

DESERET EVENING NEWS

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING.
(Sundays excepted.)
Corner of South Temple and Utah
Streets, Salt Lake City, Utah.

HAROLD G. WHITNEY - Business Manager.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES.
(In Advance.)
One Year \$3.00
Six Months \$1.75
Three Months \$1.00
One Month \$0.30
Saturday Edition, Per Year \$2.00
Semi-Weekly, Per Year \$2.00

Correspondence and other reading matter for publication should be addressed to the EDITOR.

Address all business communications and all remittances to
THE DESERET NEWS,
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Entered at the Postoffice of Salt Lake City as second class matter, according to Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

SALT LAKE CITY, - DEC. 28, 1907.

THE SEARCH FOR PERFECTION.

Some men have thought that they could live the highest and best life by means of self-culture, without the stimulus of religious faith. This view has had its advocates since early times, but seems to be especially prevalent in our day. We think it a great mistake.

The most pretentious form of the attempt to live the perfect life without God, or at least without religion in its usual form, is exhibited in ancient times by Epictetus, the prince of Stoics, and in modern times by Schopenhauer, who furnishes the material for most of that philosophy of our day known as the "new thought." These men sought to find perfection by the path of philosophic righteousness, and are regarded as shining examples of those who alienated from or ignorant of Christianity, have successfully applied themselves to a purely human morality. Those who practically attempt to pursue such an ideal are and always have been in number. Their creed is that it is enough to find internal satisfaction in the consciousness of having done one's duty as a man. Schopenhauer's proud joy I still find worth quoting: "With proud joy I still find the time when I found the consciousness of humanity. From within in came the high revelation called forth by no doctrine of virtue and no systems of the wise I dare say it, I have never since lost myself. What they call conscience I know as such no more. Never has benefit gained my friendship, nor beauty my love. . . . Ever shall sorrow and joy and what else the world designates as weal or woe be alike welcome to me. I have felt joy and pain, I know every grief and smile; and what is there amid all that befell me since I began really and truly to live, from which I have not appropriated what is new to my being and have gained power that nourishes the inner life."

A similar philosophy has in our day seized upon this scriptural passage: "As a man thinks in his heart, so is he." The text has been made to teach that the thought and will of the person can bring about any state of mind or body that is desired with sufficient strength, even to the attainment of eternal youth and to staying indefinitely, perhaps forever, the hand on death. As to this last point, we only need to observe that the people keep on dying in the good old-fashioned way, while admitting with pleasure that this philosophy often kindles a healthy enthusiasm in spite of its exaggeration and its far too optimistic view of our own power to exalt ourselves.

Of those who thus enunciate themselves from the law of the Gospel, only a very few apply themselves to follow their creeds practically, and of these few how many fail to realize their hopes, we may learn from Epictetus the greatest Stoic. He concludes that none become true disciples of the creed. He says, "Show me a Stoic by the gods, I long to see one. But it is quite out of your power to show me one who is really well marked. Show me, then, at least one who lies in the crucible in order to be cast. Pray do me this kindness. Pray do not refuse to an old man, from ill will, the sight of a spectacle that I have not seen till now."

Others like Goethe and Schiller have sought perfection by means of aesthetic education, only to find complete lack of satisfaction therein. Men like Shelley have searched for external perfection in all the glories of nature, without finding it there, and much less have they found that which can permanently satisfy the longings of the human heart. MacKay has successfully depicted this fruitless quest in his poem, "The Inquiry." He asks in vain the winged winds and the mighty deep, for that which the awakened heart seeks when the "soul is athirst for God."

"And thou, serene moon, that with such lovely face
Dost look upon the earth asleep in
Night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round, hast thou
Not seen some spot
Where miserable man might find a
Happier lot?
Some lone and pleasant dell, some
Valley in the West,
Where free from grief and pain the
Weary soul may rest?
Behind the cloud the moon with
Dew in woe
And a voice sweet but sad responded,
"No."

On the other hand, he tells us that "Faith, hope and love, best boons to mortals given,
Waved their bright wings and answered, 'Yes, in heaven.'"

