

Christ and Christmas

By Rev. G. W. Ridout.

The great River of Time rolling on and on unceasingly has brought us again to the festive season we call Christmas, and again we shall gather round the Christmas tree and make merry with the children, again we shall salute one another with the familiar words "Merry Christmas," again we shall sing our Christmas carols and gather into our churches and hear the great Christmas hymns and the preachers preach about Immanuel, The Prince of Peace, The Wonderful! Christ the Lord!

A young man who had spent several years in a German University where his Christian faith had become wrecked, was talking with one of our Bishops on Christianity. The young skeptic said that he thought it was unfortunate that Christianity had become so closely identified with a name because, said he, "as a matter of course that name will grow dimmer and dimmer until at length it will entirely fade out of human thought."

"Think of the name of Christ 'fading out of human thought.' Alexander shall be forgotten, Solon and Socrates and Plato. Time might blot out from remembrance the names of Darius, Caesar, Constantine, Gregory, Napoleon, Newton, Wellington, or Washington but not so with the name of Jesus—His is an everlasting name that shall last as long as the sun and moon and stars and then when time shall cease to be, throughout an endless eternity His name shall receive honour and homage and worship from the redeemed and blood-washed around the everlasting throne.

Blot Christ's name out of earth's literature and you have little else than ruins left. Poets sing of Him, historians write of Him, and in poetry and prose His name is written large on the face of the world's books. Blot Christ's name off history and you have records incomplete. Blot Christ out of the world of Art and the greatest masterpieces are despoiled and the charm is gone. Blot Christ's name out of Religion and the church must go and the pulpit will have no preacher because it was Christ who founded the church and Christ instituted preaching and the preachers' business is to preach Christ and the Crucified.

"We will pull down your churches," said an infidel to a pious peasant during the French Revolution. "You cannot touch the stars," was the wise reply of the simple man. Voltaire predicted in 1769 that before the beginning of the nineteenth century Christianity will have disappeared from the earth. French infidelity reaped a dreadful harvest through the rejection of Christ and Christianity, but thank God that great suffering nation is now creeping back to God, to Christ and the church.

That nation and people always becomes the best and greatest which counts Christ into its reckonings and plants the Cross upon its soil. Why has dear old England stood strong and great for nearly a thousand years the bulwark of religion, the custodian of the Bible and the protector of Protestantism? England counted Christ into its history and government and life! To-day as I write, the newspapers have it in heavy type that the British have taken Jerusalem from the Turks! Hallelujah! No wonder that London holds a Thanksgiving Service in St. Paul's and sings the Te Deum! No wonder that throughout Jewry there is great rejoicing! The Jews at length are coming into their own. King David's City is going to be restored to David's seed and thus God has again honored Old England with being His chosen servant in bringing to pass one of the most significant events of the great world war!

This year it must be Christ and Christmas and the War! Oh ye Newfoundlanders how you have suffered! We all know about you. The papers have told us of the sacrifice, the deeds of valour your sons have exhibited on the field of battle. There are vacant chairs around the family hearth this Christmas, but thank God your strong and brave sons died in a noble cause. They died the death of heroes in the strife for a world free from the thralldom and deceit and wickedness of the German Anti-Christ! Our turn now has come. Millions of young men in every State of the Union are getting ready for the fray. They are crossing the seas, hundreds of thousands of them. The Star Spangled Banner is flying now upon the battlefield with the flags of England and her Allies. The American troops are animated by the spirit of independence and democracy and freedom and fight they will with zeal and ardor, and abandon.

When Marco Bozzaris, the Epaminondas of Modern Greece, was dying in battle at the site of ancient Plataea he exclaimed: "To die for liberty is a pleasure and not a pain." Halleck re-

presents Bozzaris in the eventful battle against the Turks as cheering his troops on in the words:—

Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God and your Native Land.

This Christmastide as of yore, we look toward Bethlehem and to Christ the Prince of Peace. Again do we hear the angels sing: "Glory to God in the Highest Peace on Earth" and above the din and noise of battle we are soothed and comforted by the "Name that is above every name." We would close this hasty sketch with some words from Talmage:—

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

The name of Caesar means power;
The name of Herod means cruelty;

darkness of our sin; eclipse after eclipse has passed over our soul; but after awhile the Sun of Righteousness poured his beams upon our hearts, and we cried: "The sun! the sun!" Beautiful dawn in the straw of the Bethlehem khan! Beautiful in His mother's shawl, a fugitive to Egypt! Beautiful with his feet in the Galilean surf! Beautiful with the children hanging about his neck! Beautiful in the home circle of Bethany! Fairer than the sons of men; day-spring from on high; light for those who sit in darkness; rose of Sharon; lily of the valley—altogether lovely! O! He is such a sin-pardoner, such a trouble-soother, such a wound-binder, such a grave-breaker, that the faintest pronunciation of His name rouses up all the incense of the garden and all the perfume of the tropics, while the soul, in ecstasy of affection cries out.

