

The Home

At Christmas Time.

Oh bells, to-day let warfare cease.
Ring out, this birthday of the King,
And tell us of that glorious morn
When Christ was in a manger born,
And wise men came from lands afar,
Led by the glory of the star
That heralded his birth, to pay
Most tribute that first Christmas day,
While angels sang, o'er Bethlehem's hill,
"Be Peace on earth, to men Good Will."

Oh bells, to-day let warfare cease.
Christ came to be a Prince of Peace.
No longer let the sound of drum
Or trumpet, campward calling, come
To vex the earth with dread, and make
The hearts of wives and mothers ache.
Leave battlefields to moths and dust—
Let gun and sword grow red with rust.
Earth groans with carnage—let it cease,
Ring in the thousand years of Peace!

O bells, ring in, to make sublime
The century's dawn, the glad New Time.
The dreamed-of, longed-for time when we
May gain a glimpse of things to be—
When love is law, and hand in hand
Go right and truth adown the land.
Ring out the false, ring out the wrong,
And help men voice the mighty song
To grow from God's eternal plan
Of man in fellowship with man.

Ring in the time when honor's test
Shall be supreme and all-confessed.
When mind, not rank, or wealth, or birth,
Shall be the standard of man's worth.
The golden time, when we shall stand
With earnest heart and honest hand,
Facing the world with fearless eyes
Because we live the truth that lies
At heart of all things truly great—
Heirs of pure manhood's high estate.

Ring out the littleness of things.
Ring in the brother thought that brings
Swift end to all ignoble creeds.
Ring in the age of noble deeds
For all things pure, and high, and good—
The era of true brotherhood.
Ring out the lust for gold and gain—
The greed that cripples soul and brain,
And open eyes, long blind, to see
What grander, better things there be.

Ring, happy bells, o'er plain and hill—
Ring loud, ring clear, ring sweet, and fill
The souls of those who pause to hear
With reverent thought and Christmas cheer.
Swing wide the heart's closed door, and say
"Come in!—all men are kin to-day!
Come in—come in! Clasp hands, and break
The bread of friendship for the sake
Of him who came to earth to find
His brothers in all humankind."

Ring, happy bells, the earth around,
And girdle it with gladdest sound,
And, while we sing His birthday in,
Let Christ—and Christ is love—begin
His reign of peace, and men shall say,
"This is indeed a Christmas day!"
Your hand, my brother! Lo afar
Behold the radiant Bethlehem star—
And hark!—the angels singing still,
"Peace on earth, to men Good Will!"

—E. E. Rexford.

Christmas in the Country.

Christmas in the country forty years ago was a different affair from what it is now. I never think of Christmas in those days without thinking of a lovely winter day, bright with sunshine, and snow everywhere; large drifts, through which the horses floundered as they drew the stout sled, on which was the wagon-bed filled with hay, and covered with blankets and buffalo-ropes, where we cuddled down, as we rode merrily away to spend Christmas at grandpa's. We could hardly wait till the horses stopped, so eager were we to wish grandpa a merry Christmas; but he was generally ahead of us with his greeting of "Christmas gift." That entitled him to a present instead of us; but a kiss all around was usually the way we



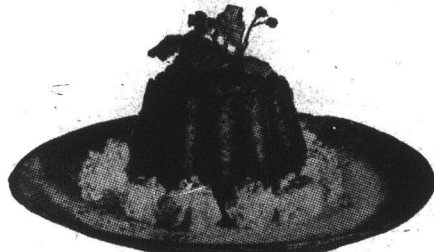
NITELINE INDIANS.

Preparing for Pony Race on Dominion Day

paid off our indebtedness, while some striped sticks of peppermint candy, laid up for the occasion, were given us. Our aunts, uncles and cousins came next for their share of good wishes and merry jokes.

