

# Little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lie!

Little town of Bethlehem,  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by;  
Yet in thy dark street shineth  
The everlasting Light;  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to-night.

O holy Child of Bethlehem  
Descend to us, we pray;  
Cast out our sin, and enter in,  
Be born in us to-day.  
We hear the Christmas angels  
The great glad tidings tell;  
Oh, come to us, abide with us,  
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Phillips Brooks

## The Birth of a Babe

AS I write this Christmas Editorial, Yuletide is still a few days distant. Another year has practically gone. My mind leaps to change, instability, and mutability. Then, by swift reaction, it flies to their opposites, unchangeableness, stability, certainty.

We are apt to say of most human affairs, in the words of the old hymn: "Change and decay in all around I see." Looked at from a certain angle, and especially now, it would seem, men and nations are in a state of flux. There seems to be nothing solid, nothing abiding, nothing dependable.

The panorama of "events" is constantly moving on and on, presenting startling situations, exciting crises, nine-day wonders! The jazz-band is playing meanwhile, with a bang of drums, the clash of cymbals—and anything else that is empty enough to make a big din.

### SILENT STRENGTH

Have you ever noticed that the mighty forces of Nature are all silent and slow? Nature seldom howls and hustles. Even when she does she means least. The avalanche kicks up a "dust" as it hurls itself down the Alpine steep. But it is futile. Occasionally it destroys something, but usually it does nothing. The glacier, on the contrary, although its motion is so resistless, so implacable, is imperceptible, carves mountains as a sculptor's chisel carves the block of marble.

Thunder is only a "big noise." It is "sound and fury, signifying nothing." But the silent frost splits the precipices and the hardest rock is a fibert for its fingers. The thunderous breakers dash themselves into futile foam against sand and pebbles, but the gentle rain has delved the Grand Canyon and created the mighty Amazon.

The sun shines without noise. The stars keep their appointed places from age to age, placid, unchanging. And how silently the seasons come and go. There is no fuss, no commotion. The miracle of spring is a miracle of silence and strength.

But the silent forces are not all in Nature. They are in the spirit of man. Not conquerors and demagogues, not "wars and rumors of wars" have built up the mighty fabric of human society. Of course not. The little things have always in the end bossed the big things. Nobody noticed the silent falling of the acorn; but behold the oak! It grew silently.

And it is the "continuance in well-doing" of simple, normal, unnoticed people, their religion, their education, their quiet, unobtrusive influence, which changes society from age to age, and makes good better, and better best. These have been the primal forces making for stability.

### WHAT CHRISTMAS MEANS

And what has this to do with Christmas? Everything. Governments may change, but it makes no change to Christmas. It is the Festival of the "Things that Matter." At Christmas we get down to rock bottom. And what does it consist of? Human love and kindness, charity, family life, home and kindred, little children, joy and good fellowship, and noble and true-hearted citizenship.

Christmas stands for these things. It is an annual reminder of the big, unalterable, silent forces of life; it is the salt which preserves Society, saving it from pollution and decay.

Christmas stands for the moral idea. When we get down to that, I say, we are at rock bottom; something stable on which to build the foundations of our policies and politics, our diplomacies and our treaties—in fact, our whole social and economic life.

That is why Christmas is so valuable. It brings us right up against unyielding realities, the things that don't shift, and slip and give way. It exhibits in their true light the shibboleths, the subterfuges, the catchwords, the expedients upon which we set such "fictitious" and "disastrous" value.

At Christmas we commemorate what countless millions of men and women regard as the greatest event in history. And what was it? The birth of a Babe. Think of it! What a trivia incident! Moreover, the Babe only lived to the age of thirty-three, and then died; the death of a malefactor! How silent He was! Yet how strong!

### TRUTHS WHICH ENDURE

He disintegrated the mightiest empires, shattered immemorial usages, customs, and systems, and remodelled whole continents of thought and experience. Yes, Christmas reminds us of these things, and it is well that we should be so reminded. Perhaps the terrible experience of the war has

made us trivial. We need to get back to bed-rock, we need to build the bridge which is to carry the world safely across; the morass into which it seemed fated to plunge, upon the great verities which never change, the truths which endure. And it is these things for which Christmas stands, however we may camouflage it with junketings and joviality.

I am far from deprecating these things. I love Christmas for its fun and frolic, for its "fireside enjoyments," its "intimate delights." But, at rock bottom, its meaning is tremendous, for, as Kipling says, when:

"The tumult and the shouting dies,  
The captains and the kings depart,  
Still stands Thy ancient sacrifice,  
The humble and the contrite heart"  
and, when all is said, if there is not a seriousness under our joy there is no solidity, and i. there is no solidity there is no stability.



