POEMS EVERYBODY SHOULD KNOW.

THE GREAT GUEST COMES.

"While the cobbler mused there passed his pane A beggar drenched by the driving pain, He called him in from the stony street And gave his shoes for his bruised feet. The beggar went and there came a crone Her face with wrinkles of sorrow sown. A bundle of faggots bowed her back, And she was spent with the wrench and rack. He gave her his loaf and steadied her load As she took her way on the weary road. Then to his door came a little child. Lost and afraid in the world so wild, In the big, dark world. Catching it up, He gave it the milk in the waiting cup, And led it home to its mother's arms. Out of the reach of the world's alarms.

"The day went down in the crimson west

And with it the hope of the blessed Guest. And Conrad sighed as the world turned gray: . . 'Why is it, Lord, that Your feet delay?' Did You forget that this was the day?' Then soft in the silence a Voice he heard: 'Lift up your heart, for I kept my word. Three times I came to your friendly door; Three tirnes my shadow was on your floor. I was the beggar with bruised feet; I was the woman you gave to eat; I was the child on the homeless street." -From a poem by Edwin Markham, in the December Delineator.

NOTES.

OR most people the age of chivalry is the age of gallantry and high bearing. But there is another side as well, a side that has never been insisted on in historical novels dealing with the middle Ages; it is this side that A. Conan Doyle brings into relief in his new novel, "Sir Nigel," which is the most realistic picture of an age hitherto almost wholly relegated to the realm of romance, that has yet been given us. For fear, however, that any reader might think this picture overdrawn, the author writes follows in his preface:

"I am aware that there are incidents which may strike the modern reader as brutal and repellant. It is useless, however, to draw the twentieth century and label it the fourteenth. It was a sterner age, and man's code of morality was very different. There is no incident in the text for which very good warrant may not be given. The fantastic graces of chivalry lay upon the sur-face of life, but underneath it was a haff-savage population, flerce and ani-mal, with little ruth or mercy. It was a raw, rude England, full of elemental passions, and redeemed only by elemental virtues. Such I have tried to draw it.

It is very seldom that an historical novelist lets us into his workshop and lays bare the sources of his erudition. In his introduction to his new novel, "Sir Niget," A. Conan Doyle gives an Indication of the amount of scholarship that must go to the making of such a novel as he has written if it is to give us any new light on the life of a period, or for researt or vulnerable points to the or to present no vulnerable points to the onslaught of the critics. He says:

"For good or bad, many books have gone to the building of this one. I look around my study table and I survey those which lie with me at the moment, before I happily disperse them Then follows a list of books which

would form a complete library for any historical student, beginning with La Croix's "Middle Ages" and ending with Wright's "Domestic Manners." Mr. Doyle may well stand as a model for the ordinary hasty novel writer who reads perhaps one or two volumes and rushes boldly into his period. The success of "Sir Nigel" bears witness to the value even in our day, of slow, patient, honest labor in literature as well as in other departments of human endeavor.

"The Silent War" by Mr. John Ames Mitchell is a rather new treatment of of which we hear so much and so variously in literature today. His book is a romance which shows the people joined in a secret coalition for the destruction of such capitalists as refuse subscriptions from their millions for the ranks of advancement of the people of the process and the company of the process and the contract of the cause of advancement of the poorer and biboring classes. It represents these people in absolute control of juries. councils, legislatures and other bodies and working steadfastly against the moneyed interests, Secret assassina. tions are rife throughout the book and a thread of a love tale is interwoven. Say the publishers:

Mr. John Ames Mitchell's "The Si-lent War" has at least puzzled the

critics. They do not seem to know whether Mr. Mitchell is jesting or in earnest. The seriousness of part of that story which involves a warfare between the masses and the millionaires., with the latter on the defensive and the levity of the love romance which becomes tangled up with the more ser-lous element in the story raise the question of whether Mr. Mitchell has put out a joke, a sociological tract or a straight romance. It is interesting from any one of these points of view. -Life Publishing company, New York.

