EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE JOURNAL

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When a man's ways please the Lord he maketh even his enemies to be at peace with him—Proverbs.

LIFE OF NATIONS.

MR. ARTHUR BALFOUR, ex-premier of Great Britain, though known chiefly as a statesman and practical politician of the better kind, has been a wide and deep student, and is a ripe scholar, though inclining to metaphysics and speculative philosophy. His very large theme in a recent address before the University of Cambridge was the decadence and death of nations. With characteristic caution, and taking an all-sided and far-sighted view, Mr. Balfour, unlike many more dogmatic and less broad-visioned teachers, said that only tentative conclusions could be drawn as to the future of present nations from all the history of the past. He perceived, of course, that conditions under which men live and act have been greatly changed since the great nations that we call ancient declined and fell, and that conditions will continue to change; but whether the new elements and appurtenances of national life will conduce to longevity if not perpetuity, or to the acceleration of decadence and death, he was too cautious, in that great seat of learning, to predict positively, though he clearly leaned to the former view.

But though Mr. Balfour emphasized the tentativeness of any predictions that might be made, he was on the whole optimistic as to the future of existing nations and especially of the western civilization of today, of which as a Briton, he of course considers his land the most perfect flower—yet he is too broad a man to set England up on a pedestal high above all other nations. He was inclined to accept the theory that in the natural course of events nations, like individuals, pass through youth, maturity and decadence, ending in extinction; yet he was by no means sure that historical data warranted such a conclusion as a positive fact. However that might be—only to be determined many centuries hence—he could not discover as yet a single symptom of decadence in the civilization that has developed in Europe an America since the fall of the Roman empire, indicating that if these nations are to decline and die, as an inevitable doom, they at least will have a long lease of life. We are still vigorous and progressive, are still advancing upward and improving our condition; we are removing causes of social discord and friction that became fatal to the earlier civilizations. The world is growing better, not worse, as yet; and who can say that with constantly increasing wisdom these nations may not avoid the dangers and evils which overwhelmed Rome and Greece.

Moreover, Mr. Balfour says, the barbarian flood which destroyed Rome fertilized it for the future benefit of the world, but our civilization cannot be regenerated from without. He looks in vain for "untried races competent to construct out of the ruined fragments of our civilization a new and better habitation for the spirit of man, and if the world were again to be buried under a "barbaric flood," he cannot imagine the source or course of any adequate rehabilitating or evolving forces. He does not even consider the suggestion that might occur to some, that these seeds of new nations and civilizations might come out of the orient—India, China and Japan—evidently not considering those peoples in our class or within the scope of his theme.

Mr. Balfour encourages "generations yet unborn" by enumerating "new" factors in western civilization, and disagrees with President Eliot's opinion that it is vanity on our part to imagine that we have greater safeguards and better weapons and are wiser than the people of Greece and Rome. We have—what they lacked—applied science and art, organization or industry, freedom and hopefulness of the masses. We have "changed the whole material setting of civilized life," and have made science and invention instruments of the general welfare. Democracy, if intelligent, the social uplifting of the masses, and command for the people's benefit of nature's resources, are the new safeguards of civilization. Social and moral progress, rather than armies and navies and vast wealth, is the potent preservative and protector of modern civilization. When this progress ceases, retrogression is inevitable. Is there a limit to progress? This question Mr. Balfour does not answer—nor ask. But evidently he can imagine that there may not be. Surely there is immensity of space for progression yet, before heaven on earth is gained.

TRANSMISSION OF POWER BY ELECTRICITY.

THE development of electrical transmission of energy, or power, was without doubt the greatest boon to the industrial world in the world's history. The invention of the transformer enabled engineers to harness distant waterfalls and bring, at slight expense, their power to the industrial centers to turn thousands of wheels, light streets, move street cars and illuminate buildings. Without this power how much slower the world's industrial development must have been. Strike out now this facility of transmission and imagine what a blow it would be. Thus great and notable developments of recent times—the telephone, for instance—that have revolutionized methods of business and industrial operations, pass almost without notice. We forget that for thousands of years the world got on without them; we pause not to think what we would do without them now if we were put back under former conditions.

