

**Christmas Sermon in Words of One Syllable.**

An innovation in sermons was the one delivered by the Rev. A. Smythe Palmer, M. A., D. D., vicar of Holy Trinity church, Wansstead, England, on the birth of Christ. This sermon is entirely in words of one syllable.

**H**e speaks the mind of God who tells us and would have us know what God thinks, for if it were not for him we could not know at all. "God did so love the world that he gave his own, one Son, to be born at this time for us, to the end that all who trust in him should not die, but have the life which lasts for aye." He came and "dwelt with us" on earth that men might see with their own eyes at least one pure life, lived free from sin. He was made "flesh of our flesh" and "bone of our bone." "God with us" in truth, but man no less, true man and true God—a child like one of our own. That is the strange thing, so deep that no man, wise as he may be, can quite take it in. He was to be "God with us," but at the same time "a worm and no man"—less than a man in the grief and pain and scorn which he bore.

The texts take our thoughts back to the birth of this day. It is a birthday for the whole world to keep. All men can say: "To us this child is born; to us God gave this son of his love. I have my share in it." And so we are all glad of heart and make our church gay with plants and flowers and sing our hymns of joy and keep the feast with gifts and good fare. It is the birth day of all our hopes. Now, it was good news of great joy that the host from on high brought to the herds who kept watch on their sheep in the fields. And it is still so. For us, as much as for them, was born in that small town one strong to save, "Which is Christ the Lord."

It is old news now, and I fear it falls on our dull, cold hearts like some old tale of long past time which has lost its charm. Oh, let us not shut our ears to it as some of those first men did: When he came to his own his own would not take him in. They said, "There is no room for him here"—no room in the inn when he came to it. It was not an inn, you must know, like one of ours, but a mere bare court where those on the road might rest—a "khan" they call it in the east.

Does it not seem to us a sad and a strange sight that a young babe should be shut out in the cold night—God in want of house room? A poor place, at best, as rude and rough as we can well think, and such as it was, quite full with the crowd who had come first. The host of the inn sends them off. He tells them there is a cave at the back of the inn where the beasts are kept; they may find rest there, if they will. That cave, where the birth of all time took place, is still shown in the rock. A great church built there marks the spot. Then, poor, mean and cold, it was the best place he could find to lay his head.

The fox has his hole and the bird of the air her nest, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head. So, in that cave in the rock, the stall of the ox and the ass, in the crib out of which they ate their hay, the newborn babe was laid. Just think what all this means—God made flesh, God born as man in this world of ours, that he might find a way to bring back man to God! He hid his might, and men hid their face from him. None but the herds who kept their sheep saw or knew of it till they fell to the ground in a great blaze of light, and a host of bright ones in the sky sang such a song as no choir on earth has sung, which gave praise to God on high, "and on earth peace, good will to men." Those herds had faith to go and seek the child of whom they were told. They found him in the crib, and they saw more than their eyes could see. They knew that in that weak child was the power of God to save. And so these good men, when they had bow'd down, went back to their flock, struck with awe, and "gave praise to God for all they had heard and seen."

Shall we do less? Shall we not, too, go home and give thanks on our part, with joy for what we have heard? And in all our joy let us find room for the one guest who should not be left out—room in our hearts for him whose word is life.



**Oh, Santa, can't you come again?  
Just see the dolly that you gave!  
She's gone and slipped out of my hands—  
Her head is all that I can save!**

The Place to do Your Christmas Shopping

—AT—

**Mrs. J. M. Hollister**

All Kinds of Beautiful Christmas Novelties. Hand Made Pillows, Centerpieces, Hand Bags, Doilies and other beautiful articles.

All New Fall Suits up to \$30 at \$15.00

One lot up to \$18.00 at \$6.95

Big assortment of Hats Trimmed and Untrimmed at 1-2 Price



Big Bargains in our Coat Department

We can save you money

We have Coats all sizes up to 46 in all new materials

See our bargains in FURS

**Mrs. J. M. Hollister**  
Austin, Minn.

**Christmas Sentiments.**  
The real spirit of Christmas is giving, not getting.  
As you would that men do unto you, do ye even so to them.  
The world is full of the people who talk so much of what they can do and what they are going to do that they never have time to begin. Christmas-tide is a splendid opportunity for action.

**His Investment.**  
"Have you ever invested in bonds?"  
"Only the bonds of matrimony."—Detroit Free Press.

**Study From Life.**  
Admirer—Where did you get that heartrending description of a sick child?  
Great Author—It's the way my boy says he feels when he wants to get out of going to school.—Life.

