

WE AND OUR NEIGHBORS

SILOAM.
By cool Silom's shady rill
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose.

Lo! Such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence
sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Silom's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.

And soon, too soon, the wintry hour,
Of man's maturer age,
May shake the soul with sorrow's
power,
And stormy passion's rage.

Oh Thou, who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

This hymn, written by Bishop Heber, has a perfume as refreshing, a melody as entrancing now as it had eighty-four years ago, when it was written. Heber was born in 1783. He was bishop of Calcutta. He was a poet nearer to nature than Milton. So far as known he put his poetry into hymns which perhaps is the reason he is not known as a poet. Poetry will not allow her livery to be worn by one who acknowledges any other service. Heber's poetry is sacerdotal and lyrical. Though he has not the name and fame of poet, yet he has his reward. He wrote fifty-eight hymns, among which are "Coronation," "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," and "Palestine," and all of which are sung today by Christian congregations from Alaska eastward to Russia. It does not make much difference whether congregational singing is good or bad if everybody sings, although a chorus of two or three hundred voices is never off the key. Doubtless the good bishop's service rewarded him to his own content, yet if he could have known that once a week "Coronation" would lift a crushing materialism from millions of hearts in different parts of the world his meek spirit would have rejoiced. That all denominations of the Christian faith use his hymns is proof of the catholicity of his religion. He died in 1833.

Siloam is printed here in the hope that it may recall the pleasures of youth to those who are in danger of forgetting some of them. Such, for instance as that day in seven when they went churchward en famille, that hour when the life of a fish or a bird was more desirable than a boy's fate. Though to look back upon it is all delightful. The sanctuary flutter and rustle and squeak of best things, the tingling skins, stiff collars and good behavior of fellows who have rolled each other in the dust but yestreday, the pink cheeks, white dresses and daisied hats of little girls, the throb of the organ, the solemnity, are the same today as they were half a century ago. Only the good gray head at the end of the seat is gone and the one that is gray enough to take its place is not good enough.

Thursday, June 11, was the twenty-fifth commencement of the university of Nebraska. The annual procession from the campus to the Lansing theatre was imposing and at the same time comfortable. For it was a cool day. The governor's staff shone at the head of the procession like the pillar of fire by night, that helped Moses out with his procession. Ex-Sheriff Miller's uniform is dazzling and the adjutant-general's is only less so because there is not so much of it. Talk about plain American citizens! Plain nothing. When militia select uniforms, ambassadors extraordinary from the

Orient pale and go out before the blaze of gold cord looped richly across a yard of swelling chest. Nebraska was "in the procession" on Thursday. It is pleasant to chronicle the fact that even the best dressed citizens are beginning to take an interest in the university and its days of jubilee. If the governor had not consented to remain locked up in the vault while his guard conferred distinction on the university procession, its chiaroscuro would have been faulty. Self-denial is inseparable from power and perhaps, too, Governor Holcomb's eyes ached. And he was glad to hear the time lock turn and the departing footsteps of his vigilant chief of staff.

The class graduated numbered more than a hundred, including the law students. There were fifty-one men and twenty-one women that received degrees from the academic department. They went upon the stage in squads of twenty-five. When ranged in line the chancellor lifted a diploma and the line bowed. The audience, being unaccustomed to seeing twenty-five backs receive diplomas knew no better than to be amused. As the genuflections increased the amusement deepened. But it was no laughing matter to the acolytes who were obliged to concentrate their minds on the presentation speech which Chancellor MacLean made in Latin. The sonorous Latin was, strange to say, intelligible to most of the audience. Commission, degree and confer are so nearly the same in English and Latin that the agriculturalists of Lincoln had no trouble in keeping up with the chancellor and at the same time were immensely flattered to be able to do it.

Mr. Estabrook's address to the class was short and the class was justified in feeling huffy because it was not written for it nor especially applicable to the occasion, except as patriotism like quinine and whiskey, may be administered at any time with a stimulating effect. On the other hand, that class will never be together again, the occasion is the culmination of four years' strenuous effort, the faculty, individually and collectively, has been very gracious to it for this last year at least, and on the whole the farewell address should contain direct references to the addition the intellectual life of the world receives on that day together with admonitions and encouragements various.

"The Vengeance of the Flag" has been delivered before to men sitting about a table, men dulled by eating and drinking, men quieted by fifty years or more of experience, sure at last that the future holds nothing happier than the present, and qualified by their comparative experience to appreciate Mr. Estabrook's eulogy of Lincoln. It was the best oration ever delivered here and Wendell Phillips and the undeservedly celebrated Ingersoll, not to mention Mr. Bryan, have made more or less pretentious speeches here. Mr. Estabrook made the flag sentient by implication and circumstance. His method recalled insistently Hawthorne's power of giving life to still life by accumulating incident about an object long familiar to human eyes and hands. What a presence he makes us conscious of in "The House of Seven Gables" by implication and inference. The former householders give us good-day under his control.

By a happy combination of sympathy, presence, voice, and literary ability the stars and stripes responded to the veneration and love of the people in the half hour that Mr. Estabrook spoke. The effect upon the audience was electrical. The form of the oration is admirable. The end is concealed from the begin-

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