

PRESBYTERIAN SUNDAY SERMON

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Sunday Morning Sermon, in Part:

Amidst the amazing splendor, the infinite mystery, and the besetting glory of the universe, the greatest of these lie in man himself. A little lower than the angels, he steps upon this earthly stage, a child of destiny. Counting it not robbery to be equal with God, he at once begins creative work. Hearing sounds, he sweeps them into music; seeing colors, he blends their hues into a masterpiece painting; looking outward, he coins his thoughts from the mint of observation and preserves them in repository poems and dramas. He holds dominion over everything external to himself. He touches the forests with arm of strength, and they fall; rocks roll together into temples and pyramids at his command; mountains are cast down and valleys are lifted up. The sky is his workshop and the earth is his tool-chest. He uses the infinite distance between the stars for his measuring rod; he harnesses the lightning as his draft-horses; he employs the sun for his coal bin. He is the world's master, and "the noblest work of God." And "what a piece of work he is! How noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving, how express and admirable, in action how like an angel, in apprehension how like a god, the beauty of the world and the paragon of animals." The mountains are not so high as his towering mind; the sea is less deep than his nature; the heavens less sublime than his immortal soul; the stars are but the scintillating sparks that flew from the anvil when God hammered out man.

But practically speaking, what is the differentiating characteristics that constitutes man's pre-eminence? Man has been called the only laughing animal, the only food-cooking animal, the only firebuilding animal, the only clothes-wearing animal. Yet, these material distinctions are but superficial. The exclusive trait that makes God so mindful of man is the instinct for self improvement. Birds build the same nests and spiders spin the same embroidery as in ages remote, but man makes continual progress. He only aspires; he only has an ideal. This is his distinction. The fact that all culture arises from the love of perfection, that all great works spring from the ruins of great projects, makes it imperative that the measure of man's greatness is the quality of his aspirations. And man's ideal is no volatile vision or mystic mirage. An ideal is that which is seen through the lens of conscience embodies the highest good consistent with a practical possibility of realization. An ideal refuses to build upon the sinking sands of materialism, rejects matter as the ultimate ground of reality, and puts no trust in the things that perish. An ideal pleads not for quantity but quality, not matter but mind, not

the immediate but the eternal, not the symbol but the things symbolized, not bulk but value. An ideal insists that the moral and spiritual forces of the world shall be recognized; that sunsets are as useful as smokestacks; that music and painting and sculpture are quite as important as the roar and grinding of cogwheels; that the building up of human character is worth as much as the building up of a commercial trade; that the refinement of a noble manhood is as precious as the refinement of Standard oil; that "the harmonious expansion of all the powers that make the beauty and worth of human nature" will return no less material value to the assets of mankind than the forging of steel rails or the launching of gun-boats.

Moreover, that particular quality of man's ideal, which differentiates him from the rest of the world, is religion. He not only aspires but aspires toward the perfection of his highest nature, the "divinity that stirs within him." Here he becomes exclusive and stands completely alone. Bees have their warehouses, prairie dogs have their towns, wolves hold their social serenas around the western settler's home at sundown,—but nowhere in the kingdom of the brutes do we find a priesthood or a temple of worship. In every age and clime man has been distinguished by the exclusive monopoly of the religious instinct. It is a part of his native constitution. It is not a foreign addition to his nature externally acquired by exigency of environment. It is the original, innate, and vital essence of his very being, touching and sanctifying all the phenomena of his entire experience. As the day spills out of the sky at high-noon, as the flowers come forth at spring time when called by the voice of rain-drops and coaxed by the breath of sunshine,—so religion springs from the life of man as the natural, the normal, and the inevitable consequence of his inherent nature. But, alas, coeval with his religious instinct arises the concomitant demonic instinct, as certain as it is mysterious, as real as it is inexplicable. His spiritual nature seems organically antagonistic, "a house divided against itself." "When I would do good, evil is present with me . . . I find a law in my members at war with the law of my mind, bringing me into captivity to the law of sin and death. O, wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" Certain advanced students in the Berlin University once grafted the pupa of a spider upon the pupa of a butterfly. So delicate was their operation that the actually produced a cross offspring, a freak of nature, half butterfly and half spider.

—a monstrosity indeed—two opposite natures bound together in one antagonistic organism! Here was the love of sunshine and the love of darkness, a hunger for the roses and a thirst for blood! But this is only a pathetic parable of the pathetic duality of man. Two contending forces strive within the soul like opposing armies in deadly conflict. Plato delineates the soul of man as a team of steeds, one white and one black. To me it appears as the arena in which wages the struggle of life and death, the endless struggle between the man and

the beast, a struggle in which the man requires constant reinforcements.

