

Grandma's Story of Xmas. Gifts

Two children were sitting in front of the bright fire one evening the week before Christmas not long ago. They were tired of play, and mother and father and the big sisters and brothers had gone to town. Jennie and Bob were left with Grandma, whose knitting had dropped on her lap as if she, too, were tired.

Golden-haired Jennie looked around the pretty room, but not even Alice in Wonderland or Grimm's Fairy Tales, which lay on a table near could tempt her to read to-night.

All at once Bob's dark eyes sparkled and nestling close to Grandma's side, she said:

"Tell us a story, Granny, 'bout the time when you were a little girl."

The light shone on Grandma's sweet face and silver hair and the dim eyes grew soft and bright as she patted the curly head and putting her arms round Jennie's slender form, drew her close to her.

"Would you like a story about Christmas?" she said.

"Yes, yes, indeed," said both in the same breath.

"Well, a great many years ago, near the Gulf of St. Lawrence, five children lived in a little house on a hill not far from the sea. On fine summer days they could go down to bathe and watch the boats come in with their loads of fish and gather pretty shells and stones.

In the early spring they hunted for the sweet pink mayflowers hidden under the moss and knew when the time came to find the blue violets in the fence corners.

They picked berries, too, among the long grass and the meadows or in the woods. The older ones, Martha, Hugh and Janet, with little Ernest stayed home with his mother.

But there was no sign of green grass or blue waves, much less of flowers or berries this Christmas morning. The whole world was covered with snow. For two days the feathery flakes had fallen from the grey sky, silent and thick and fast. Then the wind had risen and for a day and a night it had howled and whistled till the roads were blocked and the little house was covered on one side to the eaves with a great hard white blanket that blocked the door and windows. It had grown very cold and although the fire in the big stove had burned nearly all night the windows were covered so thick with frost that the pretty patterns of ferns and trees and all sorts of graceful figures had disappeared and hardy Hugh could scarcely, with his hot tongue and warm breath, make a hole large enough to see through.

And now, perhaps, you had better hear something of the people who lived in this home, which humble though it was, was a very happy one.

Mr. Morton was the district school teacher. He had come to the settlement seven years before and was loved and honored both by the parents and children. He was not, however, well paid, and even sober Martha little knew what a hard struggle it was to get plenty of wholesome food and warm clothing for the family. But Mrs. Morton was a rare manager, and if the family was poor the children at least never felt it.

They loved their tall, fair mother very dearly and thought there was no one so beautiful as she in her Sunday dress of soft grey alpaca with its broad white collar.

But father was the playmate of the little folks. All sort of nursery rhymes and stories seemed to be hidden in his head and many a noisy romp and merry game the little folks had with him in the winter evenings. And this was Christmas morning, the happiest day in the year. Dim as the fire was, it was bright enough to show the stockings hung close to the stove. With laugh and shout the children drew out their treasures. A scalloped cake, a bunch of raisins, a handful of nuts, sheets of home-made candy (cockle-birds they called it), a big apple and some doughnuts do not perhaps seem great riches to you who have books and dolls and toys. But not one of you will be happier on Christmas day than were these girls and boys that morning.

The little ones hurried to show and share with father their treasures, and mother and Martha began to get the breakfast. But the children ever want on Christmas morning?

And now the little ones must be dressed. The girls put on the pretty pink pinafores that covered their warm frocks. Hugh wore the suit mother made last week from an old one of father's, and little Ernest, the pretty plaid frock with its bright yellow buttons that grandmother had sent from town.

And now, from outside, voices could be heard. Mr. Jackson, the farmer, whose big house was only a stone's throw distant, and his two big boys were busy shovelling a tunnel to the door, and before the children had grown tired of their play it opened, letting in a flood of Christmas light and showing the jolly face of the farmer, as he shouted, "A Merry Christmas!"

Very soon Mrs. Jackson followed him, bringing in her cheery face, a host of good wishes and under her clean print apron, a bowl of steaming broth which Mrs. Morton must, perforce, sit down and take. The day had worn on and it was now within an hour of noon. That the quiet mother had been less busy and active than usual, the children had noticed, but they had felt somehow that as father moved about, his voice was very soft and tender and as leaving the little ones he put his arm round his oldest daughter and gave her his Christmas kiss; she remembered afterwards that his voice trembled.

