

The Oregon Statesman

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CHRISTMAS

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"When truth, love and virtue are established in the heart the spirit of Christ is born in every man; God is there in the flesh, the Saviour, not from the penalties of wrong doing, but from the condition of heart and life that makes man yield to temptation."

Indeed, true individuality is not attained until man is born of the spirit; before this new birth his motives, conduct and character fluctuate with his environment, his limitations and his natural desires and impulses. Only when he is dominated by this new spirit does he become steady, constant in all his purposes. Only as a babe in spiritual life he begins his upward way. He must grow and wax strong in the spirit, but his growth need not be slow, laborious and accompanied with suffering as it generally is under the law of the physical. He may grow easily in the light and warmth of God's own spiritual sunshine into the perfect, symmetrical individual.

"Everything is upward striving, 'Tis as easy now for his heart to be true As for the grass to be green or the skies to blue— 'Tis his natural way of living."

Browning says, "My business is not to remake myself, but to make the absolute best of what God made." This, however, leaves much for man to do for himself. The greatest of all gifts that God gives to His children is something of Himself, the spirit of His Son, that enables them to grow into oneness with Him in love, righteousness and power. To do this men must be active in unfolding these possibilities in their nature and must give them the best conditions for their growth. Without this man can never even approach the realization of his high and glorious destiny.

Why do we not learn that the Spirit of Christ does not abide where love is not? That peace reigns only in the soul that breathes heavenly harmony? That virtue is the radiant garment only of the truly pure in heart? That the holy light of the Christ spirit shines out only from the inner depths of the purified heart upon others that they, too, may dwell in the light? That only in the light and sunshine of love, truth and purity the blossoms of the spirit unfold into beauty and grace to make the world sweeter and fairer and nobler?

Hunger, poverty, pain are incident to the quest of self-gratification; happiness, satisfaction, peace, are the shining angels that bear one company along the way of noble, unselfish endeavor, righteousness and truth.

But man can not go on his upward way without love as his inspiration, his expression, his life itself. Our love must become so great, broad and perfect that from it we shall be able to understand God's love. Every faculty, impulse, desire, action will be subdued by the influence of this love; through it discord will vanish, harmony will be established in us and our whole nature will be hushed to hear the "silent voice."

The expression "power of love" describes vividly the attribute that dominates the life of the spiritually grown man. We can not imagine God without power. And one who has this divine love grown in his heart is not without power to benefit himself and bless his brothers. No one lives who has not in a measure experienced this power, and in these supreme moments of highest and holiest manifestation of

this love divine he bows his head in reverent awe and realizes that he is standing on holy ground.

Spiritual activity brings a consolation and peace to the soul that nothing else can give. One thrill of inspiration from God gives a sweeter pleasure than anything the earth can supply. But when Christ is truly born in a human heart, when He has really taken up His abode there, that heart has entered the heavenly kingdom. Full of love, of joy, of peace, of blessings it is that heart that has come into its own blessed inheritance of this immortal kingdom.

More, the birth of Christ in the heart of man gives strength to the arm, power to endure fatigue, courage to faltering feet, capacity to work happily and successfully. It makes the doing of every duty a joy, and takes away all feeling of humiliation or burden, if such formerly existed. It gives fortitude to meet every trial and ability to surmount every difficulty. It gives strength to bear even the cross cheerfully, patiently, thankfully. It softens the heart to the cry of distress and moves it to relieve the needy and heal the broken in heart or body. It glorifies the way of service. It enables one himself to partake of the living bread and to break it unto the famished multitude.

Let no man deceive himself. If Christ be born in him he will show the fruits of the spirit. He who does the work, who lives the life, of Christ, is a son of God; none other is. In the purity, harmony and love of a human heart Christ is born through the inspiration of the Holy Spirit. The Star of Bethlehem shines with effulgent light over the cradle of the Divine Babe; the wise man beholds its radiance and is guided by it to the beautiful, spiritual, divine life.