Turning, then, from nature worship, some have thought to find in man the divinity worthy of being exalted and worshipping under the name of "humanity." Now, while the religious person may think highly of man, we do not see how the irreligious may do so. As a specimen of natural history, man is not worth sincere admiration—a little higher than the brutes, indeed, but not a little lower than the angels if his place is in nature only and not also in the realm of what is above nature—the supernatural. The religious man, however, can never think merely of man, believing in both his divine parentage and his fallen condition. They truly think who do not believe that to be beings of an alienable race, the heirs of divine life, and the sons of God? Why should a mere animal sacrifice himself

for family, for country, for truth, or for God? All this devotion, on the non-religious view, must end in nothing but a general good which the martyr does not share. It is true that the natural feelings of all men, whatever may be their speculative opinions, prompt them to self-sacrifice when for truth or country one ought to die. The argument is not that only men of positive faith will do this, but that others in doing it are simply acting unwisely if their theory be true. For why should one give something for nothing? and die for a good which he is thereby deprived of forever? No sophistry can veil this contradiction. No argument has yet shown why one is obligated to give his life to life or happiness for the good of any number of others. The solution is of course found in the faith that all will do this, and well that the end is of God's making, and is not yet near here. In short, that, "Love withereth with toil and care, But the harvest-time of love is there."

But no solution is found in atheism. While individual examples of exalted and ideal living and of noble sacrifice are not wanting among those who know not the God of Israel, these examples always reveal some kind of faith in God, and, as far as they go, disprove the claim made from them, that religious faith is not necessary to the ethical life.

IN NAUVOO.

A short time ago we were told by an anti-Mormon sheet that the Church is making no progress anywhere, since the famous Senate "investigation" of the right of Senator Smoot to his seat in that body, but that the effect of it was to close the doors nearly everywhere to the Elders.

It should be observed that anti-Mormons are never consistent. In their allegations, at one time they will say that "Mormonism" is a menace to the inter-mountain region, if not to the entire country, because it is spreading so fast that it will soon hold the balance of power in ever so many states, and in Congress. They always allege whenever money is needed for propaganda. But when they deem it desirable to make it appear that the money collected is not spent in vain, they play a different tune. Then, the Church is all but dead. And thus it comes to pass that we have two contradictory statements originating in the same source.

The truth is that the Church is growing, as it has done from its humble beginning, in numbers, and that the great truths proclaimed by the Prophet Joseph are being accepted in the world, far outside the boundaries of the Church, and are exercising a modifying influence upon the religious thought of the age. Prejudices are still thick, but intelligent men and women who come in contact with members of the Church very often feel convinced that the "Mormons" have been misjudged and misrepresented. They quickly see through the disguise behind which anti-Mormonism tries to hide its un-American and anarchistic plots, and they form their judgment accordingly.

Letters corroborative of this statement are often received from the mission field. They prove that, notwithstanding all agitation, thinking persons respect the Church for the good it has accomplished. Here are some extracts from a private letter written from Nauvoo by Elder J. Morgan Anderson and dated Dec. 18. It is written to his father in this City, and was not intended for publication. The writer says that people in Nauvoo are very friendly and anxious to have the "Mormons" come back and help revive the town to its former condition. The place, he says, looks almost deserted. He points out that since the arrival of the Elders and the establishment of a Branch of the Church, property has increased in value about three times, and a spirit of improvement is noticeable in the city. "Broad-minded people," the writer asserts, "give the credit to the 'Mormons' for having caused the change." As a result the Elders are treated with great consideration, especially by the business men. "Prejudices are being removed very fast everywhere in this region, and there is more opposition in Salt Lake than in many of the cities here."

As a further illustration of the interest manifested in the Church among the people in that part of the mission, Elder Anderson says that as many as 2,500 copies of the Book of Mormon have been sold in one month. He says that the Elders are offered churches to speak in at times, and that the people in many localities are anxious to hear the testimony. People who have been to Utah and seen for themselves what the conditions are, are least disposed to harbor prejudices against the "Mormons"—a sufficient proof of the fact that the vicious clamor of anti-Mormonism is very far from producing the effect it is intended for among impartial people. It may be potent in the hands of politicians hungry for offices, but it does not create the conviction that the allegations of which it consists are true. In point of fact, all reasonable people, in or out of Congress, church members or no church members, are convinced that anti-Mormonism is inspired by malice and that falsehood is its chief strength.

