THE OREGON SUNDAY JOURNAL
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E. S. JACKSON PUBLISHED BY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO. THOS. F. CARROLL

THE OREGONIAN ON ITS OWN DEGENERACY.

There is complaint, we hear, that the Oregonian publishes as news such stories as that of the Taggart case, which it would not have published in former times. The question is asked, "Why this degeneracy?" The simple answer is that newspaper competition compels it. The more severe the competition the stronger necessity of meeting every phase of it. The Oregonian, within its own field of circulation, cannot allow any newspaper to outdo it.—From the Oregonian of Friday.

COMPETITION forced the poor old doddering Oregonian into invading the Mercury's field. It says so itself. One may judge from it how fierce the Oregonian considers the competition. It would be honest and decent if it could afford it. That is, it says so, but there being no evidence that it ever tried, the statement must be taken with some grains of allowance. Not being able to afford it, it confesses with some regret though without shame, it is both dishonest and indecent and intends to become more so, if pushed. It will permit no newspaper to outdo it in its own field. If there is a newspaper which is yellow it will be saffron. If there is a newspaper which makes allusion to the highly scented Taggart case it will lay bare the evidence in all its naked vulgarity. It has degenerated; it knows it has. But it is not its fault. Other papers are making a success. It believes no success can be made in the face of competition without degeneracy. So it proposes to degenerate. Its present impression is that it will go the limit—perhaps then some. It will not be sure, but it fears the worst. It is reckless and devilish. The old girl pulls a hat over one eye and glares fiercely. But the Oregonian isn't responsible for it. It wants to be honest and decent; it doesn't want to degenerate. It doesn't want to enter the field now so ably filled by a pair of Sunday morning weeklies. But what would you have? There stands the public with its insatiable appetite. It pays the freight and it specifies the quality and character of the cargo. A certain portion of it must be putrid or it is unacceptable to the delicate appetite of the public. And there you are. The Oregonian is trying to supply a public demand, to meet a public craving that will be satisfied. Therefore it degenerates. It grovels before that public and it gives it the very worst it can find.

The Oregonian says it has degenerated. It has, it has. But its degeneracy didn't begin with the coming of The Journal as it would have the public infer. It began with the building of the Tall Tower which the Oregonian partly occupies, if it doesn't actually grace. In those days the Oregonian was up against it, financially speaking. It was up against it so hard that it seemed to have been driven in with a piledriver. Help came opportunely and with it the chance to work out its own salvation. Then came the degeneracy. It has been coming ever since. All money looked good to the Oregonian in those days. It looks good today. Such money-getting developed into a habit. Subsequently it became a mania. Now it has got beyond control. They do say the gifted editor will sit up well into the small hours feverishly figuring. Like Oliver Twist he wants more.

And yet if the great editor were infallible, as hath been suspected, he might have chosen a different way of reaching the result. For instance by establishing an impeccable character for his newspaper, by raising journalistic standard beyond the reach of ordinary groundlings and by serving the public cause so well as to make himself invincible. But this would seem like giving up something for nothing. It would cause too much of a wrench. The thing to do is to degenerate. It is so much easier to go down than up. Hence the confession. Hence the acknowledgement. Hence the most disgraceful, impudent and rawest statement ever made by a newspaper reputed to be decent.

KEEP OUT THE COOLIE!

THE PACIFIC COAST doesn't want the coolie. It doesn't believe there is much involved in the so-called Chinese boycott, for it believes there is a good deal more smoke than fire. It realizes that under the existing exclusion law some injustice has been done and that the law has been made to apply to many who were entitled to admission. On the other hand it knows that many not entitled, under its provisions, to enter have come in.

We have it on the authority of Secretary Metcalf that the attitude of the president is antagonistic to the admission of the coolies. His desire is that those entitled to admission should come in under as few irritating restrictions as possible. Hence he is throwing the chief responsibility upon the shoulders of the consuls. As near as we can gather the president's mental attitude in relation to this question is no different from that of Secretary Metcalf, who, as a California man, cannot be considered as too favorable to Chinese immigration.

