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### AN EDITOR'S CHRISTMAS.

This is Mr. Worthington's story just as he told it to a number of us one Christmas evening at his house. Mr. Worthington isn't Mr. Worthington at all in real life, but a very famous man whose tongue and pen

carry great weight: My first journal was a country weekly in Doonville. A "flourishing and fearless" journal, was the way my kindly disposed contemporaries spoke of it in their "able" pages. Its name was The Trumpet, and I speak only the plainest truth when I say that it gave forth no uncertain sound. I was a very young man and very ambitious. I thought I knew exactly what a forceful weekly newspaper should be, and I hadn't the least doubt of my capacity to construct and manipulate such an engine of reform and advancement. That is the way of the very young, God bless them. Before they have had a hand to hand encounter with life they feel so strong and confident they believe they can do anything, and this very belief, mark you, is what makes the phenomenal successes we so often admire and wonder at. The Spaniards have a proverb, "He who expects good luck will get it," and it is as true a sentence as ever was penned. Believe you can do anything, and you can, if any one can do it. Success, like the art of swimming, is largely a matter of

I worked very hard on The Trumpet. was business man, editor and staff. I had very decided ideas in regard to bettering the world, and started out with the praiseworthy intention of extinguishing several "giant wrongs," under which I plainly saw that so-ciety suffered. We all have the reformatory spirit much stronger in us in youth than later on, for the reason, perhaps, that we haven't fully measured the strength of our antagonist, the existing system of things. I was sincerely anxious to thoroughly represent all worthy local interests. To that end I scoured Doonville night and day, and "wrote up" all sorts of things that never before had been described by pen, or immortalized in type. I wanted to wake up my fellow townsmen and women to the interests that lay close around them, and of all things I wanted them to properly appreciate The Trumpet.

I intended to issue a magnificent Christmas number of my beloved journal, twice is ordinary size and brim full of the most alluring holiday matter I could create and rake up. To perfect that number I almost worked myself into a decline. Looking back upon it now, from the standpoint of what I beg to be permitted to call mature common sense, I commend myself heartily for the in-dustry, zeal and confidence I nursed into respectable development in those old, hard working, moneyless days on The Trumpet.

Among other attractive features for my Christmas paper I determined to write up the very poor of Doonville. I could thus be the means of conferring two benefactions-giving the rich a chance to taste of the blessing of giving—for it is more blessed to give than to receive—and also open the way for the poor to be helped. And on Christmas, you know, all hearts are said to be tenderer and more generous, and many are glad of an opportunity to do something for the needy.

Doonville was a small place, and so very

prosperous that I scarcely knew where to go to bunt people so poor that I dare intrude upon them and tell their wants in my "valuable and widely circulated" paper. Many of its citizens were very rich, and none whom I personally knew had fallen below decent and tolerable poverty. But down below Doon's mills, on the river bank, were some broken down houses about whose doors I had some-

I had this thought in my mind as I was gong to office one morning just two days before Christmas. I determined to go out that afternoon and begin the search. I hadn't gone far when I met "Calamity" Parker. That was what I called him when my speech was without bridle, for I held him in great

He was a tall, thin, broken down creature. who posed as a gentleman and moved about with a solemn, unhealthful gait and distributed religious tracts. He always seemed to me a frightful excrescence on society, although he had the discretion to say but little. It fretted my progressive spirit to see him crawling around thrusting his weak literature under more intelligent and busier people's eyes. "The day and generation are be-yond tracts," I said to myself, "and here is this threadbare fraud keeping up this relic of fogyism." I despised him so heartily I could hardly speak a decent good morning as he passed me. I think he felt that I disliked him; but he had cultivated the unctuous affectation of godliness and an appearance of patience and sweetness under slights and taunts, and invariably returned a smile for a frown. That very habit made him detestable

I began to think about him as I went along. He had only been in Doonville a couple of years, and I had never heard of his doing anything but distribute tracts and preach on the street corners down by the mills. I concluded that it was time he was abolished. Accordingly my first work on reaching the office was to write a half column editorial article on "religious frauds," in which the practice of tract distributing received merited castigation. I drew a picture of the typical tract man, of which Parker was the model, which wasn't calculated to make his path in Doonville any smoother. This incisive, and I may say "able," article, which was certainly a flaming sword of righteous wrath against the tract fraternity, was to adorn the Christmas num-

Then I started out in my search for poverty in a self satisfied spirit. It is delightful to do something that wins one's own approbation. I found the row of old houses all locked and tenantiess save one, the last one and the worst one. It was in a state of dilapidation so hopeless that its owner hadn't even thought it worth while to shut it up. The result was that it was tenanted without his permission having been asked. A family of dull brained, sallow skinned, chronically indigent, half dead creatures who had been crawling westward in worn out wagons drawn by dying horses, had taken possession of it by permission of necessity. They had reached Doonville just as their horses succumbed to the inexorable, and there they were, sick, freezing, starving and dying in

a state of destitution unspeakable.

I saw through the windows that the house was inhabited, though the only figure I could see moving about was more ghostlike than human. On pretense of borrowing a match I knocked for admittance. A match! such a thing was a far off, undreamed of luxury to the family within. There was neither fire nor food in the house, and the wind, the rain and the snow came in at will through the glassless windows. Haven't you noticed that

the very elements conspire with poverty to make his victims wretched? A skeleton man sick unto death lay on the floor, his head on a bundle of dry leaves. Two famished children, ill and feeble, were on the semblance of a bed in another corner of the room. A very old woman sat helpless by the side of the sick children, whose emaci-ated and miserable mother groped about feebly trying to give help to the others. The only one who seemed to have any life to

speak of left was a wan and ragged little girl with delicate features and big, old eyes.