The Soft Tread  
Teacher (talking on snow): "Now, after the storm and all the ground is white, why is it though people are passing in the street, we scarcely hear the sound of a foot?"

Willie Wise: "I know—because they all wear rubber shoes."

New Zealand has taken the income tax off farmers, and cut down the entertainment tax by 50 per cent.

The chief charm of Christmas is its simplicity. It is a festival that appeals to every one because every one can understand it. A genuine fellowship pervades our common life—a fellowship whose source is our common share in the gift of the world's greatest Life which was given to the whole world.—Arthur Reed Kimball.

### A Carol

A little Christmas Carol  
Stole out on Christmas Eve,  
And wandered down the highway,  
A melody to weave;  
To fill the air,  
To breathe a prayer,  
And scatter gladness everywhere.

It mounted to the belfry,  
And joined the bells in play,  
To sound again glad tidings  
As on that Christmas Day  
The Angels told  
The story old,  
To shepherds on the hillside cold.

And then that happy Carol  
Dropped to the street once more,  
And sailed into a cottage,  
With all its Yuletide lore;  
And it eased a pain  
With the glad refrain,  
'Ere it wandered into the night again.

And the winds caught up the echo,  
And filled the air with song,  
As the merry little Carol  
Danced through the Christmas throng,  
To still a sigh  
As it hurried by,  
Or thrill a glad heart to ecstasy.

O little song of Christmas,  
Come dwell with me, I pray!  
And in my heart keep singing,  
As on this happy day,  
That I may hear,  
Through all the year,  
A song of gladness and of cheer.

And travel down life's highway,  
A melody to weave;  
To cheer the weary toiler,  
And comfort hearts that grieve;  
And, as I go,  
To carol so,  
I may set other lives aglow.

Nell Ruth Roffe

The "peace and good will spirit" of this season ought to make the oldest and greatest co-operative enterprise, the family, still more potent in adding to the richness of life.

## Christmas Candies

For good little boys and girls

Holiday time is the time for rich sweets and appetizing confections. Here are recipes that are as wholesome as they are good:

Quick Date Creams.—Beat two tablespoonfuls of butter until it is creamy. Add one cupful of confectioners' sugar, a little at a time and beat the mixture well after every addition. Add one scant tablespoonful of cream, drop by drop, and flavor the whole with vanilla. Stone a pound of dates, fill the centres with the cream mixture and roll the candies in sugar.

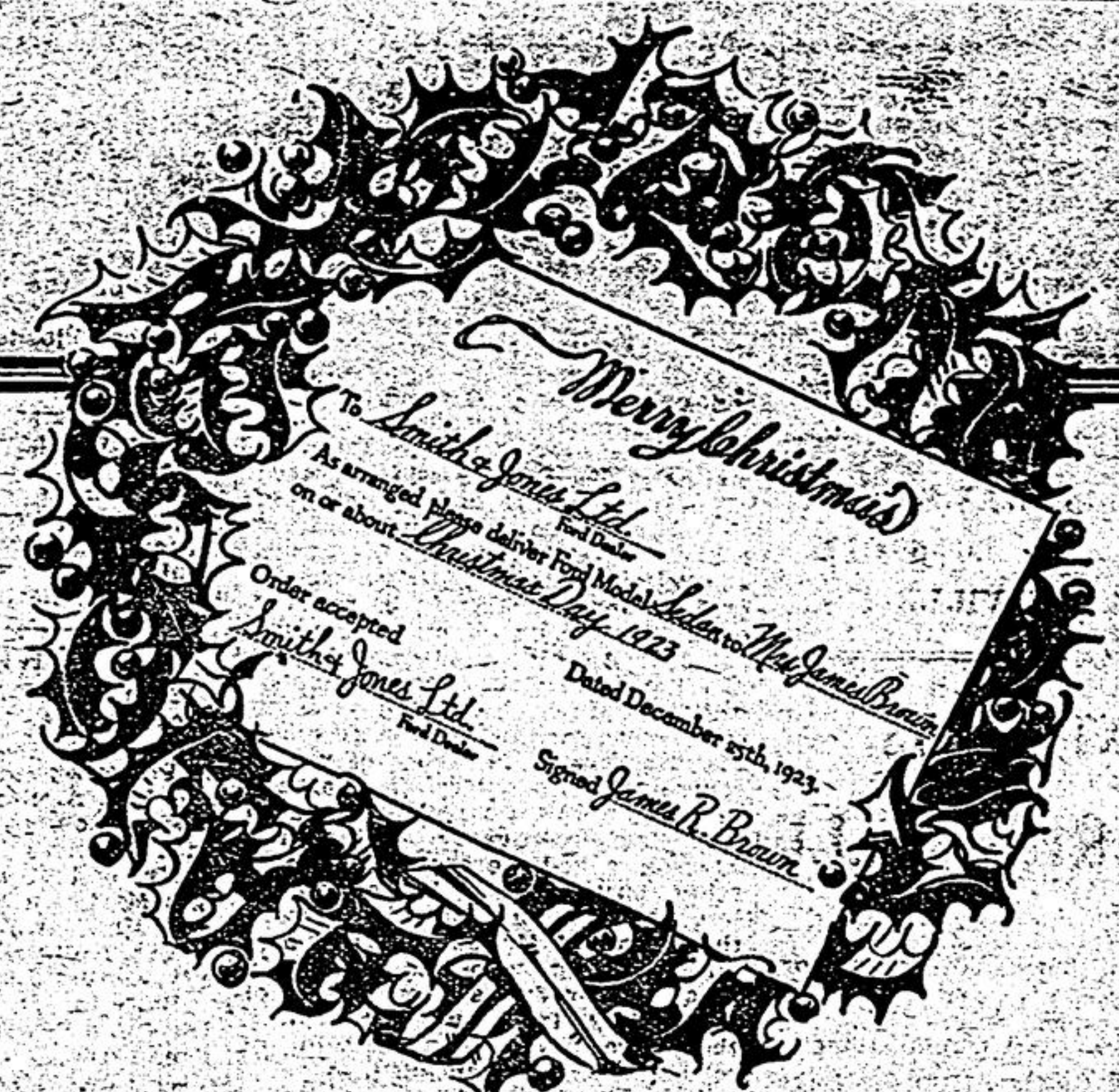
Grape Caramels.—Place two cupfuls of milk and one cupful of sugar in a saucepan and stir the mixture until it reaches the boiling point. Add one cupful of grape-jam or marmalade and cook the whole until a little