But be this as it may, irrespective of resolutions forwarded by commercial bodies, the sentiment of the Pacific coast is overwhelmingly opposed to letting down the bars for the admission of the Chinese. The question is of vital importance to this coast, for here such immigrants stay. A few of them drift elsewhere, but under the old conditions they remained here by an enormous majority. Under new conditions they would also remain here. Therefore this would be a life and death matter with the people of this coast. There is no objection to any fair and decent construction of the exclusion laws, but an extension of its provisions to embrace the coolie classes is quite another matter and should be denounced.

A DOG-IN-THE-MANGER POLICY.

THERE ARE SIGNS of paper activity on the other side of the Columbia. A new corporation has been organized with a big capital for the purpose of building a railroad down the north side of the Columbia. Perhaps it would be more definitely descriptive to say for the alleged purpose. The president of the new company was the president of the old company which held the same rights of ways and surveys. Those surveys were made by surveyors in the employ of the O. R. & N. If any survey is made for this new "road" it will also be made by surveyors in the employ of the same company.

There is no need of anybody getting excited; no road is going to be built under the new incorporation. Its purpose is the same old dog-in-the-manger policy that has paralyzed Oregon's growth. The O. R. & N. has no intention to build on the north side of the river. It can't build itself, but it will not allow any other road to build if it can help it. This carries the indictment against the O. R. & N. further than it has yet been carried. Heretofore the heaviest charge laid against it was that it impeded development of the state by neglecting to build needed branch lines. This carries that criticised policy much further, for it means that it will not only not build, but it will not allow any other road or combination to build if it can help it.

Under all the circumstances it should be up to the O. R. & N. to make good in some direction so that the people will not entirely lose faith in its official promises.

THE GREATEST COMMANDMENT.

DR. JOSIAH STRONG stated some facts in a sermon last Sunday about the life and teachings of Jesus that should have set professed Christians to thinking and stirred their consciences. A large portion of the teachings of Jesus, Dr. Strong said, was simply social, rather than religious or theological, and this aspect of Christianity has been neglected.

It is true. Jesus taught the unselfish life. He said that it was better to give than to receive; he told the rich young man to sell all he had and give the proceeds to the poor; he said the least should be the greatest, the last first; he put Dives in torment and Lazarus in felicity; he chose disciples of fishermen and other humble folk—his father was a carpenter; he blessed the poor in spirit, the mourners, the meek, the merciful, the persecuted; he said, "give to him that asketh of thee, and from him that would borrow turn not away;" and he gave us the chief commandment, "Do unto others as ye would have others do unto you."

Jesus may not have intended to be taken literally in all he said. He was not only parabolical but hyperbolical; yet that he was strongly socialistic in his teaching cannot be gainsaid. Duty to God was to be done by doing duty in intercourse with fellow men.

So Dr. Strong was on solid foundation when he said: "The only genuine love to God is that which longs and labors that all men may know the blessedness of sharing it. The ministry of today lacks enthusiasm because it lacks a message. During the present period of transition the pulpit has been placed on the defensive. Many a preacher speaks, not because he has something to say, but because he has to say something. If they should accept the social teachings of Jesus a large proportion of them would make the startling discovery that they have not been preaching Christ's gospel. The attempt to serve God without serving man is the explanation of ritualism which serves neither and is hateful to one and hurtful to the other. Failing to see that sacrifice is a social law, men have tried to sacrifice to God without sacrificing for men. Men have sacrificed everything dear in this life in the hope of gaining the divine favor and the life to come. This is investment, not sacrifice; it is commercialism, not Christianity."

There is a big, strong, virile, valiant sermon in just these few sentences, enough to think about for a good while. If they are true, they surely are important to professed Christians, at least. There is no such thing as worshipping and serving God and following Jesus and at the same time misusing or taking any unfair advantage of one's fellow men. The two lines of life are utterly repugnant, impossible of concomitancy.

Love whom? Your fellow men, said Jesus. Thus and thus only you can effectively love your fellow men. There is no other possible way on earth.

Jesus was right. Dr. Strong, as an up-to-date twentieth century exponent and ambassador of the great Socialist, is right. Love yourself; you rot and are to be despised. Love others; you help the world and serve God. And you can do this no other way.

WEAKNESS OF LIFE INSURANCE COMPANIES.

