

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Try to keep your Christmas day in what I may call the old-fashioned style. Do not be afraid of being too demonstrative. Do not lose a single privilege, whether secular or religious, of that noblest of religious feasts.—William Kirkus.

Christmas has a special message for young men. It calls on them to deny themselves. The Lord relinquished the glory of heaven and entered the poverty of the stable of Bethlehem.

One of the spiritual works of mercy is to comfort the sorrowful, and no more appropriate time for the performance of that good deed could possibly be chosen than the season of joy.

Then, when all the rest of the world is rejoicing, those that mourn feel themselves the most and are most in need of sympathy and love.

SEASONABLE THOUGHTS
The lesson of Christmas will not have been learned in vain if it induces the successful to turn aside for a moment from his work and undertake the Christ-like labor of uplifting the fallen.

There are so many ways to practice kindness, that no one can be excused on the plea of a want of opportunity. Aside from trying to lift up the fallen, we can show real kindness by rendering justice to our fellow men.

HOW TO KEEP CHRISTMAS
But there is a better thing than the observance of Christmas day, and that is, keeping Christmas.

Are you willing to forget what you have done for other people, and to remember what other people have done for you; to ignore what the world owes you, and to think what you owe the world; to put your rights in the background, and your chances to do a little more than your duty in the foreground;

Are you willing to stoop down and consider the needs and the desires of little children; to remember the weak and the lame of people who are growing old; to stop asking how much your friends love you, and ask yourself whether you love them enough; to bear in mind the things that other people have done to you, and try to do for them; to understand what those who live in the same house with you really want, without waiting for them to tell you; to light and less smoke, and to carry it in front so that your shadow will fall behind you; to make a grave for your ugly thoughts, and a garden for your

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kindly feelings, with the gate open—are you willing to do these things even for a day? Then you can keep Christmas.

HERBY VAN DYKE

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

A DEPARTMENT STORE SANTA CLAUS

Christmas was coming. There was no doubt of it in Tim Blake's mind as he beheld the crowd of shoppers which filled the sidewalks, poured through the entrances, and clustered around the windows of the big uptown stores.

"Yes! Christmas is coming," muttered Tim, "but it is going to be a mighty poor Christmas for me unless something turns up."

Poor Tim Blake had good reason for thinking as he did. He was verily a stranger in a strange land, without a home, without work, without even a cent in his pocket.

A white capped nurse, tipped him gently on the shoulder, she said, and Tim turned and followed her up stairs to the top floor.

"I'm sorry, but I can't do anything for you," she said, and she turned back to her work.

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Class? Tim's face expressed amazement. "I don't believe I understand." "Oh, it's easy," explained the manager, in business-like tone. "You see we have a Santa Claus for the season every year during the Christmas season of the youngsters. It amuses them and proves quite an attraction. All you have to do is to dress the part, and have a pleasant word for the little ones."

The manager realized that he had not made a mistake in his selection of a Santa Claus. "He's the best one we've ever had," he exclaimed again and again to the members of the firm.

The days passed in quick succession and Christmas eve was at hand. The manager sat in his office poring over an accumulation of correspondence. They were the letters to Santa Claus from the children, and it was the manager's custom each Christmas eve to read the children's requests. His mood changed after he had picked up one of the notes and made out its contents, for he glanced it over he read:

"Dear Santa Claus,—I'm a little sick boy up here in the children's hospital. I can't come to see you because I'm in bed and can't walk, there are lots of other kids here who don't get to see you, but I don't want any toys for Christmas but I don't want any toys if you only bring my daddy."

A tear fell on the grimy scrap of paper and the manager was smiling sympathetically. "Poor little fellow," he cried, "I can't find his daddy for him, but if I can make him and the other youngsters happy I am going to try to do it for them."

When Tim arrived garbed in his quaint costume he found the manager waiting to settle affairs. He ordered, "and distribute a lot of toys to the youngsters. You will find my auto and chauffeur at the rear door, and you can start as soon as you get your load."

In a few minutes Tim had left the business section, and after a brisk run drew up before the Children's Hospital. Tim entered heartily into the spirit of the occasion and went at his best. As he passed from bed to bed accompanying each present with a kind word and a smile, he had a heart-to-heart talk with the children.

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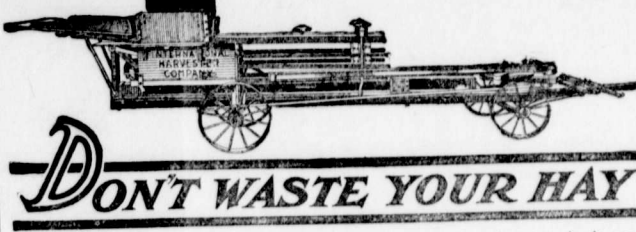
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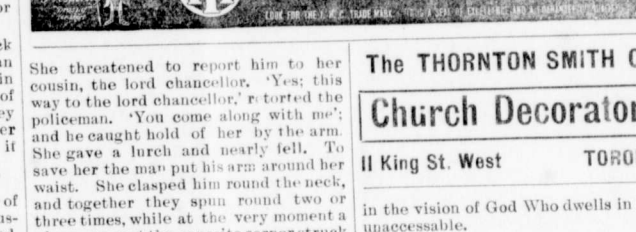
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It was laughing myself when the sight of a little girl's face beneath the gas-lamp startled me. The child's look was so full of terror that I tried to comfort her, "It's only a drunken woman, I said; 'he's not going to hurt her.'"

"It's my own Joe," he cried in a voice, choking with emotion, "my own Joe."

THE BROKEN HEART OF A CHILD
Don't laugh at your fellow-creature because he, from drink or other misfortune, is making himself ridiculous to men. Sympathize with him, pray for him. All of us, if left to ourselves, would be rather loathsome sinners in the sight of the infinitely pure God.

Similarly men must make great and constant efforts to obtain grace to conquer self. Thus men should not close their eyes to their opportunity—the star may never shine again. It should be followed up as perhaps the last and only grace.

It teaches how to make God's grace fructify in us and lead us to adore and serve God.

Thus may the star of faith guide us till it sets upon our grave, for beyond the grave no star, no light of faith is needed. There all is bright and clear.

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