The transformer is the magic instrument which brought the mountain to Mahomet. A slender copper wire in midair is the road traversed by the waterfall, which loses nothing of volume, force or beauty. And this tremendous power runs on wings of lightning at inappreciable cost and little loss; it makes no noise, or smoke, or steam; it gets in nobody's way; it is as invisible as thought, which it resembles—what a "miracle" hath been wrought for the benefit of mankind! The transformer is less than 15 years old. Within the past 10 years its transforming power has been increased in kilowats a thousand fold. It is an inert, dead-looking thing, not unlike an oval boiler. There is no romance about it. But what it does, or contains the means of doing, is transforming the industrial and transportation world.

Back as far as 1877 Dr. William Siemans indicated the possible transmission of electricity by means of water power. At the same time Marcel Deprez, a Frenchman, was making experiments along this line, but obtained only 32 per cent of the energy employed. In 1889, M. Hillairet of Paris transmitted 260 horsepower 10 miles to a paper mill. In 1889, by alternating current, 100 horsepower, from a waterfall, was transmitted 108 miles, in Germany, with a loss of only 25 per cent. Meanwhile Edison, Lord Kelvin, Tesla, Thomson, Huston and other inventors and engineers were studying and experimenting, and gradually the transformer of today was evolved. It seems almost perfection. Perhaps it is only a good beginning.

Nearly 100 cities in the United States alone use electricity transmitted by water power. Ten years ago Niagara Falls was only a "sight"; now it sends out over 100,000 horsepower to various cities. Many other falls are already used and many more will be used for this purpose. The people should retain as far as possible the power to regulate and control their use.

A RAILROAD MAN'S TALK.

B. F. YOAKUM, chairman of the Rock Island-Frisco board of directors, delivered an address recently at Fort Worth that is worth reading, and we wish Mr. Harriman was animated by similar sentiments in his dealing with the producers of Oregon. Mr. Yoakum is a native of Texas, and naturally takes especial interest in that state, and his talk was of the mutuality of interest that exists or should exist between the railroads and the farmers, and the need and desirability of the opening up of undeveloped or but slightly developed regions, of which Texas, like Oregon, has large areas, by the construction of railroads through them. He showed that if the western half of that immense state were as well supplied with railroads as the eastern half, the state would have 22,000 instead of 12,000 miles of railroad and a population of six and a half instead of three and a half millions. Great areas of land are there, and millions of people want it, but the two cannot be brought together without railroads. There are 55 counties in Texas, with an area of 35,000,000 acres or about one fourth of the state, without a mile of railroad. Other and better populated counties have very little railroad mileage. The state as a whole develops but slowly comparatively, because of lack of transportation facilities.

After mentioning some lines of railroads that ought to be built, and showing that the natural resources of the country justified their building, Mr. Yoakum said that the increased value of property in the state in consequence would be $640,000,000, without estimating new houses and industries. What he says about the former mistaken notion of the aridity and worthlessness of the panhandle and western Texas applies with greater force to central Oregon, which is a much safer region for agricultural exploitation than western Texas. He mentioned a region where land four years ago could scarcely be sold at $4 or $5 an acre that now brings from $10 all the way to $50 an acre, because of no other reason than the building of a railroad through it, and the same thing would happen in central Oregon.

Speaking of the seeming antagonism of the people to railroads, Mr. Yoakum said he "believed the people of this country are reasonable and discerning, and will be fair in the treatment of this important question which is now before the whole American people, and in arriving at a solution of this problem the railroad owners must consider it in the same spirit as they are asking the people to consider it, namely, to adjust it in a business-like way, fair to all interests."

Mr. Yoakum went on to say that he had been a railroad man during all his business life, but as long as eight years ago he went on record as favoring "such rules and regulations as would protect the public from abuses, injustice and extortion, and the abolition of all special privileges or discriminations against any class of shippers in favor of another"; but he was opposed to some of the restrictive measures that had been passed in Texas, and said that he would not build roads in a state where the investment might be unsafe. He would like to be governor of Texas, and if he was his slogan would be, "Gridiron the state with railroads," most of which could be done in four years, when the population of the state would be over 5,000,000. He pleaded still further for amicable relations and fairness on both sides, and we believe that if all big railroad men were like Mr. Yoakum there would be little difficulty—although even he does not seem sufficiently to apprehend the public nature of railroads.