In the wonder of the experience of this spiritual birth humbly and gratefully the heart turns to the Father of Love as man dedicates all that he is, all his powers and possessions, to the service of this new life born in his soul.

"Where charity stands watching And faith holds wide the door The dark night wakes, the glory breaks. And Christ comes once more. O Holy Child of Bethlehem, Descend on us we pray! Cast out our sin and enter in; Be born in us today."

Why worry about the hereafter. We'll all go just where we belong.—Exchange.

David Lloyd George is making a perfectly splendid John the Baptist. The wilderness seems to be holding out.—Exchange.

WONDER CHURCH

Methodists in Chicago are going to build a downtown temple of their faith which will cost over \$4,000,000. It will cover almost half of a big city block and will be 21 stories in height. It will be in the heart of things and conducted on practical lines. In its way it will be the greatest religious edifice in the country. To even glimpse it would make the eyes of John Wesley pop with amazement.

"Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated. The bird of dawn singeth all night long; And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;

FUTURE DATES

December 24 and 25, Sunday and Monday—Supreme directors of Women to be in Salem. December 25, Monday—Christmas. December 27, Wednesday—Company F smoker at armory. December 31, Sunday—Elks "Midnight Politics," Grand theater. Monday, Jan. 1—Y. M. C. A. "Open House," for everybody, New Year's day afternoon and evening. January 5, Friday—Elvin M. Orsler, national commander of American Legion, to be in Salem. January 8, Monday—Inauguration of Governor-elect Walter M. Pierce. January 8, Monday—Legislature meets.

The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike, No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm; So hallow'd and so gracious is the time.—Shakespeare.

A party of Chicago men have started for Mesopotamia to locate the Garden of Eden. Those eastern sharpers are off the track. The location of the garden has long ago been recognized to exist in southern California, but, with our well known modesty, we have failed to say much about it.—Los Angeles Times. (In many summer days down there, it takes a wide stretch of the imagination to come to such a conclusion. Wasn't it a southern California horse thief who wanted to take his blanket with him when he was bumped off by the vigilance committee?)

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM. (Phillips Brooks.) O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie! Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by; Yet in thy dark streets shineth The everlasting Light; The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary, And, gathered all above, While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wondering love. O morning stars, together

Proclaim the holy birth! And praises sing to God the King, And peace to men on earth. How silently, how silently, The wondrous gift is given! So God imparts to human hearts The blessings of His heaven. No ear may hear His coming, But in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in.

O holy child of Bethlehem! Descend to us, we pray; Cast out sin, and enter in, Be born in us today. We hear the Christmas angels The great glad tidings tell; Oh, come to us, abide with us, Our Lord Emmanuel!

By Donald A. Fraser, Victoria, Victoria, B. C., Canada. Out of the midnight shadows, Across the starry sky, Peals faint, far-distant music Of bells in clangor high; The hills take up the tone-waves; The vales out-lengthen them, Be still, my heart, and listen; 'Tis the bells of Bethlehem!

Nearer, and ever nearer, The sweet, wild chiming floats, Until the air is throbbing With the music of their notes; There's soothing in their singing; There's calm in hearing them, O God, outpour the message Of the bells of Bethlehem!

Roll on, ye waves of ocean, The echoes of their song; Ye great broad prairies hearken, And send the strains along; Ye deep dark pinewoods whisper The secrets learned of them; Ye snow-crowned monarch mountains, Shout forth of Bethlehem!

O little towns and hamlets, The blessing comes to you, And noisy, cruel cities, Ye share the gladness, too. All, all can learn their meaning, If ye but list to them; For Christ's heart sings to our hearts In the bells of Bethlehem.

"Peace, peace, to troubled mortals; Goodwill to brother men." O Earth, hear, cease thy striving! Hear, and grow still again. Ring, bells, till ye one morning, Ring Wrong's last requiem; Then shall Earth's untralle millions Bless the bells of Bethlehem.