And then the most wonderful thing happened. Bustling Mrs. Jackson carried off every one of the little troop to her own house mother hastily kissed them goodbye she told them all to be good. Father had gone out and the bewildered children went inside the big house before they had time to question even if children in those days dreamed of asking why.

There they were with playmates of their own age. There were for their Christmas dinner. As more sweetmeats and nuts to eat. The older children helped to set the long table. The snowy cloth, the pretty dishes, the brightly polished steel knives and forks were soon in their proper places on the long table. The big diningroom with the roaring fire in the great Franklin stove, the warm carpet and gay rugs, was very comfortable. The children were shy at first for a farmer and his daughter from a distant settlement had come to spend Christmas with their friends and good Mrs. Jackson had not yet come back.

But by the time the big roast goose was cooked she was ready to sit at the table and help her double family to all the good things she and her clever daughters had provided. It would take too long to tell of the big plum pudding, the pumpkin pies and the doughnuts which disappeared that day. Very merry were the too big farmers and many a story they told of trips made in their schooner to the town, where goods were to be bought cheap.

After dinner, great dishes of russet apples were handed round and as the old friends set apart strange to the Morton children, filled the room. It came from a steaming bowl of punch made from the cask of rum that had formed part of the schooner's cargo. And then the stories grew jollier and now and again a song from the old English vales where they had spent their boyhood was sung.

But now the short winter day was over. The sun was going down behind the snowy world, leaving a sky lighted with gold and green and purple.

Then the children were taken home by their kind hostess, who bade them be very quiet. As the door closed upon them, shutting out the cold wind, their father came softly towards them bearing in his arms a tiny white bundle. To the wondering children, he showed his Christmas gift, a tiny, white bundle, with a crown of golden hair, that had come to brighten the home on that day of love.

Then he led the children to the bed, where tended by a motherly old lady, mother lay white and quiet, but with a smiling happy face and put the baby in her bosom.

"Yes, Jennie, the story is true." And as grandma spoke a lady entered. Her face was sweet and bright and as she stooped to kiss her children her hair glowed in the firelight showing here and there a strand of silver. Then Jennie remembered that mother's

birthday was Christmas day, but she did not speak as she held her close in her soft little arms.

Comfort for the Dyspeptic.—There is no ailment so harassing and exhausting as dyspepsia, which arises from defective action of the stomach and liver, and the victim of it is to be pitied. Yet by our kind remedy, *Dr. Cassell's Vegetable Pills*, a relief is furnished. This established itself by years of effective use. There are pills that are widely advertised as the greatest ever compounded, but not one of them can rank in value with *Pearlman's*.

IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King,
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow:
Look now, for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

"Yule" is Scandinavian.

The word "Yule" has in reality nothing to do with Christmas. It is an old Scandinavian word, signifying the winter solstice, which was always kept as a feast by the heathen Goths.

Hospital for Sick Children

TORONTO

Upkeep of Big Charity Requires Fifty Cents a Minute.

Dear Mr. Editor: The 44th annual report of the Hospital for Sick Children, Toronto, shows a notable advance in every department of its service to the suffering and crippled youngsters of this province. The ward accommodation has been taxed to its capacity, and the summer annex, the Lakeside Home, was opened for the first time since the outbreak of war.

The daily average of cot patients has increased during the year from 192 to 223, including children from practically every county in Ontario. Even had the cost of supplies and labor remained stationary, the substantial increase in the number of patients would alone account for the addition to the charity's debt, which at the close of the fiscal year was \$109,000. This debt has become an embarrassing burden. Further increase must threaten impairment of an enviable efficiency.

The Hospital is in the forefront of all institutions upon this continent devoted to the care of sick children. It cost \$335,320 to maintain last year. This great sum not only puts at the service of the children of Ontario all the resources of medical science, but, in addition, provides for a training school for 120 nurses and for unsurpassed clinical facilities for the University students who are preparing to engage in their profession throughout the province.

