



CAROLERS, chanting a song of pure gladness,
Worshippers, sounding a joyful refrain.

FAIR, where the Bethlehem valleys lay sleeping
Silent and calm in the peaceful moonlight,

SHEPHERDS, on guard where the tired flocks
were resting,
Started at sound of the wonderful song.

STILL to the thinkers and toilers who need Him
Comes the dear Christ-child when winter is drear,

ETHEL M. COLSON.

cough of hers: 'A little less noise, young
lad, if you please.'

'Let us do it all over again,' cried Estel-
la. 'Come to my rooms on Christmas night

Prof. Wensel did not become richer in
pocket through these old ladies, but, as he
said repeatedly in his lecture, spiritual
rewards always found and enriched him,

Estella spent every spare moment in mak-
ing her two rooms beautiful and immacu-

On Christmas day she was prompt at
church. The anthem passed off capitally.



'TIME!' CRIED PENELOPE.

dren's ward in the old hospital, and was so
funny and lovely that the pale little crea-

Two great broad windows overlooked a
slightly hill and the roof of many houses.

Across one corner stood the piano. It
was an old, really a thing at hand, and its

A few easy chairs and tables lay cozily
about; and the great brick fireplace with
its brass andirons and high old mantel shelf

Estella laid the fine thin old cloth care-
fully on the round, polished table, garnish-

She placed Urania's chicken by the warm
hearthstone, and on a stool near by laid a
basket of rosy apples and a pile of bread

'That will surprise the girls,' she said,
and laughed a little as she showered Penel-

Estella looked quizzically. Her black satin
gown was old, but she had drawn over the

Toward five o'clock the shadows grew
heavier. Day was almost gone. Estella
went to the window, looked out a moment

Penelope began knitting some soft, fluffy
white thing that grew and grew in ampli-

Estella wandered about the room tidy for
awhile, saying a few words, and now and
again touching the cheek or hair of her

Penelope and Urania kept a quiet accom-
paniment with needles and fork, and up the

Estella sprang up and came laughing to
the table. Then up jumped the others, and

Mr. Billus—What are you going to give
Bessie for a Christmas present?
Mrs. Billus—I think I shall give her a full

A REASON FOR CHRISTMAS

By Frederick E. Hopkins, D. D.
Pastor Pilgrim Congregational Church, Chicago

THERE is a reason for everything
good and for everything bad. For
everything that succeeds and every-



The Old Sexton.

manger clasps her babe to her bosom and
looks up in Joseph's face and with quiver-

And so there is a reason for this great
Christmas anniversary. We know why her
island calls to island, and nation responds to

the door closing with a bang starts a long roll
of echoes up and down the church aisles like

the bell rings another rope, and it responds:
'Awake!' Then all is still. But as the

'Awake, Awake!' Then all is still. But as the
music dies upon the air, far away comes

the answer from an
other watch tower
of Zion: 'Awake,

Awake! Awake!'
And then from an-
other tower, and an-
other, till you would

the church triumphant was listening to
the salutation: 'Awake, put on thy

to the music of the bells on Christmas
morning, and see the tears upon his cheeks

to the salutation: 'Awake, put on thy
strength, O Zion, put on thy beautiful

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A RESURRECTED CHRISTMAS

By Elvira Floyd Froemcke

ON ONE of those misty, gray evenings so
common to December, a certain
street corner was suddenly environed

Three women were approaching from dif-
ferent directions, and, thinking to do a
good stroke of business for his employer by

'Well, here we are,' gayly exclaimed Estel-
la; 'three graces in ungraceful attire!

'Are you going home?' she inquired.
They simply answered: 'Yes,' and all
turned to read the poster that had seemed

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PROF. WENSEL Lectures
Tuesday, Dec. 14, and Thursday, Dec. 16,
on
PSYCHIC MEANING OF CHRISTMAS.

'Well!' they all exclaimed, 'what does
he mean by that?'

'It seems to me easy enough,' said Penel-
ope. 'It is having the spirit or soul of the

'And I,' said Estella, 'never celebrate the
day now; though I am teaching six new
Christmas carols to my pupils, and have an

'I have heard that driftwood makes a
beautiful fire for warmth and color,' said
Penelope, softly.

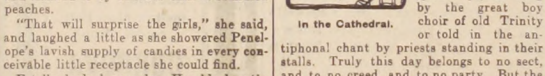
'Yes,' added Urania, 'and an open fire is
so cozy for the feet. The logs and a pair of well

An unexpected laugh rang out; Estella
was certainly forgetting nerves, and cold,
age and infirmity.

'Do you remember,' said she, 'that awful
Christmas we were forced to spend at
Miss Verplanck's boarding school? Bless

'Yes,' added Urania, with a slight flush,
'and do you remember the feast in Estella's
room? How you knitted something soft

'Well, I guess we do,' chimed in Penel-
ope. 'I was excited because of scarlet fever
at home; you because your mother and



FIFTY YEARS AGO.

hood, and she brought a spirit that stirred
to life many tender memories. She had had
her sorrows. Widowed and made childless

'Now the three had met, and—well, they
felt young again, and acted so.

'Three old pieces of driftwood toughened
by the tide,' said Estella. 'To do to cel-

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