The work is progressing. The Church organization will not be overthrown. The Lord has simply provided for its permanence. In the truths He has revealed, as well as in the character of the chosen leaders He has raised up from time to time, it is easy to see a guarantee of the fulfillment of the promises of the Almighty to His people.

MULTIPLES OF GROWTH.

The strength of growth through the centuries invites to constant investigation and study. Rocks, piled layer upon layer in the mountains attract the geologist. The anthropologist finds his heart's desire in successfully tracing human development back through ancestral lines to primal man. In every department the great things of today are found to rest upon the great things of yesterday. Centuries of European struggle developed the philosophy of the Constitution. Through ages of growth the rock

layers were deposited one upon the other to make the mountain cliffs. Seventy-seven years ago two young men met in the State of Vermont. Both were country boys. One had heard of Joseph Smith and had become a convert to his religion. He was preaching it, and the other was one of those who stopped to listen.

A year ago two young people were married at Salt Lake which fought and worked for a livelihood in the New England hills, when this incident began.

The young people built their new home together, and after it was arranged, and put in order, they began to unpack the set of books each had brought from the parent's house to make the new library.

As they came to the family diaries, which were so commonly kept in the early days of the Church, the young wife found a paragraph in the writings of her grandfather, where he mentioned meeting the grandfather of the first husband, and the hearing of the first word about the Church and its Prophet. Between these two incidents, seventy-seven years of persecution, of hard pioneering endeavor, had intervened. In these stirring events both of the men of seventy-seven years ago had played important roles. One had finally laid down his life at the assassin's hand while still continuing to preach his belief in the Gospel. The other had lived through the pioneer era, to a ripe and successful old age in the home he had finally built here in the mountains.

What will the grandchildren do? They were both raised to liberal educations, as that word is taken in its fullest significance today. The problems of constant struggle with the soil for wheat and corn are not theirs to keenly fight. That they are fully as firm as were their grandfathers in the Cause they espoused, is a matter suggestive of great hope for the continuation of the endeavor, which year after year and decade after decade makes a sum total of growth that one generation can scarcely look forward to when the next counts up the sum of its achievements. In this case an example is furnished of the continuing growth of the Church.

THE NEW THEOLOGY.

We have received, from the McMillan Publishing company, New York, a little volume containing "New Theology Sermons," by Rev. R. J. Campbell, minister of the City Temple, London. This is a book that should be of considerable interest to all who care to investigate for themselves, at first hand, the doctrine of this so-called New Theology, the teaching of which from the famous pulpit of the late Dr. Parker, has created so much stir in religious circles in England, and elsewhere. The sermons treat on a number of topics, including the incarnation and resurrection, the fall and atonement, and the views of the leader of the new school are set forth with desirable precision.

Mr. Campbell has taken a position, on nearly every doctrinal question, radically different from that of his orthodox brethren. As far as he accepts the Bible, he considers it valuable as a unique record of religious experience, but that does not prevent him from subjecting it to such criticism as he thinks proper. The seat of religious authority he finds in the human soul. He believes in the immortality of the soul, but only on the ground that every individual consciousness is a ray of the universal consciousness and, therefore, cannot be destroyed. He believes in the progress of the soul after death, and that our development in the hereafter depends to a great extent upon our conduct in this life. He believes that the Biblical account of the fall is untrue; or, rather, that it is a romance of the early age of man, designed for instruction in ethics. He holds that the very imperfections of the world are due to a divine design and not to a "fall."

Accordingly, he teaches that "sin" is nothing but selfishness. It is an offense against the God within, a violation of the law of love. He rejects the orthodox doctrine of the atonement, on the ground that no one can atone for the sins of another. When a deed is done the consequences are eternal. Mr. Campbell, finally, has little to say about Jesus, the incarnate; he dwells rather upon the divinity of the Christ, following, he claims, the Apostle Paul in this. He does not deny the divinity of our Lord, but he seems to regard every human as divine in the same sense as Jesus, and the mission of the great Nazarene was merely to make us realize our divinity and our oneness with God, and to teach us to live as He lived.

