Editorial Page of The Journal

THE EDITOR AND THE SENATOR.

TRUE TO ITS COWARDLY INSTINCTS to kick a man when he is down the Oregonian continues to tear the bleeding hide from the ng back of Senator John H. Mitchell. Not sated that he has been convicted and disgraced, that he s no longer a factor in politics, that his public career s ended and that his span of life in the ordinary course of events is nearly run, it continues its shameless and destardly attacks upon a defenseless and feeble old man who has been so often honored by his state and who, whatever else may be said of him, for years sustained its dignity in the halls of congress and did unnumbered favors to his constituents of high and low degree. lothing more vindictive, malevolent or indefensible has ever been printed in an American newspaper. No matter how intense the hatred, no matter how bitter the sivalry, there always comes a time when every individ-ual with a spark of manhood in him voluntarily draws the line and says, "Thus far shall I go and no further." No man who measures up to the meanest standard of manhood will pursue his victim beyond the grave and no man who has in him a drop of the milk of human kindness will torture a helpless and writhing victim whose power of retaliation has vanished never to return.

And why this malevolence following so quickly on the heels of the poisonous kiss of peace? Who sought out Mitchell when he emerged triumphant against the bitterest opposition from his last senatorial campaign? Was it not the editor of the Oregonian? Was it not he who proposed to bury the hatchet, who designated the fight as a personal one and suggested that the two old men hereafter live in peace and amity? It was he nd none other, as every well-informed resident of Oregon knows the fact and can detail the attending nstances. And why this sudden right-about face? The explanation is not far to seek nor hard to find. It finds its illumination in the passionate editorial craving for a seat in the senate. Peace was sought as a matter of calculation. With Mitchell arrayed on his side the senatorship would fall into the editorial lap like in overripe plum. But when that strangest of all sencontests came about, when the editor disclaimed with heat and constancy that which he most eagerly sought and the ridiculous climax finally came with the "Cassius-save-me-or-I-sink" dispatch to George C. Brownell, then did it become clear why the pretense of burying the hatchet with Mitchell was made—in the hope curing his aid to make Scott his colleague. And the unforgivable offense was committed. Mitchell's strength did not go for Scott and now forsooth, when other citizens who had never been either his political or personal friends feel for him nothing but sympathy this one man alone in all Oregon is left the congenial task of kicking a prostrate human being and mak-ng the welkin ring with his jubilations. Faugh!

HAS THE LIMIT BEEN REACHED?

THATEVER whitewashing may ultimately be done it is quite evident that the legislative investigation of the life insurance companies now in progress in New York will be productive of much good. With regard to the great companies it is arent that it is a case of six of one and half a dozen of the other. They were all managed in much the same way, whether mutualized or not, for mutualization is nothing but a delusion and a snare. The men who loaned their money were all actuated by precisely the same motive. Extraordinarily luxurious salaries were paid to favorites and all of them were used as a convenience to Wall street operations. When individuals and the companies went into the same deals it was noticeable that the individual investments seldom shrunk while the investment of the companies were very apt to do so. In the floration and concentration of the great stock companies that have marked the past few years a new idea has been developed in high finance. Under the plan the stock was purchased and the companies or the esulting consolidations stocked and bonded at a much larger figure. The bonds were bought by the insurance companies and the stock put up as the collateral to back In this way was evolved the great American scheme of acquiring control of tremendous railroad properties without putting up a dollar for them. And in all these cases the insurance companies held the sack. Heretofore the insurance companies have been the passive victims. It is scarcely possible that the interested stockholders will much longer permit them to con-

TRUSTS AND PROPLE'S MONEY.

S OMETHING WORTH READING and studying is a paper recently read by Scott Hopkins, presiis a paper recently read by Scott Hopkins, president of the First National bank of Norton Kansas, before a meeting of the Kansas Bankers' as sociation.

