

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

GOING HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

He little knew the sorrow that was in his vacant chair. He never guessed they'd miss him, or he'd surely have been there.

He couldn't see his mother or the lump that filled her throat. Or the tears that started falling as she read his hasty note.

He didn't know how hungry had the little mother grown, and to claim him for her own. He didn't guess the meaning of his visit Christmas Day.

He couldn't see the fading of the cheeks that once were pink. And the silver in the tresses; and he didn't stop to think.

How the years are passing swiftly, and next Christmas it might be. There would be no home to visit and no parents dead to see.

He didn't think about it—I'll not say he didn't care. He was heedless and forgetful or he'd surely have been there.

Are you going home for Christmas? Have you written you'll be there? Going home to kiss the mother and to show her that you care?

Going home to greet the father in a way to make him glad? If you're not I hope there'll never come a time you'll wish you had.

Just sit down and write a letter—it will make their heartstrings hum. With a tune of perfect gladness—if you'll tell them that you'll come.

THE MESSAGE OF STARS

A wise and holy Bishop whose quaint and graceful writings have soothed and charmed the weary pulse of the world has given us a glowing pen picture of the grandeur and beauty of the heavens at night.

High indeed and holy is man's association with man. Ships, sailing on another, as the poet has said, on life's ocean, pass the word of cheer along, and then, breaking away into the high foam and terrors of the sea, bear renewed courage in their hearts.

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manger or the rare perfume of spices brought from far-off climes. Holy Night! Sacred Night! It is the one dear memory cherished until the shadows pass and the night comes to those who have tarried long beside the way.

To the scoffer, the man who lives for self and pleasure, the poor images of plaster representing the Mother and Child, the rudely improvised Crib with its handful of straw, and the faithful lamp burning before it, are but a travesty for which they have no taste.

Life is a puzzle. Yet at Christmas it becomes strangely simple once more. The love, the joy, the blessed enthusiasm of childhood returns to the burdened souls of strong men.

"Well," as says Lord Lytton, "Life is a quaint puzzle. Bits the most incongruous join in each other, and the scheme gradually becomes symmetrical and clear; when lo, as said, on life's ocean, pass the word of cheer along, and then, breaking away into the high foam and terrors of the sea, bear renewed courage in their hearts.

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Legend of the Christmas Tree. One cold December night three little trees were shivering and sighing in the wind, a palm tree, an olive tree, and a fir tree. Presently the air grew balmy and fragrant with the perfume of flowers.

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Our Saviour's Birth. Again we celebrate the birthday of Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. The wistful charm of the wintery stable is again making its irresistible appeal. Soon we shall hear the strains of the "Adeste Fideles" ringing out the same glad message, the good tidings of great joy, and summoning all the faithful to come with hearts all joyful to Jesus in Bethlehem.

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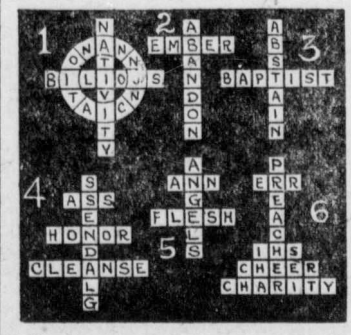
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Answers for last week: No. 1; Celtic; No. 2; Roman; No. 3; Greek; No. 4; Pa; No. 5; Archbishop's; No. 6; Calvary.



SEL ED IF ETS EDA This is not broken English, but loosened Latin! If you join the fragments correctly, and begin at the right place you will have the name of the most popular Christmas hymn. What is its English name? Answers next week.

He utters this word Himself, that, however long men may neglect it, however long it may be that they see and hear, and yet believe Him not, when they do finally come, He cannot, and will not, and must not cast them away.—Schleiermacher.