GEORGE W. RIDOUT.

Taylor University,
Upland,
Indiana.

Ivoryd: Mirrors, Brushes, Combs and Manicure Sets, made up in that beautiful Imitation Ivory known as Ivoryd. These things make very pleasing Christmas Gifts. Just opening at TRAPNELL'S—dec12,tf.

Old-Time Christmas.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Heap on more wood—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Each age has deem'd the new-born year
The fittest time for festive cheer:

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had roll'd;
And brought his little Christmas back again.
With all his hospitable train,
Domestic and religious rite,
Gave honour to the holy night;
On Christmas eve the bells were rung;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung:

That only night in all the year,
Saw the staid priest the chalice rear.
The damsel don'd her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dress'd with holly green;
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then open'd wide the Baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf, and all;
Power laid his rod of rule aside,
And Ceremony don'd his pride.
That night might village partner choose;
The Lord, undergating, share
The vulgar game of 'post and pair.'
All hail'd, with uncontroll'd delight,
And general voice, the happy night,
That to the cottage, as the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down.

Can boast of bosoms half so light!
England was merry England, when
Old Christmas brought his sports again.
'Twas Christmas broad'd the mightiest ale;
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale;
A Christmas gambol oft could cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

Boy Injured.

While romping about at the Horwood Lumber Company's premises on Saturday evening last, a nine-year-old boy named Waddleton fell off a pile of lumber to the ground, a distance of about twelve feet, and was badly hurt. He was accompanied to his home on Alexander Street by Constable Sheppard and attended by Dr. Campbell, who found that no bones were broken, though the youth's back was injured and causing him extreme pain. He was also very much frightened and shaken up.

Gem Rings, Pendants, Brooches, Chains, Wrist Watches, and all the different lines of pretty jewellery most suitable for Xmas Gifts, just now in at TRAPNELL'S—dec12,tf

The scarcity of wool fabrics indicates that spring jackets will have to be short.

We are showing for Xmas Trade
a nice assortment of
Silverware & Carvers.



Marmalade Dishes
Cream & Sugar Dishes
Cake Baskets
Sugar Spoons
Pepper and Salts
Napkin Rings
Epernes.
Jam Spoons
Pie Servers
Breakfast Cruets, Etc.

Sugar Basins
Teapots
Coffee Pots
Pickle Forks
Salvers
Butter Dishes
Pickle Jars
Butter Knives
Fruit Knives
Biscuit Jars

On the above goods we are giving a
Discount of 10 per cent. for Xmas week
only

Briar Pipes
Tobacco Pouches
Cigar Holders
Cigarette Holders

Shaving Sets
Razors
Bill Cases
Needle Cases, Etc.

BOWRING BROTHERS, Limited,
Hardware Department.

dec14,f.m.w

A Christmas Secret.

Christmas is a time of secrets,
So I'll whisper one to you;
Grandpa says that all who try it
Find that every word is true:
"Would you have a happy day?
Give some secrets away."

Grandpa says this little secret
Should be carried through the year,
And if all would try to heed it
Earth would soon be full of cheer.
"Would you have a happy day?
Give some happiness away."

On that blessed Christmas night!
Oh! to have dwelt in Bethlehem
When the Star of the Lord shone
Bright;
To have sheltered the holy wanderers
On that blessed Christmas night!
To have kissed the tender, way-worn
feet
Of the mother undeliled,
And with reverent wonder and deep
delight
To have tended the Holy Child.

Hush! Such a glory was not for thee;
But that care may still be thine;
For are there not little ones still to
aid
For the sake of the Child divine?
Are there no wandering pilgrims now
To thy heart and thy home to take?
And are there no mothers whose
weary hearts
You can comfort for Jesus' sake?
—Adelaide Procter.

Stafford's Phoratorne for all
kinds of Coughs, Colds, Bron-
chitis, Asthma and various Lung
Troubles.—nov6,tf

Christmas Gifts.

Christmas gifts for thee,
Grand and free!
Christmas gifts from the King of
Love,
Brought from His Royal home above:
Brought to thee in the far-off land,
Brought to thee by His own dear
hand.
Promises held by Christ for thee,
Peace as a river flowing free,
Joy that in His own joy must live,
And love that Infinite Love can give,
Surely thy heart of hearts uplifts
Carols of praise for such Christmas
gifts.
—Frances Ridley Havergal.

Stafford's Liniment cures
Rheumatism, Lumbago, Neural-
gia and all Aches and Pains.

Girl Shot in the Back

ON A MONTREAL STREET.
Montreal, Dec. 17.—Miss Madge
Scott, a domestic in the employ of J.
B. Porter, McTavish Street, aged 28,
while walking on McTavish Street at
11.20 last night, was shot in the back
by a man, who thereupon shot himself
in the mouth. Both were taken to
the Royal Victoria Hospital, where the
man is in a critical state, and the girl
apparently not fatally wounded. Miss
Scott stated that she had never before
seen her would-be slayer, and he was
unconscious when picked up. At a
late hour his identity had not been
revealed.