IS THERE A SANTA CLAUS? (By the late Frank P. Church, in the editorial page of the New York Sun.) We take pleasure in answering at once and thus prominently the communication below, expressing at the same time our great grati-

fication that its faithful author is numbered among the friends of The Sun: "Dear Editor: I am 8 years old. "Some of my little friends say there is no Santa Claus. "Papa says 'if you see it in The Sun it's so.' "Please tell me the truth; is there a Santa Claus?" —Virginia O'Hanlon."

Virginia, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the scepticism of a sceptical age. They do not believe except they see. They think that nothing can be which is not comprehensible by their little minds. All minds, Virginia, whether they be men's or children's, are little. In this great universe of ours man is a mere insect, an ant, in his intellect, as compared with the boundless world about him, as measured by the intelligence capable of grasping the whole of truth and knowledge.

Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. He exists as certainly as love and generosity and devotion exist, and you know that they abound and give to your life its highest beauty and joy. Alas! how dreary would be the world if there were no Santa Claus! It would be as dreary as if there were no Virginias. There would be no childlike faith then, no poetry, no romance to make tolerable this existence. We should have no enjoyment, except in the sense and sight. The eternal light with which childhood fills the world would be extinguished.

Not believe in Santa Claus? You might as well not believe in fairies! You might get your papa to hire men to watch in all the chimneys on Christmas Eve to catch Santa Claus, but even if they did not see Santa Claus coming down, what would that prove? Nobody sees Santa Claus, but that is no sign that there is no Santa Claus. The most real things in the world are things that neither children nor men can see. Did you ever see fairies dancing on the lawn? Of course not, but that's no proof that they are not there. Nobody can conceive or imagine all the wonders there are unseen and unseeable in the world.

You may tear apart the baby's rattle and see what makes the noise inside, but there is a veil covering the unseen world which not the strongest man, nor even the united strength of all the strongest men that ever lived, could tear apart. Only faith, fancy, poetry, love, romance, can push aside that curtain and view and picture the supernal beauty

and glory beyond. Is it all real? Ah, Virginia, in all this world there is nothing else real and abiding. "No Santa Claus! Thank God! he lives, and he lives forever. A thousand years from now, Virginia, nay, ten times ten thousand years from now, he will continue to make glad the heart of childhood.

HIS CHRISTMAS PRAYER By James Edward Hungerford. On his baby knees, he muttered: "Now I lay me down to sleep"; Lispering soft, the words he uttered: "Pray th' Lord my soul 't keep"; Little head all mused and frowzy: "If I die before I wake"; Little voice fast growing drowsy: "Pray th' Lord my soul 't take."

"Take dood care uv my dear muvver"— Always first in ev'ry prayer; "Don't forget my baby bruvver— An' uv Daddy, take dood care"; Drowsily, the words he lisped them— Little angel face alight, And his lips, the angels kissed them— As he prayed on Christmas night.

"Thank you, Dod, vat Santy's bringing Me jus' heaps an' heaps uv toys"— Angels over him were winging— "Don't forget pore dirt an' boys, What ain't dot no one 't keep"— "em— Give 'em heaps an' heaps o' things"; And God's angels smiled above them. Whom he'd prayed for—kings of kings.

THE REAL CHRISTMAS DAY In the journey of life, if you do not succeed, And in heaven you've laid up wealth, And you enter the heavenly city a stranger, There is no one to blame but yourself. The character you should be forming down here Through the victories won by Him, That all this world's wealth which you chase, So let us to work for the Christ and sinners— For "we're workers together" we've said, And this will be plus the salvation He gives, In that city that never grows old. Lord, help us to work for Thee here every day, And to keep ourselves pure from all sin, And then in the home-coming after this day, A glorious entering in. And then for the gift of all gifts that God gave— The Saviour to save us from sin, We will lay what we've brought and ourselves at his feet, And our real Christmas day will begin. GIBSON T. WHITE, Salem, Ore.