The people are willing to be reasonable and fair, and if they manifest some antagonism and hostility it is because they have been overcharged, under-served, swindled and treated with contemptuous insolence, in many cases. We are very sure the people of Oregon, at least, are willing that the railroad owners, as they call themselves, should make a very liberal profit on their investment, but they are not willing that the state should be drained of millions annually, and nothing invested by those who get it in extensions and new lines, especially when it is absolutely certain that almost from the first such lines would pay good interest on the investment, and ultimately be very profitable. Oregon, even more than Texas needs development, settlers, homebuilders, producers, tens of thousands of them; and they do not come because two thirds of the state is railroadless. It is this condition, more than high freights and all else, that has aroused whatever antagonism there is in Oregon. With Yoakum in Harriman's place we believe he would find no fault with the attitude of the people of Oregon toward him and his railroads.

PROTECT THE DEPOSITORS.

A BANK depositor has no more right to expect his deposit to be guaranteed than farmers to have their crops guaranteed, was the blunt speech of Senator Hopkins on the floor of the senate the other day. He was, of course, advocating the Aldrich currency bill. He is senator from a state where the people are clamoring for a primary law, but can only get such makeshift as the bosses will give them, which accounts for both his remark and his support of the Aldrich bill.

In spite of Senator Hopkins, however, there is strong sentiment in the country for such a government tax and regulation as will guarantee to the depositor that his money shall not be lost. Whenever the absolute safety of banks is established there will be no more withdrawals and hoarding of money. The only reason why a depositor calls for his money and hoards it is because he fears for its safety. The occasional collapse of institutions, the exposures of rottenness of officials and the recounting of losses to depositors give him reason to entertain fears. They destroy his confidence and confidence is a prime essential in our financial system. The collapse of two or three banks in New York City last October destroyed confidence and aroused the fears of depositors with the result that 200 carloads of gold was withdrawn from circulation and hoarded. That was the agency that broke the back of business, tied up the banks, called out legal holidays and paralyzed industry. If that money which was withdrawn through fear of the safety of deposits in banks had remained in circulation the effects of the Wall street crash would have been so minimized as to have been entirely imperceptible in many parts of the country.

That the government guaranty of deposits would be infinitely better for the banks in the increased confidence it would engender in their stability and in the prevention of hasty and unwarranted withdrawals through fear, appears so manifest to a layman that he would be entirely favorable to the plan. The fact that the subcommittee on currency in the house has approved it seems to indicate that the plan is commending itself to the people in high places. Is it not, indeed, due the people that they be not expected to throw themselves so completely on the mercy of men, among whom, as a ripe experience has demonstrated, there are many that are dishonest? And is it not true some guarantee should be provided wherein the country will trust itself less to a flickering and fitful confidence and more to something sane and tangible?

WHY DISTRUST THE PEOPLE?

ON MEASURES submitted for adoption or rejection the electorate is as likely to vote right as is the legislature. It has been said that the 19 measures now pending are too many and that confusion will result. Senator Scott says everybody should "vote no" on all.

But how about confusion in the legislature? How about the multiplication of bills that pile up on the calendar? Hundreds of them are introduced and, in the last days of the session, they are rushed through at the rate of one every minute or two, with half the members unaware of what they are voting on. How many "little jokers" in the form of interpolations in bills are passed at such times without the knowledge of the members?

There are 40 days for legislative session, in the first three weeks of which little is done. The main business of the session is carried into the last three weeks, and, because of the extraordinary number of measures, it is impossible for members to give to any of them that calm consideration necessary to wise action. It is a haphazard, hurry-up, spasmodic guesswork with notoriously doubtful probabilities as to results. These are objections to the legislative process in representative bodies that do not apply to the operation of initiative or referendum measures. Thus, instead of 600 or 800 bills, the people have but 19 to consider. Most of the people are as competent to understand a bill as the ordinary legislator. There has never been a demonstration to the effect that the intelligence of an Oregon legislature was abnormally high. Instead of two or three weeks to devote to the consideration of several hundred bills, the people have as many months to consider 19. Why be fearful of how the electorate may vote?