There has been no more luminous and instructive deliverance on the topic presented in months. Mr. Hopkins takes for his text the gifts of "tainted money" by great money accumulators and starts out by saying that the trust problem is reaching a point in its evolution where sound statesmanship and intelligent public sentiment demand a different order of things in spite of the active opposition of corporate influence, the timidity of legislative bodies or traditional conservatism of courts

Going through the history of the attempts to do this, and what congress could or might do, Mr. Hopkins says: When economic problems are linked with moral propositions, especially by leaders of public thought, it is in-contestible proof of intense popular concern in the con-

Mr. Hopkins very interestingly and instructively turns his eyes backward upon the eighteenth century, which, he says, was ruled by the dictum that "might is right," but he remarks, what is true and always important to remember, that "as a rule, society does what it thinks is right and majorities are composed of men who base their action on conscientious judgment."

Up to the period of the civil war, Mr. Hopkins says. we had merely struggled for existence, and continental expansion; we had felled forests, raised children, everybody competing; had been pursuing a natural and conlive course toward individual independence. This was all changed by the war, and the "patriot" in consequence thereof got into power. The war "taught men how to move in masses, how to unite force and numbers, how to do large things in combination, and at the same time, opened the way to tremendous opportunities in the forests, in the streams, in the fields and in the nountains, requiring only energy and capital to bring forth fabulous returns. So individual effort was sup-planted by combined action. The partnership, the joint stock company, the small corporation, the pool, the measure of victory. People who do not question the intrust holding corporation and the great monopolistic tegrity of their mikado threaten his dynasty when he corporation followed one another in natural succession would save the blood of his subjects. He and his min-

eral localities. Each office maintained its force of em ployes. Each enterprise asked for credit from the local rency each season from the money centers to the interior to meet the demands of the manu petition was the life of trade, and there were wastes and purdens in all lines of business. But, with the trust came a new order of things. The books and records of the small plants were transferred to the great city of-fice. The local operating force was culled out and only fice. The local operating force was culled out and only the most skilled workmen were retained. This concentration of business in the money centers imposed greater credit burden on the ambitious metropolitan banks. Larger reserves were demanded, more capital and ronger financial resources were necessitated. These nks, therefore, proceeded to enlarge their capitalization, or, in order to increase their reserves, began to form close working affiliations with other moneyed in stitutions. An agitation was instituted for assets currency and branch banking. Finally, their necessities were met by sensational alliances with the large insurance companies or through the agency of the financial trust

Mr. Hopkins goes on to show how the big insurance companies—the Equitable, the New York Life, the Mutual Life and a few others—joined hands with the big favored banks, in the centers of financial industry. Again, this thinking Kansas country banker pointed out, the modern trust has outgrown "the business of manufacturing raw material into a finished fabric. It now owns or produces the raw material as well as distributes the manufactured products. Its workmen and overseers are the most skilled that money can command. It produces on mammoth scale with closest economy at strategic shipping points. It studies the law of supply and demand, figuring at all times to produce what the market will absorb, thus enabling it to provide against overproduction and loss. Then it disposes of the middle man. It contracts with the retail dealer or the consumer direct, thus eliminating bad debts from its ledger and enormous expenditure in the way of advertisement and salaries of traveling men."

We cannot pursue this plain-speaking man through al his conclusions, but he sees that it is inevitable that the government should control these trusts, and that there should be a government fit to do so, in the people's interest. To quote briefly again from this admirable address, Mr. Hopkins says: "After a while, when the lean years come, when the farm products reach a lower selling standard than now, when salaries are lessened and the wage of labor is threatened, there will be a great awakening unless a different policy prevails. Already, in certain sections of the country have occurred manifestations of the coming struggle. A continuation of present conditions would lead this nation to disaster. The way points to agitation and social disintegration. The city is building up at the expense of the country and each year there is more of the snobbishment of rapidly acquired wealth displayed before a discontented proletariat. The gulf between Dives and the beggar is slowly widening, which even billionaire philanthropy may not in time safely bridge. The absorption of the natural wealth of the nation by great industrial corporations removes from the small operator opportunity and The encroachments of intemperate avarice have reached a point where limitations must be established or state socialism may be the fruit of our indifference.

"The trust problem is not to be solved by volcanic eruptions of oratory or epithet. The first essential is a determination of the facts in the case. This is being accomplished through investigation committees and the fearless illuminating editorialism of our newspapers and magazines. The next step is to enact and apply courageously the law adapted to the case."

The country needs a lot of plain, sensible business men like Mr. Hopkins, who, while handling the people's money, see how it is diverted, and can suggest proper remedies for its misdirection.