"My son," sald Victor Cherbuliez, we should lay up a stock of absurd enthusiasms in our going or else we shall reach the end of our journey with an empty heart, for we lose a great many of them by the way." The mes-sage of David Starr Jordan in his new book "Life's Enthusiasms" which the American Unitarian Assolcation is to

IN "SAUL OF TARSUS."

Fan." "The Garden of Allah," pub-

Dallas, the heroine of Eleanor Gates'
"The Plow-Woman," discovers a vein
of picturesque philosophy which occasionally yields a real nugget of practical wisdom like the following:

"Dad's funny," she said reflectively.
"Whenever we set to a contribute the

Whenever we get to a chuck-hole, where all of us ought to pull t'gether,

he goes slack on the tugs. He's like Ben (her mule) that way. So I have t' go up to him, stroke his mane, fix his curb, and let some cool air under his collar. After which, he gives a

Simultaneously with the publication of the trade edition of Kipling's new

story, "Puck of Pook's Hill," the story will also be brought out in the Outward

Bound Edition (subscription) of Kip-ling's works, published by Charles Scribner's Sons. By this arrangement

the subscriber may obtain a copy of Kipling's latest book, uniform with the

others of that set, as quickly as the person who buys the general edition at the store. The special features of the "Outward Bound" edition of the book are the illustrations by Andre Cas-

his collar. After which, I haw-hee-haw and goes on."

Fan. lished last year."

publish shortly is a call to do things because we love them, to love things because we do them, to keep the eyes open, the heart warm, and the pulses

wift, as one moves across the field of

Brentano's will publish in the au-

tumn a luxurious new edition of Ben-venuto Cellini's autobiography, one of the most fascinating classics of Euro-

pean literature. The two volumes have been beautifully made at The Merry Mounty Press, The decorative title-page has been designed by Thomas Maitland Cleiand, and the cover, richly

stamped in gold, is adapted from a design by Lawrence Houseman. There are 40 illustrations, reproductions in protogravure of Cellini's own sculptures and of portraits by Tittan and others of personages mentioned in the autiobiography.

Robert Hichens, whose new novel, "The Call of the Blood," is published this week by the Harpers, was born in Speldhurt, Kent, England, and educated

at Clifton college. After leaving college he studied music for some years at the Royal College of Music. He began early to write musical lyries and stories, and later, after a course at the

autiobiography,



SALT LAKE'S OLD MILL WHEEL,

Picturesque and Beautiful Where it St ood for so Many Years Near the Present Site of the Lafayette School Building.

HE early environment of the Utah pioneers was such that little poetry was to be expected in the natural scenery of their new home, and in their crude inventions to overcome press-

However, the picture of the old millrace presented above is of a scene that has stirred more than one Utah writer into creative effort. Those who remember it at all, as a reality at the corner of State street and North Temple will recall it with the tenderest recollections. Some there are who will maintain that no Salt Lake child of three or four decades ago was properly brought up without riding around in the old wheel, when the water was turned making it run as a squirrel would a wheel in a

cage.

In its practical life, the old mill was not a flouring mill, but was one of the series of institutions
founded to utilize the water power of the canyon
streams, before the day of steam and electricity in
Utah. A flour mill stood farther up the canyon, a
molasses mill stood near the present Social hall on
State street, and this millrace was located at the old
mouth of City Creak canyon, the stream of which is mouth of City Creek canyon, the stream of which is shown passing the corner in the foreground.

The building shown was Utah's first foundry, and was as well a blacks...ith shop, and in later years a general headquarters for the waterworks department. In the old days of ox teams, the oxen used to haul rock for the temple were shod at the old shop, and the chisels that cut the temple stone were sharpened there. The mill wheel ran a system of belts inside that were used for general foundry of belts inside that were used for general foundry purposes. When Frank Armstrong was mayor of Sait Lake, the Church sold the property to the city, and later Armstrong himself secured it on a trade to the city for some other property.