DULEY'S
For Xmas Gifts.
SOLID GOLD!

Our display of Jewellery this year is as
good as we have ever shown. We feel con-
fident we have the largest and finest selec-
tion in the City.

Pearl Set Brooches. Gem Set Rings.
Gem Set Brooches. Birthday Rings.
Flexible Bracelets. Signet Rings.
Watch Bracelets. Cuff Links.
Lockets. Stick Pins.
Safety Pins. Fobs.

Our moderate prices for such fine goods
will astonish you.

T. J. Duley & Co.,
The Reliable Jewellers,
St. John's, N.F.



Died of Injuries

Peter Druken, aged sixteen years,
who was kicked by his father's horse,
at his home in Middle Cove, a few
days ago, succumbed to his injuries at
the General Hospital, Saturday even-
ing. The blow he received in the
stomach was too serious for him
to survive. Deceased was the son of
Mr. Thomas Druken, the well known
cabman. To the sorrowing parents
the sympathy of the community will
go out.

Express Passengers.

The following first class passengers
are on the incoming express due at 4
p.m. to-day:—

F. and Mrs. Nolan, Capt. C. Clarke,
Miss H. Lee, W. Lee, Mrs. M. Kelly,
Miss M. Coley, L. Reid, F. White, Capt.
J. Petipas, S. White, J. A. Marshall, A.
C. and Mrs. Elford, T. Rice, S.
O'Quinn, D. Chetwynd, Mrs. B. Pen-
nell, Miss Curtis, Mrs. R. Chaffey,
Miss M. Bragg, Pte. G. Biffard, Mrs. J.
Winsor, A. L. Curtis, A. Yara, F. Se-
ward.

The fire, with well-dried logs sup-

plied.
Went roaring up the chimney wide;
The huge hall-table's oaken face,
Scrub'd till it shone, the day to
grace.
Bore then upon its massive board
No mark to part the squire and lord.
Then was brought in the lusty brawn,
By old blue-coated serving-man;
Then the grim boar's head brown'd on
high,
Crested with hays and rosemary.
Well can the green-garbed ranger tell,
How, when, and where, the monster
fell:
What dogs before his death he tore,
And all the bawling of the boar.
The wassal round, in good brown
bowls,
Garish'd with ribbons, blithely
trowls.

There the huge sirloin reek'd; hard by
Plum-porridge stood, and Christmas
pie;
Nor fail'd old Scotland to produce,
At such high tide, her savoury goose:
Then came the merry maskers in,
And carols roard with blithesome
din;

If unmelodious was the song,
It was a hearty note, and strong.
Who lists may in their mummery see
Traces of ancient mystery:
White shirts supplied the masquerade,
And smutted cheeks the visage made;
But, O! what maskers, richly dight,

McMurdo's Store News

Christmas Eve.
Another Christmas finds us still in
the thick of the War, and as yet we do
not see the end. But, please God,
there can be only one end, and we
shall come to it if we keep the bright
lamps of our faith and our courage
burning until the day breaks. New-
foundland with a great deal to ad-
den has a great deal to be thankful
for. If we cannot have the Merry
Christmas of old, we can at least wish
our friends and patrons so far as is
possible in these times, a Peaceful
and Happy Christmas.

When you want something in
a hurry for tea, go to ELLIS—
Head Cheese, Ox Tongue, Boiled
Ham, Cooker Corned Beef, Bo-
logna Sausage.

Fashions in undermalls have
very distinctly changed—everything
now is of the simplest, with a very
little decoration.

Ward's Liniment Cures Distemper.

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Chill Chasers."

We have received another shipment
of these popular portable heating
stoves in three sizes which we are
selling at \$6.50, \$7.50 and \$8.00.
We also call attention to our special
"Humphrey" Gas Iron, in nickel fin-
ish, complete with flexible tube con-
nection. We are selling this iron at
\$5.00 and recommend it as a useful
home gift.
Phone 97, or call at our Showroom,
100 St. John's Street.
ST. JOHN'S GAS LIGHT CO.
dec14,tf

When you want Sausages,
get ELLIS'; they're the
best.

Just Received,

A Shipment of the
Genuine O'Sullivan's
Safety Cushion
Sole and Heels.

These Soles and Heels
preserve the cushion
and impart buoyancy,
ease the nerves, are
noiseless, and are made
of real, new, live rubber.
Standard in Quality.
Directions for attach-
ing these Soles & Heels
with every pair.

WOMEN'S HEELS—
Sole A, B, 0000 to 5;
Black and Tan; to fit
all heels. Whole Heels,

and Tan, sizes 4 to 10.
—Black, sizes 4 to 10.
SHOES SOLES — All

ON SOLES—Black and

YACHTING SOLES

AT LOW PRICES.

Shoe Stores.