



FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS



Holiday Parties.

For the children's party, let's have an old-fashioned candy pull. We'll buy a gallon of molasses, a small quarter-pound candy box for each child, a package of oiled paper and we're ready. Boil the molasses slowly for half an hour, then add one-half teaspoonful (level) of baking soda for each quart of molasses used, let boil until a sample turns brittle when dropped in cold water. Pour into well-oiled pans. When cool enough to handle, take up in one hand, which must also be well oiled, and pull until light yellow in color; then twist in long strands, cut with

scissors into "drops" and pack them into the boxes, covering each layer with the oiled paper. If sprinkled lightly with dry corn starch before packing, the pieces will be less apt to stick together.

Serve the children:

Thin Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Ginger Bread Baked Pears
Cut the sandwiches in fancy shapes. They are doubly attractive.

At the young people's evening party serve:

Celery and Nut Sandwiches
Fruited Ice Cream White Cake
Cocoa

Celery and Nut Sandwiches—Mix finely chopped nuts and celery with salad dressing. Spread on very thin rounds of bread and put together as sandwiches.

Fruited Ice Cream—Sprinkle each serving of vanilla ice cream with a mixture of finely chopped candied orange peel, citron and pineapple.

In all parties given in the home, the decorations, flowers, pretty candle shades, attractive china and shining silver, give to the very simplest menu a seeming elaboration which, with the true hospitality always present at Christmas time, makes such a gathering long remembered.

above all the others when time for singing rolled round.

"Well, you know, Will just loves music," Martha explained. "He hummed tunes before he could talk, mother says. And he only has to hear a tune once to whistle it. Once when father had a good year and was feeling happy he drove us over to the Newton Christmas tree. Willie learned the tunes there, and an organ peddler who got dinner here last summer gave him an old hymn book. He found the words in there. Didn't he sound fine?" Martha's tone held a wistful note.

"He was wonderful," Teacher's honesty was unmistakable. "It was better than the boy soloist at home."

"There's mother calling me," Mar-

tha just had to stick it out and pay back part of the money. Mother had been so glad when she got a school right at home. They had expected to spend all their holidays together, and now the very first real one she was, stranded. Why, it wouldn't be Christmas without mother and the six o'clock service in the morning. Ever since she could remember they had got up at five o'clock on Christmas morning, snatched a peek at the stuffed stockings, and then hurried to service in St. Mark's. It made the day more Christmasy, that hour of song and prayer, the choir boys in their white surplices, their faces shining with holiday joy. Christmas without the Christmas carols would be worse than the oatmeal that morning without salt.

Through the gloom which enfolded her, sounds from the outside crept in. At first faint and uncertain, she told herself she was "hearing things." Then, as the notes grew stronger, she threw off the pillows and sat up. Somebody was singing Christmas carols. Who could it be? There was to be no celebration in the neighborhood, she knew. She had wanted a tree at the schoolhouse, but all the men were too busy to get one, and the board had decided against burning wood to heat the building. Yet someone was singing Christmas carols. Could it be that some of the choir boys from Newton—she sprang out of bed, at a hurried rap on her door.

"Can I come in teacher," fourteen-year-old Martha Merry giggled excitedly. "It's Willie and the Barnes boys, and Joe and Jack Lawton. Willie's been practicing them on this for a month, and he was so scared you'd find out about it and wouldn't be a surprise. Don't they look killing?" Martha giggled on. Teacher and pupil were at the open window looking down at the boys. "They've borrowed black skirts and middie blouses, so they'd look just like the real choir boys. Of course, those black sleeves are their coat sleeves, but Willie said that would not show up at night."

"Hush," teacher was trying to drink it all in. Nothing St. Mark's choir had ever done sounded so heavenly to her as those boyish voices below.

"It came upon a midnight clear," followed by, "While shepherds watched their flocks by night," and all the dear old Christmas songs even to her own favorite, "Noel."

"Jesu, gentle babe, Saviour, sweet and holy. Born on Christmas night, In a manger lowly. Shepherds came from far, Guided by the guiding star. Then in adoration Bringing their oblation, Myrrh and frankincense and gold, Sages, gifts unfold."