It was built in the fifties. Back of the blacksmith shop was a grist mill, consisting of two stones and for a time operated by the same wheel. It ground such probability as healthy while we delike the said to the same wheel.

and for a time operated by the same wheel. It ground such rough stuff as barley, while we it of it an adobe mill run by a turbine wheel, served for general grist mill purposes. This was built by Heber C. Kimball and operated by him for many years.

In the period when work was most active, and the

In the period when work was most active, and the wheel did most of its actual service. Thomas Tanner was the "boss" of the works. Afterwards Joseph Evans, W. J. Player, Henry C. Cox and David A. Hilton were blacksmiths on duty. The stream has since been diverted, and the old building torn down.

Time was when there was much beauty about the scenery near the mill. Nepni L. Morris recalls

gathering bushels of acorns from the grove of small trees that grew along the stream until it was en-closed in a conduit, and the natural mouth of the closed in a conduit, and the natural mouth of the canyon destroyed by street making, and grading

Miss Josephine Spencer remembers well the time it was torn down, and declares that it made her weep

Mutely it hung when the crick Swept over the waving field.

to see the old wheel dismantled. Like many another Eighteenth ward girl and boy, she confesses to have played about the old wheel, and to have fished for minnows in the pool below the spill.

When the wheel was in its mellow period of half

When the wheel was in its mellow period of half decay, and mantied over with moss, Miss Spencer wrote a poem upon it which was published in the "News" several years ago. It is reproduced herewith. The poem struck the fancy of Alfred Lambourne, the poet-painter, who sketched in oil a picture of the old wheel, and presented it to Miss Spencer with its cerellesevice. his compliments

THE OLD MILL WHEEL.

What a tale the mildewed mill wheel tells, As it swings on its axle old. And the idle water slowly wells From the crevices' feeble hold.

It is whirling not to the stream's full tide, As it used in days of yore,
For the power and use of its days of pride
In the land's dim youth are o'er.

And a younger spirit wields the strength That lay in the water's brawn, or the flapping belts through the new mill's length, By the stream's pent breath are drawn.

As the seasons came with their changes fraught To the toll-worn pioneer. The wheel in its songs or its silence wrought An echo of woe or cheer.

And so, till the measure of time was crowned With the wealth of a fertile soil And the feeble whirr of its pulse was drowned In the noise of the stream's deft toil.

And the old wheel hangs in its crumbling frame Where the moss and the grasses live
And the only pride that its use may claim,
The poet and painter give,

For a picture is drawn with touches bold
In its stains and its damp decay—
A mournful legend simply told
Of the pride of another day.

The romance lives with the worn out wheel,
That whirled in the water's rhyme,
When its note was the omen of human weal
In the struggles of olden time,

Blithely it swung in the cheerful sight Of the harvest's golden yield Mutely it hung when the cricket's blight

BOOKS.

ler has written her second great his-torical novel; and considering the amount of research indicated in its painstaking details—in an incredibly short time since the appearance of "The Yoke."

of the people he had despised and per-secuted; and it is proof of the genius of the writer that she could seize upon these and work them into the admir able romance she has produced in her last work. While Saul is her chief figure he is throughout rather a symbolization—appearing in person only in the beginning and ending chapters; but about him and his career of cruel-ty to the despised Nazarenes, the story winds with delightful interest and skill. Marsyus a young Essene neophyte and a near friend of the martyr Stephen, is the hero, and breathes a personality throughout almost as convincing and magnetic as Ben Hur. To put him in the improb-able attitude of a strict Essend—memher of that society most jealous of in-fractions of religious thought and law and at the same time a friend of one of the chief apostates from the creed -hating Saul for his religious zeal and hinging her story on his efforts

subservient. If criticism is anywhere due it is perhaps to the confusing play of interest in the love motives of the tale, but the incidents, characters and details are all vivid and there is en-

erepanoles.