I got fire and food for them, and did all I

could for their immediate relief. Then I rushed to the office of The Trumpet and wrote such an account of them as would be sure to send the good people of Doonville to their door with abundant relief. It was a long and graphic article, and realistic to a startling degree. We were not illustrating newspapers then as now, so I could only picture the suffering of this family in words. However, I gave the article tremendous head lines and a prominent place. The Trumpet was issued the next day, which was the day before Christmas, and it went forth on its work of arousing the pity of Doonville for the family in the old house by the river. I was very busy all that day and could not go to see them. But when night came and I lay down to rest I had the satisfaction of feeling that they were provided for, and that I had been the instigating cause of their relief. 1 fancied the surprise and sorrow the benevo lent Mrs. Barclay would feel when she visited them, carrying aid, as she was sure to do after reading my article. And how distressed, I thought, Mr. Archibald Doon would be when he realized that so sad a case of want existed in the town of which he was so proud. And others—ever so many others —would be equally interested and equally helpful. In imagination I saw the philan-thropists of the the community, one after another, going down to the old house by the river side carrying aid and sympathy.

The next morning was Christmas. It was cold and clear, with a sharp wind blowingtraditional Christmas wenther, called cheery in stories, I think, but very uncomfortable for those who are thinly clad. After breakfast I started down to see my poor friends by the river. I wanted to help them, but all I could do would be but a cipher in comparison with what had already been done. But I thrilled with the pleasure I would experience in seeing their improved condition, knowing I had had a hand in it.

How forlorn and desolate the house was, even as seen from afar off! And oh! the dreariness of Christmas to those within!

A man approached the house just ahead of me. A second glance told me that it was the tract distributor. I felt a spasm of wrath at sight of him. How dare he mock those wretched people with his printed twaddle about the preciousness of their souls when their bodies needed food, and fire and cloth-



THE THIN LITTLE GIRL OPENED THE DOOR. He knocked, and the thin little girl with | ing 35 cents. Try them. the pale, delicate face opened the door, came down houses about whose doors I had some-times seen very ragged and very dirty chil-tributor took off his hat, she looked up at dren playing. I determined to go thither and him, and I knew she spoke, though I was not near enough to hear what she said. I noticed, too, that she raised her hand in gesture-a solemn and intensely dramatic gesture, it seemed to me, for one so young to make unconsciously. A queer sort of chill crept over me. The tract distributor opened the door and went in, but she stood outside, and was still standing there when I reached the door.

Somehow, when I was quite near her I could find no words to utter. She seemed to understand, and pointing to the door, said: "You can go in if you want to. Father died this morning!"

I stood speechless in the presence of that child's tearless sorrow. "But help came to you yesterday?" I said, my heart sinking as a possibility I had never

thought of flashed into my mind. "Yes, he-the man who has just gone incame and was very kind. He stayed by father all night, and was only away a little while; but father died while he was gone." "And-did-did-nobody else come yester-

day?" I stammered. "Nobody else," said the child, looking up surprised at the question. I felt ashamed to go in and face the tract

distributor in the presence of the dead he had comforted and whom I had left for others to comfort-others who never came. He greeted me with gentle kindness, and as I clasped his hand in that woeful dwelling I

inwardly bent before him in self-abasement. We went out together to plan for the funeral and procure further aid for the liv-"You did a good work when you wrote about these people," he said, "and I thank you, for otherwise I should not have known

of their existence in time to be of help when they needed it most," With what shame I remembered my article on religious frauds, of which I had been so

proud only two days before. From that hour we became warm friends. As I learned to know him well I looked back in amazement at my former conclusions in regard to him. "Calamity" Parker, indeed! It would have been more fitting had I named him Beneficent Parker. His life was a benediction-unobtrusive and self-denying; he gave of his abundant sympathy and slender worldly means without reserve. Nor was his never failing patience and sweetness of spirit the cloak of hypocrisy, but the result of years of spiritual aspiration and discipline, which I have never yet begun to attain. His habit of distributing tracts was merely the outward manifestation of a helpful spirit-a habit contracted in a bygone day among simple people. It hurt no one. For aught I know it may have benefited some. Why should I assume that because a man had an inoffen-sive habit, of which I disapproved, that he was a fit subject to be insulted in the public prints, derided behind his back and sneered at when he was present? It was the ignorance of youth, my calldren—youth, over-confident youth, which thinks it knows everything and often knows nothing. I had not then learned that each one has his own way of doing good, and has his rights, too. Neither had I learned that it is foolish and wicked to judge people whose real lives we do not know and cannot know-or to judge at all.

It was some time before I got over my surprise at the apathy of the philanthropists of Doonville in regard to that wretched family. was at a loss to understand how they could eat their Christmas dinners in comfort, after reading about the distress of the poor souls in the old house. I did not then know that people unused to seeing poverty are slower to lend a helping hand than they who see it every day; that when we have not the poor always with us we forget how to be benovo-leut and something grow very selfish.

GENTAUDE GARNISON.

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