

The Evening Telegram.

The Evening Telegram, Limited, Proprietors.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1922.

"Adeste Fideles."

THE Christmas call to worship. The command to approach the manger in which lies the young babe, who has been sent according to the promise made to Eve subsequent to the fall in Eden. By woman man fell from the perfect state in which he was created. By woman his redemption was brought about, and the mystery of the Incarnation was the means. And at this particular season, the call to approach and see the wonder. An infant cradled in the arms of a virgin mother. God in man made manifest. The Redeemer of the human race. "And thou shalt call His name JESUS, for He shall save His people from their sins." And in Bethlehem of Judea the fullness of time was accomplished, and the miracle completed; and there was rejoicing in heaven and earth, caused by the glad announcement, "For unto you is born this day in the City of David, a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." This to the simple shepherds upon whose ears then burst the music of the most marvellous choir ever before heard, or ever will be heard, "Glory to God in the Highest, on earth peace, good will toward men." Thus was the first Christmas morn ushered in. Thus we approach the manger at Bethlehem in adoration of the King. The invitation "Come let us adore Him" does not yet fall on heedless ears, because the spirit of Christmas is abroad, and the Christchild is as much to the world now as on that morning of the Nativity when the celestial host sang their anthem to the keepers of the flocks.

COME all ye faithful—thus the invitation—to young and old alike. No differences. All are included. All are the heirs of the blessing, and none should be lacking in gratitude. As the bells of Christmas peal out their gladness, prayers and thanksgivings ascend from devout hearts everywhere. But the true spirit of Christmas is not perfect if only words are used. Deeds also should find an expression. Those of us who are more fortunate than others should share our blessings with our less favored brothers and sisters, for we are their debtors. Christmas is the gift season. The Magi who came from afar to the stall at Bethlehem did not depart until they had made gifts of regal magnificence to the infant whom they had come expressly to see. They shared their wealth, and made their gifts meet and appropriate. So we also by sharing our blessings discover greater contentment and enjoyment. All about us there are homes in which live eager little children waiting expectantly for the coming of Santa Claus. No matter how small the gift, how simple the toy put in the stocking, the spirit of Christmas goes with it, and the penny trumpet is as much a delight to the child of the poor as the gay and well caparisoned rocking horse to the child of the rich. But to many of the former there will be no Christmas gladness unless it comes through us. Our duty be it then to see that we fail not these little ones, who were Christ's own care.

THE influence of Christmas has no boundaries. It is the influence of Christianity, and is wider than any Church, Creed, Race or Nation. "No organization," said one Christmas writer, "was ever formed by men wide enough to have a monopoly of the Love of God, His Truth or Righteousness. The influence of Christianity goes even beyond those who profess to be Christians, and every infidel in the world would, if he were honest, thank God that Christ was born in Bethlehem. Every orphanage, every organization and every law for the protection of helpless children can be traced to the influence of the Holy Child, whose birthday we are now preparing to celebrate. Every gift, every kind word or deed can be traced to the same source. All the respect and kindness the world has ever shown to the poor has had its origin in the influence of the family that lived for a time in a stable at Bethlehem. Why should not Christmas be observed? It is in honor of the greatest event since Creation, and nothing so great will occur again until He who was cradled in a manger returns as the King of Kings in power and glory to be admired of all them that believe. When He reigns, from the rivers even unto the ends of the earth, then will the hope of humanity be realized and lasting peace established in the world." And the invitation to approach, to draw nigh, to come near, to go even unto Bethlehem is not any the less resonant, less insistent than it was nearly two thousand years ago. It has not worn threadbare because of the passage of twenty centuries. No, it still rings in the ears and lives in the hearts of the faithful, and ADESTE FIDELES is ever the song of triumph, calling the faithful to assemble around the altars of the King.

Greeting:

TO all our friends, patrons, readers, contributors and correspondents at home and abroad, THE EVENING TELEGRAM extends hearty good wishes and greetings, coupled with the expression of the hope that all will enjoy

A Very Happy Christmas.

An Appreciation.

