

words fulfilled in him, for through him shall the gods speak to men."

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It is night. Through the "moonlit gardens of Bethlehem" some lowly shepherds are hastening; they pass by the crowded khan filled with weary travellers, and pause at the opening of a cave among the lime-stone rocks. Treading their way among the animals housed there, they enter an inner recess, and stand in the presence of a mother and her child; with faces illumined with joy, they fall upon their knees and worship him, in whom, by faith, they see fulfilled all the promises of the Messiah for ages past.

A little later and then learned men of the East enter the humble cave. With close attention the young mother watches them as with much humility they bow as humbly as the shepherds before her child.

And who is this wondrous child? The Logos or Word. (*Deus Loquens*—God speaking). The divine love and power of the one true God, whom "the nations sought after, if happily they might find him," is to be manifested to the world through this child, and fulfilled is the prophet's message, "The desire of all nations shall come."

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THE WORLD'S FAIR.

A very pleasant trip to the World's Fair made me wish to share it with everyone. It is a grand sight. Imposing and beautiful views met our eyes on all sides, and it seemed too bad that the results of so much thought and labor should be so transient.

No one should miss going once from the city by boat. It was a beautiful sight all the way, and it seemed as if nothing could be finer than the unobstructed view of the great buildings in the morning sun. But later we went to the top of the manufacturers' building (215 feet) in an elevator, and a panorama of surpassing beauty and

interest was spread out before us. The lake with its moving boats, the city farther than the eye could reach, the park with its lagoons, statues, noble buildings with their fine domes and ornaments, made a picture never to be forgotten. Hundreds of flags of all nations added color, and we left reluctantly after spending a delightful hour.

We afterward walked nearly round the park, getting views of the lake, the Ceylon and Japanese Temple, the State Buildings, the Yucatan relics, and the forestry, leather, and Krupp gun exhibits.

The transportation building is the most beautiful of any on the outside, and its main entrance a picture I never tired of seeing. Altogether, I feel that I have memories that will brighten many a lonely hour.

I was especially interested in the foreigners and their native wares.

After seeing a Ceylonese with white sack and scant skirt of the same, with his hair in a knot and head adorned with a round comb the Turks, with wide trousers, flowing robes and turbans, the Chinese, with their queues and loose gowns and skirts and all their rugs, pipes, sandal wood and altar of roses, we felt that we were quite extensive travellers.

The Persians were the finest looking orientals we saw, being tall and well formed. They were dressed in turbans, skirts and sashes. The Japanese wore American clothes, spoke good English, and had a very fine exhibit in nearly every department.

Beautiful screens, pottery and inlaid work, in manufacturer's, more screens, and needle work in the woman's building, tea, ginger and other things in queer oriental packages in the Agricultural Department, and some very beautiful things in fine arts.

One embroidered silk screen was valued at \$20,000, and it seemed as if needle work could go no nearer perfection. The design was a cherry tree