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Two Christmas Mornings

My baby, on this day, long, long ago,
A little Child first opened wide His eyes
Upon the world—not knowing then the woe
He came to ease, but just the faint surprise
Of babyhood at feeling life's first glow;
And He was Mary's as you're my heart's

prize.

And this my longing soul's great wish for you:
That love like His may bide within your

That though the world-temptations shall ensue,
You may in some wise be His counterpart;
That grace of His may your dear life imbue,
And give you strength to do, and not to do.
Ah, baby mine, with lifetime just begun,
May you be true as Mary's little son!

SCOTTISH HISTORY

(Continued from Page Four)

one that could be given, was that Comyn give him the lie, whereupon he stabbed him with a dagger. Shocked at what he had done, he rushed out of the church and exclaimed: "I doubt I have killed the Red Comyn!" whereupon one of his followers shouted: "It would be a pity to leave such a thing in doubt!" and rushing into the church, completed the work which his master had begun. Bruce rallied his followers and prepared to make good his claim to the throne. He was crowned at Scone, a coronet of gold having been made for the occasion, the royal crown having been carried away by Edward, when he took the Coronation Stone to Westminster. But as yet Bruce was king only in name. Of friends he had many, but there was no part of Scotland in which his king only in name. Of friends he had many, but there was no part of Scotland in which his power was recognized. Earl Pembroke led a powerful army against him, and meeting him at Methven, administered a crushing defeat. Bruce fled to the mountains, taking his wife and other women with him, where they subsisted solely by the proceeds of the chase, harrassed daily by John of Lorn and his followers. He was driven from refuge to refuge, and finally made his escape with hardly a follower to the Island of Rathlin, which lies off the coast of Ireland, and was held by the Macdonald sept, who remained faithful to the defeated king.

Meanwhile Edward advanced from England with a formidable army and crushed all opposition. Nigel, Thomas and Alexander Bruce, brothers of the king, were taken prisoners and executed. Among the prisoners also was the Earl of Athole. He claimed the mercy of Edward because of kinship, but the English king replied that the only way in which he would recognize his royal blood was by hanging him higher than the others, and so he met his death on a gallows fifty feet high. Bruce's wife daughter and sister were seen as a sister was a wife, daughter and sister were sent as prisoners to London, and the Countess of Buchan, who had placed the crown upon the head of Bruce, was kept as a prisoner in a cage, where all the populace could see her. On June 7, Edward died, while engaged in his work of exterminating all opposition to his power. On his deathbed he enjoined upon his son and successor to continue the work he had begun, but that prince was too fond of pleasure and hastened to London to celebrate his marriage with Isabella of France. Bruce saw that his opportunity had come, and was prompt to seize it.

Christmas tree, instead of buying a growing tree cut from the forest. Such trees can be bought at city stores for from ten cents for a tiny tree, eight or ten inches in height, to two dollars for one four to five feet tall. A tree of convenient size sells for seventy-five cents,

and may be used year after year, indefinitely.

On account of the branches being stiff and strong, these trees are very easy to decorate, and tinsel festoons, gilt and silver fruits, make a brilliant display. Candles may be omitted, and thus obviate the danger of fires.

One year we had our tree in the corner of the room, and decorated the walls with garlands of artificial vines, holly and chains of sparkling beads. On another occasion, we laced it on a round table covered with a white cloth sprinkled with cotton. A pretty toy village nestled at the foot of the tree, with a me-

chanical railroad track around the circle. After the holidays are over, we fold up our tree and pack it away with the pretty ornaments and trimmings, to be used again the next

THE SHEPHERDS' MASS, ALASSIO

(Continued from Page Three)

Then the rector takes from off the altar a waxen figure, representing the Christ Child in swaddling clothes, and, placing himself beneath the canopy, walks in procession to the presepio. In the procession are all the shepherds, walking two and two, and behind them the little shepherd boys with their lighted candles. Arrived at the presepio, the image is reverently deposited amid the swinging censers and the pealing of the organ, which passes into the singing of the Christmas anthem. The

rector then gives an address—simple, homely and direct, after which the procession is reformed and the image carried back to the high altar. After the image has been placed in the sanctuary, a lane is again formed down the centre aisle, and the rapt attention of the congregation indicates that the culminating point of the ceremonial is at hand. Amidst the solemn strains of the organ, there is seen advancement of the congregation in the ceremonial is at hand. emn strains of the organ, there is seen advanc-ing slowly up the aisle a tall, venerable shep-

ing the coming year depends on the successful carrying out of the ensuing rite. If some illomened accident should now occur, if the shepherd stumbled, if the lamb struggled, or anything occurred that the superstitious could construe adversely—then their Christmas Eve would indeed be an unhappy one. But the shepherd, calm and direct, approaches the chancel steps. The priest meets him, and taking the lamb in his arms, sprinkles it with holy

ewspaper Nans. ONE HAVING AUTHORIT

When you have supped and are rest Full-fed in the Yule log's flare.
With your young ones a-babble abe And the hour is the jailer of care When you most think you have earl When you most feel it your due It is then I've a picture, life model A picture to show to you.