The records of the legislature are a running story of errors, follies and freaks in legislation, to say nothing of dishonesty and corruption. How about the scores of good bills that have passed one house, and started for the other, but in some mysterious manner never reached their destination? How about the law making gambling a felony, of which it was publicly charged in the press that $20,000 in gold was taken to Salem to defeat it, and did defeat it? No such charges will ever be made with reference to laws voted on by the electorate. Neither money, nor gamblers, nor hocus pocus can ever defeat a good bill before the people, and that is a reason why legislation by the people should be preserved.

What a travesty on legislation was the act of the late session which attempted to extend the law protecting elk, but which actually made an open season that has nearly resulted in the extermination of the elk species. How about legislative investigation of the books of a former clerk of the school lands without discovery of a defalcation of many thousands of dollars? Are these Senator Scott's ideal of competency in legislation?

If so, how about the Phelps tax bill? For the monumental legislative blundering, it holds the record. Under it the legislature undertook to shift the dates when the official acts in the process of levying taxes should take place. Thus it proposed to make the assessment date January 1 instead of March 1, and to make the roll returnable July 1 instead of December1. By an act of gross carelessness what the legislature actually did was to repeal the old law and leave an interim of several months before the new one became effective. The consequence was that the county courts of the state were actually left without authority to estimate the amount of money to be raised for county purposes, or to apportion the same with state and school taxes according to the valuation of property in the counties, and to levy a tax thereon for the purpose of raising revenue. In the same way, by this wonderful example of legislative competency and discrimination, the governor, secretary of state and state treasurer were left without power to apportion the revenues of the state among the counties. In short, the state was left in that extraordinary condition in which it was without power to levy taxes or collect revenues. It created a spectacle of incompetency that for months made a laughing stock of representative legislation from one end of the state to the other. It had its climax in the culminating spectacle of an extraordinary session of the legislature, convened by the governor for the hitherto unheard-of purpose of legislating into existence that which it had legislated out of existence. After taking chances so long on a legislative body that gives performances like this do we really need to be so fearful of the people? Could they do worse? Could they possibly perform as badly?

The decision of the New York court of appeals in the Hearst-McClellan case will very likely result in proving what Hearst has always alleged and what is generally believed, that he and not McClellan was elected mayor of New York. Before the contest is finally decided McClellan will have served out his term, but Hearst expects to show that he was counted out, and that will be satisfaction enough for him.

The new machine constructed in Portland is having miniature duplicates made in most of the counties of the state, and they are expected to be all in smooth running order by the date of the primaries. They may encounter some trouble even then, but by June the grangers and a great many unorganized Republican voters will have a host of heavy hammers ready for smashing purposes.

Do the people want to elect their senators? If they do, the only way to accomplish this result is to elect only Statement No. 1 men to the legislature. And whether these are Republicans or Democrats is of the slightest possible consequence to the mass of voters. There is properly no politics in 99-100ths of the state's business.

Because the Minnesota Democrats indorsed Governor Johnson for president it does not follow that they are antagonistic to Bryan. They pay a deserved compliment to a favorite son, but if Bryan should be nominated will be enthusiastically for him, Governor Johnson leading them, all the same.

The employment of a competent park superintendent at a decent salary is a good move. But this is only one feature of beautifying Portland. It can be made the most beautiful city in the country. Keep that in mind, and then project the mind into acts.

The registration in Seattle was nearly 35,000, the total vote cast nearly 30,000. What kind of a showing is Portland going to make? Register! Register! Register!

If Taft is nominated it will be the second time a president has forced his party to nominate his choice—Jackson did about the same when he retired.

Calve Gets a Haircut.

Special to the World from Atlanta, Ga.