The ball of a bootlegger in New York was placed at \$101,000. It took nearly all his small change.

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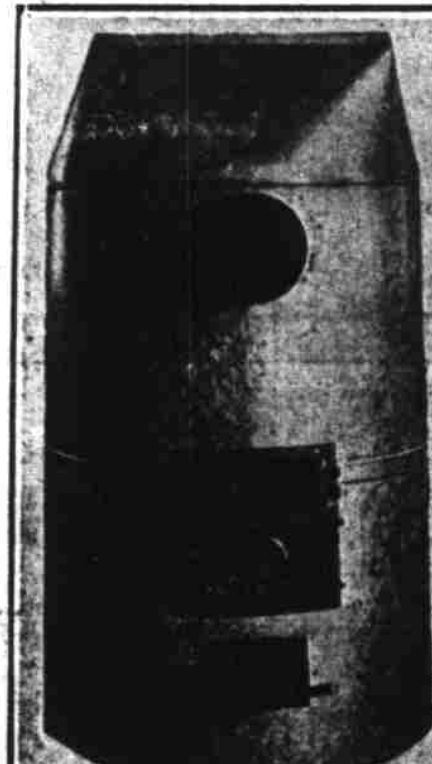
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The Junior Statesman

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Lessons in Trick Cartooning



Big Chief Crow Complete the big drawing by adding, one by one, the various lines, shown in the series of small key pictures below.

THE SHORT STORY, JR. THE UNWELCOME PUPPY Uncle Dick arrived for the

hidden under his coat. "Oh, Dick, not a dog!" she said. "A dog!" the rest of the family echoed, but in quite different tones. That was just what they had wanted above everything else.

"It seems to me I have enough with five children around, without having a dog under my feet all day too."

There was a loud crash and five screams. "Oh, he's knocked over the lamp," they cried. Mrs. Jones flashed an I-told-you-so look at her brother and went off to pick up the pieces, while the rest of the family searched for the poor little scared puppy.

During the course of the afternoon the baby's new doll was chewed up, the library curtains were fringed at the bottom, the tablecloth was jerked off, and several of the dishes were broken. The best cushion was torn, and Mrs. Jones' new fur-lined slippers were twice rescued from the little puppy. Poor Uncle Dick had just about decided that he would have to take his Christmas present back.

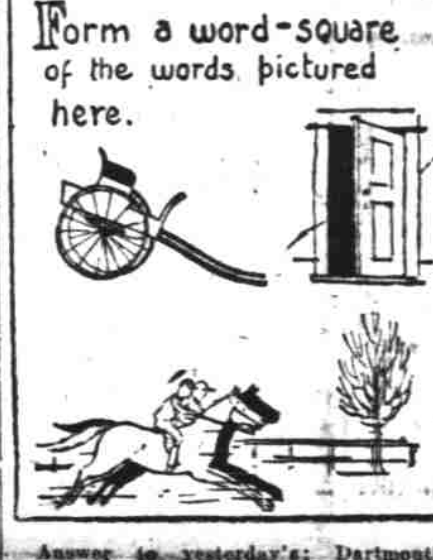
The little dog had been missing for nearly five minutes. Mrs. Jones had visions of her best bed-spread in ribbons. A hunt was started, but no dog could be found. Finally Uncle Dick discovered tracks leading out the front door. They disappeared at the road where there were marks in the snow made by a horse and buggy.

"He's been stolen," Uncle Dick cried. Quickly he got out the machine and he and his sister were off down the road after the buggy. They drew up beside it. Mrs. Jones' eyes flashed. "That's our little dog," she said. "We think a great deal of him and would not lose him for anything."

Mrs. Jones held the little puppy tight as they drove quickly back to the anxiously awaiting family. She did not notice the I-told-you-so expression in her brother's eyes as he chuckled over the wheel.

PICTURE PUZZLE

Form a word-square of the words pictured here.



Answer to yesterday's Dartmouth Colgate.