

THE WEST.

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"LOVE IS ENOUGH."

"I will give you," he murmured, "a warrior's name."
She sighed and shook her head.
"I will carve it aloft on the pillars of fame,
In blood-red letters, enscrolled in flame."
"But love cannot read it," she said.
"I will make you," he pleaded, "a statesman's bride."
She listened, and turned her head.
"I will sit in the halls where the great abide;
We're ambition feasts, and is satisfied."
"But love cannot share it," she said.
"I will sing you a song such as poets prize."
She blushed and she dropped her head.
"I will woo soft chords from the muse, whose eyes
Illumine the portals of love's paradise."
"But love cannot sing them," she said.
"I will give you my love, then—'tis all I can do."
Low dropped her womanly head.
"I love you, oh, love, with a love so true.
There is nothing else in my life for you."
"But love is enough," she said.
—Brandon Banner.

A FAMOUS HYMN.

"The Sweet By and By," Which Millions Have Sung.

The writer of one immortal poem reverses the established axiom and reaches the haven of ambition by a single bound. There have been a golden number thus signally fortunate. The author of "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" scaled at one bound the steep heights of immortality. She who wrote with pathetic pen the story of "A Soldier of the Legion" inscribed her name on the scroll of fame in letters of light. The author of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" will live with the nation, and he who was inspired with patriotic ardor to sing "The Star Spangled Banner" will be remembered by his words while that banner continues to wave. These are heroic poems struck to triumphal or majestic notes. But there is another poem which, like those of the sweet singer of Israel, is attuned to chords that live forever in the soul. Of these are the songs, poems, hymns—they are all these and more—known in the literature of song as "Nearer, my God, to Thee" and "The Sweet By and By." The first was written by a woman, the last by a man, and it is this author the present paper concerns, and the simple history of the words and music that have been sung in every quarter of the globe, in church, in concert hall, at home, by the deathbed and at the grave. Never can I forget the sweet and comforting words as I first heard them sung on the occasion of a great calamity, when many people walked in the valley of the shadow of death. It was a woman's voice—not that of a great singer, but one who sent forth sympathetic notes from an overcharged heart. The song was new then. As her voice fell on the silence that was broken only by the walls of the mourners, there fell upon the group that peace of God which passeth all understanding. She sang every word in a distinct relative and the awful tension of unavailing grief was broken. There was a human need of comfort; every one wanted a copy of the words, the music, and in less than a week murmuring lips were framed to sing:

"For the Father waits over the way."

The tide of grief was diverted by the wonderful inspiration of the song.

S. Fillmore Bennett, the author of "The Sweet By and By," lives in the town of Richmond, Ill. At the time of writing the poem, however, Dr. Bennett was a resident of the village of

Elkhorn, Wis., and was engaged in the publication of sacred music. He was associated with a musical composer who had fits of melancholy and depression. On one of these dark outlooks he came into their place of business, silent and dejected.

"What is the matter now, Webster?" asked his partner.

"Oh, nothing—it is of no consequence—it'll be all right by and by," answered Mr. Webster.

"Then," says Dr. Bennett, "the idea came to me like a flash of sunlight, and I responded instantly: 'The Sweet By and By'; why wouldn't that be a good subject for a song?"

"Perhaps," he answered, indifferently.

"But I was not to be discouraged. I turned to my desk and wrote the original form of the poem:

"SWEET BY AND BY."

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
And by faith we can see it afar,
For the Father waits over the way,
To prepare us a dwelling place there.

"In the Sweet By and By,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore—
In the Sweet By and By,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

"We shall sing on that beautiful shore,
The melodious songs of the blest,
And our spirits shall sorrow no more—
Not a sigh for the blessing of rest!
(Chorus.)

"To our country nearer above,
We will offer the tribute of praise,
For the glorious gift of His love,
And the blessings that hallow our days.
(Chorus.)

"When I had it completed I handed it to Webster. As he read it he lost his indifference and his face brightened with enthusiasm. Then he asked a friend who had stepped in to hand him his violin and he improvised the melody. In a few moments he had written out the notes for the four parts of the chorus, and in thirty minutes from the time I had taken my pen to write the words, four of us were singing the hymn. Within two weeks we heard the children singing it on the streets."