WILL PAYNE, in an article in the Saturday Evening Post, calls attention to the almost forgotten fact that some 14 years ago the New York Life went through almost precisely the same throes that are now wrenching the Equitable. The facts found their way to the public because of a quarrel through which it was attempted to get President Beers out of control. In that particular case the value of mutualization was clearly demonstrated. The most serious charges against Beers, proven and unproven, had been scattered broadcast through the press of the country for months. Nevertheless Beers won hands down. "The point here," says Mr. Payne, "is that the mutual feature—the pretense of a really democratic government in a great life insurance company—is a mere fake. There has always been a boss or small clique of bosses. No doubt there always will be. The gain to Equitable policy-holders in mutualizing that concern is sentimental only."

Concluding in this same line, he goes on to say: "The bosses may be able and honest; but so long as they are left practically without legal restrictions upon the immense amount of trust funds in their hands, and so largely without accountability to the people who own the money, there will always be an annoyingly wide margin of chances. Wall street is a sad place for graft. To suppose that men of the type that is dominant there, with their ability and their ambitions, can unrestrainedly control enormous amounts of other people's money without making something out of it for themselves requires a degree of sunny optimism that you seldom find outside of a life insurance pamphlet. The state insurance department imposes no check whatever upon the graft, speculation and extravagance in life insurance. Many times it is too tenderly allied with men who feed on graft. The annual reports are of no value so far as misuse of funds is concerned. There is no virtue in mutualization. In a mutual company a policy-holder counts for no more than a new congressman does in the house of representatives.

"Nevertheless," he says in conclusion, and no writer has thrown so much light on the general subject of life insurance, "it is perfectly feasible to take graft, speculation and extravagance out of life insurance government, and to make lustful Wall street as harmless to the policy-holders as the cooing dove. You have only to turn to the saving banks to see how this may be done."

If some way could be devised to safely do the insurance at home it not only could be done cheaper but the temptation to misuse the public money would be removed from Wall street in the most effectual of all ways, and that is in removing it beyond their reach. The cost of insurance is entirely too high. It is indeed practically beyond the reach of those who most need it. Some day, we suppose, in the onward march of development, the state itself will assume the duty of insuring the lives of its people.

JOHN SMITH'S WIFE.

WE ARE GLAD to reproduce some remarks of a common farmer in a farm journal. He is a man who after years of toil in summer heat and winter frosts, working against all the enemies that our friend—for in an important sense he is our friend—the devil mobilized against him—weevil and drouth, aphis and flood, scale and mosquitoes, horseflies and "agents"—after all these this man, not yet very old, succeeded. He has a good, productive ranch, paid for, all the comforts of life around him, children growing up to be better and wiser men and women than he and his wife, strong, lusty boys and fair, rosy girls—and then he takes his pen in hand and writes: "I want to say a word about the share my wife had in all of this. I sometimes wonder why it is that some particular man has managed to succeed so well, till one day I see his wife standing beside him. Then I know what was behind that man, and who made him what he is; I say to myself, there is the other half of that man that I had not seen before. This wife of mine was a town girl; she had been raised in luxury, but when she married she came out to the farm and never repined at all; and she helped me mightily. Of course she could not go out into the field and work; but she did her work indoors. I worked too hard for the first few years—just about as hard as any man could work. Sometimes a man will work so hard with his muscles that he cannot think with his head. Many a time have I started home from the fields with my shoulders drooping, so tired that the whole thing seemed a weariness and a mockery to me. But the girl would come out to meet me, always with a smile on her lips, and tell me some bright thing that had happened about the boy."

Now this is better than a story book. This honest farmer went on to tell how the girl-mother-wife had a bath arranged for him; was ready to shave him; had clean fresh clothes laid out for him; thought of everything, did everything but what he had done in his coarser way, and he finally says: "It was these little attentions and these constant expressions of sympathy that helped me bear up in the struggle; they were more than half the cause of the winning of the final victory. I wonder whether we always give our wives the credit that is due them? It is they who inspire us with our highest ideals and make life worth living, and teach us to keep ourselves clean and self-respecting, to stand up martially with head erect and courage undiminished, no matter what befall. I hope we do."

