

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One man in Chicago testified that he didn't know who he had struck. He will probably have plenty of time to find out before he goes back to work.

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Now to make things worse for the poor wretches they are going to put Mrs. Chadwick right in the same cell with those ten bankers.

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Miss Jennie Crocker of San Francisco dropped a $25,000 necklace overboard while crossing the ocean. Probably the oyster refused to accept them on the ground that they were tainted.

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There will be lots of people who will figure after reaching heaven that most of the Atsoria people they see there must have crawled in under the canvass.

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J. Pierpont Morgan was much pleased with Vesuvius, but though he would let it stay there as it looked better than it would in his back yard, besides when it is in erruption it resembles too much his future home.

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Mr. Jones—Where is your family going to spend the summer?

Mr. Smith—It isn't decided yet. My wife and the girls are still writing to find out which hotel charges the most.

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Father, dear father, come home with me now, for ma has some carpets to beat; she's got all the furniture out in the road from the front porch clear down to the gate. The stove must come down and be put up in the shed, and the yard must be cleared of dry grass, for it's time to clean house and the devil's to pay and the front window needs a new glass. Father, dear, father, come home with me now and bring some bologna and cheese; it's most 12 o'clock and there's nothing to eat. I'm so hungry I'm weak in the knees. All the dinner we'll have will be scraps and such, and we'll have to eat standing up ,too, for the tables and chairs are all out in the yard; oh, I wish house cleaning was through. Father, dear, father, come home with me now, for ma is as mad as a Turk; she says you're a lazy, old thing and she proposes to put you to work. There's painting to do and paper to hang and windows and casings to scrub, for it's house cleaning time, and you've got to come home and revel in suds and cold grub.

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A Baltimore man fired two bullets through his brains and lives. There are people in Astoria who could fill their heads full of lead and not suffer from brain trouble, but the escape of hot air might blow their heads off.

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A bright Seattle woman will start a baby check room at the Portland exposition. Her plan is to take charge of a baby for a day or a few hours, issuing a check which cannot be counterfeited. This will insure Astorians easy identification.

HAMBURG IN LEAD

Reports from Great International Yacht Race.

THE LATEST SHIPPING NEWS

Ingoing and Outgoing Steamers and Vessels from Astoria for Way and Coast Ports Including the Day's Arrivals and Departures from This Port

New York, May 27.—The German yacht Hamburg was leading the Atlsa by 13 miles, with the Atlantic, Fleur de Lys and the English clipper ship Valhalla strung out in that order far astern, when the yachts were sighted on May 23 and 24 by the steamer St. Paul. The Endymion also was sighted by the St. Paul on a course well to the north of that taken by the Hamburg and the Atlsa.

The dispatch which came to the Associated Press by Marconi wireless from the St. Paul today is as follows:

"Steamship St. Paul, via Marconi station, Siasconset, Mass., May 27.—Hamburg leading Atlsa by 13 miles, then came Atlantic, Fleur de Lys and Valhalla, long distance astern. Hamburg's position, May 23, 6:32 a. m., latitude 40.60 north, longitude 50.35 west; May 24, 6:50 p. m. (G. M. T.), Endymion, latitude 40.20 north, longitude 43.45 west; May 24, 7:39 p. m., Atlantic, latitude 41.49 north, longitude 45.02 west; all well. Endymion, 1385; Atlantic, 1325 miles from Sandy Hook lightship. ST. PAUL."

WANTS MORE CARGO.

Schooner Clise Is Shy 200,000 Feet of Lumber.

The schooner J. W. Clise has finished loading all the lumber that the government intends shipping to Manila at this time, but, inasmuch as the quantity is not sufficient to constitute a full cargo, Capt. G. G. Haley does not care to go to sea. He says there lacks about 200,000 feet of being all that his vessel can carry, and his owners do not appear willing to send the carrier away without a profit. The matter will be referred to the quartermaster general's office at Washington. There are now 728,000 feet of lumber on the Clise. She is a four-masted schooner, and her capacity is given at 950,000 feet. When she was brought around here a month ago the captain was informed by the quartermaster that only 728,000 feet remain out of the original shipment of 2,200,000 feet. One large cargo had already gone on another four-masted schooner, and 450,000 feet had been shipped on the transport Buford. The quartermaster's office had received orders to ship every foot possible in the first two loads, that there would be no chance of a surplus left behind after the Clise had loaded. The order was obeyed.—Portland Telegram.

SHIPPING NEWS.

The steamer Columbia sailed yesterday for San Francisco.

The steamer F. A. Kilburn is due today from San Francisco.

The British steamer Dunbarton from this port arrived at Yokahoma Thursday.

The steamers Elmore and W. H. Harrison are due to arrive today from Tillamook.

The steamer Alliance arrived in yesterday from Eureka and Coos Bay. She had a full passenger list and considerable cargo.

The United States steamer Daniel Mannin gand the steamer St. Paul left Manning and the steamer St. Paul left They are due to arrive tomorrow.

The steamer Redondo is due tomorrow from San Francisco. She has about 100 tons of general merchandise for merchants here and over 100 tons of cement for Foard & Stokes Co.

The U. S. steamer Argo and barge are alongside the Ninth street dock awaiting favorable weather to make the trip to Siuslaw. Opinion is expressed by some shipping men that she will have a hard time getting her tow safely down there.

The schooner Gerald C arrived in yesterday from Silitz via Nehalem. She had a cargo of dairy products and lumber. She will leave out for Nehalem and Tillamook on Tuesday and her cargo will consist of general merchandise for Nehalem and gasoline and dynamite for Tillamook.

The steamer Hazen arrived down from Kalama yesterday where she went after a barge for Geo. McBride which will be used on his seining grounds. Capt. Hazen reports seeing a trainload of motor boats, three boats to the car, at Kalama on the way to the Lewis and Clark fair.