In this I confess I am old fashioned. Power is old fashioned, and I believe that there is a power at man's disposal, inexhaustible and irresistible which alone can make feasible his dreams. And I further believe that that power is none other than "the greatest thing in the world," the magnetic potency of love. Of the refining, transforming, saving power of love! We are all aware of its pulsance in manifestation whatsoever. We are drawn toward the bird that sits on her nest in the storm to protect her young. We are enlarged in sympathy by the wild beast that risks her life in the interests of her cubs. We are melted to usefulness by the nurse who remains at her post in time of plague. We are exalted to patriotic heroism by the soldier who dies for his country. We are stung to industry by every workman in love with his toil, as we are chastened into character sublime by the holy love of mother. Indeed man's worthiness and supremacy over the animal world is in direct proportion to his susceptibility to love. And the purer and holier that love becomes, the more respectable is the creature who resists it. If then, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son" for it, what shall we say of the creature who spurns that love? Think it overbeloved.

Meantime I close with the following summary of definition: Man's distinction is religion; coeval with his religious nature arise two antagonistic tendencies; the potency which assures the triumph of the upward tendency is love; and the highest love is the love of God. What, then, is religion? Consciousness of the life of God in the soul of man. What is man? God's residence, God's temple. What is God? The indwelling personification of the best I know. What, therefore, is man's supreme obligation? Eternal fidelity to the voice of that indwelling presence,—in spite of "dun-geon, fire, or sword." In spite of the "insolence of office of the proud man's contumely," in spite of the knife of slander or the advice of fools, in spite of the allurements of self-indulgence of the glitter of proffered fame. Not the external appearance, therefore, of the number of legs the creature walks upon, but to obey or to disobey that heavenly voice constitutes the distinction between the Man and the Beast.

DR. LEONHARDT'S DISCOVERY.

Hem-Roid Will Interest Every Person Who Has Piles.

The public is indebted to Dr. J. S. Leonhardt of Lincoln, Nebr., for years of study of the treatment of piles, and for his discovery of a successful remedy, taken inwardly, which livens up the stagnant blood circulation and reduces the swollen vessels. Dr. Leonhardt's prescription is **HEM-ROID**, sold by The Tallman Drug Co., Pendleton, Ore., and all druggists at \$1 for 24 days' treatment. Guaranteed to give satisfaction. Dr. Leonhardt Co., Station B, Buffalo, N. Y. Write for booklet.

The sugar trust can have a high old time now.

Too Precious.

"Makers to his majesty" and "imported" are words that carry much weight to many minds. It is strange what a glory a foreign label can cast upon a commonplace article. The fact of a commodity having crossed the water, however, is not taken quite so seriously today as it was some fifty or sixty years ago. M. C. D. Sillsbee gives an instance in her "A Half Century in Salem."

Miss Ann M. Rust was one of the two milliners. She had a large collection of finery, shelves full of handsome ribbons and glass showcases of rich embroideries, besides the inevitable bonnets. Once she imported a quantity of exquisite French caps. The strings were somewhat crushed in the transit across the ocean. The caps were quickly disposed of. An aunt bought one, and Miss Rust innocently observed that a "warm iron would make the creases all right."

"What?" indignantly exclaimed the aunt. "Smooth a crease made in Paris? No, indeed; never!"

Two Collars on a Dog.

Having bought a dog that he admired, a man undertook to buy a dog collar. The dog had a neck nearly as big as his head, and the dealer advised the man to buy two collars.

"What for?" said the man. "He's only got one neck, so I guess he can get along with only one collar, can't he?"

"Maybe so," said the man, so the man went away leading the dog by his new collar and chain. In less than a week he brought the dog back.

"I'm afraid I can't keep him," he said. "He is too obstreperous. I can't keep him tied up. His neck is the biggest part of him, and he is as strong as an ox, therefore it is a cinch for him to slip his collar off."

"That was why I wanted you to take two collars," said the dealer. "Put both on and fasten the chain to the back collar, and he can't get away all night without getting loose. He may commit suicide, but he won't get loose."—New York Sun.

Disappointed in Her.

"And so your father refuses to consent to our union."

"He does, Rodolphus."

The sad youth swallowed a sob.

"Is there nothing left for us, then, but an elopement?" said he.

"Nothing."

The girl was fond, but firm.