This is not, as will be seen, a "new theology" at all. Much of it is as old as the renowned church father Origen, whose influence upon orthodox theology in spite of his heresies, is not denied. Much of it goes back to the vapory speculations of the Gnostics.

Mr. Campbell, like so many other thinkers of our time, has revolted against some of the indescribable absurdities that are offered the people under the false label of orthodoxy. So far the stir he has made is productive of good. It induces people to think. But, it seems to us that he has fallen into the somewhat common error of supposing that the Bible is responsible for the mistakes of the theological systems of the world. For that reason he finds it necessary to discard most of that sacred volume, together with the doctrines built upon it. This is a fundamental mistake. The Bible does not teach the absurdities he discards. A full investigation of this proposition would disclose that fact beyond dispute. There was a time when the pulpit horrified by descriptions of eternal hell fires, that was considered Scripture doctrine. But who is there today that would again sound those trumpet blasts? The pulpits are silent on that topic. Preachers do not believe that the Bible teaches such doctrines. So it will be with other errors. They are not taught by the Scriptures. Mr. Campbell states that, "what we have now to make plain to the world is that Christianity is the gospel of the kingdom of God—that is, the glad tidings of the reign of love-salvation must consist in ceasing to be selfish and being filled instead with the spirit of Christ." But that is taught nowhere so clearly as in

the Scriptures. Again, he says: "There is absolutely no absolute dividing line between the higher and the lower; life also is one, and if a man leaves this world ignorant and debased, ignorant and debased he will begin on the farther side of death." This, too, is Bible doctrine. There are no doctrinal errors in the Word of God. Whatever errors orthodox theology is guilty of, is due to deviation from and even rejection of the Bible.

One of the valuable services the Prophet Joseph rendered the religious world was the recovery of the holy Scriptures. Not only was he the instrument in the hand of God to uncover and read the sacred records written on this continent, but he also dug out from the theological accretions of the ages the sacred books penned by Old-World prophets, seers and apostles, and taught men to read anew those evidences of God's care for His children. Through the Prophet Joseph the truth has been established that the Word of God remains for ever, no matter what errors interpreters may fall into. Through him the world has been taught that God is the same for ever. The God of the Bible—not of the theology that is of pagan origin—is our God; that revelation is not a thing of the past; that the spiritual gifts are the same; that the Church and the Priesthood are not different from the Bible pattern; that, in brief, we need not discard the Scriptures but the errors of interpreters, in order to enjoy to the fullest extent of which human minds are capable, the splendors and glories of truth.

All that glitters is not Goldfield.

Far better low wages than no wages.

At the Port of Spain the battleship frolicked.

In Denver they know who it was that struck Tom Patterson.

It is hard to keep the "lid" down when any "winking" is allowed.

The Hughes boom is being conducted on the "let well enough alone" theory.

The Kaiser, it is said, selects all his wife's hats. She even things up by selecting his neckties.

When the Atlantic fleet sailed into Port of Spain the governor-general did not exclaim "Good Evans!"

The London Globe has discovered that there are two Roosevelts. But there is only one Theodore.

The man who withdraws his savings from a bank is the kind to get frightened at his own shadow.

It makes no difference who wrote the "Beautiful Snow," so long as we get it; the snow, not the poem.

Lipton will not try to lift the American's cup next summer. He couldn't if he did, to judge the future by the past.

"Pittsburg is the best advertised city in the country," says the Dispatch of that city. The most notorious city in the country, not the best advertised.

If the lid doesn't come off with a big bang as soon as the troops are withdrawn from Goldfield, people will miss their guess, and be correspondingly happy.

And now Maude Gonne has quit politics for art. She quit singled blessedness for married life; and then quit married life for freedom. Quits a quitter, she.

Mr. Bryan's friends say that two presidential campaigns have put wrinkles in his face. After a man has passed through two such ordeals he should know a wrinkle or two.

Mr. Mahoney, the vice president of the Western Federation of Miners, seems ready to take up arms against a sea of troubles and by opposing, end them. But they may refuse to end.