A bright fire burned in the fire place, and there, suspended by a stout string from the ceiling, was a great turkey packed full of dressing, and sending forth a most delicious odor as it turned round and round, gradually browning before the fire, the juice dripping into a great pan on the brick hearth; and from this pan grandma occasionally dipped the juice with a huge iron spoon and poured it over the crisp sides of the turkey. Other preparations were going on meanwhile in the kitchen where a cook-stove held the place of honor, as cooking-stoves were very rare in those days. The neighbors had come miles to see it, and express their fears as to the probability of its "blowing up." This cook-stove, however, was not equal to cooking such a large turkey in its small oven. A coffee-boiler sent out an odor of coffee, strong and fragrant, while a long table covered with snowy linen (the work of grandma's own hands) stood at the farther end of the long kitchen.

As soon as the turkey was pronounced done and the gravy made in the dripping-pan, the chairs were placed near the table and we were all called to dinner. No one was left to wait,



PLUM PUDDING A LA DAVID HARUM.

Pour a cupful of hot milk over a cupful of breadcrumbs. When the milk becomes cold add three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, a teaspoonful of salt, the yolks of four eggs, half a pound each of raisins and currants, half a cupful of chopped almonds, half a pound of suet and spices to taste. Steam for six hours. Serve with whipped cream sweetened with maple sugar.

and such a merry time! After grandpa had asked a blessing on the food, he carved the turkey and supplied our waiting plates bountifully with any piece we wished, together with all manner of good things in the way of vegetables. A rice pudding with plenty of raisins, pumpkin pies and rosy-cheeked apples served for dessert, and our only sorrow was that we could eat so little. After dinner we children played games in the kitchen, around the fireplace that was used when there was no fire in the cook-stove. Here we popped corn, cracked nuts, told fairy stories and played blind-man's buff while the older ones "visited" in the "keepin'-room" until the time came to return home.

—A. M. M.

A New Big Game Country.

Field and Stream says that Jack Hyland, of Telegraph Creek, which is away off towards the Arctic Circle, came into Victoria a few days ago with some extraordinary stories of the mysterious North. He is a son of Telegraph Creek's pioneer trader, and knows every foot of the country about the Stikine and Skeena rivers. He says that within sixty miles of Telegraph Creek is the finest big game hunting on the American continent today. The list of game includes big cinnamon, silvertip and grizzly bears, moose, caribou, elk, black-tail deer and wolves, with enough mountain sheep and white goats to make it interesting, and an occasional musk-ox thrown in for good measure. Lynx, beaver, northern panther (whatever that may be), and many smaller animals are countless. Geese and ducks he does he does not attempt to count, but just lumps them off by the million, and the streams and lakes contain, according to his version, only enough water to float the numbers of fish that swim in them.

Christmas Decorations.

The custom of recent years in giving the home a festive appearance for Christmas is one to be highly commended.

The use of holly and mistletoe, the plants sacred to Christmas, is now very general, and as they are abundant in our markets, as well as cheap, every household may be made bright with them. In parlors and sitting-rooms, wreaths, crowns and festoons can be arranged over mantels and windows, as well as hung from lamps and over pictures.

For the Christmas dinner-table, a large bowl of holly leaves, with the berries, make a beautiful centre-piece; while tiny bunches of holly laid at each plate brighten the table wonderfully. Cakes may be ornamented with candy designs of holly, while ices may be molded and colored in the same style. If in remote localities it is not possible to obtain holly and mistletoe, green of some other variety should be procured, as the display of artificial wreaths of holly is bad taste. All-over greens, such as pine, cedar, spruce, etc., can be utilized, and berries of some sort arranged with these can be made into beautiful decorations. When chrysanthemums are yet blooming, they add greatly to the beauty of the table; the bright yellow and dark crimson are particularly appropriate for the Christmas dinner-table.

In arranging the table, the cakes, bon-bons, nuts and fruits may be placed on it at the beginning, and will give it a festive appearance, rendering very little additional decoration necessary.

To serve an informal Christmas dinner with as little trouble to the family as possible should be the aim of every housekeeper. The soup may be placed at each plate before dinner is announced, the turkey carved at the table and passed with the vegetables, the salad and dessert dished by the hostess. By the exercise of good judgment and management, the dinner may thus be served with simple elegance even in the humblest household.