EXTRAVAGANCE IN COLLEGE LIFE.

HE VICE-PRESIDENT of Stanford university, in an address delivered a few days ago before the student body called sharp attention to the rapid increase in luxury and expenditure that was beginning to mark and mar the college life. Much of it was due to the intense rivalry of the fraternities but by no means all, for athletics cut a very important figure in the score of extravagance. "Fraternity life," he says, "has come to be vastly more expensive than is either necessary or reasonable, and this expensiveness is kept up, not by the necessary requirements of the organizations, but by childish rivalries in display. In some instances, while you are here spending enough money to support an ordinary family, back at home are father and mother working early and late, saving and denying themselves in order to pay for these indulgences of yours.'

It would be unjust to imply that this criticism was de served alone by Stanford, for unfortunately it applies indiscriminately to all colleges to a greater or lesser degree. But there are universities, of which Stanford was asserted to be a noted example, in which the democratic spirit prevailed to a most delightful degree, mere money counting against rather than in favor of a man, and where each student stood upon his merits totally irrespective of the cash equivalent which he could muster back of him. It was this reputation that was doing so much for Stanford and which was calculated to do so very much more. If the contrary spirit is creeping in it is best that it should be throttled in its incipiency. If the fraternities are largely to blame for the conditions then the men who control them should patriotically set on foot reforms and carry them to a definite end, no matter how much their societies may appear immediately to suffer. There is presented at Stanford a noble opportunity for aspiring young men to acquire an education at relatively slight cost. The spirit of genuine democracy should not be permitted to die out and no matter what the cost the university should be saved from that calamity.

THE JAPANESE RIOTS.

IOTS express varied conditions. Russia's in ternecine strife was the voice of the oppressed. Japanese troubles at home tell of a faithful people who are deluded by victory. Whatever the influence, riot is the language of the people. Popular feeling is given vent through such exercises, and these tell rulers that their deeds are acclaimed or damned. Japan has been a brilliant example of patriotism and discipline since its modern role was essayed. Its first fault is just revealed. Virtues of an emperor that made cheerful sacrifices of men on the field of battle, do not quiet the sense of disappointment felt at a reduced the opportunity or necessity of the time warranted." isters know Japan's strength better than its masses,

This is not argument. It is the statement of clear cut yet the masses challenge mature judgment for the

This is not argument. It is the statement of clear-rut and important facts. The question now is: what are we going to do about it, if anything.

"A revolution," Mr. Hopking reminds us, for it is ruling aristocracy. Japan's troubles have the effect of causing other nations to pity its people. Japanese has methods. Formerly, the constituent plants of have proved wonderful soldiers, but their success was have proved wonderful soldiers, but their success was privilege of further combat.

The question wow is: what are we to do about it, if anything reminds us, for it is revolution," Mr. Hopking reminds us, for it is its ruling aristocracy. Japan's troubles have the effect of causing other nations to pity its people. Japanese have proved wonderful soldiers, but their success was odern combination has separate offices in their sev
privilege of further combat.

Russia's riots brought anathemas from the world for its ruling aristocracy. Japan's troubles have the effect ranged. The suitan, who arrives in a landau, must leave in a "Now watch the Republicans of which he drives himself. The harness have proved wonderful soldiers, but their success was of the carriage is gilded—everything pentientlary—or the "soup"?

THE OREGON SUNDAY JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO.

JEO. F. CARROLL

planned battles and had the foresight of statesmen. That these should be followed implicitly when regiments were offered, and that the people should then question the wisdom of their rulers when a disappointing peace was made, seems impossible, yet is true. Such riots must surely be ephemeral. When the unbalance even the Japanese for a moment, but the Spartan fortitude that was proved on Manchurian fields the past year and a half will quickly right public sentiment, and teach it the victories of peace, where success does not become lust.

THE MACHINE IS DEAD FOR GOOD.