Atlantans were treated to a mild sensation this morning when Mme. Calve left her private car at the union station, threaded her way through sand, rubbish and watery spots, and, entering the Kimball house barber shop, climbed into the chair of J. V. Geno, the head barber, and gave him instructions as to the proper method of trimming her locks.

For 20 minutes the astonished barber worked on her hair under her directions, doing a little trimming around the ears and exerting all his efforts to please the most distinguished patron that ever graced his chair.

Many of the male patrons in the shop had an unaccountable desire to see what kind of weather was reigning on the outside, all of which necessitated passing of the chair.

When the task was completed Geno's fair customer climbed out of the chair, carefully replaced her hat and veil, paid 25 cents and walked back to her car.

This Date in History.

1765—The stamp act, the cause of the American Revolution, passed by the British house of lords.

1822—First iron bridge erected in Canada.

1841—Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes, of the United States supreme court, born.

1858—Seige of Lucknow began.

1877—John Sherman of Ohio appointed secretary of the treasury.

1887—Henry Ward Beecher, famous American pulpit orator, died. Born July 31, 1803.

1889—John Ericsson, builder of the Monitor, died. Born July 31, 1803.

1900—Theatre Francais in Paris destroyed by fire.

Let the People Decide.

Kent, March 3.—To the Editor of The Journal.—I want to help you fight for Statement No. 1 in our primary law. I am a life-long Republican, but believe the people should elect every officer from constable to United States supreme judge.

If the people say for Fulton to be returned to the United States senate, or for Cake, or U'Ren or Scott, or any other fellow, so ought the Oregon legislative assembly to say, regardless of politics.

T. CLAY NEECE.

Vote for No Legislative Candidate Who Fails to Sign This Pledge:

Statement No. 1 of the direct primary law, which ensures to the people the right to elect United States senators, is as follows:

"I further state to the people of Oregon, as well as to the people of my legislative district, that during my term of office I will always vote for that candidate for United States senator in congress who has received the highest number of the people's votes for that position at the general election next preceding the election of a senator in congress, without regard to my individual preference."

Hymns to Know

Bethlehem's Star.

By Henry Kirke White.

[Henry Kirke White—(Nottingham, England, March 21, 1785—Cambridge, October 19, 1806), one of the most striking characters in English literature, at first an agnostic, always sensitive and subject to extremes of temperament, has several good hymns to his credit. He published a book of poems when he was but 18 and died, leaving a name in literature, when he was only '21.]

When, marshaled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark Hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Savior speaks—
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark—
The ocean yawned—and rudely blowed
The wind, that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose—
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And, through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forevermore,
The Star—the Star of Bethlehem!

Taxation

From the Union County Scout.

This new tax law may be one of the best that any western state ever experienced. It will have one good effect—it will make the man who owns real estate improve it, or at least it will make him pay the price of improvements when he settles with the tax collector. The present tax law has a tendency to hold back improvements even to the setting out of artificial groves and orchards. These things that not only adorn a farm or lot but beautify the community at large are placed under the ban of exorbitant taxation. Orchards and artificial groves ought not only to be exempt from taxation, but there should be a further exemption of so much for every acre set out to orchard and at least twice as much for every acre in artificial grove. We are not so certain that it would not be well instead of taxing improvements on real estate there should be a reasonable exemption allowed from the assessable value of the land. The way the law is now an improved lot will be assessed for big money and an unimproved lot joining and equally as valuable barring improvements will be taxed a pittance. The injustice is that the improvements on the one add greatly to the value of the other. The individual who has been able to buy vacant land in some growing town has been able to grow immensely rich at the expense of his neighbor. After all, it looks fair enough for him to pay some of the expenses. It has too often happened that the builder has gone broke and the nonbuilder has grown rich. On the farm the same disorder prevails. A few home builders improve and beautify the country and the land hog waxes rich by waiting in idleness while his property grows in value through the burdens borne by his neighbors. It would not be unfair to knock off all assessments on improvements, whether in the country or in the city, and assess all lands at equal values. Such a law will no doubt work a hardship now and then. There are plenty of people who hold lands they would gladly improve if they were able, but too often the land is held purely for speculative purposes and improvements held back to avoid taxation.

