

"'Tis the night before Christmas''—
I whisper the rhyme
And wander in fancy
To "once on a time."
I see the big fireplace,
The girls and the boys,
The long, heaped-up stockings,
The drums and the toys.

"'Tis the night before Christmas''So old, and so new!
With all of its dreamings
So good and so true.
I see all the faces
Forgotten so long,
And out of the twilight
There murmurs a song.

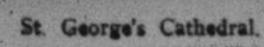
"'Tis the night before Christmas''—
And here, by my grate,
The past rises, glowing;
The years lose their weight;
The boy-days come trooping
At memory's call,
And gleam in the embers
That flicker and fall.

"'Tis the night before Christmas''—
Ah, could I but clutch
The gold of my fancies!
'Twould go at my touch!
The shouts and the laughter
Now sweet to my ear
Would shrink to a silence
Too deep and too drear.

"'Tis the night before Christmas''Remembrances stir
As sweet as the cherished
Frankincense and myrrh.
And, hark! As the visions
Grow dim to the sight,
There comes: "Merry Christmas!
And, boy-days, good night!"









Y.M.C.A. Building.

The Model Song.

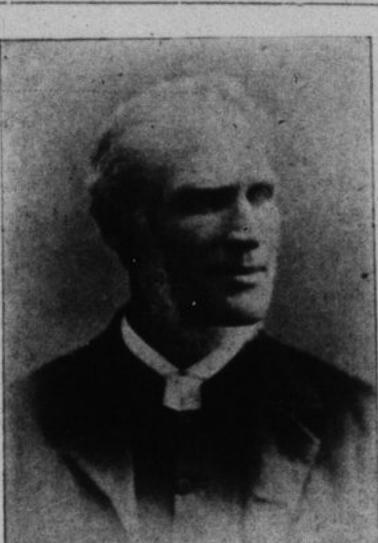
By Rev. E. B. Ryckman, D.D.,

Kingston.

The angel said unto them: Fear not; for benoid, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people; for unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is the Lord. And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying, Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, good will to men.—Luke it, 10-14.

The incarnation was a necessity. Forasmuch as the children were partakers of flesh and blood, He also nimself likewise took part of the same." "It behoved Him to be made like unto His brethren." Men were His children and He loved them; and ust as the mother is sure to be found where her child cries, and the father where his son is in difficulty and can be helped out of it, so we might expect to find God Himself where His children were in trouble, where they were sinning and suffering and dying. The fulness of time had arrived, and a choir of the angels of light was sent to announce His coming.

Listen to the song. First there was the solo—a sort of recitative—and then the full chorus. Some people do not like choirs. Especially do they dislike solo singing in the praise of God. "Let all the people sing," they



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say. But sometimes that is quite impossible. Un that occasion it was so. The snepherus could not have joined in the singing. They did not know the tune. But it was true and giorious praise and those snepherus who could do nothing but listed received great beneut and blessing. They went mimematery to see what the angels told them they should had, and returned giordying and praising trou, in hymns of their own, for all the things they had heard and seen. A model song, indeed ! it not only gratmed the musical taste of the listeners, it touched their hearts, stirred them to action and filed them with joy and praise.

I have had no personal acquaintance—i hardly need say—with the original choristers; I did not near their
song, and if the music was ever written I have not met with it. but I
wish to say that I know some things
about both, the singers and the song.
I shall not tell anyone now or where
I learned what I know, but I know,

To begin with, I know that that first angel was greatly pleased that he was chosen to take the solo part. Not because it flattered his vanity—he had no varity—nor because it gratined his ambition—ambition is not always wrong—nor because it implied that he was the best singer in the choir, but simply because it was his supreme delight to take any part the Great thoir Master chose to assign him.

Nor, as he stood before that congregation of shepherds, was there the smallest degree of self-consciousness as to how he looked, his attitudes or modulations of voice; nor concern as to how he should acquaint himself in the performance, or what credit of discredit he should get to himself, and when he came up, and up, and up towards the end of his solo and made magnificent finish, there was no smile on his face of self-satisfaction indicating that he knew himself that he had done a brilliant thing. On the contrary, for very gladness that he had been entrusted with such a message and what it must mean to all people that on earth do dwell, he became entirely oblivious of himself. And as to the other angels, I know that not one of them any and him on account of his prominence, or wondered why he himself, being as good a singhad not been selected for thatpart. If there ever were any dissensions among the members of that choir, and jealousies, and miffs on account of slights, I have never heard of them. A model choir.

