

**The Time Of Incarnation**

The clocks of God again are telling  
The season of our Saviour's birth;  
And everywhere the chiming are  
swelling  
The holiest memories of earth.

Choirs of our world unite in sing-  
ing  
The songs of Incarnation Time  
The bells of faith and hope are  
ringing  
In praise of God's great gifts sub-  
lime.

The Wise Men come. The shepherds  
kneel,  
The Star of Bethlehem shines  
bright.  
Still every loving heart may feel  
The glory of that hallowed night.

Make room my soul! Make room  
always!  
For incarnation in thy heart.  
This is the blessed Christmas Day  
Christ Jesus would His grace im-  
part.  
—Pliny A. Wiley  
Wichita, Kansas

**IN MEMORIAM**

In loving memory of our dear  
Mother.

**MRS. WESLEY STEWART**  
who passed away December 20, 1951.

Today our thoughts they all go  
back.

To just one year ago.  
When all our smiles were turned to  
tears.

By a sad and bitter blow.  
The Angels of Death did beckon  
you.

And you were called away,  
And left us oh so lonely.  
On that sad December day.

Beside your photo we often stand  
With hearts both crushed and sore  
But in the gloom the sweet words  
come.

Not lost but gone before.  
God knows how much we miss you  
He counts the tears we shed,  
And whispers "hush she only  
sleeps"

Your loved one is not dead.  
So we'll be brave dear Mother,  
And pray to God each day,  
And when He calls us home to  
you.

Your smile will guide our way.  
Fondly Remembered and Sadly  
Missed by Her Family, Priscilla,  
Roy and Alice.

**False Face**

By E. C. Buley

"Why you bring me to this  
hot and dusty place Marcia, I can-  
not understand," she complained.  
"I am fond of racing, it is true,  
and I am interested in crowds,  
as a rule. But one cannot see the  
racing, and these people do not  
compose a crowd. Not properly  
speaking. They are merely masses,  
my dear."

"We must find a place early, to  
watch the big race Aunt," Marcia  
promised. "Basil, don't let us loiter  
about the paddock until all the  
good places are occupied. We want  
to see Mainsall win the Prix de  
Dragues."

"I'll watch it Marcia," prom-  
ised young Tobin, a big gaunt un-  
dergraduate, who had attached  
himself to Marcia in Switzerland.  
"What about backing your horse  
on the pari mutuel? You said  
something about it, last night."

"If I back him he's sure to fail,"  
Marcia said. "If I let him run loose  
he will probably win. Life is like  
that, isn't it Aunt Deborah?"

"It is sweet of you to ask my  
opinion," said Miss Deborah. "I  
wonder what they put in this  
Paris dust, that produces infalli-  
bly the sensation of choking!"

"We might get a drink of sorts,  
perhaps," Tobin suggested but  
there was doubt in his voice.

"Some tea perhaps?" Miss Deb-  
orah suggested with tremendous  
sarcasm. "Do you remember Mar-  
cia, how the tea at Longchamp  
reeked of camomile?"

"It wasn't much like tea dear,"  
Marcia admitted. "But one does-  
n't come to Paris to drink tea."

"I often wonder why one does  
come," Miss Deborah said.

Young Tobin gallantly inter-  
posed, for the sake of creating a  
diversion.

"Look Marcia," he whispered.  
"There goes the Onri-smit, in  
charge of his keeper, Jeanne Led-  
erer."

"The Onri-smit," Marcia asked.  
"I'm afraid that I don't know what  
that is."

"Nobody knows," Tobin said  
mysteriously. "It is something  
Jeanne Lederer is supposed to  
have discovered, hanging by its  
tail from a palm tree somewhere.  
She handed it over to the famous  
Doctor Lepint—or so the story  
goes—and had a sort of man made  
out of it. You know Marcia, the  
ape that walks like a man. That

sort of thing."  
"Do you mean the man who has  
just passed with the Lederer wom-  
an?" Marcia asked. "He looks the  
last word in elegance to me."  
"Ah, but you haven't seen his  
face," Basil said triumphantly.  
"You never saw such a face! Lis-  
ten, Marcia. The Onri-smit went  
down to see the horses defile on to  
the track; and every horse, as it  
saw his face, shied and tried to  
bolt."  
"But why Onri-smit?" Marcia

asked carelessly, not much inter-  
ested.  
"Why, he is really an English-  
man," Basil Tobin explained. "His  
name is Henry Smith but the  
French crowd he runs with, call  
him Onri-Smit. It's a fashion  
Jeanne Lederer set. They say he's  
an awfully nice fellow really; and  
I've heard women rave about his  
singing. But when you look at his  
face, you have to admit that  
Darwin was right."  
"He must be very plain. If you

can afford to criticise his looks,  
snapped Miss Deborah.  
"Me, I'm a beauty man for the  
films alongside this bloke," Basil  
boasted. "There he is, Marcia; if  
he should happen to turn around,  
you can get an eyeful."  
At that moment Henry Smith  
did chance to look around; and  
when he caught sight of Marcia,  
he continued to look for the space  
of a second or two.  
"What did I say?" demanded  
Basil in triumph. "Isn't he a price-

less grotesque?"  
"He's rather terrible," Marcia  
said soberly. "I'd rather you didn't  
joke about him, if you don't mind."  
Basil, it is hardly sporting, do  
you think? Suppose we found a  
place in the stand at once, before  
the rush starts for seats."  
There were many heads turned  
about to look after Marcia, as she  
and her two companions pushed a  
way through the crowd in the  
direction of the grandstand. Rac-  
ing people pointed her out as the

beautiful English girl who owned  
Mainsall, the English steeple-  
chaser which was expected to  
make the French cracks go their  
hardest in the Prix de Dragues.  
And people who cared little about  
racing had a second look to spare,  
also; for Marcia was looking her  
best on that hot summer day.  
"English; you couldn't mistake  
her," Miss Deborah heard some-  
body remark, as they were check-  
ed in their progress. "The Ameri-  
can girls, for all the money they  
spend and the fuss they make over  
their clothes, never look quite the  
same, do they?"  
To be continued

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- |                            |                   |
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- |                              |                            |
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- |                             |                                   |
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- |                                  |                     |
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