What more unique and striking picture than that of the dance of Flore with its surprise of denouement and what more striking pen strokes of description than the bits of life in the Alexandriae and Roman capitals with the story threading with fascin-ating straightforwardness through all? The depiction of life in Alexandra with its religious, political and racial schisms is admirable; and the brief glimpse of Rome steeped in the vices, pleasures and ambitions of Tiberius and his rivals are tempting morsels of historic flavor in the good general feast. A pretty and dramatic inspira-tion is the meeting of Marsyus and the beautiful young Nazarene Lydia, with Marsyus on his way to settle up af-fairs that will free him for his revenge upon Saul; an artistic begin-ning is the intermingling thread of

fate that finally link their lives.

By such picturesque paths the story treads, leading finally to the great climax near Damascus and the effective and the tive ending of the tale. The bool easily ranks itself with "Ben Hur" such classical romances as will be the mere literary fancies of outlive the mere literary fancies of seasons and years.—Bobbs Merrill Co. of Indianapolis are the publishers,

MAGAZINES.

forgotten in the hunger of tomorrow; and the bright festival around the Christmas tree makes the fireless home the more dreary when the littl ones return to it. This thought has prompted us to spend out Christmas funds in sending food, fuel, clothing and toys into the home and adding all the comforts pressible to these cheerless lives. into the home and adding all the comforts possible to these cheerless lives, not only on that one day, but during the winter season. The oranges and toys, the Christmas stocking and the turkey, together with a good supply of coal with which to cook it mean warmth to the children's Christmas day, but what a comfort during the remaining winter days will be the warm overcoat and good strong shoes to the little ones who had before to shiver to school in broken shoes and thin cotton garments.

while they are thus chris poor, I have undertaken work the playing of Partner' to the destituthe men in prison. In Prison departm the names and ages who are registered it prepare for the ever the money generous many sources, I buy dellars' worth of war Christmas we children's stockings ilies at a distance we mas boxes carefully days will be the warm overcoat and good strong shoes to the little ones who had before to shiver to school in broken shoes and thin cotton garments.

"Thousands of families are helped by

Author of 200 Novels Tells How She Wrote Then

ONDON, Dec. 5 .- "Take a girl and Kings" is perhaps two men. Choose a locality. Slowly add other characters. Dictate about 7,000 words a day. In a fortnight you have a complete novel." Something like the above is the avowed recipe of L. T. Meade, the immensely popular English authoress. Mrs. Meade laughs when one talks of the thinking out of a plot. "I seldom have one," she said to me yesterday, "and when I have one, I never stick to it. The inspiration that comes moment by moment is far better."

Lisbeth Meade ought to know, for her novels are certainly thrilling and their plots are uncommonly complex. Recently she published her 200th romance, which she called, "The Blue Diamond," and she is now hard at work on her 201st, although I could not get so much as an inkling from her as to what it is about. Perhaps, however, seeing that it was begn so recently, Mrs. Meade herself doesn't definitely know.

She is Irish, this versatile story. teller and one of a select band of successful authors who began writing at an early age. She wrote her first book -a story for children-when she was seventeen. She is one of a numerous and distinguished family. Her father, an Irish clergyman, named her Lisbeth Thomasina. Her uncle is bishop of Cork: her cousin, Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam, who 20 years ago commanded the North American fleet of the British navy.

Soon after her first book was published Miss Meade secured a government post at the British museum. Her distinguished relatives offered to get her a government billet and she deliberately chose one that brought her in the midst of books and musty documents and historic manuscripts. She lived by choice in one of the centuriesold structures in the heart of the ancient city—Bishopsgate Without—and studied the east end of London and its

In her spare time she scribbled away for dear life and attracted the atten-tion of editors and publishers by her magazine and newspaper stories. Then came an offer of the editorship of "Atlanta," the girl's magazine. For six years Miss Meade held this post and at the same time turned out several dozen books for girls. They were mostly of school life and proved in-

tensely popular.