To shout "Wolf! wolf!" and raise a great hue and cry about scarcity of coal, all in the summer time, and stampede people into buying, and to reduce the price in midwinter, looks wonderfully like a "skin game."

There never was a more outrageous and unreasoning raid on Chinese than that at Lethbridge, Alberta. That it did not culminate as did the raid at Rock Springs two decades ago is probably owing to the prompt action of the mounted police. When such things occur in China they are called barbarian outbreaks and the troops of civilized nations are sent to suppress them.

A SERMONET FOR WORKERS

(For the "News," by H. J. Haggood.)

A business house whose employees are not each and all adapted to their respective tasks is in much the same condition as the watch with which the four year old boy of the household had been amusing himself. By way of a little innocent pastime, the child had taken the works all out and then put them together again. After having finished the job to his own approval and entire satisfaction, he brought the watch to his grandfather with the information that he had put everything together all right only there were one or two little wheels left over.

That watch must have fun with about as much regularity as the business organization whose employees are selected and consigned to their work without consideration of their ability to master the particular situation. Many good men have been rendered worthless by being put on the wrong job. A man may be a good bookkeeper, but as an executive or a salesman, wouldn't be worth caring for.

Build up the human side of your business like the wheels, the springs, and the jewels of a good watch. Let every unit of human energy be valuable in itself, but still more valuable when put in the right place.

Gathered On The Battlefield of Thought.

Most Valuable Work of Women For the Press.

In the newspaper world the woman worker has won a permanent and a decided position. She was regarded as more or less of a freak and was treated accordingly. In these days it was the custom, for instance, to tell her at 1 o'clock in the afternoon to start on a trip around the world, to do it in at least ten days less time than the hero of the Jules Verne's novel who was cavailing and to keep the home office constantly informed of her thrilling adventures in jumping from trains to boats. Or, again, she was told to feign a fit in the street to find out how harshly patients were treated in certain hospitals or to stimulate madness so that she might give a thrilling story of "my daily life in a lunatic asylum." Or she had to ride on a fire truck, or in an ambulance, or live without food for three weeks. Those were the pioneer days of woman journalism, characterized by the tireless energy, the quickness of wit and the self-sacrifice of those who blazed the way. Their successors of today have much more prosaic duties. Editors and publishers have come to recognize a woman's remarkable faculty of interesting women readers and men readers alike in the phases of newspaper topics. Her work today is of very great importance; her energies are directed along the lines of least resistance and great results.—From the January New Broadway Magazine.

Has Re-action. Have the muck-rakers in a hush overdone it? It looks like it.

York City expresses their appreciation of J. Pierpont Morgan's efforts to relieve the financial stress; when a crowd of a great political gathering in Brooklyn cheers the name of Rockefeller; when Mr. John D. Rockefeller himself is asked to be the principal guest at the dinner of a great commercial club in Minnesota, and when the dinner at a university banquet in a New York hotel cheer Mr. John D. Archibald's defiance against the ridiculous charge of "tainted money." The vigor and earnestness with which Mr. Archibald pressed himself had much to do with the enthusiasm of his listeners. He is not given to speech-making, and his words spoken in impromptu, had behind them a warmth of expression that gave them the ring of sincerity when he said: "I want to say that if I had thought there was any talent on my part, I would have offered a dollar of it to Syracuse university. My conscience would not have let me. I could not have asked God's blessing on such a gift. I have earned my money by the sweat of my brow, and the conscientious toll and honest intent in the pursuit of business, or I would never have given a dollar to further God's work." A little good, frank, healthy talk in public by some of our best captains of industry, who have been the subject of the muck-rakers' criticism, might do a great deal of good for, after all, down in every decent man's heart will be found a sense of fair play and justice.—Leslie's Weekly.

Comparisons. It would be interesting to point the standard of average honesty of these days.