An Elegy in a Country Printshop.

He's taken thirty off the hook; it's quitting time for "Slim;"
We've closed the shop this afternoon to read the proof on him.
And find it pretty middling clean, a pi line here and there,
But only such a one as apt to slip in anywhere;
His ticket's on the foreman's desk, all figured up, I s'pose.
He had some fat takes and some lean, but that's the way it goes;
I don't know what's his overtime or what his check will be,
I guess he'll strike the average, along with you and me.

He set a measure middling wide—he liked to set that way;
His work was mostly solid stuff, and not much on display;
He ought to lived threescore of years, a friend of yours and mine.
It's tough to think some worthless chap is quadding out his line.
He told me high a month ago, as cool as anything,
His dupes were cut and pasted up—a middling longish string.
He said he never skinned the Shop, and guessed he'd had his share
Of overtime and double price, and maybe some to spare.

He set a proof that showed up clean, and did his work up right.
He never shirked by day so he could double space the night.
The makeup's dumped his matter in, his form is closed, you see;
His galley's empty on the rack, his slug is twenty-three.
We don't know what the Cashier's desk will have to give to Slim;
We'll mark a turn rule in the proof and say a prayer for him.
For him the dawn is in the east, it's getting light uptown.
And thirty's taken off the hook, the last form's going down!

—J. W. Foley, in New York Times.

Only a Dog.

From the Columbus (Neb.) Telegram.

Bix is dead. Bix was a dog in the animal kingdom, but a tall man in the attributes of kindness and loyalty. He never spoke about his own virtues, but he showed them in his every day life. I wish I might know the man who gave the deadly poison to my dog. I have no desire to carry physical injury to that man, but only a desire to make him a better and a gentler man by painting for him a picture of poor Bix and his sufferings. For many days, under skillful treatment of a veterinary, and the nursing of those who loved him, Bix fought against the effects of the drug, never complaining, never showing resentment, rewarding every effort in his behalf with a wag of his tail or with an expression of thanks from his kindly eye. In the last effort of his life he dragged himself to my feet, raised his drooping muzzle and laid it in my hand, as oft I've seen a child repose a weary head on mother's knee. Thus he died, and in the death-glaze upon his brown eyes I thought I read a message of pardon for the whipping I gave him one day, when anger had driven from my head that fair sense of reason which should direct the movements of men, if not of dogs. I have never been able to accept the teaching of those ancients who held that at death time the souls of men and women sometimes are transferred to the bodies of birds and dogs, but if I could accept that view I should then believe that one day there lived upon the earth a rare and radiant soul within the body of the gentlest woman that ever came to brighten and to bless the earth with her good presence, and that when she died the death of the body the gods transferred her soul to the body of poor Bix, so gracious and good he was. But I can't believe such things, and all that is left for me now is to give to Bix in my memory-garden a place among the roses, with a promise and a pledge to strive to make my own life among men reflect somewhat the lessons in loyalty and kindness acquired by contact with my dog. And so, good Bix, good-bye."

A Sermon for Today

The Will and the Way.

By Henry F. Cope.

"Whosoever will let him take of the water of life freely."—Rev. xxii:17.

THE most important conviction that can come to any man is this: that it is entirely in his own power to determine his destiny. The freedom of the will is more than an abstraction of philosophy; it is a working fact that has, by its realization, brought man to self-realization, to freedom and salvation.

The coward and the weakling may seek refuge in heredity and in environment, but none will escape responsibility for his own life by blaming his grandfather or his neighbor. If circumstances mold you it is because you are pliable; you are the willing clay where you should be the sculptor.

No man who waited for winds of circumstance ever found himself wafted to the skies. Character never is a windfall. Ideals and opportunities offer themselves from without, but we must up and possess them for ourselves. We never shall enter the desirable land of what we would be by any other way than deliberately setting out for it.

How many are going through all their days, drifting, waiting for some favorable tide or heavenly wind to swell the sails and carry them to any desirable haven. They would be good if they could be good without the investment of energy; they would be willing to be wound up and made to run in the right way if some one else would do the winding.