**What He Did.**  
Robinson—What did you clear by your last speculation?  
Smith—My pockets.—Fun.

**Just One Thing After Another.**  
Hub—I've given up drinking, smoking and golf to please you. Still you're not satisfied. Now what else do you want me to give up?  
Wife—Well, you might give up \$50. I need a new gown.—Boston Transcript.

**The Store That Satisfies**

Why not buy Christmas Presents that will be useful every day in the Year?  
—A Few Suggestions for the Christmas Shopper—

**FOR FATHER**

- Heat Regulator
- Razor Strap and Hone
- Safety Razor
- Shaving Set
- Tools
- Tool Grinders
- Pliers
- Steel Tape Lines
- Jack-Knife
- Carving Set
- Electric Lantern
- Duxbak Hunting Coat

**FOR MOTHER**

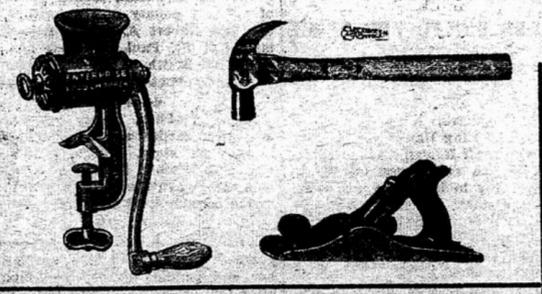
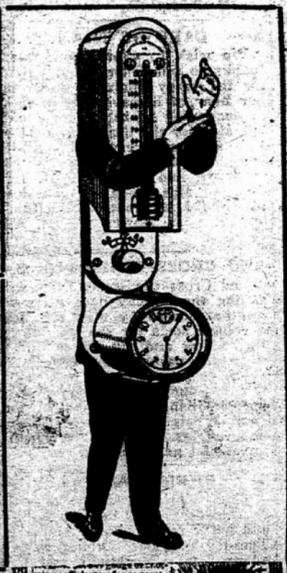
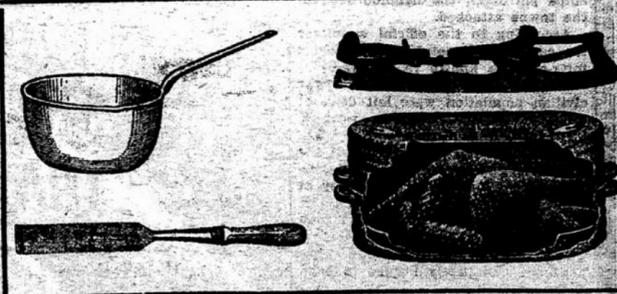
- Majestic or Jewel Range
- Electric Washer
- Articles in wear over Aluminum
- Silverware
- Casserole
- Bread Mixer
- Roaster
- Food Choppers
- Coffee Percolator
- Electric Flat Iron
- Thermo Bottle
- Tea Ball

**FOR SISTER**

- Childs Aluminum Plate, Cup and Saucer
- Childs Aluminum Kitchen Set
- Childs Knife, Fork and Spoon
- Small size Flat Iron
- Pen Knife
- Manicure Set
- Dresser Clock
- Shears or Scissors
- Roller Skates
- Sweater

**FOR BROTHER**

- Skis
- Sled
- Skates
- Boy Scout Axe
- Flash Lights
- Hockey Sticks
- Rifle or Shot Gun
- Watch
- Pocket Knife
- Football
- Tool-Chest
- Bicycle



Come in and see one of the most complete lines of Christmas Presents in the city  
**DECKER BROS.** Reliable Hardware, AUSTIN, MINN.

**Unique Holiday Frolics Which Delight Children of Mexico.**

About ten days before Christmas in the City of Mexico the puestas in the Calle de San Diego begin to grow festive with evergreens, flowers, bright berries and other greens brought in from the mountains by the paisanos to delight the eye and tempt the purses of the promenaders. In the booths of the neighboring Calle de San Juan are displayed fruits, nuts and candies, and still others offer angels, shepherds, sheep, mules, oxen and other objects suggestive of the Saviour's birth.

Probably the greatest attraction for the Mexican children are the pinatas. Peddlers may be seen sauntering along the streets carrying long poles which are strung with varicolored pinatas of every description, draped with tinsel. These represent flowers, fruits, animals and even men and women, and each contains a jar filled with goodies. They range in price from 25 cents to several dollars, according to their degree of elaborateness. The pinata is suspended from the ceiling or hung in the courtyard. All the family gather around it. A child is blindfolded, turned around several times, then given a stick and told to find and break the pinata. If he fails after three trials to locate it he surrenders to the next in turn, and so on until a lucky blow shatters the pinata and the contents fall, to be scrambled for.