The angels in chorus sweet have sung Noel.
Let earth's glad voice repeat the song they swell, Noel, Noel.
Sing we all, Noel."

The serenade finally ended as Willie admitted in response to the prolonged handclapping of teacher and Martha, that "they didn't know no more."

"Come on, fellows, let's go in and sing 'em for your mothers," he suggested to his satellites, and the group trooped off, strains of "Silent Night," floating back as teacher closed the window.

"But where did they ever learn them," she turned to Martha who had lighted the lamp.

"Will taught them to the boys," Martha, flushed with pride was smiling happily.

"Yes, but where did he learn them?" Teacher had never before succeeded in finding out that Willie could learn anything, though she knew he could sing. His voice always rose clear

she complained to him once, came back to her as she climbed into bed. "I've noticed young ones allus does about as you let 'em, and grown-up humans aren't so much different." Well, she was going to see that they all did differently in "Burton Twp. Dist. No. 3," from now on. And the "all" included the teacher.

A Christmas Carol.

The gates of Heaven were opened, And choristers came forth To sing the wondrous anthem Of "Peace, good-will on earth"; To frightened shepherds, watching, Came tidings, strangely true, That Christ was born in Bethlehem— And Christ was born for you.

A star shone in the heavens— A brightly glowing star, To lead the wise men safely To Bethlehem, from afar. How humbly there they worshipped, Their starlit dreams came true— For Christ was born in Bethlehem— And He was born for you.

Since lowly men and sages Gave homage to the King, Shall we in later ages A meager tribute bring? We offer new devotion— While angel voices call— To Christ, Who came to Bethlehem, Who came to save us all.

Yuletide Gifts.

Shall I pass heedless on my way, Because I lack the rich man's store, Or halt, with mournful face, and say, "I cannot give, for I am poor?"

No! God forbid! What can I give? A thousand kindly words, a smile, That bright as gold may shine and live To cheer a brother's weary mile.

And I can give respect, and true, Strong praise to him who strives in vain. Oh, I can give forgiveness, too— And call my lost friend back again!

My Gift.

When Santa Claus is hitching up
The reindeers to his sleigh,
I'm going to bring a great big bag
Of love to him, and say:

"Dear Santa Claus, please take this bag,
And on each Christmas tree,
Tie just a little bunch of love
Fast with a memory."

To you, dear friend, I wish the best
Of all good gifts that are,
Good health, and wealth, and fame, and love.
The last most precious far.

So search ye closely every branch
When candles bright the tree,
And you will find my bit of love
Tied with a memory.



tha turned to go, "I'm awful sorry you couldn't go home for Christmas, because I know you wanted to, but it's nice to have you here," she vanished before astonished teacher could reply.

"How could I ever think that boy was hopeless," teacher mused as she took down her hair. "A boy who can sing like that, and apply himself enough to learn the words to all those songs and teach them to that bunch could do anything." Teacher had been trying hard to teach the three R's to those boys and she knew.

"Why, all he needs is to be interested," She dropped her brush, astonished at her discovery. "Why, that's all they all need." She stared at the light as she went once more over the events of her one term. "I've complained all the time that they didn't behave and were not interested, and that the parents were indifferent. And I've never done a single, blessed thing to get anyone interested. Just moped and thought I was abused. Complained because I hadn't things to work with, and never made an effort to get anything. And here's this boy without even a tuning fork and only an old hymn book, has taught those youngsters a half dozen hymns in a month. And that 'Noel' is the hardest thing to sing unaccompanied. Mr. Brown says he always works two months with the choir boys on it."

She picked up her brush and began to stroke her hair. "I'll bet you if I put it up to Willie, we could get new maps and charts and an up-to-date dictionary this winter. He'd just revel in getting up a concert. Why couldn't we? And if they got interested in that I could use that as an incentive to get them to study." Ideas and plans began to formulate.

"You big baby," she looked severely at the girl in the mirror. "What were you crying for an hour ago? This is a perfectly lovely district and the children and everyone in it are grand."

