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A Christmas Legend of King Arthur's Country

By Arthur Warren and J. Leon Williams

HE Vale of Somerset stretches thirty miles eastward from the tower, is the famous Tor of Glastonbury, the conspicuous center of the most stirring legends of the religion and the history of the English race.

From the earliest days of man's abode in Britain, the imposing, lonely Tor has been a place of mystery, of teaching, and of war. Upon its narrow summit the pagan kindled his sacred fires and watched the face of his sun-god disappear at evening behind the mountains over the western sea. Around this Tor men have wrought from the earliest ages, carving the England that we knew to-day. In the green hills bordering the lovely valley, the relics of cave-men are unearthed; at the foot of the cone, the clustered abodes of a colony of lakedwellers are still extant; around the steep faces of the Tor, remnants of Roman earthworks remain; at its foot King Arthur lived and died; and here, before the Romans fought their way into the west of Britain, and five centuries before Augustine established at Canterbury the seat of the English Christian Church, pilgrims came from Jerusalem and built a little chapel of withe and wattle, and dedicated it to the service of our Lord. Two hundred years before Constantine declared Christianity to be the religion of the Romans, a Christian settlement flourished on this Somersetshire hill. Among the ruins which crown it still and grace its southern slope, you stand, if legend be not wholly false, as near the footprints of the devoted men who saw the dreadful deed that was done on Calvary, and who walked and talked with the Master in Jerusalem, as if you wandered among the moldering ruins of old Rome.

DOCTOR KNEW

Had Tried it Himself.

The doctor who has tried Postum knows that it is an easy, certain, and pleasant way out of the tea or coffee habit and all of the ails following.

The patient of an Eastern physician

Bays:
"During the summer just past I suffered terribly with a heavy feeling at the pit of my stomach and dizzy feelings in my head and then a blindness would come over my eyes so I would have to I would get so nervous I sit down. could hardly control my feelings." (The

each contain the drug, caffeine.) "Finally I spoke to our family physician about it and he asked me if I drank much coffee and mother told him that I did. He told me to immediately stop drinking coffee and drink Postum in its place as he and his family had used Postum and found it a powerful re-

effects on the system of tea and coffee

drinking are very similar, because they

builder and delicious food-drink. "I hesitated for a time, disliking the idea of having to give up my coffee but finally I got a packet and found it to

be all the doctor said. "Since drinking Postum in place of coffee my dizziness, blindness and nervousness are all gone, my bowels are regular and I am again well and strong. That is a short statement of what Postum has done for me."

Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont. Read "The Road to Wells ville" in pks.

Postum comes in two forms:

Regular Postum-must be well boiled. 15c and 25c packages.

Instant Postum—is a soluble powder. A teaspoonful dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage instantly.

30e and 50e tins. The cost per cup of both kinds is about the same.

"There's a Reason" for Postum. —sold by Grocers.

A long, low hill behind the Tor stretches toward the south, and on its westward slope that "rich man of Arimathirty miles eastward from Bristol Channel to the inland cliffs of Dorset and Wiltshire. Isolated in the center of its lovely fertile plain was Jesus' disciple," and who, as St. Matthew tells, "begged from Pilate the Matthew tells, "begged from Pilate the Lower and Wrapped it in clean linen, and laid it in his own new tomb," came one day in the year 63, with eleven disciples, sent to Britain by St. Philip, who was preaching the word in Gaul. Joseph and his companions steered their craft up an arm of the Bristol Channel to this commanding isle of Ynyswitrin where they landed greatly fatigued after a perilous journey. The long, low hill where they disembarked is known to this day as "Weary-all Hill," in commemoration of their perilous adventure. The men of the country came down to inquire what manner of pilgrims these were, and not liking their mission, bade them depart. The natives threatened so fiercely that Joseph, to defend his little band, awed the bold Britons by a miracle. He thrust into the earth the staff which he had brought from Jerusalem, where he had cut it from the tree from which was made the crown of thorns. Above his knotted stick he made the sign of the cross, and cried, "By the grace of Him who for us men hung on the tree of Calvary, wearing the thorny crown, I bid thee to be as they wert wont to be, in the bloom of spring."

Then in the pale sunset light of the December evening, as the frosty mists crept upward through the leafless branches of the surrounding trees, there grew before the astonished gaze of the pagans a beautiful thornbush which shot forth green leaves and presently burst into full bloom. The wintry air was filled with a fragrance sweeter than had ever saluted the native senses in sunny May or June. The people prostrated themselves at the feet of Joseph, believing their god, Baal, had appeared to them indeed. The king of the country, hearing of the marvel, bade the stranger stay and practise his holy arts. He gave to the pilgrims this island of Ynyswitrin, and here Joseph and his disciples dwelt, and built a rude chapel of wattled rods, which they dedicated to the Virgin Mary, in obedience to a command of the Archangel Gabriel, who appeared to them in

"I know," says the old monk to Percivale, in the "Idylls of the King":

"From our old books I know That Joseph came of old to Glastonbury, And there the heathen prince, Arviragus, Gave him an isle of marsh whereon t

build; And there he built with wattles from the marsh, A little lonely church in days of yore."

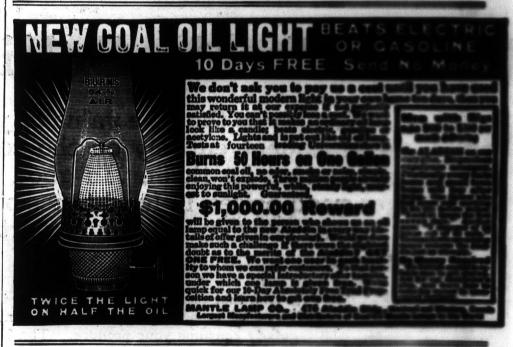
Joseph and his disciples languished and died in this land of the barbarians. One hundred and three years after their arrival in the valley, two missionaries, sent from Rome at the request of Lucius,

king of the Britons, found the sacred building still intact, and they called it the "Vetusta Ecclesia," or "old church," by which name it was subsequently known through eleven centuries.

These two missionaries selected from their converts twelve men who dwelt in the island as anchorites, and performed daily service in the Vetusta Ecclesia. When an anchorite died, his place was filled by another convert. The band flourished for full three hundred years, and then St. Patrick, who had been forty-seven years in Ireland, appeared in the pleasant valley and found twelve anchorites living on the twelve hides of land which had been granted to their predecessors. St. Patrick taught the anchorites the regular "coenobial" life; he made monks of them, and made himself abbot; he built a little abbey church; and here, with the order which he had created, he lived for thirty-nine years, dying A. D. 472, at the age of one hundred and eleven, his grave being made near the altar of the Vetusta Ecclesia, which had been preserved with most religious care by those who had held it in their keeping. Paulinus, archbishop of









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