## GHRISTMAS

Fint the rowe amoke of evenngeycilios:
Forth hrom the Fang, ldrmeioflarod bult nocters
Carves with artith-cuming by the Gruch Whese anod there was for chmili delicite touchy
Strength, beauty, pawing Temples he had meared
Where mortal Cuesus wronitp had as goics
Thus mightieat Herod, by the Cremer grace
Rulling domain lagee than David hed,
Hisving a ahadowy sense the Lond is King,
Thoughi Cesesar was some nearer, deemed it wise-
His throas, a muttering ruin shaking then-
Would placite God, and malke of Caesar friens,
So bu migit have, as prrachen sometimes teach,
The best of both the worlds, this-that to comer
Even then, days of Setrothal yet, in inner room
Knelt Mary, bowedin womhip of her race-
Mary, the peasant maid, of royal line-
When shrouding veil of glory Angels bring,
Swathed her in radiance, the Archangel spatce:-
"Hail to thee, Mary-Mary full of graces
"The Highest will o'enhadow thee, thy Son-
"The Son-of-God, Man's-Son, earth's throne shall take,
"And of His Kingdom never ahall be end."
But Mary, peasint, prescience could no: have
That slow must grow that kingdom which is Peace:
The mative warring-hatred in earth-sou's
Refusing prat with pance-sole peace on carth,
Which is when man lose self in God's vast All -
Even in flesh part of Eternity:
Not wolting of the way the Christ would lead,
Buast into song that sounds through cen. turias:-
"My sooul doth magnify the Lord,
"Rejoicing in my God-my Saviour:
"Hand maiden low, henceforth shailleall me bles'd
"All generations, for to me great things
"The Mighticethas done-Holy His mame:
"They are exalited who are meek and low,
"The proud and rich are empty sent away.
"And helpis with His sirvant lenal,
"As was the promine to our fathers made-
"To. Abraham and his seed for evermore."
Thou Light that wert, and art, the Lifle of man,
Not without shriniking, dranket thou the cap
From the beginninges, unto mortal lips
Mortality has presed nigh toits drege-
Mortalityl itt individual span
Too beref to reach to spirit-periectness,
Sive with the favored warriossof the nace
Who have the help of angecs in their fight,
Because of fight-of warrior might in fight
Against man's foe, that ill which dwells within
The deep recesses of each half-free souls-
Struegling towards that Light whieh is man's Life,
Whereto, if men will battle, they shall win
Somewhat-somewhere, somehow-of perfectness
That life which is obedient ento denth,
Raing to freedom in the Life of heaven.
Obelient e'en to death-that is the law
Wherein all duty's summed, nor incomplete
And who could teach it but the Virginorn:
True man, from whom obedience is due,
Yet, God-fullifiled, and needing not a law: It what were earth, thou mising from it links?
"City of dreadful night" to who so thinks, And feek the toicch of human misery:
Though careless laughter gives to that no heed,


Thou cameat with a peace, a Roman peace, thus,
Men breathe their breath at Rome's Im-perial-wills
Ase, in their millions, tortured broke in shards-
By wanton lucuury and cruelty,
Dwelling together, brutish twins of hell.
Evan Israel just a zealot ignorance,
Her priests and rabbis counting naught the
Osedience unto death-obedience,
That, bieing stricken, strikes not back again: Whereby the soul is fined, as lillies fair,
Which blossom ta the fields, albeit they,
Nor toil, nor spin, nor do they weavz their

Yel, in their glory, outshinc Solomon.
Glad Christmastide-let sorrow have sur cease
Where'er man dwells-be merry, sit at feasts;
For thus the imperfect symbol perfect joy Of which this day is promise for our kind.

Ot holiest, rarest covenant by blood -
By men, earth-bom, but rarely understood-
The will to take the wound, yet, not to strike:
Man-victim Christ, make thou of men thy like.

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TRAIN TO TAKE

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