of it dropped into cold water will form a firm ball.—Then add two tablespoonfuls of butter, cook the mixture until it reaches the "hard-ball" stage, add one cupful of nut meats and pour the whole into a greased pan. When it is cool cut it into squares.

Peanut Bars.—Shell one quart of roasted Spanish peanuts, remove the skins and chop the nuts fine. Beat the white of one egg until it is stiff, and while you beat add gradually one cupful of brown sugar, one quarter teaspoonful of salt and one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Fold the peanut meats into the mixture, spread the whole in a square, shallow buttered tin pan and bake it in a slow oven. When the candy is done cut it into bars with a sharp knife.



ALWAYS ON TIME.



## Ford and Christmas

Your wife—your children—your mother—your sister—some of them need a car—a Ford Car. Some day soon you intend to get one for them. It would come as a matter of course next spring or summer. But—imagine the shining eyes if a signed delivery order for that Ford model you intend to buy were placed beside someone's plate at the breakfast table Christmas morning.

The special Christmas Delivery Form is reproduced above. Delivery may be specified now—or later—at your convenience. The new Ford models have appeared at a particularly fortunate time—to give you a wide range for selection in open and closed models—the highest quality Fords ever produced—at the lowest of low Ford prices.

**Ford Weekly Purchase Plan**  
Inquire about an enrollment on the Ford Weekly Purchase Plan as a Christmas gift.

Payment may be arranged on the deferred payment plan.



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### To the Young Folk

Christmas is not a real Christmas unless we make some one happy on that day of days.

Is there a lonely old man or woman in your community? Fix up a basket of goodies (mother will help you) and

take it to him or her, bright and early, on Christmas morning. There must be some one in your neighborhood whom you can make happy by a little gift, given with a lot of love. Do not forget the birds and Shep, Dobbin and Bossy. Have a Christmas feed for the birds; see that Shep has an extra

bone, Dobbin a big hot mash and some rosy apples, and Bossy some appetizing roots.

See that everyone at home is remembered by a gift. Decorate the house with Christmas greens and remember that it is always more blessed to give than to receive.



## Spend Christmas in Algonquin Park

AGAIN the Christmas season approaches with all its joys and problems. Why not have a real holiday this Christmas, have each member of the family bring out his snowshoes, skates and skis, pack up his warm sports togs, and all his way to Algonquin Park for the festive season? This will eliminate the problem of the Christmas Party and everyone will have a rollicking good time.

The Park lies up in the Ontario Highlands, at an altitude of 2,000 feet above sea level and in winter is a veritable fairyland. The very air is tonic and the climate is ideal for all-out-door sports. The chief attractions are snow-shoeing, skating, skiing, tobogganing and sleighing, while there are also picnics in the woods, fishing through the ice and other delights innumerable.

A special Christmas dinner is served at Highland Inn, there is a Christmas tree and festivities in keeping with the season. Any Agent of Canadian National Railways will supply you with descriptive booklet, "Winter in Ontario Highlands."