On the eve of this world wide time of rejoicing when one and all revel in glee and happiness to which we feel we have assisted by supplying you with the various drinks that put the finishing touch to your full enjoyment, GADEN'S wish all customers every happiness this Christmas with joy and prosperity during the coming year.

We thank you for your kind patronage which at all times we have tried to be worthy of, and trust that no thing may ever mar our kindly associations.—dec23.21

CRIB AT BELVEDERE.—The Crib at Belvedere Orphanage will be open to visitors on Sunday, 24th inst., and during the Christmas season, from 10.30 to 4.30.

Minard's Lament used by Physicians

Sachem Arrives.

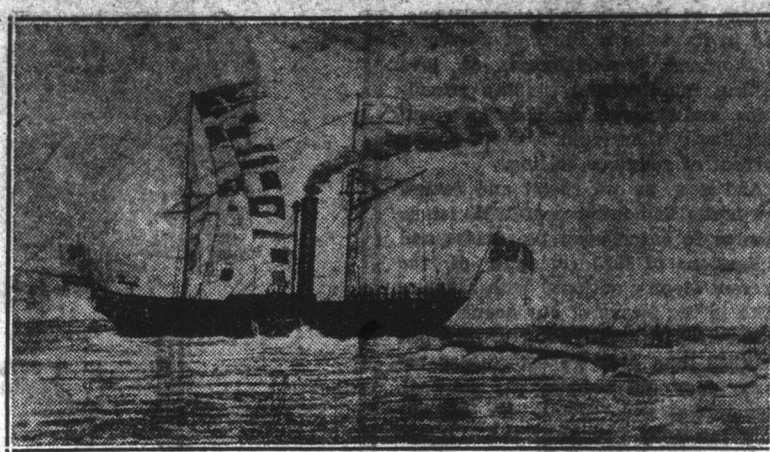
S.S. Sachem, Capt. Furneaux, arrived in port at 7 o'clock last night after a passage of 48 hours from Halifax, bringing the following passengers:—Miss Mary Carey, Dr. V. P. Burke, John Foot. The ship sails for Liverpool tonight, taking a small outward cargo and these passengers:—Rev. Canon and Mrs. Hewitt, Miss Edith Aldridge, Miss Marguerite Bennett, Master H. Aldridge, A. S. Butler, W. H. Quantrell, H. Douglas, H. Hamming, A. H. Murray, Mrs. D. F. Keegan and infant, Miss May Kennedy, and J. Epstein.

Signet and Emblem Rings Make an acceptable Xmas gift for your gentlemen friends. Go to TRAFNELL'S.—dec23.21

TRINITY—OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The Holy, Happy Christmas Day. Because of the Incarnation of the Son of God.

(By REV. CANON LOCKYER).



THE STEAMER "JOHN McADAM" ENTERING TRINITY HARBOR, AUG. 18th, 1842.

MANY of the wrong actions done by men and women in the world have been done by them because they have forgotten the ideal life; because they have ceased to be child-like; because they have forgotten that, when the disciples of old asked the Saviour the question:—Who is the greatest in the greatest Kingdom? He answered them by pointing to a little child, and telling them to strive to become like that little child—like it in innocence, humility, and meekness to God.

In the strenuousness of daily life, men and women often forget this; laugh at their childhood days; and in many ways try to forget them. As though they were a part of life to be ashamed of. And yet, how often men and women, when they have become tired by the responsibilities of manhood, and wearied by its burdens, have expressed their deepest longings in the words of the poet:—"Backward! turn backward O time in thy flight! Make me a child again, just for to-night."

Surely then it is a cause for thanksgiving, that the Church of God saves us (time and again) from our forgetful, selfish selves, by setting up a little child in our midst, as the divine ideal, which we are so apt to overlook. Amongst the many times and ways in which the Church does this—Christmas, and her Christmas services are pre-eminently the greatest reminders; the greatest teachers.

When the shepherds fell down and worshipped the little child in Bethlehem's manger, they did not know just who he was. We know to-day, thank God, that He was the Son of God; God Himself in human form; "who for us men, and for our salvation came down from heaven, and was incarnate by the Holy Ghost of the Virgin Mary, and was made Man." We know that in a mysterious, but very real way, He left His home in heaven; laid His glory by: "was made Man"—that he stooped and became a little human child, for your sake and mine.