Then came her collaboration on a novel, its immediate success and the ro-mance of her life. She married Dr. mance of her life. She married Dr. Toulmin Smith. No longer had she to be the slave of the market. She was able to spend all the time she wanted on the writing of her beloved books. Novel after novel appeared and then, when her son and two daughters began to grow up, the mother went heek gan to grow up, the mother went back to her books for boys and girls, with here and there a novel, always an intensely dramatic work. One could scarcely believe these were written by the same author of the many simple and charming girl's story-books. "The Brotherhood of the Seven

novel. As to her books are all popular. There home in Britain, hoas shelves and girls where L. T. Meade is not to be girls of the British empire, she is to

queen of authors, She travels a good deal having cycle.

She travels a good deal having cycle.

The Woodlands by She travels a good deal having cycle all over Europe. The Woodlands as beautiful home, is situated on the cin of breezy Dulwich Common, on the considers of southeast London, She sain a great deal for society and his moted bridge player. Despite this ship considers of the hardest working of the har one of the hardest working of Engla

novelists.

When interviewed, she was looke over the last proofs of a new edita of "The Blue Diamond," in her confortable library. The walls were concreted to the ceiling with shelve of books while several confortable leather arm chairs and a large flat top desk completed the room.

"This is my study, my workshop," said Mrs. Meade. "Yet I do not at down here much, simply to read my morning's mail or to revise and corect my work. I dictate all my and novels to my stenographer. "I work regularly every week to morning from 9:30 to 1 p. m.-three ar a half hours altogether. I read my k ters and dictate answers first of ters and dictate answers first of all.

Then I revise the previous day's manuscript. Then I am ready to dictate.

do this walking around the room-

sometimes standing at the window

sometimes standing at the window of in front of a picture. I always like something to look at, although I have dictated, while lying on a sofa with my eyes shut, when I have been ill. "Walking about helps to bring ideas, Suppose I want a new story. I take a girl and two men. I hunt up names for these characters, generaly from Who's Who' or a city directory. I jot down a score of names on a slip of page. and mix them up. Nex I choose a lo cality—London, the country, France Germany, whichever I happen to thin will serve best. Now I am ready start dictating. Plot? No, decided no. I have no plot, and, as a rule, n the slightest idea of what the story we be. I just make a beginning and my stenographer takes her shortha notes the story begins to unwind its and grows by degrees. The incider and local color come as inspiration from moment to moment. The punfolds itself quite easily. At 1 o'cle we stop. I have dictated perhaps 7.6 words. I cannot work slowly if I trie I average 7,000 words a day during t three and a balf hours. If a publish

is in a great hurry, I can do 8,000, but I prefer not to as a rule. "Sometimes, of course, editors and publishers ask for a plot and the I have to send them a skeleton, I cannot remember ever having be to it when I have written the It's very much easier not to this any plot, but let the book write its "Occasionally a publisher has as I did it-\$0,000 wordsof my most successful stories. It finished in heaps of time, but, of co I had to work morning and night : And that's rather too hard work whe

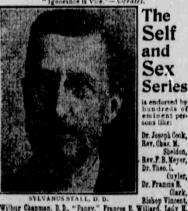
one is growing old."
"As a matter of fact, Mrs. Meade to 40. and as youthful looking a matron a ever came out of the County of Cork Her hair is sunny, her eyes blue, he pleasing features tyr CHARLES OGDENS.

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youth" and drew the plans which have been sent to the rector. It is hoped that some wealthy lover of architecture will come along and provide the funds necessary to carry out the idea. "Mr. Hardy, who is said to be at work upon another novel, must be extremereception first accorded to his work and compares it with the activity of the publishers of today, who are issuing two separate and complete editions of his works—a pocket edition and an edition de luxe. When Mr. Hardy took the manuscript of 'Under the Green-wood Tree' to he late Mr. Tinsley, that astute gentle an offered £25 down for the book. This Mr. Hardy accepted, the book. This Mr. Hardy accepted, although he confessed to 'a little disappointment.' Next came 'A Pair of Blue Eyes,' and for this Mr. Tinsley gave the novelist £100, saying, 'There is no great money in the book, but I can see Hardy is going to get a grip some day,' a prophecy that has been abundantly

is spoken." The hero of a story which has been told of Archbishop Ireland is really that witty churchman Bishop Talbot, "the Cowboy Bishop," whose powers of repartee and whose churchly devotion made him famous among thouse the property of whom he has so delightfully people of whom he has so delightfully vritten in his reminiscent volume My People of the Plains.

