



A Grand Old Christmas Hymn

"ADESTE FIDELES" is perhaps the finest Christmas morning hymn in the world. Its origin is comparatively obscure. The tune is Portuguese; the words are a translation from the Latin by Canon Oakely. There have been and still are sects who mangle this lovely slow melody by setting it to swift words. It should be sung slowly; with great reverence and the finest of feeling.

ADESTE FIDELES. 6 6. 11 5. 6 10.

1. *f* Oh, come, all ye faith - ful, joy - ful - ly tri - um - phant, To Beth - le - hem hast - en
 2. *f* Tho' true God of true God, Light of Light e - ter - nal, Our low - ly na -
 3. *f* Raise, raise, choirs of an - gels, Songs of loud - est tri - umph, Thro' hea - ven's high ar - ches
 4. *f* A - men! Lord, we bless Thee, Born for our sal - va - tion; O Je - sus! for ev - er

now with glad - ac - cord! Lo! in a man - ger Lies the King of an - gels;
 - ture He hath not ab - horred; / Son of the Fa - ther, Not made, but be - got - ten;
 be your prais - es poured; Now to our God be Glo - ry in the high - est;
 be Thy name... a - dored; Word of the Fa - ther, Late in flesh ap - pear - ing;

O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him,

O come, let us a - dore Him Christ the Lord!

AT CHURCH ON CHRISTMAS MORNING

THERE was a fleck of impossible snow that seemed to crawl right up towards the tip of the great steeple, and it blinked and spangled there in the crisp white light of the Christmas morning as though it had been a celestial diamond. Here and there in the grim shutters of the eyrie windows aloft there were jots of snow; and down from that on the cornice that hooded the great clock whose chimes last

night rang out the hour of twelve; down and down and deeper still in the cold, devout shadows of the tower and mantling away till it got to the sunken gloom of the great windows that looked over the place where the roof of the cathedral seemed to begin—still the crisp sheen of the snow that on the street was trampled by thousands of hurrying feet that went to the church on Christmas morning.

Over the hum and jostle of the merry crowd there came now and then from the opening great doors of the tower the muffled lift of the organ; the diapasons that shook the windows—in a delightfully creepy sort of way; and as the boy and his mother got inside where the lustre of stained glass drifted over the well-dressed crowd, the voices of boys and of men in the chancel rose in a hymn; many hymns—but chief among them one, and it was "Come all ye Faithful"—the finest of all; sweeter than "Hark the Herald Angels"; grander than "Brightest and Best of the Sons of the Morning"; more beautiful and triumphant than "This is the Day and this the Happy Morn"; and the boy listened to his mother singing the hymn when he felt too happy and full of joy even to sing a line himself.

Because in that hymn of the great

cathedral with its swelling organ and its full-voiced choir there was a message of motherhood. The people that stood by hundreds under the high, shadowy nave, singing from corner to corner of the cathedral and from the rear of the chancel to the last row by the door—they were somehow lifted by that hymn into a life of nobility and gentleness. In that congregation were many, many mothers; and to every mother present there must have been a marvellous joy of life. For once the meannesses of common ways were forgotten; the pride of high folk and the humility of the low—all merged and mingled into one common hymn of praise.

Homes by thousands had sent out their folk this Christmas morn; and it was a wonderful thing just to belong to a home in a city, where the streets were crowded with people, the churches with worshippers, and where nobody was lonesome, and everybody might hear such a choir, such an organ and such a hymn.

When they got to the last verse—"Raise, choirs of angels," the great organ was turned full on; the voices rose with it; the boys and the men, the women and the children, all in one great swelling sea of adoration song—that died away, rolling up into the roof among the beams and the arches; and the great silence of prayer fell upon the hush of the crowd.

