

HYMNS A PASSION WITH REV. H. N. ALDRICH

Contribution to Hymn Contest This Week Is From a Musician and Pastor Who Has Been Student of Sacred Song for Quarter of a Century.

THOSE OF EARLY DAYS FOUND MOST HELPFUL.

Hymns Found in Opening Chapters of St. Luke in New Testament Appeal to Him More Than Any Others He Has Ever Studied.

(Continued from last week)

Christianity has always been a religion of song. There has scarcely been a century in all its history which has not produced some lyric in honor of its Founder.

Few characters in church history are more interesting than St. Bernard of Clairvaux, who flourished in the 11th century. He was as holy as he was great. He lived during a very dark and wicked time in the church, and yet love for Christ was a passion with him, finding expression in one of his most beautiful and soul-inspiring hymns.

"The Sweetest Name."

Jesus, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek!

But what of those who find? Ah, this
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know.

Jesus, our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.
By Bernard of Clairvaux.
Tr. by E. Caswall.

Closely following him, and when the church was still in the awful night of her dark ages, another hymn was written by Bernard of Cluny, who wrote at this time his famous Latin poem of three thousand lines. Conditions were such that his thoughts turned away from earth and he wrote of heaven, expressing his feeling thus:

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, O I know not
What joys are there;
What radiance of glory,
What light beyond compare.

They stand, those walls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect!
O sweet and blessed country
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

The fact that "Jerusalem the Golden" is in all the leading church hymnals is proof that its sentiment still appeals to the human heart.

There are several hymns which are so ancient that their origin and authorship are lost. Nevertheless, they are richer and better in every way than any that have been written since their advent into Christian Hymnology. "Te Deum Laudamus" is one of them. Someone has beautifully said "The Te Deum is the shrine round which the Church has swung her joys for centuries." It follows:

We praise thee, O God; we acknowl-
edge Thee to be the Lord:
All the earth doth worship Thee, the
Father everlasting.

To Thee all angels cry aloud: the heav-
ens and all the powers therein:
To Thee cherubim and seraphim contin-
ually do cry,
Holy—Holy—Holy; Lord God of Sab-
aoth:

Heaven and earth are full of the ma-
jesty of thy glory.
The glorious company of the apostles
praise Thee:

The noble army of martyrs praise Thee:
The holy Church, throughout all the
world, doth acknowledge Thee.
The Father of an infinite majesty:
thine adorable, true, and only Son:

Also the Holy Ghost, the Comforter.
Thou art the King of glory, O
Christ; thou art the everlasting
Son—of the Father.

When thou tookest upon Thee to de-
liver man,
Thou didst humble thyself to be born
of a Virgin:

The Losing Side of Mail Order Business

An Excellent Sermon by One Who Learned by His Own Painful Experiences

Hans Garbus, a German farmer of Iowa, has discovered that the benefits which appear on the surface as attaching to the mail order plan sometimes spell disaster and has written a very interesting story of his views in a certain paper. Here is part of the story:

"We farmers need awakening to the fact that we have unmistakably reached the period where we must think and plan. I am one of the slow German farmers that had to be shown, and I am now giving my experience that others may profit, for knowledge is more expensive now than ten years ago.

"Twenty-nine years ago I began my farm career. I had an old team and goat. Our furniture was mostly home-made. Chairs, cupboard and lounge made from dry goods boxes, neatly covered with ten-cent cretonne by my girl wife. We rented eighty acres. Being a boy of good habits, I got all needed machinery and groceries of our home merchants on credit until the fall crops were sold. The first year was a wet season and I did not make enough to pay my creditors. I went to each on date of promise and explained conditions, paying as much as possible, and they all carried the balance over for another year. They continued to accommodate me until I was able to buy a forty-acre piece of my own.

"As soon as I owned these few acres the mail order houses began sending me catalogs, and gradually I began sending my loose change to them, letting my accounts stand in my home town where I had gotten my accommodation when I needed it.

"We then had one of the thriftiest little villages in the state—good line of business in all the branches, merchants who were willing to help an honest fellow over a bad year, a town full of people who came twice a week to trade and visit. Our little country town supported a library, high school, ball team and we had big celebrations every year.

"A farm near a live town soon doubles in value. I sold my forty acres at a big advance and bought 80, gradually adding to them until I had 200 acres of the best land in Iowa. I then felt no need of asking favors, and found it easy to patronize the mail order agents that came almost weekly to our door. I regret to say that I was the first in the county to make up a neighborhood bill and send it to a mail order house. Though we got bit once in awhile, we got in the habit of sending away for stuff.

"Gradually our merchants lessened their stock of goods—for lack of patronage. Finally we began to realize that when we needed a bolt quickly for machinery, clothing for sickness or death, we had to wait and send away for it, which wasn't so pleasant. One by one our merchants moved to places where they were appreciated, and men of less energy moved in. Gradually our town has gone down; our business houses are 'tacky' in appearance, a number are empty; our schools, churches and walks are going down; we have no band, no library nor ball team. There is no business done in our town, and therefore no taxes to keep things up. Hotel is closed for lack of travel. Go down to the depot when the freight pulls in you will see the sequel in mail order packages.

"Nine years ago my farm was worth \$195 an acre; today I'd have a hard matter to sell it at \$167 an acre. It is 'too far from a live town'—so every farmer has said that wants to buy. He wants a place near schools and churches, where his children will have advantages. I have wakened to the fact that in helping to pull the town down, it has cost me \$5,600 in nine years."