American people stands in these days. It would also be interesting, if we had reasonable means of comparison, to compare the average American honesty with the average British, French, and German honesty. Also to compare the average honesty of folks in different parts of our own country—the East with the West; the farmers with the urban-labor men; Boston, New York, Chicago, and San Francisco; country folks with city folks; rich people with poor; trust magnates and railroad men with muck-rakers and political reformers. And we would like, if we could, to compare the average honesty of this generation with that of the Civil-war generation and again with that of the generation that fought out the Revolution. It would help us, perhaps, to know what way we are tending in the matter of honesty. It seems to us sometimes that average honesty hereabouts is low. Was it not in the papers lately that the New York street railroad discharged several thousand street-car conductors a year for stealing fares or being suspected of it? These same railroads compute that they lose several million dollars yearly by the dishonesty of employees who steal fares and passengers who do not pay or make dishonest use of transfers. The average conscience here does not seem to prick at cheating the street railroad company, nor does it seem to prick in the matter of honesty, especially in the south, at taking anything takable away from any railroad. Those are depressing signs. Another is the apparent eagerness of a great number of people, including many leaders in politics, to have President Roosevelt run for a

third term in the teeth of his solemn declaration that he won't. They seem to have no conception of the obligations of integrity.—Harper's Weekly.

The Victims Everywhere along the Highway and in the Cities and Villages of Shanai you see the opium eater.

The opium eater, rapidly loses flesh when the habit has fixed itself on him. The color leaves his skin, and it becomes dry, like parchment. His eye loses whatever light and sparkle it may have had, and becomes dull and listless. The opium face has been best described as a "peculiarly withered and blasted countenance." With this face is always associated a thin body and a languid gait. Opium gets such a powerful grip on a confirmed smoker that it is actually unsafe for him to give up the habit without medical aid. His appetite is taken away, his digestion is impaired, there is congestion of the various internal organs, and constipation of the lungs. Constipation and diarrhea result, with pain all over the body. By the time he has reached this stage, the smoker has become both physically and mentally weak and inactive. With his intellect deadened, he sinks into laziness, immorality, and debauchery. He has lost his power of resistance to disease, and he comes predisposed to colds, bronchitis, diarrhea, dysentery and dyspepsia. Brigade Surgeon J. H. Condon, M.C.S., speaking of opium eaters before the Royal Commission on opium, said: "They become emaciated and debilitated, miserable-looking wretches, and finally die, most commonly of diarrhea induced by the use of opium." When a man has got himself into this condition, he must have opium, and must have it all the time.—Samuel Merwin in "Success Magazine."

Traveling In Palestine Or Holy Land.

Pass through the narrow streets where the lepers crowd around with horrible cries and beggars seem to have human in their flimsy and ragged deformities. Go up onto Mount Zion and look off to the blue quiet hills of Moab, then stop to listen to a little Greek funeral service, rhythmic and plaintive, sung by a long-haired priest, a little blind boy and a peasant woman. Drive to Bethlehem and to the Church of the Nativity and see the Manger where the Child lay, guarded day and night by Moslem soldiers. Why guarded? Because every shrine is considered the property of some sect—Roman, Greek, Armenian, Syrian, or another—and, at the festivals of Easter and Christmas, especially, unless the Moslems keep order, blood is always shed. Think out over the land and remember that in the Turkish dominions the "only law is that of backsheesh."

Suggested by Although not so Roseate Hues, gorgeous or so subtle of Early Dawn.

the west, yet most lovely and most fair is the first faint blush of early dawn, when the great luminary, though not yet risen upon the plains, is tinged with the summit of the snow-capped mountains with a delicate roseate hue, veiling in beauty with that of the sardonyx or of the rose-red tourmaline, and mantling the fleecy wisps of vapor and the scattered cloudlets placidly resting upon the mountain side in a flood of incarnadined loveliness. Starting almost before the break of day by the old three horse diligence from Basel, through the magnificent Munster Thal—also there is now a railway in place of that enjoyable but somewhat slow and deliberate mode of locomotion—the morning star with brightly shining, and several of the brightest stars still scintillating in the domed canopy of the skies, the invigorating crispness of the air, the beauty of the gradual advance of dawn, and the grandeur and sublimity of the scene ever momentarily becoming more and more apparent, amply compensate for the discomfort of a breakfast at 3 o'clock in the morning. Now, as the glowing recedes before Aurora's advance, one by one the glittering stars have all paled away, and the topmost summits of the snow-mountains, the first to glimpse the rising glory of the sun, throw up the veil of night, and assume their rose-red beauty. And swiftly, as the great orb rises ever nearer to the horizon, the lower ranges of the mountains become illumined by his beams, and a light diaphanous layer of cloud resting upon the side of the hill which the diligence is ascending is bathed in a flood of rose-pink. The spectacle now is beautiful beyond description, and almost too fair for earth. On each side of the road lofty perpen-