True enough. Right true to nature, and naturally expressed. The women win the farms, the homes, and sometimes do so through many long years without a cent, or caring for it, for their own.

We often read that Mr. John Smith has got ahead in the world; has paid for his farm and bought more land; has a bank account and has bought a piano for Marie; is sending Tom to the business college; but who ever thinks of Mrs. John Smith, the mother of Tom and Marie, the person who in a thousand ways has made John Smith what he is?

This country is full of heroines. Some of them are in town. More of them are on farms. We think there ought to be a farmers' wives' day!

The calm announcement that the Hon. George C. Brownell is a candidate for the United States senate should draw forth that brilliant epigrammatic burst of eloquence made famous by Mr. Harriman. It will be remembered that at the meeting of the Equitable board of directors, when affairs reached a point of hysterical tension, that Mr. Harriman brought them to an unexpected if not actually shocking climax by shrieking, "Wow, wow, wow!" There is a singular appropriateness in recalling this incident in connection with Brownell's candidacy.

The frightful auto accident through which Thomas F. Walsh lost a son serves to call renewed attention to the danger attending a reckless use of these machines. Usually the innocent pedestrian is in very much more danger than the occupant of the auto, but there are times, as this event proves, when even he is in the deadliest danger.

It gives us profound pleasure to be assured by our esteemed contemporaries, the livestock journals, that the breeding industry will suffer no material setback because of the prohibition of poolselling in Portland. For a time it looked as though we might be face to face with a genuine calamity in that direction.

Western Art at the Fair

WHEN women fall out honest artists do not get their dues. Indeed, between Marian White's somewhat hysteric arraignment of Mr. Du Mond for his apparent lack of appreciation of western painters and Miss Elisabeth H. Denio's rather obvious sneers at the clever editor of the Fine Arts Journal and the people for whom she speaks, it would appear that the western painter is as unfortunate in the attention of his friends as he is in the notice of his enemies.

The number of pictures by so-called western artists in the fine arts museum at the exposition is lamentably small and the work is rather bad. No one who knows anything of their achievements will say that the examples shown here represent the thought or inspiration or genius of the west. If they did, one would readily agree with the talented lecturer on art when she says that to have given them greater prominence might have made the exhibition something local and provincial. But it seems as if Dr. Denio had missed the spirit of the suggestion that there was a pitiful paucity of examples of western painters here. No one cares where an artist was born; what and where he paints interest people. It is as unwise to call Keith a Californian as it is to say that Brush is a Tennessean; the former was born in Scotland; the latter in Shelbyville, but accident gave him to the south instead of to New York. No one demands that the artist shall have been born in the west; it is enough if it shall have given him his inspiration, if the thing that he does has in it something of the western spirit, new, broad, generous, uplifting.

It is worth while to look at what are shown here as representative works of what Dr. Denio calls western artists. Let us find the pictures of Keith, of whom George Innes said that he "paints the poetry of nature, where other artists are still extolling her charms in badly expressed prose." You will find (179) "Landscape," to the right and below the line of the stairway leading to gallery B, so carefully disposed that no gleam of light may illuminate its hiding place or throw into relief a single brush stroke by which the observer may guess whether it is good or bad. Of course, it is bad—that is, as bad as anything could be by this genius, even when he nods. I should not care to say how long it is since Keith painted this "Landscape"; he has been a man of rapid, noticeable, splendid growth and his work of five or six years ago may be compared with his pictures of today merely to prove that genius has no climax and that the best of the present may be bettered in the future. More than eight years ago Mr. Keith emerged from the obscurity of a marvelous modesty, and his pictures sent to Chicago and New York practically without his consent created a sensation and caused the wearied eyes of the east to turn to the new and beautiful and virile that had been undreamed of in the west. Since that time he has been very successful, judged by his work and the demand for it. And you will find this "179" of the greatest artist in the west—and one of the greatest landscape artists of this country—to the right of the stairway; the execrable hanging and bad light and inaccessibility do not wholly destroy the evidences of its worth.