Supposing goodness could be conferred from without, how much good would it do us? Nothing becomes the possession of character except as a result of determination and endeavor on the part of the individual. Beauty of life never is the product of passivity. Character admits of no compulsions.

No power of heaven or earth can force us to be good either against or even without our wills. The only good we have is that we will to have and to be. There is no power that wills our ill, nor any, outside ourselves, that can take from us the power to choose and to achieve the highest. Any other view of life finds its source either in superstition or in sloth.

The creature of circumstances is a pitiable object, a piece of driftwood where a strong swimmer ought to be, a craven crying for mercy where the courageous rejoicing to find strength and the prize through struggle should be. We ought to make this world so that the weak can develop their wills and find their salvation; but we never can wisely make it so that the deliberate derelicts all can find fair havens.

Life, with all it brings of joy and care, of weal and woe, is just the call of eternity to man, crying out to the soul to set itself free, to gain the high prizes, to will to do and be and overcome. Everything is decided by how you face your life, whether with complainings and fear or with rejoicing and resolution for its struggle.

In a world where character is developed by freedom of choice and by exercise of will, the greatest curse that could come would be to have no need, no trial, no sorrow, no difficulties, nor disappointments, to be free from the strenuous choices. These are the challenges of fate, the ways to power, the paths to salvation.

What, then, has religion to do with realizing the full life? Does it not offer divine aid which, regardless of our wills, can carry us on to perfection? If it does, it offers that which is valueless because conferred and therefore only external, a robe of righteousness where we need the righteous life within.

This is what religion offers; ideals, opportunities, sympathies, inspiration, environment, and nurture for the realization of the best life. Yet all these wait for our wills. The kingdom of love and peace is thrust on no one; all enter it who set their faces steadily toward it.

Yes, says one, that may be good gospel for the strong; but my will is weak, that is the way of the mighty; I cannot walk in it. If your will is weak it is because it is unused. Your will is as strong as you believe it to be. With what strength you have seek the best, endeavor to breathe the air of heaven; every high thought will be a tonic; in all things will to do the best; your will will respond to the exercise, will find harmony with higher will and you will find the way of strength.

Sentence Sermons

By Henry F. Cope.

Life is love's language.

• •

Wandering thoughts seldom find safe harbor

• •

Every honest doubt ripens into larger faith.

• •

The heart of all reform is the reform of the heart.

• •

Souls are not lifted up by preaching down to them.

• •

A frowning brow often indicates a shrinking head.

• •

Too many sow sand and then pray for strawberries.

• •

What you are when no one is looking is what you are.

• •

There can be no moral muscle without moral struggle.

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If you would lead you must be willing to be lonesome at times.

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There are too many churches trying to win the poor by courting the rich.

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The value of your religion depends on how much of yourself is invested in it.

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No man can win righteousness who will not take some risks on his reputation.

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It doesn't take long to discover all kinds of good in anything that has gold in it.

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When a preacher tries to be a star he is sure to shut out somebody's sunlight.

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The heart is best nourished when we are ministering to the needs of our neighbors.

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He who expects to die like a dog usually goes to his expectancy long before he dies.

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The hope of this world does not lie in the stall fed saints who are fattening on sermons.

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If you would find gladness you must play life's great game with eagerness and fairness.

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Some folks are starving because they don't know the difference between dietetics and a dinner.

Oliver W. Holmes Jr.'s Birthday.

Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr., one of the associate justices of the supreme court of the United States, was born in Boston, March 8, 1841. In early life he was equipped with the best advantages education and refined social environment could give. He had hardly received his degree from Harvard, in 1861, when he enlisted in the Twentieth Massachusetts regiment. When he was wounded at Antietam a year later he was a captain in his regiment, having been promoted for gallantry. When he was mustered out he was a brevet lieutenant colonel. After the war Colonel Holmes took up the study of law, and soon after was admitted to the bar. In Boston he won distinction as a practicing attorney and as a scholar, legal writer and scientist. Prior to his appointment to the supreme bench in 1902 he had served as chief justice of the supreme judicial court of Massachusetts.