RANK C. BAKER'S INVITATION to "influen tial" Republicans and to the office-seekers of the party to assemble in Portland next month for a peace conference has been the topic of much dis-cussion by certain party organs. Every practical poli-tician—and without any serious danger of damaging Mr Baker's reputation he may be put in that class-understands that the sole object of the proposed gathering is to form a new machine which shall have the distribution and control of political patronage in the state. Mr. Baker's Republicanism has always been of the stamp which looks out first of all for Mr. Baker, and it is safe to assume that those who are advocating his scheme are no more disinterested than he. Editors as well as others sometimes become ambitious to hold public office, and it is a matter of common gossip that Harvey W. Scott is again entertaining dreams of representing Oregon in the United States senate.

But the petty personal ambitions of those who are covertly trying to restore the reign of machine politics in the state and to subvert the direct primary law are of little real importance. Their efforts will be productive of no real results. The day has passed when a coterie of bosses could meet and apportion among themselves and their followers all the desirable public offices. The people have taken back to themselves the right to select

Mr. Baker and his colleagues have overlooked the fact that hereafter the "influential" Republicans will not be the bosses, with their following of heelers and strikers. but the rank and file of the party whose individual preferences and opinions are henceforth to dictate the party nominations. It is little more than a year since the people of Oregon, by an overwhelming majority, sooner than that.

adopted the direct primary law, thereby taking from the hands of machine politicians the selection of party nominees for public office. This assertion of the right of the people to do their own thinking was no meaningless declaration. It was an avowal in practical form of the deep-seated opposition to the methods which have made the political history of Oregon a record of graft and corruption. Frank Baker's career as atate printer—an office out of which he is reputed to have made over \$200,-000-is in itself a sufficient illustration of the evils of those methods. The leopard does not change his spots nor the Ethiopian his skin, and there is no apparent reason to doubt that Mr. Baker takes the same "practical" view of politics that he has taken in the past. His party is dear to Mr. Baker just so long as he can make it serve his private ends.

It is a matter of trivial importance whether or not the proposed conference of "influential Republicans" is held. Any attempt of this kind to restore the rule of the machine is certain to meet with stern rebuke at the hands

STILL WINDING UP CHICAGO'S FAIR.

ROM THE STANDPOINT of the Lewis and Clark fair the St. Louis exposition is already far in the background, but here comes the Chicago papers giving forth the information that the Chicago fair is still in process of winding up. After 12 years of tedious work the president and secretary of the company still remain in office, for they have yet on hand to distribute to stockholders about \$20,000. Chicago subscribed \$5,500,000 for the purposes of the exhibition. While there were many large individual subscriptions there were 6,000 people who bought a single \$10 share of stock. Since that date there have been several distributions of dividends. Meantime the subscribers have got scattered all over the earth and some of them it has been almost impossible to find. In many cases the money has been forwarded to its owners in Alaska and Australia and various European and oriental points. Some of them will never be found. In addition to \$20,-000 ready for distribution there is another sum held in reserve to pay possible judgments against the fair as-sociation. If these suits result favorably to the fair the money will be donated to local charity.

Portland's fair will doubtless be wound up much

WHEN THE SULTAN PRAYS

From the New York Sun. a military and religious chief, as the temporal and spiritual heir of Mahomet, the sultan, who is also califa (commander of the faithful), is obliged (commander of the faithful), is obliged by his religious duties to go every Friday between 12 and 1 o'clock, in great pomp, to a mosque of his choice and there make his reglementary prayer. This official ceremony is called the salemlik. It was during this ceremony that the latest attempt to assassinate him was made the other day.

He has had built, in close proximity to the palace the Mosque of Hamidie.

to the palace, the Mosque of Hamidie, and goes there only. All the mosques in Constantinople are so far away! Hamidie is not more than 300 yards from the entrance of Yildis-Kiosk, his

Hamidle is not more than 300 yards from the entrance of Yildis-Kiosk, his favorite palace, in the grounds of which he takes the only promenade he enjoys. It is 11:45. The troops begin to appear. They come from the right, marching to the road leading from the palace to the mosque and lining up on both sides of it.

Large detachments guard each end of it. The fence around the mosque is surrounded. The cavalry is massed to the right, barring all approach from that quarter, which is the side of the city.

All the different corps are represented: The infantry dressed in blue, the engineers in maroon, the marines in dark blue, with the large collar trimmed in red; the Syrian Zouaves in very light blue embroidered in red, and with their green-tasseled turbans. In all there are 30 companies, with a total of about 3,000 men.