"Where in h- have I seen you?" de manded a rough-looking man, meeting Bishop Talbot one evening in the crowded single street of a mining-town To which the Bishop suavely retort i, to the shouting delight of the by What part of h- do you come from.

The very idea of a sailor from Poland seems as whimsical as that of a coast of Bohemia. Yet Joseph Conrad, master, as he is, of vivid, virile English, is a Pole by birth and was for a quarter of a century a sailor. In his looks are the very throb and ripple of the sea,

the vast silences, the storms, the work-ing out of character under stress of dramatic environment.

How he came to write in English is an odd story. He could not read a word of the language when, years ago. word of the language when, years ago a missionary at a Chinese port handed him an English Bible. Thereupon it suddenly came to him that he should learn English. With the Bible as his sole text-book he began. It was slow work, helped out from time to time by talks with English sallers. At learn

work, heiped out from time to time by talks with English sailors. At length he won. And to the solemn sweep and strength of the King James version is thus owing the vivid strength of his own style—a style which glows anew in his latest book. The Mirror of the Sea, recently published by the Harpers. His real name is not Conrad, but is Polish and full of consonants. He assumed the name of Conrad when he because an English author, and his home is now in a quiet old cottage in England.

The recent announcement of the en-gagement of Princess Emilie of Batten-berg to a young Chicago business man has created quite a stir. It is no new thing for titled foreigners to marry our American girls, but this is perhaps the first instance of a princess of the blood royal being willing to drop her title and

ecome plain Mrs. —— The story told of the first meeting of the princess and her lover is quite romantic. The princess, it seems, was out riding when her horse became frightened, and, rearing, threw her to the ground. She was not seriously hurt, but very much shaken up and her companions were just about to send to the castle for a carriage, when the Chicagoan appeared, took in the situa-tion at once, and offered to convey her

stories, and later, after a course at the London School of Journalism, a picture of which is drawn in his "Felix," became a member of the staff of the London World. "His Green Carnation," published anonymously, and attributed to Oscar Wilde, created a sensation. It was followed by several other novels, among them "Flames," "The Slave," and "The Lady with the local stage of the incident of the Princess of the Industrations by Andre Castage.

A writer in M. A. P. reports that Thomas Hardy has gone back temporary to his old love—architecture. Some time ago he proposed that a tower should be added to Holy Trinity church, in Dorchester, and to stimulate progress he traveled back to "the days of the Princess Enlile was known,"

In "Saul of Tarsus," Elizabeth Mil-

No more striking figure or incident of the early Christian era exists than Saul and his conversion to the creed justified whatever the English tongue

> for vengeance is a difficult inspiration but the courage of conviction leads to continuous happy results, and a climax that explains and condones all.
>
> That Marsyus as well as Saul—bent each on his daring scheme of vengeance should be overtaken and conquered by the divine light that fell upon the Demascus road is a master matter. the Damascus road is a master motive, and one to which all things else fall

scriptions throughout to atone for dis-

"Our idea has been to carry the good cheer into the home," writes Maud Ballington Booth in the December De-Ballington Booth in the December De-lineator. "Christmas is pre-eminently a home festival. It may be good, un-der some circumstances, to call the poor to a great dinner, and undoubtedly much joy has ben given to little ones by the decking of the Christmas tree, but so far as our effort is concerned, we feel that we can do the most by bringing brightness into destitute homes, However good the dinner, it is