

HER TOKEN OF LOVE

By S. E. KISER.

WELL," said Julie Allison, when her husband had gone upstairs, after tossing a package upon the library table, "I wonder what this is?"

It was on the following evening that Frederick Allison suddenly turned to his wife, after dinner, saying: "Oh, Juliet, I want to show you a fob that I bought for myself today. It's just the thing I've been wanting for a long time."

"By the way, dear," said Allison the next evening, "I bought something today that I'd like to have you look at."

Christmas was only a week away and Juliet lay awake a long time that night trying to think what present she could get for her husband.

Frederick came home the next evening with a metal cigar box and enough cigars, as he cheerfully informed her, to last him all winter.

"I'm so glad," replied Juliet. "You need gloves and handkerchiefs, too. Of course, I don't know so much about your suspenders, and I suppose you bought all the half-hose you'll—"

"And you have all the cuff buttons and studs and such things that you need, haven't you?"

On Christmas morning Frederick Allison was somewhat surprised when his wife handed him a small plush case, saying:

"There, dear, is a set of things that you probably didn't think of when you were buying everything you thought I might possibly want to give you for a present. You don't need them yet, but you probably will some day, and I thought it would be nice to get them now, seeing that they were offered at a bargain."

A Christmas Sermon

By REV. JAMES M. GRAY, D. D., Dean of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago

TEXT—When the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his son, made of a woman, made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law.



Christianity was not precipitated upon the world, but came in as the result of a long and patient preparation.

In the first place, it may have been God's purpose to impress the race with the great lessons of its apostasy, and the fearful consequences of rebellion.

In the second place, if it was necessary in any sense that salvation should be prepared for man, it may have been equally so that man should have been prepared for salvation.

Another reason for the delay is found in the necessity for the accumulation of prophetic evidence concerning the Savior, that when he came he might be identified beyond a doubt.

It was a time of great intellectual refinement, when the human mind had been cultivated to the last degree, and was therefore able to detect and prevent imposture as at no previous time.

It was the time of a centralized human government, and Rome was in the heyday of its power. This made the whole of the civilized world easily accessible, furnishing an opportunity for the propagation of the gospel message to mankind everywhere.

The Lessons for Us. And, finally, whatever may be said as to the delay of the father in sending the son into the world, the two points to be considered now are these:

And in the second place, "Now" that "once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of himself," it behooves us to inquire whether he has yet been received into our hearts.

The Sistine Madonna.



SISTINE MADONNA WITH FRAME. RAPHAEL

REPRESENTING the Virgin, not as a mother, but as the all powerful queen of the heavens, descending from clouds which are themselves composed of thousands of cherubs.

FINE IDAHO COUNTRY

Former Alliance Man Who Lived Here for Many Years, Writes About Idaho Country

S. B. Libby, who lived in Alliance for many years and who had a wide acquaintance here, reads The Herald regularly at his new home in Weiser, Idaho.

WEISER, Ida., Dec. 6.—Thinking that perhaps some of the readers of The Herald would like to know something about the irrigation projects adjacent to Weiser, I will attempt to describe two of them, which, when completed, will water 34,000 acres of new land in this vicinity.

A CHRISTMAS STORY A MEMORABLE TREAT

I SPENT a happy Christmas eve at blithe Ennedale, and sitting by the cozy hearth, I listened to this tale.

Old Thomas told it—he had seen some seventy years or so, and over many lands had been

A roamer to and fro.

"When I was but a boy," he said, "There dwelt not far from here a woman young in widowhood—

"One child she had—a little boy—I scarcely need to say He was her only earthly joy.