When the troops are placed the cortege appears. Four carriages advance at a walk—closed carriages and with blinds half down. It is the harem, guarded by black cunuchs wearing long

topcoats.

Then, on foot, in two lines, at regular intervals, the high dignitaries of the court, the ministers, generals, governors, all in gorgeous uniforms covered with gold braid and orders. During the whole some the court in the sound or continuous going ceremony there is a continuous going back and forth of servants with valies, containing changes of regalia needed as the ceremony proceeds.

The horses appear led by hand. They

are mounted by two young men-the sultan's sons.

A chiff not over \$ or 9 years old, in full uniform, with decorations on his breast and a sword by his side which seems to give him great trouble, walks to the door of the mosque and there remains standing. A dozen young officers, the oldest not over \$12. follow him and take place about him. These are the sultan's grandsons and his military suite.

Twelve-thirty. The officers charged with the surveillance of the terrace or-der the closing of all parasols and sun-shades. The imperial carriage appears, advancing at a walk, driven by a magnif-icent conchman (kavass) in a light blue costume most elaborately embroidered in

gold.

On its appearance it is saluted by a cold, mechanical hurrah given by the troops, who present arms. The sultan is alone on the back seat with the minister of war facing him. All about the carriage is the Albanian guard on foot, in several rows and as close together as walking will allow.

The sultan is simply dressed and wears the fez. With his right hand,

The sultan is simply dressed and wears the fez. With his right hand, gloved in white, he responds to the salute. His downcast eyes are raised for a moment toward the terrace. He seems ill at ease and anxious to be through

with the ceremony.

He does not resemble published por-traits of him. He is much better look-ing; less old, less fatigued, less knay, Moreover ish, much more energetic. Moreover how could his portraits be faithful Who has ever been able to photograph

Cameras are forbidden in Turkey. The religious law forbids the worship of images and considers the reproduction of the features of an individual as a beginning of idolatry.

Received by his grandson as he alights

from the carriage, the sultan walks up the few steps leading to the mosque. As soon as he crosses the threshold the spectator vaguely hears a strident chanting, soon drowned by the noise of

the troops at rest.

A haif hour passes. The troops begin to leave, passing by the mosque's door and on to their quarters. The prayer is ended. A carriage, drawn by two admirable gray horses, draws up before the mosque. The knyass who brings this equipage leads it on foot and is dressed

and everybody has more or less gilt, save the sultan. The avenue is now almost deserted, all the troops have gone. They were there not for his protection. The truth is that as the religious law requires that the people, or at least some of them, shall witness the ceremony, Abdul Hamid II complies with it in a way be deems safe. His soldiers are part of his people, and represent the others. As soon as he has taken his place in the carriage the top is raised—is it simply because the sun is so hot?—and the carriage returns to Yildis-Klosk, surrounded by the Albanians, who seem to be pushing and pulling it, so close are they.

The carriages of the harem follow; the noble ladies have not moved, nor has even a curtain. The horses, more fortunate, have been unhitched. In spite of the luxury of the ceremony, the chief feature of it is the ennul and

Sentence Sermons. By Henry F. Cope.

evident disquiet.

Labor is the noblest of all prayers.

Every oin would like to Truth needs no tinsel.

The world needs kindness more than

Love is the great human lodestone When religion is only a thing it is

It is easy to forgive the man who

Too many hope to bull their own ligious stock by bearing that of other The day of rest is never the better for

Enough is as good as a feast; more

No man can be an infidel who has All saints are home-made but non are self-made. The "cloth" is an effective insulate between men and the ministry.

The only doubts for which to apolo-gize are those you feel like advertising

Many times do we get the names o our troubles and our treasures trans

The top notch of sentiment is gaine more easily than the lowest step of

The trouble with the habit of criti-cism is that it soon becomes a clock for

There is more of the divine in a little Some men think they are forehander

when the truth is that greed has made them four-footed. No man knows just how much religion he has until he goes fishing alone where mosquitoes are busy.

An Unselfish Plea.

An Unselfish Plea.