There are only two of those who assisted at the birth of this inspirational song who are now living—Dr. Bennett and S. E. Bright, of Fort Atkinson, Wis. These two have been many times witnesses of its wonderful popularity, and everywhere the notes of its plaintive music was to them as a breath of their native air.

This is the brief and simple story of the inception of the song which was consistent with the life and sentiments of its author, who, when an attack was made on his religious belief, thus forcibly and modestly defended himself and his friend:

"While I claim that every man's religion is something sacred to his own soul, and something no man has a right to personally question, I feel compelled to say that the hope and longing of every immortal soul, as expressed in 'The Sweet By and By,' was not to us a 'patented lie,' but the firm conviction and faith of both of us, and to both creation would have seemed a farce unless associated with a belief in a Supreme Being of infinite love, and an immortal existence for man beyond the grave."

Dr. Bennett, in a very interesting private letter, says:

"When a boy my dream was to devote my life to my pen, but an education was the first object, a hard thing for one to gain unaided. Before I knew enough to teach I began teaching. I was about eighteen, and sensitive as a girl. My book qualifications were meager. I had plenty of pupils much older than myself. I had never looked in the algebra—to study it. 'Could I teach algebra?' came the question from these. 'Oh, yes! But let us wait a week before we organize a class.' That night I walked eight miles to the nearest village and bought an algebra. Thereafter four o'clock of the winter mornings I was at the lonely country schoolhouse studying algebra by the light of a 'tallow dip,' kerosene not having then been invented. I took my class through the book—and they never knew the secret. That is about the way I have worked all my life. When I was younger I desired to publish a volume of poems, but never had the money to do it. Thus I escaped the critics and probably conserved my reputation.

"You inquire about 'The Sweet By and By.' As to how it was born, I

only know the externals, as given herewith. There are phases of the life of the soul that are profoundly, sweetly real, but unseen—like the scent of a rose. We may watch the unfolding of a rosebud, but we cannot know—not a rosebud, but we cannot know—not the primal fact behind the visible miracle nor the alchemy of God that works in the fact. I have often been drawn from bed by a dear demon who cried: 'Write! Write!' I have—on one occasion—written nine hymns in a single night, but never came anything to me just as did 'Sweet By and By.' Yes, I have heard it sung in many places and under many circumstances—but somehow, under no circumstances that were inappropriate. It oftenest gives comfort at the grave. It is the funeral hymn of free masonry—the higher orders—in America. I have received many a letter from the mourning that made my heart very tender and humble. Well, the universal heart of humanity loves to think of and sing of a sweet, blessed reunion with those who have laid down the burden of earth life—whether it can demonstrate it or not. It is the atavism of the soul to the type of its primal innocence and communion with God.

"Would you like to hear how the little hymn sounds in Chinese? A New York journal published it in the Chinese characters and an interlineal translation, which, I suppose, is authentic. I will transcribe the first verse:

"There's a land that is fairer than day,
Joy hin gwock yow yut jaw wah me shaw,
And by faith we can see it afar,
Yow sun dock gwa chi nong yin bong geen,
For the Father waits over the way,
Foo che yan hoy hen boon gong jib gaw,
To prepare us a dwelling place there,
Gwy loi choey gin die juck we on goey.

"In the sweet by and by
Dow how loy dock wing gong,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
Go chi dan bit joy chop wah me shaw.
In the sweet by and by,
Dow how loy dock wing gong,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
Go chidan bit joy chop wah me shaw."

The author of "The Sweet By and By" pays this beautiful tribute to his excellent wife:

"The only home hours a doctor has are the evenings—and he is not sure of them. The sweet silence of solitude, when fancy or feeling would find expression in rhythm, is not for him, leastways, I never find it. Only my 'Sweetheart' knows when to be gracious, and if she observes that when I am writing I do not carry the lines to the right-hand verge of the sheet and leave lines blank by fours and by eights—then all is silent, as if each were occupying a position at the nadir and zenith of interstellar space, and that is solitude enough, in all conscience! Yet I know that all the time an occasional glance, love lit, comes meadow from just across the writing table, and from the same locality there vibrates into my being the tender magnetism of a sympathetic heart, and I am within the area of an appreciative, helpful intellect. She is my best helper, because of her sympathy—and because she is my best critic."