Under the Keith, and therefore more carefully concealed from the pryingly eyes of art lovers is (177) "Blue Bay." This is by Arthur F. Mathews, the catalogue to the contrary notwithstanding, and whether it is good, bad, or just mediocre no one who does not know that Mathews is really a great artist, will ever learn until the day of judgment. Mr. Mathews is represented by (598) "Three Fates," and (599) "Cypress," which would serve as thirty good examples of a style that demand and holds attention if it were possible to get a light on them.

Keith has two pictures in gallery G, (585) "Green Pool," and (581) "Storm," that are so badly placed that one really feels sorry for the artist. In the "Green Pool," which is not in Keith's best style, the composition appears to lack coherency, and is dissipated in the poor light. The "Storm," will give one a better idea of the artist's work than do any other pictures here; but might as well be hung behind a door as in its present place.

In gallery C, is (385), a small, sedately colored, poetic composition, with lots of feeling and poise to it. "Late Afternoon," by Allen Savier DuMond. It is noticeable for its delicacy of treatment and refreshing repression, and exhales the breath of the quiet time of the day.

One of the attractive pictures in gallery D is (343) "Mother and Child," by Louise Cox. It has a tremendous lot of color and little drawing, but the lack of the latter is almost forgotten in the capital treatment of the costume. The mother is robed in red, and Miss Cox has put in the quality of the cloth so admirably that one may feel the nap and see the fabric give and take lights and shades. This is the best piece of dress goods in the collection. One will not fall in love with the mother; I think the neck is too long, and the light has given her a palpably flat face, that is really repellant. If one looks at the drapery over the left leg, one will notice that it holds itself up, as if there was neither bone nor muscle beneath it. But the child is fine—really an example of the survival of the fittest. Drawing, color, poise, expression might be used as models.

Harry W. Watrous is represented by (535) "Who Cares," in gallery D. No better title could have been chosen for the picture, which represents a girl—pretty, petulant, pouting daughter of Bohemia—stretched out in a chair, with her palette in her idle hand, and on her face the look of one who has allowed the weakness of the flesh to become stronger than the willingness of the spirit. She could not get the proper amount of soul in her picture, and she gave up the struggle with the question of the title. This is one of Watrous' best things; life, atmosphere, composition, drawing, local color and story all blend so harmoniously that one overlooks the trifling faults.

F. J. McComas has (306) "Spirit of the Oaks" in gallery B, a soft, shadowy, restful study, quiet in tone and pleasing in composition. It is aloof.

These are about all the so-called western artists represented. No one can dispute Miss Denio when she says the exhibition would have been provincial if more had been shown—in the same manner.

LEWIS AND CLARK

In the Rocky mountains.

August 20.—Captain Clark set out at 6 o'clock. In passing through a continuation of the hilly, broken country he met several parties of Indians. On coming near the camp, which had been removed since we left them two miles higher up the river, Cameahwait requested that the party should halt. This was complied with; a number of Indians came out from the camp and with great ceremony several pipes were smoked. This being over, Captain Clark was conducted to a large leathern lodge prepared for his party in the middle of the encampment, the Indians having only shelters of willow bushes. A few dried berries and one salmon, the only food the whole village could contribute, were then presented him; after which he proceeded to repeat in council, what had been already told them, the purposes of his visit; urged them to take their horses over and assist in transporting our baggage, and expressed a wish to obtain a guide to examine the river. This was explained and enforced to the whole village by Cameahwait, and an old man was pointed out who was said to know more of their geography to the north than any other person and whom Captain Clark engaged to accompany him. After explaining his views he distributed a few presents and the council ended.

Captain Clark in the meantime made particular inquiries as to the situation of the country. The chief began by drawing on the ground a delineation of the rivers, from which it appeared that his information was very limited. The river on which the camp is he divided into two branches just above us, which, as he indicated by the opening of the mountains, were in view; he next made it discharge itself into a larger river 10 miles below coming from the southwest; the joint stream continued one day's march farther.

At that place he placed several heaps of sand on each side, which, as he explained to them, represented vast mountains of rock always covered with snow, in passing through which the river was so completely hemmed in by the high rocks that there was no possibility of traveling along the shore; that the bed of the river was obstructed by sharp-pointed rocks and such its rapidity that, as far as the eye could reach, it presented a perfect column of foam. The mountains, he said, were equally inaccessible, as neither man nor horse could cross them; that such being the state of the country, neither he nor any of his nation had ever attempted to go beyond the mountains. Cameahwait said also that he had been informed by the Chopunnish, or pierced-nose Indians, who reside on this river west of the mountains, that it ran a great way towards the setting sun and at length lost itself in a great lake of water which was illtasted and where the white men lived.

