

You may boast of your religion, You may vapor and cavort, You may look dejected and solemn, You may sputter and exhort, You may shout and pray in thunderous

You may cut a mighty spludge; But remember at the harvest time The Master will oe the Judge.

You may go to church on Sunday, Read from the sacred Book, Fill the air with lamentations. Wear a sad and mournful look.

You may boast of the mighty burden That you for sinners budge, But remember at the reckoning time, The Master will be the Judge.

We saw you vote for whiskey, For the wine that runneth red, For the Woe and Desolation

That o'er this land is spread. We saw you take the money, Then homeward we saw you trudge; But on that Great Election Day The Master will be the Judge.

We heard you tell that falsehood;

That lie as black as night, On your neighbor and his family, You told it with delight.

We saw you pay the hired man, You did it with a grudge; But when the final pay day comes The Master will be the Judge.

We saw you show no mercy For the widow in distress, But we saw you give a five in church

Your vanity to express. We saw you give the preacher ten, We saw you cut that spludge; But when the final Pay Day comes The Master will be the Judge.

saw you measure off the cloth,

We saw you weigh the meat, We saw you swap for the widow's horse, In all you tried to cheat.

We saw you pass by the striken man Who was too weak to budge; But remember when your case is called The Master will be the Judge.

We saw you settle an old account

You owed the widow Monk For washing done four years ago, You paid it with old junk. You paid it with old clothes and scraps, You paid it with a grudge: But when you settle your last, account The Master will be the Judge.

We saw you planting thistles Where roses would have grown, We saw you sowing discord

Where happiness should be sown.

We saw your load of filth and guile, 'Twas all that you could budge; You'll hear the ''I never knew you'' when

The Master will be the Judge. The world needs more Ben Adhems,

It needs more honest men. It needs more virtuous woman Free from the stains of sin;

Whose tongues are free from venom, Whose tongues are free from venom, Who never make a soludge, But patiently await the harvest time When the Master will be the Judge

PEE EFF JAY

Grove, \$137.50. E C Bailey to Perry E David- son, lot 7, blk 2, Bump's Add.,	1640 Market St. San Francisco, California Marriage Licenses William Van Domelen, age 28 and Wilhelmina Vanderzanden, age 24, both of Washington County. Albert Vanderzanden, age 29 and Elizabeth Van Domelen, age 23, both of Washington County. Garnett B. Hyde of Multnomah County. age 21 and Anna F. Witt of Washington County, age 19. Ralph E. Bellinger, age 23 and Mae Heltzel, age 18, both of Washington County. Carmel M. Good, age 25, and M. Gertrude Nichols, age 20, both of Washington County. J. Elmer May, age 26, and Lea D. Good, age 26, both of Wash-	Saturday, Sept. 17, 1910. Quieter this morning. We ex- pect to reach Singapore today. When we get there we will be within 75 miles of the equator. We have been in the tropics ever since we left Hongkong. The thing I have noticed most, I be- lieve, is the character of the storms. They are sudden and violent, by violent I mean that the rain falls almost in torrents. It is not always windy but a very black cloud suddenly and quietly appears and sends down a deluge of rain. Then in a few	<section-header><section-header></section-header></section-header>
Ella Hannan to C A Peterson.	ington County. Fred Keller, age 45 and Mari-	minutes the sun is shining bright- ly again. Some time I want to	
50x100 ft in Hannan's Add, Bux- ton, \$40.	anna Tschanz, age 50, both of Washington County.	A the second second second	Printing of Forest Grove Press.
		Light	