

and all the rest. Man has given complete freedom to a cancerous career of error and deals with "reality" without any reference to God. His will emancipated of all control other than its own desires, man is forever and continuously proclaiming his power to achieve his own well-being. He continues to look for a happiness that will more than compensate for that which he lost while eating of the fruit of a certain Tree. The very pitiful hollowness of his vain pretensions is, at this point in the history of man, revealed in a civilization sliding steadily and quickly towards a barbarism lower than that of the paganism of old. History, as far as it tells of man's wanderings in the lands of his desires and travels, relates how he continues to wander farther and farther away from the paternal home that had been intended for him. History has become nothing more than a record of man's disillusionments, mistakes, and desolation. He is living in an age of disappointment, an age of despair; of disappointment at the failure of his efforts to better himself in independence from his God. Moreover, what is worse, in his despair man searches not his own heart; he has no comprehension of repentance. Man, who thinks that he can do without God, is lost in a loveless and howling desert.

If only, by some act of God, man would come to his senses and turn to God, Who alone can lead him back to the true land of promise. If only, by some act of God, man would realize that there is nothing under heaven that is capable of filling the void that was created on that awesome and terrible day when **a miserable apple seemed to be a tasty morsel.** □



***OUR OLD BARN — DRESSED FOR CHRISTMAS***