The income which must be forthcoming to finance this absolutely essential work figures out at seven hundred dollars a day; and, as there is no endowment fund, all but a fraction of that amount has to be derived from individual benevolence. Therefore the Trustees are making a Christmas appeal to every lover of children to foot the bills for some period of time, no matter how short it may be. A minute of mercy costs fifty cents.

For churches, societies, lodges, etc., who have more ample funds wherewith to assist the youngsters to a fair start in life, the naming of cots is suggested. A number of memorial cots have been thus dedicated in honor of the overseas service of fellow-members. This privilege is extended in recognition of gifts of \$2,000 to the Main Hospital or \$500 to the Lakeside Home, which can be paid in annual instalments if so desired.

Literature illustrative of all branches of the past year's work, together with any other information desired, will be gladly furnished on application to the Secretary, the Hospital for Sick Children, College Street, Toronto. Contributions should also be addressed to the secretary.

IRVING E. ROBERTSON,
Chairman of Appeal Committee.



Christmas Carols

My soul and life, stand up and see
Who lies in a Crib of Tree.

O God, that made all creatures,
How art Thou become so pure.
That on the hay and straw will lie
Among the asses, oxen, kine?

There is no form of literary expression which appears to be so far removed from all forms of culture—social, educational and spiritual—as the true old Christmas carols are. They are the folk songs of the soul, echoes of that first Christmas carol, "Gloria in Excelsis," which was sung by the angels to the shepherds. No folk song of battle, love or fairy is less sophisticated than is the sacred carol. It deals with the high mysteries into which angels had desired to look, and it deals with them in the only way by which they can be dealt; they approach them with single-hearted, joyful, wondering acceptance. They are purely and simply "songs of joy," as the word "carol" conveys. The word is from the Latin cantare, to sing, and carola, an expression of joy, a hosanna. So that we may say that the very quaintest of the old carols was a soul's joyful acceptance of love incarnate.

AS LITTLE CHILDREN. In the earlier days of our faith, the bishops were wont to sing those carols amongst the clergy on Christmas day, and the combined simplicity and strength of emotion of both words and melodies of the great number of those early carols help us to understand how perfectly, in this one thing at least, both bishop and priest had become as little children before the mysteries of God.

"Sweet Saint Francis of Assisi" accomplished no more wonderful service for the kingdom of Christ, nor ever better proved the glorious vitality, the great, fatherly, fostering powers of his mind than when he set the brethren of his order in 1223 to arrange Christmas tableaux in his church on Christmas eve, while the tableaux were explained by the singing of carols. Those carols were nothing less than appeals from high and childlike souls to the universal soul of man. Ever and ever that universal heart of man turns in high, sweet, noble moments to the ineffable mysteries and surrenders in adoring, responsive gladness to the Wonder of Love made flesh. That heart intuitively knows that greater wisdom than this the giving of self to accept God, is as little required for happiness and true life as it is to be had.

THE CAROL'S MEANING.

Being a vital thing, this intuitive knowledge of the spirit must work outwardly through many channels of conduct, and art must accept responsibilities and clothe itself with reason; but, if the conduct is to be winsome, arresting and lovely, if the reasons are to be finer than cast-iron creeds, and the responsibilities not fetters but helps meet for the soul's life, if the art is to be vital and sincere, then all must be plainly traceable to this single-hearted, single-eyed acceptance of and giving to Wonder and Love.

In other words, the devotional carol sings out the heart of our faith, the heart which sends forth the very blood of it to give purpose and movement, reason and action, manifesting life, to the outward things of that faith. Therefore, altogether apart from the question of literary interest, it is well to consider the old carols at this season. Many things, good and necessary in themselves as far as they can go, have crowded us away from that which lies in the carols, the roots of all great spiritual culture, the mystic acceptance of the mystical devotion of love incarnate, and, therefore, away from the true life which we have because of acceptance of and devotion to the best. The things which make for spiritual culture of the highest and noblest kind, that which differentiates the careful humanistic culture, verging on the glacial and inhuman, of a Goethe, from the living, growing, pulsating creature of arowning.

THE GIFT OF LOVE ALONE.

