

he discovered to his horror, that he was lost. Too proud to ask for direction, he wandered through the maze, adapting different plans to gain the street, but all to no purpose, after a ten minute jaunt he would find himself again in the vicinity of that ribbon counter. At last a happy thought entered his bewildered brain. He determined to follow some particular shopper and in this way be lead out of the building. He chose a woman for his guide and then for two long hours he followed that exasperating female from one department to another, only to be landed in the dining hall connected with the store. Nothing daunted George took up a position at the door and after a forty-five minutes wait, was rewarded by seeing his "guide book" emerge from the lunch room, adjust her veil, and make preparations for the street. With joy too great for words he again took up the trail and in exactly thirteen seconds was landed on Sparks street, a happy smiling boy.

Laus Deo!

How deeply still the wintry night
Whose pall o'er hill and valley rests,
When lo! the King, the promised Light,
The earth with Heaven's glory vests,
When angel voices strange descend
From high to hail our Saviour's birth
And bid man's homage glad extend
To Him whose throne is made on earth.

The Babe, new born at Bethlehem,
Embraced with joy in Mary's arms,
Redeemed from death despairing men,
Made Love replace dark sin's alarms,
Awakened songs of joyous peace,
Whose echoes bless our Christmas time
And bid our warring passions cease,
Our will reflect the Will divine.

Though earthly gloom is spread so wide
And clouds of sin o'er nations rest,
A Light on earth doth still abide
To rescue men with cares oppressed;
It shines in humble cotter's home
As in the princely palace grand
The Babe on earth makes yet His throne
Adored in ev'ry Christian land.