Again, I know that the words of that song were uttered with perfect distinctness. The shepherds did not miss a syllable. The angels understood fully that on such an occasion, and on all occasions of divine communications to men, the words are the principal thing, and that music alone, though good, is valueless in comparison. In those early days there were comic songs in abundance, and the singers knew how to render them. articulating the words with careful clearness, whatever might become of the music. And down all the centuries to the present time, it has continued so to be. Bring out the words,

are lost. Let the music take care of itself. And thus it is according to the augus, in spiritual songs, nymns, anthems and every form of words that is for the gloraying and' praising God. The sentiment is the care tuing, not the music. let there have been, perhaps are now, numan choirs which, In taking part in a concert, remeting a humorous piece, Would be very care ful to make every word audione, when standing up in the church to lead in the service of praise, persist in articulating hymns and autoems so imperlectly as to show that it is their music they are concerned about and not the precious sentiment. last is, they treat Lugush nymns and anthems according to the genus of the french language, coming out luit and strong. on the vowers and smothering half the consonants. If they had been vocahizing on the helds of dades the shepnerus would not have known where to look for the inlant Messian. Once again. I know that in that

angelle choir there was no cracked .

voice-certainly not by reason of age. Angels do not grow old. I. know equally well that no member of that heavenry host would crack his own voice, on purpose, to make it shaay as if it were old. At that time, the vibrato movement had not been invented. If it had been, angels would not have adopted it. in their high vocation, praising God, whether before the throne or in the skies above the nule town of betnienem, what use could they have made of a mere lad or tashion of their earth-poin protegees! they could not have thought of it, for givers reasons, first, it is unnatural, it can only be acquired by nuch practice, and, goodness knows, n the great majority of cases, plactice does not make perfect. Deslues, 1000 is an anection, a make believe, and, so far forkh, a deceit. I know it is claimed that it modilles a shrill, hard or harsh voice, and introduces an eleteeling, a mellowness, why the viorato is used a harshness. A shrill voice with the viorage attachbecomes a squeat die-likewhat may be heard almost any any at the avaccoir. It is like the talsecto voice, which some assume in prayer, whereby they simulate tearful emotion. It is a famure, the deception is, easny detected. It is the art feeling, not the heart feeling. The painful ure, though perfect as a picture, warms no one. Moreover, it is a pure artificiality. Whatever embellishments may be permissible, even aumrable, in a concert hall and in secular songs-all right in their places-where the outect is to be regaled with sweet sounds and enjoy all that the highest art can do, there should be no attempt to show them soft before the Lord. They have no relation whatever to praise or worship in heaven or on earth, from the tongues of angels or of men. If anyone would see the wretcheuness of all this let him go stand where I have often stood, in the years since this style came in, while two or three vocalists with cultivated voices were behind me jiggling out the words of a hymn-now go not and fault with me for using that word; it exactly expresses what I mean, and it's in the standard-1 say jiggling out words, making inevitable discords, because they aid not, and could not, jiggle in unison. It is the bane of choir and congregational singing. Some vibrate, others do not, and the result is most unpleasant. I know young girls who have really fine voices, flute-like, bird like, almost angelic, who are sporting them by affecting this style. But it is going out. The best singers before the lid at. The last notable songstress have heard, Madame Nordica, had only now and then the faintest sugestion of it. May we hope that this, like other fashions, will wear out and that the last shred of the ungraceful

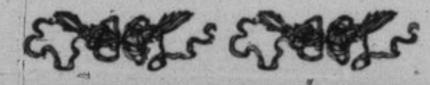
thing will soon be gone forever.

Christmas is coming. Christmas songs are the vogue of the season.

Let us keep in tune with the angels.

"Still through the cloven skies they

Come,
With peaceful wings unfurled,
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains,
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing."



The Christmas British Mhig

Once upon a time a schoolmaster propounded this problem to a class of boys:

"Now, how was it that this great discovery made by Columbus was not fully appreciated until many years after his death?"

"Because he didn't advertise," promptly responded the up-to-date scholar.

Thus is it shown that even children, in these wideawake, hustling days, are alive to the value and influence of advertising.

That the merchants, business and professional men of Kingston are thoroughly alive to its advantages is evidenced by the splendid way they have utilized the opportunity presented by this Number of the Christmas British Whig. For some years the Whig has issued a special Christmas Number. Each year has seen it increase in the number of its pages, the excellence of its typographical style, in its fine colored illustrations and its literary character. But it remained for the 1911 issue to eclipse all previous records. Never before was such a volume of advertising offered. In order to accommodate this, without sacrificing the literary and illustrative features already arranged for, additional pages were added, making the total issue considerably larger than last year.

It has been the aim of the publishers to give to the readers of the Wnig the finest Christmas Number published in a city the size of Kingston. That this object has been achieved can truthfully be affirmed. To the advertising patrons, who have made this possible, the Whig expresses its grateful appreciation.

The attention of our readers is respectfully called to the advertising columns of this issue. The users of this space comprise most of the best business men of the city. Their announcements are of especial importance at this particular time of the year. Taken together, they form a shopping guide of great value to every reader. The problem of "What shall I buy for Christmas gifts?" can be readily solved by a study of these advertisements.

Kingston merchants, through the medium of the Christmas Whig, have made the Christmas buying problem easy for all of us. There no longer exists any need of resorting to the mail-order catalogue.

To all who have contributed to make the 1911 number a success, and to every reader, big and little, we wish

"A RIGHT MERRY CHRISTMAS
And
A BRIGHT, HAPPY NEW YEAR!"



A municipal polling booth on an election day in January. The building is at the corner of Gore and Wellington streets, and is very old.

There was not enough snow on the ground for sleighing.

The Customs official awaits her landing.

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A winter walk along King street.