An Indian belonging to a band of Shoshones, who live to the southwest, and who happened to be at camp, was then brought in and inquiries made of him as to the situation of the country in that direction. This he described in terms scarcely less terrible than those in which Cameahwait had represented the west. He said that his relations lived at the distance of 20 days' march from this place on a course a little to the west of south and not far from the whites, with whom they traded for horses, mules, cloth, metal, beads and the shells worn as ornaments and which are those of a species of pearl oyster. In order to reach his country we should be obliged during the first seven days to climb over steep, rocky mountains where there was no game and we should find nothing but ropts for subsistence. Even for these we should be obliged to contend with a fierce, warlike people, whom he called the Broken-Moccasin, or moccasin with holes, who lived like bears in holes and fed on roots and the flesh of such horses as they could steal or plunder from those who passed through the mountains. So rough was the passage that the feet of the horses would be wounded in such a manner that many of them would be unable to proceed.

The next part of the route was for 10 days through a dry, parched desert of sand, inhabited by no animal which would supply us with subsistence and as the sun had now scorched up the grass and dried up the small pools of water which are sometimes scattered through this desert in the spring, both ourselves and our horses would perish for want of food and water.

After listening to the Indian for a long time, Captain Clark recompensed him by a present of a knife, and then inquired of Cameahwait by what route the Pierced-nose Indians, who he said lived west of the mountains, crossed over to the Missouri. This he said was towards the north, but that the road was a very bad one. We were informed that the nations to the westward subsist principally on fish and roots and that their only game were a few elk, deer and antelope, there being no buffaloes west of the mountain. The first inquiry was to ascertain the truth of their information relative to the difficulty of descending the river; for this purpose Captain Clark set out at 3 o'clock p. m., accompanied by a guide and all his men except one, who he left with orders to purchase a horse and join him as soon as possible. At the distance of four miles he crossed the river and eight miles from the camp halted for the night at a small stream. The road which he followed was a beaten path through a wide, rich meadow in which were several old lodges. On the route he met a number of men, women and children, as well as horses, and one of the men, who appeared to possess some consideration, turned back with him, and observing a woman with three salmon, obtained them from her and presented them to the party. Captain Clark shot a mountain cock or cock of the plains, a dark brown bird larger than the dunghill fowl, with a long and pointed tail and a fleshy protuberance about the base of the upper chop, something like that of the turkey, though without the snout.

The Real Thing.

From the Washington Post.

Bondholders are the real peace envoys.

SENTENCE SERMONS

By Henry F. Cope.

Love alone can lift the lost.

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Surfeit is the foe of serenity.

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Love is the heart seeking to help.

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No man can see with his eyes alone.

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Opportunity is only the obverse of obligation.

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Wherever a lie alights its progeny arise.

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Consideration for others is the noblest courtesy.

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Resentment bears heavy fruitage of regret.

• •

He who is a friend only to himself is a foe to all men.

• •

The things of life are likely to get in the way of life itself.

• •

God never calls a man to command until he has learned to obey.

• •

Most men are made by their enemies and marred by themselves.

• •

Where there is no heart in the work there is always plenty of hardship.

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No man wanders more easily than he who watches only another's ways.

• •

Frozen faith is effective only in freezing the faithful.

• •

Men who spend their time knocking never open any doors.

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It is always a pleasure to the average man to boost another sinner down.

• •

The religion that cannot stand camping out had better be left at home in the icebox.

• •

The man who delights in giving faithful wounds does not thereby prove himself a friend.

• •

There is a good deal more charity in withholding the word of malice than in giving any kind of a wad of money.

After a Fashion.

From the Chicago Tribune.

"Senator, I congratulate you. I understand you have been vindicated."

"Triumphantly, Johnson. At the first trial the jury disagreed. At the second trial my lawyers found a flaw in the indictment, and the case was thrown out of court."