Work 'till you drop, all the morning,
Stop for a sandwich at noon—
Parties, fires, spicides, murders—
Shovel 'em in with a spoon.
Never mind waiting to wonder
Of Yale Jires that born far away;
Remember, we're running a daily—
And they tell you it's Christmas Day!

Buck-up, and rattle the keyboard!
Scribes, one and all, let her roar!
Give the subscribers their taify—
A paper at everyone's door.
We of the pencil and daring.
The nerve and the git and the goWhen four a.m. comes we can rounding
crumbs.

shepherd boys press forward in their excitement; the older shepherds are anxious, and the shepherdesses hang on their husbands' arms, for to them this is a moment of supreme importance. The prosperity of their flocks dur-

herd, the patriarch of his clan. He bears in his arms, carrying it carefully and tenderly, a young lamb, snow-white. The whole congregation is in a state of strained attention. The shepherd boys press forward in their excitement; the older shepherds are anxious, and the shepherdesses hang on their husbands' arms, for to them this is a moment of supreme importance. The prosperity of their flocks during the design of the Cross, and returns it to the shepherd, who, with a revergent bow, silently and slowly walks down the aisle and passes out into the night to the hills. The flocks are blessed for the coming year, and a happy throng of shepherds and shepherdesses pass out to greet the Christmas morning, which is near at hand.—Travel and Exploration.

Grandma's Diary

December, 1862

Monday morning went a-skating
On the ice with Thomas Brown Tuesday night we took a sleigh ride;
All the boys and girls in town
Laughed and sang; the sleigh bells jingled
Merry tunes; and William Small

Merry tunes; and William Small.

Slyly squeezed my hand and whispered "You are the sweetest girl of all."

Wednesday night I gave a party;

Sue Jones said (it wasn't so)

That she saw me very plainly

Making sheep's-eyes at her beau;

Thursday went to town for mother;

Friday to a quilting bee.

Saturday to choir practice—

Susie's beau came after me.

How she glared when we came walking

Up the aisle, but what of that?

Went to service twice on Sunday:

Wore my lovely purple hat.

Wore my lovely purple hat.

December, 1910 I told my grandchild Marguerite
I think 'tis very shocking That girls are never taught these days
To heel and toe a stocking. Their heads are filled with foolish things, They're very vain and silly.

I see her from the window now—

She's flirting there with Billy.
When I was young the boys and girls
Were taught to know their places;
But nowadays girls primp and dress
And deck themselves with laces. They have a beau for every night And seem to deem it clever I think it a sinful sight, I never did it-never!

A CHRISTMAS THOUGHT

(By C. L. Armstrong) Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end the world."—Matt. xxviii.: 20.

O. Lord, with what rich confidence Thy servants walk in ev'ry land Secure, to feel the guiding touch And gentle pressure of Thy hand.

The way is rough, the day far spent, And footsore, weary pilgrims tire Till Thou with manna feedeth them, And leadeth with Thy post of fire.

O, heavy heart, look up, look up!
And follow on from day to day!
For Christ thy guide and friend shall be
'Till earth itself shall pass away.

SLEEP! HOLY BABE!

Sleep, Holy Babe, upon Thy Mother's breast; Great Lord of earth and sea and sky, How sweet it is to see Thee lie. In such a place of rest.

Sleep, Holy Babe; Thine angels watch around All bending low with folded wings, Before the incarnate King of Kings, In reverent awe profound.

Sleep, Holy Babe; while I with Mary gaze
In joy upon that face awhile,
Upon the loving infant smile
Which there divinely plays.

Sleep, Holy Babe; ah! take Thy brief repose; Too quickly will Thy slumbers break, And Thou to lengthened pains awake That death alone shall close.

WHEN I VIEW THE MOTHER HOLDING

When I view the Mother holding In her arms the Heavenly Boy, Thousand blissful thoughts unfolding Melt my heart with sweetest joy. With her Babe the hours beguli Mary's soul in transport lives; God her Son, upon her smiling, Thousand kisses fondly gives.

As the sun his radiance flinging, Shines upon the bright expanse, So the child to Mary clinging, Doth her gentle heart entrance. See the Virgin Mother beaming! Jesus by her arms embraced, Dew on softest roses gleaming, Violet with lily chaste.

Each round other fondly twining, Pours the shafts of mutual love, Thick as flow'rs in meadows shining, Countless as the stars above.
Oh, may one such arrow glowing,
Sweetest Child, which Thou dost

Through Thy Mother's bosom going, Blessed Jesu, pierce my heart.