Perhaps the thousands, who have sung, prayed or chanted the melody of the hymn-song will take a new pleasure in its sweet strains through learning something of the home and life history of its author. A copy of the verses in my possession, penned for me by the author, reveal a chirography as dainty as the Italian hand of a past era, and quite consistent with the ideal character of a poet.—Mrs. M. L. Rayne, in Detroit Free Press.

He Revoked.

They were playing a game of cards, although they were just engaged, and he was miserably jealous of his opponent, on whom Mabel was innocently smiling.

She led a diamond, he blindly followed with a heart.

"Take back the heart that thou gavest," she said coquettishly.

"Do you mean it?" he said, with fatal insistence.

"Certainly I do," she responded.

"You know, Tom, you revoked."

"I have suspected it all the evening," he exclaimed, incoherently, as he rushed from the room and from the house.

And just because he revoked in a simple trick of cards, he was obliged to propose twice to the same girl.—Detroit Free Press.

BUTLER AND THE CLERGY

Sensation Created by the Governor's Fast Day Proclamation.

How the Whole State of Massachusetts Was Convulsed by a Neat Little Trick of the Chief Executive.

"I see old Ben Butler's gone at last," said Maj. Edward Downing, of Boston, to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat man. "Let me tell you a story on the old man that has never been printed; at least, if it has I never have heard of it. You know one of our greatest holidays in Massachusetts is Fast day, and it comes along in April. It is the duty of the governor to issue a proclamation setting the day and exhorting the citizens of the state to lay aside all their earthly pursuits and devote the day to fasting and prayer. Well, when Ben was governor he had a mighty hard row to hoe. There were all sorts of editors in the state who laid for him with a scalping-knife up their sleeves night and day, and no opportunity to make life a nightmare to him was ever overlooked. The same feeling was indulged in by men of high standing in other professions, too, clergymen among the rest. Well, when old Ben's proclamation came out it was a beauty. It wound up with a special exhortation to the clergy to the effect that they devote their time to the welfare of the spiritual man and refrain from indulging their curiosities in the family affairs of the men and women of their congregations, and look to it that in their teachings their own souls were free from taint. That proclamation created a sensation. It shook the staid old state of Massachusetts from end to end. The papers everywhere denounced the governor as impertinent, sacrilegious, indelicate, coarse, brutal and profane. They accused him of being everything that was disagreeable; no official in the history of the world had ever dared to assail the clergy in the wanton manner that Gov. Butler had. On the following Sunday the ministers had their fling at the old war horse, and right merrily did they roast him. The old man kept perfectly quiet and good natured through it all, never losing his temper or vouchsafing anything in the shape of an explanation. After everybody had had their say, and a whole lot was said, too, the old man came out with a statement—and the copy to show it, too—that inasmuch as he was not experienced in such matters he had copied word for word, the proclamation of one of the first governors of the commonwealth, I've forgotten which one, but in such high esteem was he held that he was almost sainted. Butler showed to the satisfaction of everybody that the only change he had made in the original document was to fix the date and substitute his own name for that of the original. That tickled the old man probably as much as anything in his life, but there was an awfully crestfallen lot of editors and clergymen in the old Bay state for a long time after that. The old man had caught them fairly, and there was no way for them to get out of it."

THE SCULPTOR'S ART.

According to the latest estimates the Kaiser Wilhelm monument in Berlin will cost \$4,000,000.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON'S statue in bronze, of colossal size, will be unveiled in Newburyport next Fourth of July.

BISHOP DOANE is to have a carved wood throne in the cathedral at Albany. It is the gift of Mrs. J. V. L. Pruyn, and is said to be the finest thing of the kind in America. The wood is black oak and the throne is twenty-two feet high.

How to Receive a Creditor.

The trials of a man collecting bills sometimes take an annoying turn. One of those pleasant gentlemen stepped into an office, and, seeing the debtor talking to a number of lady friends, waited till he had leisure. Whereupon the debtor turned to the collector with a very pleasant manner, and said: "I will loan you this much to-day. Come again when you are hard up," and smiled one of those smiles that crack a looking-glass.—Hartford Post.