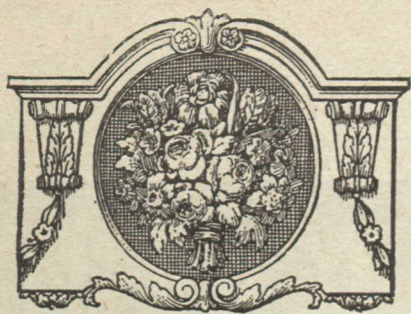




## EDITORIAL

### Give Good Books at Christmas

A DOLLAR buys a book: a book which is worthless or a volume which is priceless.

The tangible value is fixed—in the paper, print and binding—and may be bought by any one. But the intrinsic value is within; and to get its full value the book must be known and loved.

Within a good book are the best thoughts of the best men and women who have ever lived, the greatest inventions man's brains have ever conceived; between the covers we may follow the explorer to the ends of the earth, learn the secrets of nature, science and art, study economics of other times and countries; and all this wonderful information we may gather into a very small space—a library shelf.

By the books we love we build our ideals, set our standards, and attune our lives. No good book ever eulogised an unworthy man, or the unworthy motives and actions of a good man.

A bad book has neither an intrinsic nor a tangible value, and to this class belong the yellow journal of cheap, sensational scandal; the novel of weak, vicious wickedness; the boy's "Dick, the Robber" type; the girl's "Lord Algernon" style, and all the rank and file of unhealthy, unwholesome, vitiating stories where the emotions are made to justify the breaking of the moral law.

To feed one's mind on such rotten stuff is to invite all the diseases of the mind which are largely responsible for our asylums, our reformatories, our jails, our orphan homes, our divorce courts; and the sadness of it is that we cannot bear the consequences of it ourselves, but must pass it on "even unto the third and fourth generation."

In this country books are not censored. They are in England and the United States, and therefore the worst class of book never reaches Canada. Books should be censored here—we are too big a nation to depend on others for this very important guard against moral degeneracy. Many books are sold, and sold openly, which are harmful, hurtful, vulgar, vicious, and low; and it is the duty of every parent and guardian to see that such books are not supplying their children with their heroes and ideals.

This duty is not negative only—to keep away that which is bad; but positive, to supply that which is good. Would you like your boy or girl to grow up after the moral tone of the book which is hidden on your approach? Apply that test. See to it that they have the best books for Christmas.

### Making Drudgery Divine

WHEN the quaint and saintly George Herbert, three hundred years ago, wrote the immortal poem in which he tells how to make drudgery divine, how to sweep a room in such a way as to give to the exercise something of a heavenly touch, something of the distinction of one of the fine arts, the world of his day laughed heartily at the thought, and called the poet a dreamer of wild dreams, a discoverer of some wonderful elixir of life which would keep the broom divinities from neglecting the out-of-the-way corners.

We, in our day, are coming to interpret the old poet in a more sympathetic way. We are beginning to realize that there is something divine in the commonplace work of life, if we can only find it.

Brahms, the celebrated composer, in his early days was so poor that he was compelled to do the most menial work in order to make a living; and yet we are told that some of his most beautiful musical conceptions came to him when he was blacking shoes. He never allowed any thought of drudgery to mar the harmony of his life and destroy the music of his soul. If we cherish a beautiful thought in our hearts, we shall find that it possesses a marvelous power of making drudgery divine, of transfiguring all the work we do.

Sometimes the beautiful thought which glorifies the commonplace comes to us from our dearest friendships. Alice Freeman Palmer was one of the best beloved women of her day. Her college motto was: "Not to be ministered unto, but to minister," and she lived out that motto as few have done. Some time after her death a farmer's wife, where the Palmers used to summer, wrote: "I cut Mrs. Palmer's picture out of the paper which brought the sad news of her death, and pinned it on the wall over my kitchen table. I often look at it and in some strange way it brings into my life a joy which gladdens all the work I have to do."

With some good thought in our hearts, which we get from the books we read, from the friendships we cherish, or from the beautiful things about us in God's beautiful world, life can never be commonplace. Norman Duncan, the brilliant Canadian writer, who has responded to the divine call from beyond the hills of time, and has left a lonely feeling in our hearts, has pictured in one of his books a poor little cripple, in a wretched tenement house, whose best friend was a flower, which cheered him up, bringing a touch of joy to his heart, and making life even in that squalid place worth living. Sometimes the voice of God in a flower, or in the green fields and the blue sky, makes music in the soul and transforms a life.

Just David, in the popular story of that name, cannot understand why women do not take time

# Christmas



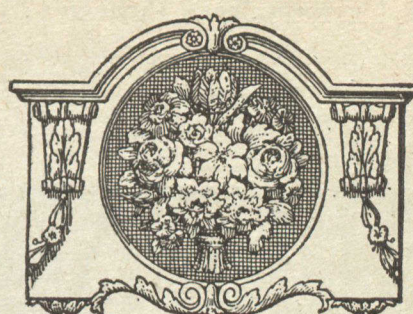
CHRISTMAS stands for the fullness of time. It stands for the fulfilment of glorious prediction. It stands for the realization of those burning hopes which made the heroic men of the past. It stands for the coming of the Son of God Himself into our nature. It stands for the glorious past and for the more glorious future. As the dawn holds the full day, so Christmas holds within it the salvation of man, the triumph of right over wrong, and the coming millennial glory of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.