When thou hadst overcome the sharp-
ness of death,
Thou didst open the kingdom of heav-
en to all believers.

Thou sittest at the right hand of God,
in the glory of the Father:
We believe that thou shalt come, to be
our Judge:

We therefore pray Thee, help thy serv-
ants, whom thou hast redeemed
with thy precious blood:
Make them to be numbered with thy
saints, in glory everlasting.

O Lord, save thy people, and bless thine
heritage:
Govern them, and lift them up forever.
Day by day we magnify Thee:
And we worship thy name ever, world
without end.

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day
without sin:
O Lord, have mercy upon us, have mer-
cy upon us.

O Lord, let thy mercy be upon us, as
our trust is in Thee:
O Lord, in Thee have I trusted; let me
never be confounded.

The "Gloria in Excelsis" is the most
ancient doxology of the Church. It
may have been the angel's song origi-
nally, to which the prayer was added.
In this form it has been used since the
first century. It is as follows:

Glory be to God on high, and on earth
peace, good-will toward men.

We praise Thee, we bless Thee, we wor-
ship Thee, we glorify Thee, we
give thanks to Thee for thy
great glory.

O Lord God, heavenly King, God the
Father Almighty!

O Lord, the only-begotten Son Jesus
Christ, O Lord God, Lamb of God,
Son of the Father,
That takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy upon us.

THE SECRET OF CORN GROWING.

(Editorial in Eugene Register.)

William Zeller, an Iowa farmer, is the champion corn grower of the world, having produced 141 bushels of corn on one acre at an expense of only \$13.73 for rent, seed, horses and labor. Since corn growing is spreading rapidly in the Willamette valley, one of the methods by which he achieved success is particularly interesting. This method is seed selection.

The one biggest thing in the corn business, Mr. Zeller believes, is good seed, and his belief is based on exact knowledge gained by experiments. The first year he made a germination test of a large number of ears and selected ten that tested 100 per cent perfect. Three hundred kernels from each of these ears were planted, the corn from each ear being planted in a separate row. The best ear yielded at the rate of 118 bushels to the acre and the poorest at the rate of 37 bushels.

These tests were continued for three years, corn from the same ear being used each year, and the results varied but slightly. The second year the best ear yielded at the rate of 117 bushels to the acre and the poorest at the rate of 35 bushels, while the third year the yields of the best and poorest, respectively, were 114 and 34 bushels. These experiments proved conclusively that seed has a tremendous bearing on the size of the corn crop, and it was by consistently selecting from the ears that showed the largest yields that Mr. Zeller reached his record production of 141 bushels to the acre.

These are facts of great value to the corn growers of the Willamette valley, for if good seed means a larger crop in Iowa it means a larger crop in Oregon as well.

WORKING AT DEPTH OF 1250 FEET

Miners on Short Vacation Say Good Ore at Vesuvius.

Pontus Fall and Olaf Angeson, who have been working steadily at the Vesuvius mine in the Bohemia district since last July, are in the city for a vacation, the first time they have been out since that time.

The miners said yesterday that they are working at a depth of 1250 feet, which is said to be 800 feet deeper than any other mine in the district. They say the ore shows up fine at that depth, which indicates the permanency of the camp. In some camps there are found only patches of surface ore, but when it is found at a depth of 1250 feet in paying quantities, miners say there is no question but that ore can be found much deeper.

The Vesuvius mine has been in operation constantly for a number of years and the company maintains a good payroll at all times.—Eugene Register.

If a Sentinel want ad. doesn't sell it, throw it away.

Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer.

Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.

For thou only art holy, thou only art the Lord.

Thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost, art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

A striking characteristic of the ear-
liest hymns of the Church is that they are songs of Christ. To their writers Christ was a living person, whom they knew and loved, in whose compani-
ship they delighted, and whose face they could almost see. For these charac-
teristics I especially cling to the oldest hymns.

Among the modern hymns, I think my first choice is the one written by Phillips Brooks, late bishop of the diocese of Massachusetts, "A Little Town of Bethlehem," which is as follows:
O little town of Bethlehem,
How still we see thee lie!
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.
O morning stars together
Proclaim the holy birth,
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth!

How silently, how silently
The wondrous gift is given!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessing of his heaven.
No ear may hear His coming;
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive Him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem,
Descend to us we pray;
Cast out our sins and enter in—
Be born in us today!
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell—
Oh, come to us, abide with us,
Our lord Emmanuel.

Measuring a Town

SHOW me some copies of the paper published in your town and I will tell you some facts about it and your people." This is what a minister who has traveled extensively, and who served in the legislative halls of another state, said some days ago when asking the writer something about McMinnville.

"The paper will show me what business opportunities are open; it may not tell me fully of professional opportunities but even these in a marked degree will be revealed. But I will scan ten copies. If I am wrong in my conclusions it will be the first time."

The stock of goods carried by the merchants, he would judge by their business capacity, by the style and amount of the advertising they employed—the paper would show him.

To know something of the social activities he would scan the paper.

To know something of the pursuits of the people of the town and condition of of the surrounding country, he would peruse the paper.

The home paper tells the story fully to the active, observant business man who never saw our town or people.

If the town merchants are not all represented in its columns it would spell "average business." If the local columns showed a scarcity of news and little of the social life it would spell in glaring letters "Little Doing." — McMinnville News Reporter.

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