Six Cents for One.

"Give me a cent, and you may pitch one of the rings," said a man to a boy; "and if the ring catches over a nail, I'll give you six cents."

That seemed fair enough, so the boy handed the man a cent and took a ring. He stepped back to the stake and tossed the ring, and it caught in one of the nails that were fastened in a board.

"Will you take six rings and pitch again, or six cents?" asked the man.

"Six cents," was the answer; and two three-cent pieces were put in his hand.

The boy stepped off, well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having any idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman who was standing near had watched him, and now, before the boy had time to look about to rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling," said the gentleman.

"Gambling, sir?" said the boy, questioningly.

"You staked your penny and won six pennies, did you not?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, I did," replied the boy.

"You did not earn them," said the gentleman, "and they were not given to you. You won them, just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path. That man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give the six cents back and ask the man for your penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy again."

The boy had hung his head, but raised it quickly; and his bright, open look as he said, "I'll do it!" will never be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring looking happier than ever. That was an honest boy.—Selected.

Canada's Need.

Canada's greatest need to-day is for powerful young men. We have in this country a splendid heritage. Our institutions and our laws are marks of the highest civilization. Our wealth in farms, forests and mines is almost beyond our ability to compute. We have ample opportunity for growth. The wide expanse of our territory and the immense distances in this young country force us to breadth of view and largeness of outlook. We are just beginning to comprehend the gravity of our responsibilities and the character of the opportunities which are thrusting themselves upon us. We stand upon the threshold of national greatness. The problems awaiting our solution are many and difficult. The need of the hour is for young men of strength, young men of brain and brawn, young men of courage and character, integrity and honor. This country has work for the leaders and work for the lead. But those who have power to originate, design, plan and execute are in greatest demand. Men are required who will take great pains, who do things thoroughly, master details, and are not confused with the pressure of duties; men who know the value of time and will seize an opportunity; men who put their hearts into each daily task, whose enthusiasm creates enthusiasm in their fellows. They must be strong in body, strong in morals, and strong in mind. They must be trained thinkers and skilled workmen. Conditions are changing rapidly. Man's muscle alone cannot compete with the forces of nature harnessed in steel. The motive power of this age and country is the brain of the man who knows how to think, and works up to the limit of his knowledge.—C. C. C.

Around the World.

Within three months Germany could put in the field 5,600,000 men, 195,000 horses and 4,864 guns.

Out of every 1,000 of the world's population 264 own King Edward as their sovereign.

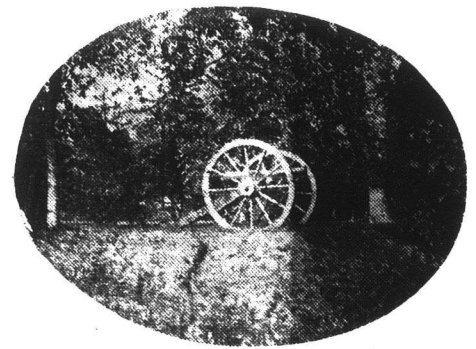
Manhattan Island, on which New York now stands, was originally bought from an Indian chief for about \$25.

Only one-third of the world's population use bread as a daily article of food. Nearly one-half of the people of the world subsist chiefly on rice.

Denmark, which produces an immense quantity of butter, has an average of one cow for every two inhabitants.

On a grave in a cemetery at Chichester, there is a wreath which at first glance appears to be a coral. In reality it is composed of human bones. The bones were collected during his travels by the deceased, who carved them with a penknife and formed them into a wreath which now adorns his grave.

A Russian sailor, a deserter from his ship, recently gave himself up to a crew of British seamen on the guano island of Leone, saying that he desired to renounce his allegiance to the Czar and to become a subject of King Edward. The British sailors were puzzled how to naturalize the man, so they held a consultation on the subject. Finally, after the Russian had abjured his country, every British tar present threw a bucket of water over him, and thus his nationality was washed off.



ONE OF THE OLD GUNS.