In God's Church; at God's Altar we—like the shepherds of old—on this Holy Christmas Day, bow low in soul and body, and in simple child-like faith we say:—

"Yes! Lord we greet Thee, Born this happy morning, 'Hail! Thou God-Incarnate, Man-Divine, Jesus, our Immanuel.' We feed upon His Body and Blood, and then we go back to home and social life, with every lawful joy sanctified by the presence of Jesus Christ that has come to us in fuller and fuller service, and thus helped us to keep—happy, because holy."

"Keeping Christmas." "More sins are wrought from want of thought, than by want of heart." It is hard to realize that in a Christian country, not only sin, but special sins of drunkenness, bad language, etc., are committed by professing Christians in their "keeping" of Christmas. In other words; that men—Christian men—commit sin because it is the birthday of the sinless Son of God, who came into the world to save the world from sin! Surely it must be from want of thought.

A CHRISTMAS WELCOME TO THE GOVERNOR.

On behalf of Trinity, and of the Trinitarians who had not the privilege of paying their respects in person to His Excellency the Governor and his family, we take this opportunity of doing so. We extend to them the heartiest of Newfoundland welcomes; and some day, when they undertake to see more of the country in which they have come to live for a while, we shall be glad to welcome them to beautiful and historic Trinity. In the meantime we wish them the happiest of happy Christmases.

THE HISTORY OF A WOODEN WINDOW.

In front of "the big house" in Trinity, that was built by the Garlands over a hundred years ago, there are three rows of windows, with five windows in each row. All of these in the

two lower rows, are real windows, giving the required light to the rooms of which they are parts, respectively. The second one from the north, in the upper row is, however, not a real window, but is filled with wood. The six lower panes of it are painted black to imitate glass, and the three upper panes are painted a lighter colour to imitate a blind. These facts, no doubt, have always been known to many of our people. I have known them since I was a boy, and I once knew the actual reason for them. I had, however, long ago forgotten the reason, probably because I did not know very much about the upstairs interior of the house.

One day last summer I was passing the house, in company with a person who had been away from Trinity for twenty years. Looking up at the imitation window, my friend said, "What an exhibition of wasted superstition, that wooden window perpetuates." Now, I have always had an open ear for a rumour, or a remark that would interest me sufficiently to investigate it; and then, either to show up its absurdity, or to dilate upon its reality, and thus, in either case to supply me with material for a story. Without letting my friend know that I had never heard of any superstition in connection with the window, I led him on to supply the details of it. "Yes," he continued, "long years ago a man hanged himself in the room to which that window 'dove then gave light; and because of that action, the window was boarded up as you see it now, and the 'darkened room has never been used 'since'."

I remarked that if this were so, the good people in those days certainly had their own drastic ways of showing their disapproval of such ungentlemanly conduct, and of perpetuating the memory of such an action. Since I was told that story about a man having hanged himself there, I have been told by another person, that a man was murdered in the room behind the window, and because of it, the glass of the window was "all tarred over," and that is why it is black to-day. To my certain knowledge I had never heard of either of those reasons for the blocking up or the blacking of the window, and I realized that the time had come for me to investigate and report. I lost no time in getting permission to go into the house for investigation; to examine the window from the inside; and to explore "the darkened room," in which, according to the stories, the tragedy had been committed.

The wish being rather to the thought, I allowed myself to believe my friend's story, and I was congratulating myself upon being on the eve of a great discovery, the details of which would constitute a veritable 9 days' wonder. In short I hoped my friend's story was true, though I sadly doubted it. My first disappointment was brought about by the realization of the fact, that there was no tarred place in the building, and the "murder" that was never committed there. I allowed myself to believe my friend's story, and I was congratulating myself upon being on the eve of a great discovery, the details of which would constitute a veritable 9 days' wonder. In short I hoped my friend's story was true, though I sadly doubted it. My first disappointment was brought about by the realization of the fact, that there was no tarred place in the building, and the "murder" that was never committed there. 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