

"Open the Gates"

(Continued from Second page)

imaginings, and devote his force to the acquisition of Greek and Latin; to solving the binomial formula and the pons asinorum?

Did you tell him that thus he would be better equipped to earn money and take a high position in business circles?

Or did you place your hands reverently upon his head, devote him to immortality, and give him to the hand of God?

We sit with a great painter before a blank, white canvas. We see nothing. But looking upon the thrilled face of the artist we know that he sees.

And day by day as we watch, the wonder grows. With what awe we look at the wide arch of the blackened sky! It is burdened with a gloom that seems to have existed from all eternity. Their is neither sunlight nor moonlight, nor the light of stars. But there is a strange emanation of light from a majestic form that seems to half fill immensity. The vast head is dimly seen, clothed around with billows of shining hair. The mighty outstretched arms have torn the clouds, and angels with baby forms and cherubic faces are far-flung from the all-powerful hands, and are winging their way with a thousand torches to light the sentinel fires that burn in heaven.

The picture is "God Creating the Stars."

Looking at the flat white canvas, we did not see it; but Raphael saw!

It is not alone in the fields of art that the trained imagination exhibits its power. It is the creative force in all immortal song.

The other faculties toil in the modeling of such material as they find at hand; but the imagination goes forth in search of things. No realm was too remote for that of Shakespeare, and Milton invaded heaven and hell.

What riches they brought us from realms we had not known! What insight into human thought and action; what opulence of imagery! What great depths of emotion! What serene levels of friendship! What altitudes of hope! What abysses of despair! What soulless hate, and what immortal love! It would have been better that some empires had been blotted from the map than that Shakespeare had not lived.

Men find the impression in the ancient rocks of the form of some long-lost, unnamed imprisoned bird, without substance or color; only an impression in the stone. The keen, analytical reason of the scientist can only reconstruct the skeleton and determine the species to which the immolated bird belonged. But the imagination of the poet creates the glorious plumes that fanned the air in memorial gardens before the earth had known the chill of death, and hears what songs this Avian Sapho sang in dawns a million years ago.

Reason is a strong and trusty slave. It will toil faithfully, and will stay at home. Like the muscles of the body it grows in power with hard exercise.

It is conservative and holds fast to the truth. It unravels mysteries, and proves theories. But it stands in awe of its aerial comrade.

The imagination discovers, and reason makes use of the discovery.

A Marconi looks out into space and sees the tenuous ether that fills immen-

sity. He imagines it to be so sensitive that if he can but jar it by even the slightest tap of an electric key, the small wave started like that caused in the ocean by the dropping of a pebble will roll outward in a constantly widening circle, growing fainter and feebler as the miles increase, to die only upon the shores of infinity.

If he can only construct a receiver so sensitive as to record the pulse of the dying waves as they come in from a journey across the Atlantic, Europe and America may speak in whispers to each other and be heard, though a hundred tempests rage between.

The imagination conceived, the reason elaborated, and the cunning hand fashioned the wireless telegraph. What mighty argosies will sail this aerial sea?

This delicate all-pervading ether compares with the air we breathe, much as the air itself compares with a mass of solid granite. So thin and intangible it is that if a god should set it in violent motion and it should rush upon us with a thousand times the speed of a hurricane, we have no sense fine enough to recognize its existence. Marconi chose it for his messenger.

And now the skilled hand has only to touch its sensitive nerves in far Asia, and it brings the roar of pagan guns up to us from the underworld.

All great orators owe their magnetic power over men to this imperial faculty. A contemporary said of the great Greek orator, "He moves men by imagery borrowed from the gods." And its force is as irresistible here, and now as ever it was in the Hellenic temples.

In a modern tribunal our greatest judge admitted that he could not prevent himself from being stirred and swayed by the highest imaginative eloquence. And no wonder, for he presided over a forum where Randolph's glittering dagger stabbed, where "Clay's lightning flashed and Webster's thunder rolled."

Ralph Waldo Emerson, in one of the most beautiful stanzas ever penned has said:

"The hand that rounded Peter's dome And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,

Wrought in a sad sincerity; Himself from God he could not free; He builded better than he knew:

The conscious stone to beauty grew."

But I think that even in that noble eulogy Emerson did the builder an injustice.

True it is, he is wrought in sad sincerity; and true, he could not free himself from that enthusiasm which is half devine when one feels that he is building for God.

But he did not build better than he knew.

Before he made his first draft of that gigantic dome his imagination had completed it. It had lifted the Pantheon in air and set it against the sky.

All the world has looked upon the white wonder now, but Michel Angelo saw it in its uplifted glory long before its foundation stones were laid. Do not give the honor to the subject hand which wrought, but to the eye of the soul that saw the dawn whitening on that mighty dome before the stroke of the first hammer rang.

I do not undervalue nor disparage the homelier and more plodding faculties of the mind. We have none to spare. With all of them developed, trained and refined, the struggle of a high spirit against the obstructions of nature, and the thwarting cross-purposes of

men, is still a hard and doubtful one.

The reason must be kept trained as the athlete trains his muscles; the mental sense of touch must be refined to such sensitiveness that it will divide truth from error instantly and without effort. The will must be kept dominant and imperturbable, the monarch of the powers, throned above all, keeping its unswerving serenity through all the stress of life. Hatè must not be able to move its kingly dignity, nor love to be permitted to undermine the throne.

Concluded next week.

Marriage Licenses

County Clerk, E. J. Godman issued a marriage license to George E. Miller and Ray G. Shaw on July 25, 1904.

Cornelius

Frank Kalsch, of Moscow, Idaho, a passenger conductor accompanied by Joe Leiser, of Portland, is visiting his mother and brother who live 5 miles south of town. Mr. Kalsch will remain with his folks a few days longer, while Mr. Leiser went back to Portland on the Sunday train.

Two of the Harwood girls came out from Portland last Sunday to visit their parents, Mr. and Mrs. David Harwood.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Henderson, of Portland, came out last Sunday to visit their parents and other relatives.

A young boy of A. B. Schoonover, of this place, cut his leg quite badly yesterday. The Dr. took three stitches in it and the boy will be all right in a short while.

Ed. Shamley, who closed his business here last winter to move to Greenville has moved back among us.

Mrs. Sarah Smith, of Glenwood, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. Phillips.

Alger M. Fitch started for Cottonwood, Idaho, Tuesday afternoon, to work in the harvest fields. His brother W. E. Fitch resides there.

Alfred Hohman of Blooming, returned Saturday from an extended trip through Washington, looking for a location.

Quite an amount of hay is being stored at the warehouse here, G. B. Buchanan, proprietor.

A. Bunning and wife intend visiting Portland Thursday.

Elder M. M. Anderson will preach at Annsville, Marion county, Sunday July 31st, by request of the pastor of the Christian church of that place.

The A. C. Sunday School of Cornelius, is planning to visit the Sunday School at Gales City next Sunday.

C. W. Fitch visited relatives at Carlton Tuesday and Wednesday of this week.

Forest Dale

Earl Hall was kicked by a horse Monday and very badly hurt.

Fred Robinson and family have moved back to their old home in Patton Valley.

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