Cruelty Sure Enough.

From the Philadelphia Press.

The height of sardonic cruelty would be for Japan to make Sakhalin a military prison for captured Russians.

A Sermon for Today

RELIGION OF FRIENDSHIP.

By Henry F. Cope.
A friend of sinners—Luke vii., 34.

THE ability to make friends is the peculiar attribute of the human being. The Bible might well be called the classic of friendship. From Abraham, the friend of God, to that one whose greatest honor was to be called a "friend of sinners" it glorifies the art of making friends. He who reads it without prejudice concludes that religion is but another name for friendship.

The ideal man was, above all else, an ideal friend. Even the cold-hearted aristocrats of his day recognized that and flung at him the term of reproach which has since become his glory. Without making profession of being teacher, lawmaker or leader, he was simply the friend of any, and especially of everyone in need. The ultimate evidence of his love for men, the noblest sacrifice of all the ages, he chose to regard as a simple proof of friendship.

This good friend won men by his friendship. They were not persuaded by arguments or overborne by authority; but they looked into his face and they said: "Tell us where you dwell. Abide with us." The bonds of friendship held when other interests bade them leave him. No organization or cause could claim such loyalty. Long before they were conscious of any common cause that group of men was fused into one by the warmth of friendship for him and for one another.

The power that transformed the rude, dull fishermen into ardent, tactful, successful leaders of a great world-influencing force was the power of friendship. They were changed because they loved him. Liking led to love and love to likeness. So today men become Christly because they see in Jesus the most admirable qualities combined with the most attractive personality, such a one as they would love and call friend, whom they would travel far to know, and forsake many things to keep.

Many men are harassed over subtle definitions for the relations of the soul of the Most High. But seeing souls their brains and hearts away trying to outline charts and determine soundings of the shores where the inlets of our lives are lapped by the infinite ocean of the most high. But seeing souls know that mathematics are futile there. They express the relationship in simple terms of friendship, as did the sages long ago. The highest form of religion, on this side of it, is the soul of man seeking after ever closer friendship with the great soul that broods over all being.

The world conception of the Supreme Being has developed from that of a giant who makes worlds to the sublime thought of a heart that suffers with ours, a soul that seeks ours, a being who is man's friend, and who cannot be satisfied until all humanity is embraced in the circle of his friendship. The "grace of God" is his friendship.

On the other hand, the most helpful expression of any man's religion is in simple friendship for men. He is most like God who most loves man. The best religion is that which is doing deeds of kindness, showing itself to be friendly in plain, everyday ways. It lays down its life for men not by dying, but by daily living for them. By thoughtfulness, gentle consideration, practical helpfulness, by doing whatever the friend of sinners would do for men, it proves that it is born from above.

Friendliness is the simplest thing. Every man knows how to be friendly. Yet it is a sublime thing. It is the school where character loses the dross of self. It is the most potent agency in the world for its redemption. One friend is worth a dozen societies and agencies. Friendship has won more people to the good and the worth-while than all services or sermons. Nothing can a man do for his world of greater value than this—to be true friend to his fellows, to be helper and lover of men, to be entitled to be known as his of long ago, as the friend of sinners.

HYMNS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

The Pilgrims of the Night.

By Frederick William Faber.

[About no hymn writer have there been greater differences of opinion than about Frederick William Faber (Calverley Vicarage, Yorkshire, June 28, 1814—London, September 26, 1863). The conclusion of the whole matter is seen, however, in the growing popularity of his work. This gifted Catholic has given to all Christendom a number of beautiful and popular hymns. "The Pilgrims of the Night" appeared in 1854. It is the best known of Faber's hymns in the United States, while in England his "Paradise" holds first place. The former has been fortunate in that some beautiful melodies, notably "Vox Angelica," by J. B. Dykes, have been composed especially for it. It is also sometimes sung to the Swiss tune, "Oberland."]

Hark, hark, my soul! angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Of that new life when sin shall be no more.

Refrain—
Angels of Jesus, angels of light,
Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the gospel leads us home.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing
King Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.

Rest comes at length; though life be long and dreary,
The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
Faith's journey ends in welcome to the weary,
And, heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

Angels! sing on, your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.