O congressmen who make the laws, When you convene again,
I humbly pray you give no cause
Unto the Beef-Trust men
For any kick. And try to please.
The worthy oil men, too;
And set the coal men at their ease—
I humbly pray you, do.
Attend unto the beer men's tale,
Their modest wishes grant.
And heed the ice men's woeful wall.
And give them what they want.
The moanings of the foodstuffs gang
I urge that you do heed,
And help the whiskey men to hang
Right on to all they need.
And what of me? Ob, don't mind me,
Just leave me to my doom;

Just leave me to my doom;
I'm only one of those, you see,
Who venture to consume.
—Philadelphia Bulletin

JOURNEY OF LEWIS AND CLARK

Nearing the Columbia river. were sent to the junction of the river from the east, along with the Indians going to the Missouri. It is about seven miles above Travelers' Rest creek. The

miles above Travelers' Rest creek. The country at the forks is seven or eight miles wide, level and open, but with littie timber. Its course is to the north and we incline to believe that this is the river which the Minnetarees had described to us as running south to north slong the west side of the Rocky mountains, not far from the sources of the Medicine river. There is, moreover, reason to suppose that after going as far northward as the headwaters of that river it turns to the westward and joins one of the hunters returned with three Indians whom he had met in his excursion up Travelers' Rest creek. As soon as they saw him they prepared to attack him with arrows, but he quieted them by laying down his sun and advancing toward them and soon persuaded them to come to camp. Our Shoshone suide could not speak the language of these people, but by the language of language

had stolen 23 of their horses. We gave them some bolied veksion and a few presents, such as a fishhook, a steel to strike a fire and a little powder. They seemed to be better pleased with a piece of ribbon which we tied in the hair of each one of them. They were, however, in such haste, lest their horses should be carried off, that two of them sat off after sunset in quest of the robbers. The third, however, was persuaded to remain with us and conduct us to his relations. These he said were numerous and resided on the Columbia in the plain below the mountains. From that place, he added, the river was navigable to the ocean; that some of his relations were there last fall and saw an old white man who resided there by him-

were there last fall and saw an old white man who resided there by himself and who gave them some handkerchiefs like those we have. The distance from this place is five sleeps' journey. When our hunters had all joined us we found our provisions consisted of four deer, a beaver and three grouse.

The observation of today gave 46 degrees 48 minutes 28 seconds as the latitude of Travelers' Rest creek.

Trouble in a London Cafe.

From the Baltimore American.

He was a sad-faced American tourist, and as he seated himself in a London restaurant he was imediately attended by an obsequious waiter. "I want two eggs," said the American, one fried on one side and one on the

"I want two eggs," said the American,
"one fried on one side and one on the
the other."

"'Ow is that, sir?" asked the astounded waiter.

"Two eggs—one fried on one side and
one on the other."

"Very well, sir."

The waiter was gone several minutes,
and when he returned his face was a
study.

study.
"Would you please repeat your horder

sir?"
"I said, very distinctly, two eggs—one fried on one side and one on the other."
Oppressive silence, and then a dazed "Very well, sir."
This time he was gone longer, and when he returned he said, anxiously:
"Would it be awaking too much, sir, to 'ave you repeat your horder, sir? I cawn't think I 'ave it right, sir, y' know."

"Two eggs," said the American, sadly and patiently; "one fried on one side and one on the other." one on the other."

More oppressive silence and another and fainter "Very wall, sir."

This time he was gone longer. When he returned his collar was unbuttoned, his hair disheveled and his face scratched and bleeding. Leaning over the waiting patron he whispered be-

the waiting patron he whispered beseechingly:

"Would you mind taking boiled beggs, sir? I've ad some words with the cook."

Danger of the Gloomy Mood.

Prom the Memphis Commercial-Appeal.
Never permit yourself to make any decision of importance while you are in a state of depression. Never commit ithe error of taking a serious step while you are measuring life by standards set up in the darkness of an unhappy mood. The shapes you see are distorted shapes. Your vision is at fault. The only time you are capable of true judgment is when your sight becomes clear enough for you to really see that life is worth living and "all's right with the world."

A Hall for Evangelism.

New York Correspondence Philadelphis Ledger.

It is proposed to build shortly in this city a glant evangelist bearings to health the stabilish in connection with it a training school for evangelist. This idea originated with evangelist. The cost of the hall will probably be \$500,000.