The remark of the trustee when

The Shepherd King.

Shepherds watching their flocks by night
Saw a strange star shining and bright,
Sent to guide them away to the spot
Where the dear child Jesus was born to His lot.

There with His mother in a manger of hay
Pure as the dawn the sweet infant lay;
Angels, rich blessings had brought from above,
Sent down from God to the Infant of Love.

Lowly His dwelling and lowly His birth,
Born to bear sorrow and shame on this earth;
Bearing His burdens and bearing the cross;
Counting the riches of this world as dross.

High in the heavens this Child hath a place
The throne of God the Father to grace;
Meekly and gently He watches his sheep;
Blessed are those whom this Shepherd doth keep.



Around the Christmas Table

Christmas Dinner.
Clear Tomato Soup
Roast Goose
Dressing Apple Rings
Mashed Potatoes
Celery and Onion Puffs
Pickled Beets
Jellied String Bean Salad
Graham Wafers
Thousand Island Dressing
Pumpkin Custard with Whipped Cream
Coffee

Salted Nuts Raisins
Christmas evening, when the family come in from sledding and skating and everyone is happily tired, nothing tastes better than a lunch of
Cream of Potato Soup
Bread and Butter Sandwiches
Cookies Hot Baked Apples

Perhaps you will like to have these recipes:

Clear Tomato Soup.—Cook together half an hour, one can of tomatoes, one and one-half quarts of soup stock, one tablespoon chopped onion, one-half bay leaf, six cloves, one teaspoon celery seed and one-half teaspoon pepper corns. Strain and serve with Bread Sticks.—Cut stale bread in strips four or five inches long and one-half inch wide. Spread with melted butter and brown in the oven.

Apple Rings.—Pare, core and slice one-third inch thick come tart apples. Place the slices in the oven in the pan with the goose about twenty minutes before serving. They should not be too well cooked.

Celery and Onion Puffs.—Cook one quart diced celery and small onions until tender. Mix with a pint of white sauce. Add two tablespoons chopped pimento. Serve in puffs made like this: ½ cup butter, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup flour, 4 eggs. Put butter and boiling water in a saucepan; when boiling hard add the flour all at once. Stir until the mass leaves the sides of the pan and clings to the spoon in a ball. Take from the stove, add eggs one at a time, beating until each one is thoroughly mixed. Drop from the end of a spoon in rounds on a greased baking sheet or oiled paper, about two inches apart. Bake one-half hour in a moderate oven. Cut off tops of puffs, fill with the creamed vegetables.

Jellied String Beans.—Soak two tablespoons of gelatin in one-half cup of cold water. Add one pint of boiling water, three-fourths cup of sugar, one-half cup of lemon juice. Pour green string beans in a mould. Pour gelatin over. Chill and serve with dressing.

Christmas Holidays are looked forward to for a year, looked back upon for at least six months—often for a life time. These are festive days and every gathering of family and of friends can bring delight to the soul of each one present. Properly planned meals unloose the bars and open up each period of the day to the spirit of joyousness. And at this more than at any other time in the year, careful meal planning is essential, for physicians claim that after the holidays they have a heavy rush of business due to troubles following or accompanying indigestion. Teachers dread the first week in the New Year, for children go back to school heavy and listless.

When the children come home, we plan a host of festivities, the little children's party, the young people's party, the meeting of the Farmers' Club, the afternoon "coffee" when old friends unite; from Christmas Day to New Year's Day, a round of reunions.

Do not put all the gifts on the Christmas tree. Save a small joke for each one at the breakfast table. Give Father a small Holstein cow, for he just will have thoroughbred stock you know; a china pig bank for Donald who joined the pig club last spring; a little rolling-pin for sister who loves to cook; and for mother, a beautiful blossom.

Christmas Breakfast.
The Christmas breakfast should be attractive and simple, the table set with the prettiest dishes. There are so many things to talk over and the children are so excited and happy, we need only simple food, so we'll just have this:

Baked Prunes
Cereal with dates
Toast Coffee

Baked prunes require no sugar so they are first washed carefully, then put to soak over night and the next day put in a covered casserole or earthen baking dish and baked slowly in the range oven or in a fireless cooker for two or three hours. All the sugar in the fruit is developed when it is cooked this way.