Yet another characteristic of carols is the delight which they dwell upon upon the lowly things of the Nativity. It has appeared as if the true heart of the world was yet to rejoice over the needs of the love which came bringing nothing save love to man. In the "Cherry Tree" carol, which was frequently introduced into the Coventry Mystery Plays, the "Song of Joseph and the Angel" gives this in a rhythm which unmistakably conveys tender dwelling on the lowly needs:

"He neither shall be born
In houses nor in hall,
Nor in the place of paradise
But in the ox's stall."

Again this verse brings Him very close to our humanity:
"He neither shall be clothed
In purple nor in pall,
But all in fair linen,
As were babies all."

There are still being sung, having been adapted and arranged by Sir John Stainer, old carols which were sung in Flanders and in France five centuries ago, and in their words they carry on the old, old impulse of the human heart to call on all created things to praise and thank the Creator for His great gift. There are "Carols of the Flowers" and "Carols of the Birds" in that collection of "Twelve Old Carols." Think ye, to whom Christmas may be in danger of being merely a season of social pleasures, could this carol of universal joy have been voiced where there not within the soul something which is aware that true and abiding good is from God, and must, in common with it, be acknowledged by all which He has created? All believe me, the unspooled souls, the souls which have not been dulled and vulgarised, so to speak, by lower, lesser things, the souls which gave us Christmas carols, are if I may put it thus quaintly, very courteously bred; they give thanks to the Giver.

WHY THREE SHIPS?

There is a very riot of joy, as if dancing springtime leaves and blossoms in "I Saw Three Ships Come Sailing." The whole carol is one glad exclamation. Indeed, so quickly do hearts respond to the magical swing of its gladness rhythm that perhaps few have wondered why three ships were for "Our Saviour Christ and His Lady." For whom was the third ship? By a fineness of spiritual art the author of that carol left it thus that we might, each one of us, take that ship for our own, and in it go sailing over the depths and across seas of life into Bethlehem on Christmas Day in the morning.

There is one old Spanish carol which perhaps rivals all others in touches of moving tenderness and knowledge of spiritual truths. The Life, the Sorrows, the Greatness of Our Lord take Him beyond us, and give Him needs for which, it would appear, we had nothing to give, but the Child of The Manger had needs easily met, and carols hold those up to us. We shall not say that our writers knew that that which was once moved up to serve, we must ever afterwards love, love until we give at last what His utmost need would have us give—ourselves?

There is yet another delicate touch in the "Cherry Tree" carol. When Joseph, doubting Mary, refuses to gather for her the cherries, the branches bent towards her mutely testifying that even the insensate things of Nature help those who are bearing the great things of God to their present sorrow.

THE CAROL'S DEVELOPMENT.

How deeply, enduringly our Faith had need of the Christmas carol is proved by the speed of its spreading and by the consecrated art brought to bear on the elaboration of both words and melodies. Art, as is her wont, turned like a grateful child or a woman and gave richly to that which had given her a new form of life. Duets, trios, and quartettes followed the simple chorus form, while the beauty and delicacy which in countless instances, run through the quaintness testify to the reality of the spiritual life from which they sprang. Indeed, it is to be remarked that in the sixteenth century, when the reformation was spreading in Britain, Christmas carols reached their perfection as a literature for the people.

We all allow our thoughts to dwell too much with our own exclusive things, and the old carols take us back to the Love which is for all. If there is not Love, fathomless, mystic, to which to relate our individual loves with which to compare them, by which to correct and train them, how can there be a God in the universe, or life and growth in our souls and their affections? How can there be anything to cultivate? For culture there must be life and growth, and Christmas carols thrill with life, the life of the Greatly Loving One, of Whom Ben Jonson so marvelously said in a single vibrant line: "He Whom the whole world could not take."

Worms, however generated, are found in the digestive tracts, where they set up disturbances detrimental to the health of the child. There can be no comfort for the little ones until the harmful intruders have been expelled. No better preparation for this purpose can be had than Miller's Worm Powders. They will immediately destroy the worms and correct the conditions that were favorable to their existence.

HYMN FOR CHRISTMAS.

(By Felicia Hemans.)
Oh, lovely voices of the sky
Which hymned the Saviour's birth,
Are ye not singing still on high,
"Ye that sang 'Peace on earth?'"
To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith, in time gone by,
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
Oh, voices of the sky!
Oh, clear and shining light, whose beams
That bear heaven's glory shed,
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head,
Be near through life and death,
As in that holiest night,
Of hope and joy, and faith—
Oh, clear and shining light!