"Do you think, Clementine, that you could abandon this luxurious home, forget all the enjoyments of great wealth, banish yourself forever from your devoted parents' hearts and go west with a poor young man to enter a home of lifelong poverty and self denial?"

"I could, Rodolphus."

The sad youth rose wearily and reached for his hat.

"Then," said he, "you are far from being the practical girl I have all along taken you to be."

And with one last look around on the sumptuousness that some day he had hoped to share he saluted and said farewell.—Brownings Magazine.

She Has Positive Proof.

The Cook—Sure, an' ye don't mane to tell me that ye think it's bad luck to break a mirror? The New Maid (earnestly)—I don't think; I know it. The Cook—Glory be! An' how do ye know it? The New Maid—Every time I break one I lose my job.—New York Journal.

Part of the Role.

"Shall we pose as millionaires or as foreign dukes at the hotel?"

"As the latter, my boy. As millionaires we might be expected to display some evidences of wealth, but as dukes nobody can possibly take it amiss if we skip."—Kansas City Journal.

Currying No Favor.

"Lend a hand, Hiram, and help ketch the alderman's pig."

"Let the alderman ketch his own pig. I'm out of politics for good."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Taken at His Word.

Creditor—Suppose I'll have to wait till the day of judgment for what you owe. Debtor—Yes; call late in the day, though.—Fliegende Blatter.

Thought works in silence; so does virtue. One might erect statues to silence.—Carlyle.

The Laziest People.

There is no doubt that the Malays are among the laziest people in the world. Except in rare cases they will not take the trouble to learn when they are young, and afterward, if they have learned, they will not exert themselves to apply their knowledge to any object which require a sustained effort. That they possess effort is known to any one who has seen Malays engaged in any enterprise which savors of sport. They do not mind the trouble if there is only some risk and excitement in the work.—Times of Malaya.

A Marked Judge.

The descriptive reporter of a certain daily paper in describing the turning of a dog out of court by order of the bench recently detailed the occurrence as follows: "The ejected canine as he was ignominiously dragged from the room cast a glance at the judge for the purpose of being able to identify him at some future time."

Work of Providence.

"The man died eating watermelons," some one said to Brother Dickey.

"Yes, suh," he said. "Providence sometimes puts us in paradise before we git ter heaven."—Atlanta Constitution.

Raised printing for the blind was introduced in 1830.

CHURCHMEN GRILL TAFT; BREWER WILSON CAUSE.

Three Denominations Angered by Agriculture Secretary Presiding.

Kokomo, Ind.—Voicing its protest against Secretary of Agriculture Wilson presiding at the forthcoming International Brewers' Congress in Chicago, the St. Joseph conference United Brethren, telegraphed its criticism to President Taft. Secretary Knox was also criticized for inviting foreign nations to participate in the exhibit.

Episcopallians Protest.

Sparta, Wis.—At a session of the Western Wisconsin Episcopal church, resolutions were adopted condemning Secretary of Agriculture Wilson for accepting the honorary presidency of the International Brewers' Congress, to be held at Chicago.

Methodists Send Wire.

Bloomington, Ind.—At a session of the eighth annual Indiana Methodist conference a resolution presented by Bishop McDowell, protesting against Secretary of Agriculture Wilson acting as honorary president of the forthcoming session of the Brewers' Congress in Chicago, was unanimously adopted. The resolution was wired to President Taft.

The council of Klamath Falls has adopted the plans for a new city hall and has advertised for bids, which will be opened September 18.

SEEKS FEES FROM DEAD.

Physician Asks \$10,000 on Life Contract Terminated by Murder.

St. Clairsville, O.—Daniel Byers, the wealthy farmer, who recently was murdered for refusing to give a man a drink of whisky, is shown by a suit to have made one bad bargain in his life. It seems that six months ago Byers contracted with Dr. F. A. Korrell for medicinal services. The physician was to receive \$10,000, for which he was to take care of Byers' health during the rest of the farmer's life.

Though the contract ran but six months, the physician is asking for his \$10,000, for which amount he today brought suit against the Byers estate.