"She gave consent, although her heart Was bound up in her son—

"You won't forget me, my dear boy, When far away, I know, So with my blessing and my prayers,

"Ten long, long years then rolled away, And sorely Helen pined;

"The flames leap high and clear— He shipped on board the 'Tyne,'

"Then on them burst a furious storm That fiercer grew each day,

"And when the raging storm drew off Its work of havoc done,

"For two long years he strained his gaze Across the wide, wide wave,

"For two long years his only food Was shell-fish from the shore,

"The long third year drew near its close, And it was Christmas Day,

"A hand is on his shoulder laid, A loud voice greets his ear—

"Don't cry, my man, but come on board,

"Here Thomas poked the fire, and said: "Again shift time and scene—

"Poor Helen crouches o'er the fire And shudders at the storm;

"I've been a wanderer," spoke the man, "On many a far-off shore;

"She rose up slowly from her chair, Her lips no words expressed;

"Here Thomas poked the fire, and turned His face to hide the tears

"They left the poor and humble cot That had such sorrows seen,

"Old William Vere, whom I knew well Has often said to me—

"I feel I never can forget, That pious mother's love,

HE colonel sat comfortably in his chair and gazed dreamily through a hazy cloud of Havana at the Christmas crowd.

"Ha-ha! colonel. At last I've found you looking mad!" And a friend who had come up from behind and slipped him affectionately on the shoulder pulled a big chair alongside and sat

down. The colonel leaned further back in the enveloping leather and a volley of expanding rings poured from beneath the carefully trimmed

"That," he said, with a wave of his hand toward the throng, "set me to thinking of how in my country school-days we big, bad boys sometimes

"So when on the morning of Christmas Eve day Mr. Teacher arrived without anything that possibly could contain a treat, we were hurt—

"'Come, boys, come,' he said sternly. 'It is too cold for joking. Let me in at once!'

"We're not joking; we yelled back. 'We want a treat. Go to the store and get a big box of oranges and a big box of candy and have them here for us this afternoon, and we'll open the door. Or, if you'll promise on your word of honor, we'll let you in.'"

"'Open the door, please! It is I, Mr. G—!'

"'Sorry,' one of the boys replied through the keyhole, 'but you'll have to give us a Christmas treat before we let you in.'"

"'Followed several minutes of silence and suspense, then he called to us: 'Well, boys, I suppose the besieger instead of the besieged will have to surrender. You may open the door. I will treat!'

"The door was opened slowly, cautiously, for we were doubtful, almost distrustful, but he was smiling.

"'It is all right, boys,' he assured us. 'I have promised. We might as well close now till after the New Year's holiday. While I am going for the treat I want you all to get your books ready so I can lock the school house. I hope to be back with your treat within an hour.'"

"Then he started in a brisk walk toward a little country town about three miles away.

"'Here you are! I am going to leave you to yourselves to enjoy your treat,' he explained, as he hastily fastened the window shutters and shut up the stove. He then locked the door and put the key in his pocket. By that time the boys had unloaded the boxes, and Mr. G— at once resumed his seat on the sled.

"'Merry Christmas to all!' he shouted.

"The same to you!' we chorused.

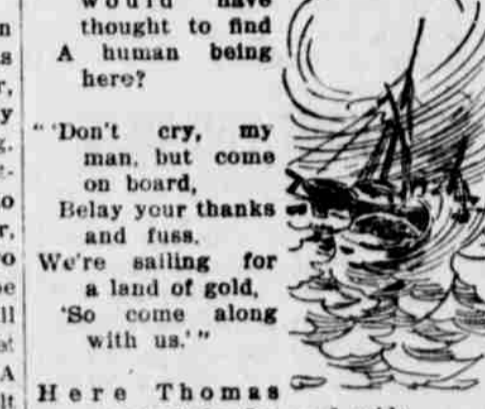
"'We immediately assailed the boxes. The lid came off the box marked oranges first, and one was grabbed and the tissue wrapping removed. Then there was a wild yell—

"'Potatoes! Nothing but old potatoes!' "We glanced sheepishly at the big girls who were holding their breath. In a tremor of dread we took the top of the box labeled candy. Oh, utterly shattered hopes! The box was full of nice white candies!"

The ample shoulders and girth of the colonel's friend shook freely.

"Um," he said. "He was some teacher."

"You bet," agreed the colonel. "If we boys had had money enough I think we'd have come pretty near to buying him a gold watch."—Detroit Free Press.



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