WHY HE GOT THERE.

"Your opponent was a dark horse, was he not?"
"Not on your life!" replied the defeated candidate. "He was a red automobile!"
Dropped Down by Asthma. The man or woman who is continually subject to asthma is unfitted for his or her life's work. Strength departs and energy is taken away until life becomes a dreary existence. And yet this is a needless. Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy has brought a great army of sufferers. It is a restricted air tubes and nature trouble. Try

Jack's Nicest Christmas

Yes, and it was his own beautiful idea that made it the very nicest Christmas he ever had!

It happened this way. Jack heard the wash woman say to his mother, "Law sakes! With seven mouths to fill the hull year round, how can a body get the children any toys for Christmas? It breaks me heart tho'—that it does—for they're good young uns!"

Jack went thoughtfully upstairs to the nursery—oh, what a pile of toys he had—and on Christmas he knew he would get piles more!

"And when I get my new ones I won't want to play with my old ones—I know I won't," thought he.

It was just then that the beautiful idea came into his curly head! "Seven children," he counted; "well, I guess I have seven pretty good toys that I don't need. I'll just pick them out."

There was a Teddy bear, a tin choo choo, a set of paper soldiers, a wooden captain, a woolly sheep that could baw, a mouth organ and a set of nine pins.

Wasn't the wash woman excited, though, when just before she was going home he brought them all down, tied in Christmas paper! "They're not new toys," he explained, "but there is one for each of your children, and I hope they will all have a merry Christmas." "God bless ye, me boy!" was all the happy woman could say.

When Christmas morning came—oh, it made Jack gasp—such a wonderful pile of new toys!

"I'm mighty glad," he thought, several times during the day, "that the wash woman's poor children didn't have to go without any while I have all these!"

Yes, it was the very nicest Christmas Jack ever had!

The Friend of All Sufferers.—Like the shadow of a rock in a weary land" is Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil to all those who suffer pain. It holds out hope to everyone and realizes it by stilling suffering everywhere. It is a liniment that has the blessings of half a continent. It is on sale everywhere and can be found where ever enquired for.

Mission of the Wise Men.

When the wise men came from the East to found Christmas day they were mastered, not by religious conservatism, but by Christian expectation. They were dominated, not by reason, but by intuition—by the genius represented in Job and in David rather than by the calculation of Jacob or the saws of Solomon. This world is saved not by profit-taking merely, but by prophet-giving. A few wise men from the East, acting on insight, created that glad epoch of delight in self-sacrifice which we call Christmas. Politics and worldly wisdom fought Christmas to the quick, but Christmas was conducted from the upper air resounding with rhythmic benedictions not only of peace, but of peace based on good will.

Whether the corn be of old or new growth, it must yield to Holloway's Corn Cure, the simplest and best cure offered to the public.

STAR OF THE EAST.

Star of the East, that long ago
Brought wise men on their way
Where, angels singing to and fro
The Child of Bethlehem lay—
Above that Syrian hill afar,
Thou shinest out to-night, O Star!

Star of the East, the night were drear,
But for the tender grace
That with thy glory comes to cheer
Earth's loneliest, darkest place,
For by that charity we see
Where there is hope for all and me.

Star of the East, show us the way
In wisdom undefiled
To seek that manger out and lay
Our gifts before the Child—
To bring our hearts and offer them
Unto our King of Bethlehem!
—Eugene Field.

Many mothers have reason to bless Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator, because it has relieved the little ones of suffering and made them healthy.

LIFES BLOSSOMS.

Look for them.
Insist upon them.
Do so on Christmas.
Do it all the rest of the year.
Sometimes they are thrust upon one.
At other times one must hunt for them.
At any rate persevering ones find them.
Thorns are another matter—unavoidably they will look for us.
And these thorns will not only find us—but they will stick to us.
This is an all-the-year-round condition. So—look for the blossoms.

LONG SUFFERING FATHER.

"Are you an ultimate consumer?" "I should say I am!" replied a Giltshire. "I don't even get a chance to look at the morning paper until all the other members of my family have read it."