

The first item on the programme is a selection by the "Fireman's Band." It was very fortunate this introductory piece was called a selection, because if they had given it a name like "The Last Rose of Summer" it would have restricted their liberties to the music in question, but *selection* seemed to leave every man the privilege to "go as he pleased," and they did with a vengeance.

Sound was poured forth from these sturdy amateurs in increasing volume. The high C cornet vied with the screeching piccolo for supremacy, when the clarinet claimed the ascendancy and tried to climb up over the jarring notes of the former malcontents. The bass horn thought his thunderstorm could drown them out of hearing and poured forth a blast that astonished the natives and trembled in the shingles with the reverberation.

It reminded one very much of some kinds of ready-made clothing—they fit where they touch, and those are the only points where you get agreement. These artists rarely come to points of concord, as it appeared that each man was playing his own tune.

However, noise seemed to count for more than harmony



CHRISTMAS CAROLS

and a hearty round of applause greeted this opening production.

Next followed a chorus by the choir, which would have satisfied the most fastidious critics and delighted all lovers of natural singing.

Indian singing has a charm about it that is simply fascinating; the rich mellow voices of these mountaineers is something of which one never tires. Over and over again we have sat listening to their sweet melodies, as their voices blended in perfect accord, and experienced that strange emotion that stirs the deep springs of the soul, until one was lifted to a higher and holier atmosphere and a truer spirit of worship.

The selection by the choir healed the effects of the jarring discord of the band, and put us in a better frame of mind for what was to follow.

The next item was a bit of genuine good fun. It was called Instantaneous Photography, or photos while you wait.

The photographer of the occasion was the most mirth provoking man in the village. Three crude sticks constituted his tripod, a soap box answered for a camera, and a salmon can did duty for a lens, and a black shawl to exclude the light.

The first person selected to go through the ordeal was the missionary. He knew absolutely nothing of the method of procedure, and wondered how the photograph could be instantaneous even if the apparatus were genuine, but to get a picture through a mock camera was among the mysteries.

After seating the subject on a chair in the aisle, the photographer sought to adjust the figure to a nicety and put his head under the black shawl and said the head was not rightly poised, the head required turning slightly to the left and the chin tilted towards the nose. The person could not adjust himself to the operator's liking, so he came to his assistance and made some very careful manipulation.

Then he passed back to the camera and proceeded to press the bulb, crying one, two, three, and snapped the picture with a decisive "All right."

He assured me if I would come forward my picture would be placed in my hands. All eyes were fixed upon the missionary, gleaming in expectation, they being ready to give vent to their pent up feelings when the missionary saw what kind of a fellow he was in the estimate of his parishioners.

In response to the invitation I went forward to receive my photo, when the hand of the photographer was plunged into the depth of a potato sack and drew forth the ugliest specimen of a wooden doll I had ever seen. I held it up and looked at it while the Indians were convulsed with laughter as they saw me looking at what was supposed to be my likeness. The way they enjoyed that little take-off on their missionary was a treat to witness. It was some time before order could be restored and the programme proceeded with.

The last item on the programme was the distribution of presents from the Xmas tree and the people went to their homes having had the crowning time of a Merry Christmas.

Toronto, Ont.

## Magic in the Name of Christmas

CHRISTMAS time! That man must be a misanthrope indeed in whose breast something like a jovial feeling is not roused, in whose mind some pleasant associations are not awakened, by the recurrence of Christmas. There seems a magic in the very name of Christmas. Petty jealousies are forgotten, social feelings are awakened in bosoms to which they have long been strangers. Kindly hearts that have yearned toward each other, but have been withheld by false notions of pride and self-dignity are again reunited, and all is kindness and benevolence. Would that Christmas lasted the whole year through!—Charles Dickens.

## Christmas Bells

I heard the bells on Christmas Day  
Their old familiar carols play,  
And wild and sweet  
The words repeat  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

And thought how, as the day had come,  
The belfries of all Christendom  
Had rolled along  
The unbroken song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

Till, ringing, singing on its way,  
The world revolved from night to day.  
A voice, a chime,  
A chant sublime  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men.

And in despair I bowed my head:  
"There is no peace on earth," I said  
"For hate is strong,  
And mocks the song  
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:  
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!  
The Wrong shall fail,  
The Right prevail,  
With peace on earth, good-will to men."