dicular cliffs tower upward towards the deepening azure of the skies, their den of verdure and gorgeous mountain flowers; by the side of the road a sea of foaming torrent, leaping and swirling over obstructing rocks, and plunging into the seething caldron beneath, while in front is the roseate glory of the hill. As to those who love a landscape's beauty this earth of ours is indeed fair. And well may it be a masterpiece of the Creator's hand. Yet was the favored orb selected by the Son of God from amidst the myriad of worlds scattered through the infinitude of space on which to make the great atonement for man; and surely also for the father's on this earth scorn to receive the eternal benefits of that propitiation, freely offered to all, although acceptance of the gift of life everlasting—Banker.

Christmas Should Last Night on the Eve of Twelve Days.

older language of the older Christians, for people who spoke English, as I said, I think the legends about the birth of the Baby said that the Wise Men had seen in the East twelve nights, until the twelfth night they came to the saintly stable and unloaded their camels. I like, as many years and another year begins, those around me that still cling to the lifting and telling of days; life is suspended for a while, and the triumph of the soul over mind and special remembrance of the Christmas morning; the service in church, as the day goes by, in the evening the order of the Messiah at least on both the Sunday School and one for the Settlement for the Association and one for the Industrial School, and so on until you come to Twelfth Night, with its cake or its bean in the cake, and perhaps a good round dance or a Virginia reel before Twelfth Night is over.—Edmund Everett Hale in the Christmas Women's Home Companion.

JUST FOR FUN.

Wrong Man.

"There are some verses I wrote," said the innocent young man, laying the paper on the editor's desk, "you may give me just what you think they are worth."

"But I haven't the authority to give you what they deserve," replied the man with the pen; "remember, I am an editor, not a magistrate."—London Opinion.

Winter.

The boy stood on the burning deck And gave a joyful shout: "At last, he cried, 'The janitor is turning on some hot water!'"—New York Sun.

"Three Weeks Elapsed."

"Just a little touch of realism," remarked the dramatist with pardonable pride. "It's a wonder nobody ever thought of it before."

"What is it?"

"Why, my heroine is a brute in Act I and a blonde in Act II."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Even There.

"Dear," said the melancholy wife, "if you die first you will wait for me there on that far shore, won't you?" "I guess so," replied her husband, with a yawn. "I've always had in wait for you wherever I go."—Catholic Standard and Times.

The Implacable Father.

"In love with that penniless young scamp are you?" said old Flossie. "Well, I propose to cure you of that. I've got a son-in-law who will marry young girl. 'I'm determined to marry him.'"

"That's it exactly. I propose to let you do it."—Philadelphia Press.

The Poor Wolf.

"Why is it," asked the fox, "that you always look so gaunt?" "Oh!" replied the wolf, "it's all due to the business I'm in. I always have to keep away from the door and there's nothing left in the house to eat."—Catholic Standard and Times.

We've Almost Forgotten What Winter Is Like?

During January and February, however, usually the severest months of the year, we are very apt to have a frosty reminder in the shape of north winds and extreme cold. Then you'll appreciate a Heater o' Hot Blast. We have a full line of Round Oaks and Hot Blasts, ranging in price from \$7.50 to \$36.00, and are selling them at

15% Off

A Door Mat is the greatest labor-saving device you could purchase the housewife these kind of days. Great variety to select from—cocoa-nut, fiber, rubber and wire—at all kinds of prices.

Store closes all day Wednesday, New Year's Day, and remains closed Thursday, Jan 2, for Stock-Taking.

Z.C.M.I.

Our Drug Store is at 112-114 South Main Street