"The present is the day of evangelists," declares Mr. McPherson. "The work of the tent campaigners through out the eity has proved that through them the multitudes can be reached and are no less responsive to the tender note of love and fellowship which the evangelist brings to them than the people of more fortunate condition.

A Sermon for Today

A PATHER'S AFFECTION.

ran and fell on his neck and in him."—Luke xv:20.

An old man, with hand that tree

him."—Luke xv:20.

An old man, with hand that trembles with excitement and eyes dimmed with sudden upwailing of tears of joy, running down a dusty road and embracing an unkempt, travel-sixined tramp; a father whose affection wipes out all the wounds that the son's disgrace has inflicted; that is the picture of the great God as the world's most wonderful religious teacher has drawn it. That the ragged wanderer stands for humanity we are all willing, when we know ourselves, to confess. But mankind has been slow to receive the significance of the other figure, to realise that the father, the one of infinite solicitude and long suffering affection, stands for the most high. That was a revelation to that day as it is to this. Yet, the veby essence of the sospel is in this scene. The good news the world walts to hear, the good news the world walts to hear, the good news the till bring this world to its best is this. That the infinite seeks men, longs for them as one yearns for a lost child, that the heart of the universe is sad and restless until humanity comes at last to its home. This is the ampler setting of the old time singer's words: "Like as a father pitteth his children so the Lord pitteth them that fear him."

Long had their prophets recited the might and majesty of the great God; long had they sought to drive a rebellious people back to loyal submission to their unseen sovereign. Appeals to fear, to self interest, to superstition, all had failed. Then this fearless voice rings out its new message; the hearts of man are stirred, ancient delusions and hoary customs are shattered, and their custodians tremble and rebel. The voice declares that the power that lies behind all things, the mighty spirit whom all men dimly know, is a father, a friend, a lover.

This was the first clear statement of the first that has since litted every

This was the first clear statement of the truth that has since lifted every glorious life. It crystallized the hope of mankind, the hope that there is, working through all the forces of this world and above and behind all our lives and affairs, one who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities, who is guided by the intent to do us good and whose immeasurable might serves that end.

It makes little difference whether s

It makes little difference whether a man believes in the existence of a God if that belief means only agreement to a theory; it may mean damage if it involves subservience, fear and trembling. But it makes all the difference what a man believes concerning his God. He faces life with courage, he serves with sacrifice if he believes that this universe but veils a power making for all he knows to be best, winning his love and lifting his life.

Pisty is always personal. An idel of stone is as good as a god whose only glory is that he does not sin. But how readily life answers to life when man finds that a heart of feeling, of glorious affection, is with us, that the all wise is the all loving, that more than man could ever long for heaven or for hollness God longs for man.

It is God coming to man that brings man to God, the touch of the human in the divine that makes divine the human. Man needs no persuading to love when he knows he is loved. The sin of the church is in seeking to keep its God afar off, in trying to incite reverence by remoteness. It forgets the father funning down the dusty highway. Never will men be you to God and right and truth, never will they leave their grubbing in the dirt and the humas with the swine until they see God coming down to embrace them. And then the love light in his eyes shall tell

Man's unsatisfied longing is for love. Man's unsatisfied longing is for love. Humanity finds its home, its abiding place, when it comes to know that kindness, compassion, helpfulness, sympathy, the joys of glowing friendship, are the suprems and overshadowing attributes, the eternal glories of the Lord who made heaven and earth.

HYMNS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Consolation.

By Thomas Moore.

[Thomas Moore (Dublin, May 28, 1779—Bermuds, W. I. I., February 26, 1853), the celebrated Irish poet and singer of love songs, was also the writer of about 30 hymns. These were published in 1816, and among them, under the title of "Relief in Prayer," is found the beautiful hymn which is today so often sung on occasions of mourning. While few, if any, of Moore's poems retain the place they once held in popular appreciation, and almost all his other hymns are forgotten, the comforting thought in this poem has given it a place of permanency along with the other great English hymns.]

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye lan-

guish; Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish.

Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-not heal.

Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and
pure;
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly
saying
Earth has no sogrow that heaven cannot cure.

Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing

Forth from the throne of God, pure
from above;

Come to the feast of love; come, ever

Earth has no sorrow but heaven can

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