When we comprehend the backward and forward reach of Bethlehem, we cannot wonder that all that is grand crowds around the cradle manger. It is worthy of all. Let the Star shine! Let the Magi give gifts! Let the shepherds worship! Let the angel faces flash out from the great dome overhead! Let the church bells chime! Let the sacred harps and organs respond to the master hands that sweep their strings and flit over their keys, turning the common air into praise! Let the Christmas Carols roll over this wide earth and echo among the stars! Let the great Universe of God jubilate! Let everything in Heaven and Earth shout "Hosanna to the Son of David; blessed is He Who cometh in the Name of the Lord! Hosanna in the Highest!"

While all this takes place, see to it, O my soul, that thou carriest thyself to Bethlehem, to receive and to love, to trust and to worship. Be thou certainly there; and while there recognize Christ, honor Christ, incarnate Christ, and call Christ, God.

DAVID GREGG, D.D.

Hosanna  
in the Highest!



## DECEMBER

NINETEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTEEN

to look up at the blue sky and out at the beautiful flowers, instead of always looking for dirt and feeling cross when they find it. A look at the beautiful things in nature helps us to be sweet-tempered when we come upon the disagreeable things of life, touching our lives with a beauty divine, and enabling us to reveal something of that lovely spirit which James Russell Lowell has pictured in the ideal woman:

"She hath no scorn of common things,  
And though she seems of other birth,  
Round us her heart entwines and clings,  
And patiently she folds her wings  
To tread the humble paths of earth."

We have just been told by one who has made a special study of this subject that it is the meagreness of rural life which leads many a young person to become dissatisfied with the farm, and to crave the fuller life of the city. The only sure remedy for all this is to educate our boys and girls to see enough glory in the commonplace routine of life to lead them to take a deeper interest in the work which they have to do, to love the birds and the wild flowers, and everything good and beautiful in God's great out-of-doors.

### The New Christmas

TO some persons the jingle of money is the only music in the world. It deafens them to all other sounds.

To some the melody of their own name spoken in praise is the only music worth hearing. Their ears seem to open inward. The greedy and the vain shrink the whole world to their own size.

But to those who can hear it, there is a song in every phase of life; fortunate is he who can hear more than a very few.

The whistles of the factories, the roar of the trains, and the rattle of the wagons and cars in the busy streets are clamant discord only to those who cannot hear in them the magnificent orchestration of industry—the overture to civilization.

The cries of want and the wails of despair are hideous, frightful sounds, except to those who can respond in notes that blend into a symphony of brotherly love and helpfulness—a song so sweet that the angels of Heaven must pause to listen.

Sonatas fine and rare, or melodies simple and sweet are in every sound from a human soul for all who can hear aright and whose hearts thrill with understanding and sympathy.

Not all the great hymns are chanted through traceried windows, while Lazarus lies at the doorstep; for never diviner song ascends than when one hand meets another in helpfulness.

There is ever a song somewhere—everywhere—if we will but help to sing it.

### Re-Moulding Our Soldiers

HERO worship is a dangerous thing—especially for the hero. It tends to warp his judgment, to sap his self-control, and to make him vain, selfish and self-indulgent.

Temporary discipline, working through precisely opposite channels, tends to precisely similar results when suddenly released.

The privations of war make the luxuries of peace only the more desirable by contrast. These are moral dangers to which this War has exposed Canada's civilian soldiers, and many are becoming the victims of their own worthiness. The army is essentially a man's world, as the home is woman's, and Canadian women must be prepared to retrain their menfolk to live among them, for the War has loosed passions that must be tamed again, not starved. This will take wise love, deep sympathy, infinite tact and self-restraint.

Canadian men have nobly faced the task of moulding themselves into soldiers. Canadian women must, with equal devotion, set themselves to the delicate but vital task of moulding them back into civilians; and it will be very difficult after the tense excitement of war to accustom one's self to humdrum civil life. This moral reconstruction is a great war problem that must be faced by every woman who loves a soldier, and individually fought out for his sake in the loneliness of the home.

### Silver Crosses For Bereaved Mothers

THE Canadian mother who has given a life to the cause of right on the battle fields of France—a life more precious than her own—the life of her son, over whose grave she cannot place a cross, will wear a little silver cross over her heart that we may know she cherishes a memory that is priceless, of one who faltered not at the call of duty, but willingly and gladly laid down his life for his country.

Sir Robert Borden has approved the suggestion of Mr. W. A. Fraser that a silver cross be given to mothers who have lost their sons in battle—"Somewhere in France"—and it is expected that these crosses will shortly be struck off and distributed.

Canada will thus pay a simple tribute to a courageous motherhood that has laid its sacrifices on the altar of freedom, bearing its loss with splendid fortitude and unflinching courage.