Many sufferers from nasal catarrh say they get splendid results by using an atomizer. For their benefit we prepare Ely's Liquid Cream Balm. Except that it is liquid it is in all respects like the healing, helpful palm-allying Cream Balm that the public has been familiar with for years. No cocaine nor other dangerous drug in it. The soothing spray is a remedy that relieves at once. All druggists, 75c, including spraying tube, or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

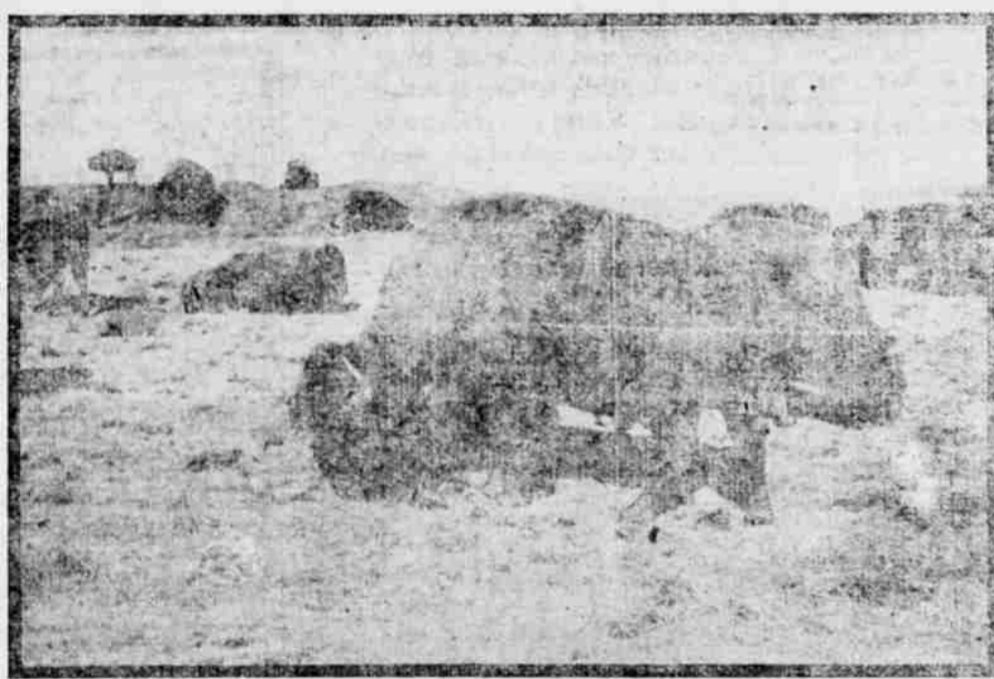
The Burns schools have insufficient house room and the condition calls for the renting of temporary quarters for the overplus.

ON THE COLUMBIA.



Courtesy of Pacific Monthly.

INHABITANTS OF BYGONE DAYS.



Courtesy of Pacific Monthly.

Announcement

The J. A. Borie Lumber Co. has purchased the Pendleton Planing Mill of Robert Forster and will conduct the mill in the future, in connection with the adjoining lumber yard under the name of the **Pendleton Planing Mill and Lumber Yard**

We aim to conduct a lumber yard complete in every particular and turn out the best mill work to be obtained in the northwest.

No Job too Large or Small for our Prompt Attention

RE-OPENED---

We have re-opened the Farmers' Meat Market on east Court street and will carry a fine and fresh line of **FRESH AND CURED MEATS, SAUSAGES AND LARD. POULTRY EVERY SATURDAY.**

KURRLE & SON

Phone Main 445. Prompt Delivery.

Prizes for Your Products

Enter some exhibits of your handiwork at the **American Land & Irrigation Exposition: Nov. 3 to 12, 1911** Madison Square Garden, New York City

A rare opportunity for the Farmers and Fruit-growers of the Northwest to show the world where the *Real Goods* come from.

Note the List of Prizes:

- For Best 25 boxes of Apples, any variety . . . \$ 500 in Gold
- For Best 100-pounds Wheat grown in U. S. . . . \$1,000 Gold Cup
- For Best 100 pounds Wheat grown in No. & So. Am. \$1,000 in Gold
- For Best 10 ears corn grown in U. S. . . . \$1,000 Cup
- For Best 100 pounds White Oats grown in U. S. . . \$1,000 Cup
- For Best Alfalfa Exhibit \$1,000 Cup
- For Best Half Bushel Potatoes grown in U. S. . . \$1,000 Cup
- For Best Sugar Beets grown in U. S. \$1,000 Cup
- For Best Hops grown in U. S. \$1,000 Cup
- For Best Bushel Barley grown in U. S. \$1,500 Cup

Write quickly for circular giving detailed information about this exposition and the numerous prizes offered for displays of farm products and your opportunity to get 100 acres of Montana land to be awarded by popular allotment by the

Northern Pacific Ry.

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