Cereal cooked in milk is delicious. Use one-fourth water and three-fourths milk and cook the cereal as you always do. A few dates cut fine and cooked with it give it an ideal flavor and you will not have to coax Bobby to eat it.

After breakfast, each one clears his own place, for mother and the girls have dinner to prepare, and we want them all to share in the pleasures of the day.

A Sermon on Christmas.

Robert Louis Stevenson's "Christmas Sermon," with that famous paragraph beginning "To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and to spend a little less," is known to all readers. If any criticism can be against it, it is that it is not a sermon on Christmas, as the name would seem to indicate, but merely a sermon originally preached at Christmastide. Below is a little sermon on Christmas which was written by that master of English prose the late Hamilton W. Mabie. It forms part of an introduction once prepared by him for a volume of Christmas pieces:

The long line of Christmas fires glows like a great truth binding the fleeting generations into a unity of faith and feeling. When we light our fire we are one with our ancestors of a thousand years ago; we evade the isolation of our time and escape its provincial narrowness; we rejoin the race from whose growth we have unconsciously separated ourselves; we open long-unused rooms and are amazed to find how large the house of life is and how hospitable. It has heart room for all experience and for every kind of emotion; for the thoughts that move in the order of logic for the emotions that rise and fall like great tides that flow in from the infinite; for the vigor that is born of will, and for the power evoked by discipline. It is when the different ages, with their diversities of interest and growth, send their children to sit together before the Christmas fire that we realize how wide life is and how impossible it is for any age to compass it. The faith against which one age shuts the door stands serene and smiling in the centre of the next age; the joy which one generation denies itself lies radiant on the face of a later generation; the imagination which the reign of logic in one epoch sends into the wilderness returns with full hands to be the master of a wiser period.

Before the Christmas fire that for two thousand years has sunk into embers to blaze again into a great light at the end of the twelfth month, men are not only reunited in the unbroken continuity of their fortunes but in the wholeness of their life; in their power of vision as well as of sight, in their power of feeling as well as of thought, in their power of love as well as of action.

This large hospitality of the Christmas fire, before which kings and beggars sit at ease and every human faculty finds its place, makes room for every gift and grace; for reason,

with severe and wrinkled face; for sentiment, tender and reverent of all sweet and beautiful things; for the imagination, seeing heavenly visions, and the fancy catching glimpses of quaint or grotesque or fairylike images, in the flame; for poetry, singing full-throated with Milton, or homely, familiar and domestic with the makers of the carols; for the storytellers, spinning their fascinating tales within the circle of the embracing glow; for humor, full of smiles or filling the room with Homeric laughter; for the players, whose mimic art shows the manner, the shepherds and the kings to successive generations crowding the playhouse with the eager joy of children or with the sacred memories of age; for the preachers, to whom the season brings a text apart from the disputes and antagonisms of the schools and churches; for companies of children, impatiently waiting for the mysterious noise in the chimney, and for greybeards recalling old days and ways—Yule logs, country dances, waltz singing under the frosty sky, stage-coaches bearing guests and hampers filled with delicacies to country houses standing with open doors and broad hearths for the fun and frolic, the tenderness and sentiment, the poetry and piety of Christmastide.

The Christmas Candles.

The Christmas candles burn and glow, And scatter starlight, every one; They never thought that they would have
Such fun.

They waited, lying white in rows In a tight box upon the shelves, Frightened a bit perhaps (who knows?) Themselves;

Until at last, like cherrybloom, They blossomed on our Christmas tree, And, looking out around the room, Saw me!

Then let every heart keep its Christmas within, Christ's pity for sorrow, Christ's hatred of sin, Christ's care for the weakest, Christ's courage for right, Christ's dread of the darkness, Christ's love of the light, Everywhere, everywhere, Christmas to-night.

To You and Yours.

May Christmas Day
A blessing prove
To you and yours
And all you love.