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EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1914.

Evening Zilles Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY

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FRILADELPRIA, TRI	BADAY, DECEMBER 24 1914

Remember that in many cases stockings can-

not go in shoes unless shoes go into the stockings first.

A Century of Successful Arbitration

JUST a century ago, in a city of Belgium, representatives of the United States and Great Britain signed the articles of agreement that terminated the War of 1812. They wrought better than they knew. For not only did they bring a needless war to a formal close, they really established the principle of international arbitration. When future ages look back and evaluate the events of the past, the Treaty of Ghent will stand out as the first definitive pronouncement of the law of comity by which wars may be avoided and the blessings of peace brought to all the nations.

For one hundred years America and England have been at peace. There have been causes aplenty that might have led to strife. but it was agreed in the Treaty of Ghent that the outstanding differences might be adjudicated by arbitration. And long after the points in dispute in 1812 had been thus amicably adjusted, all further misunderstandings were settled by the same method. The habit has become established, and the thoughtful people of both nations can hardly imagine any circumstance that could possibly precipitate war among the English-speaking peoples.

We do well, therefore, to honor the anniversary of the Treaty of Ghent. It marked a new era in international relationships, and after the madness of this present war has passed away, the method that has brought peace to America and England for three generations should be adopted by all the world.

Give the Kids the Right of Way TOU older folk, staid and stodgy, have had your fling long, long ago; you made the rafters ring with shout and merriment; you half-wrecked the nerves of sombre seniors with drum and trumpet; you threw the house into disarray as you romped from room to room. Think back a few years, open the doors of memory, throw up the windows that look backward to the old home in the far-#WHY

Well, there are children today with all the healthy exuberance that you once had. Christmas is theirs by divine right. When they are noisy, bolsterous, uproarlous, you may know that they are happy. Let them have their fill of it. The sobering burdens

procedure, that it is likely to insist that the dreage Colonel Goethals wants be made available without the intervention of boards or commissions. If interference with Colonel Goethals had only started soon enough the opening of the canal could have been delayed ten years.

The Full Measure of Generosity

TT IS a Christmas season fruited with significance. The great tragedy in which the world seethes emphasizes, as they have not formerly been emphasized in our day and generation, the lessons inseparable from our joyous celebration.

The opportunity for unprecedented charity has not only knocked, but actually thundered, at our doors. There have been Macedonian cries from many sources. Belgium in the abyss of despair has tasted our generosity. The children of a dozen races have us to thank chat the bleak day does not dawn shorn of remembrances. At home, deluged with unparalleled demands, our charitable organizations and individual citizens have oosed their purse-strings and poured their substance gladly into the common relief. Never, perhaps, has there been a season in which so many adults, caught in the press of circumstance, have been dependent on the good will of others.

Luxury and moderate means have served together. There has been no class in charity and no sect. All have given as they could, and doubtless not in years have more been blessed by giving. The opportunity to serve has lifted them up, and every sacrifice in aid of the destitute and needy has paid for itself in abundant satisfaction to the giver. The shadows somehow have been cast aside and merriment has been evident in the great shopping crowds. It is a Christmas that has demanded much in the way of self-deprivation and secret economies, but the city will be the better for it in the end.

The image of the Christ Child is in the face of every child, for "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." It is the glory of the young to be generous, without selfishness, and of men now and then to be inspired by the same spirit. Hang up the stockings and let them be filled until they bulge to the breaking point. They are the measure of the humanity in us.

An Army for Social Service

DOVERTY and neglect are touched with a deeper shade of tragedy at Christmastide. Not to share the gladness with which the air is filled, to have no voice in the joyous Yuletide music, to be forgotten when others are overwhelmed with tokens of affectionate remembrance, must be the hardest of all things to bear. Fortunately there will be few upon whom the sadness will settle this year. Even where personal interest fails, some organized or institutional dispenser of good cheer will step in and relieve the gloom.

Every one must have been impressed with the large-hearted social mission of the Salvation Army. In the first instance it was purely a spiritual agency, but intimate experience among the poor of the great cities of the world has taught the followers of General Booth that men have bodies as well as souls, that their social needs are not less than their religious needs. So for years the Salvation Army corps have provided shelters for the destitute, summer vacations for the dwellers of noisome tenements, Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners for the hungry and neglected. It is a worthy and noble work, and in harmony with the spirit and example of the Master whose cause they represent

MISCOLORED RUSSIA IS A DEMOCRACY

Nation is Better Typified by Peasant Tillers of Broad Farm Lands Than Black Pictures of Siberian Wastes. and Military Rule.

By VANCE THOMPSON

TAST night I met the biggest of physicians. In fact he was colossal. I didn't know they made men like that.

He was tall and wide and vast and profound-more like an edifice than a man. And he talked to me-and the voice fitted the man-about Russia.

He had never been in Russia. He could neither read nor speak the language; but he had an immense fund of information about Russia and Russians-only, unfortunately, it was all wrong,

What stalked through his huge imagination was a memory of some tawdry actress of his first youth; she was dressed in pink satin and chains and staggered through a paper snow storm and Cossack whips toward Mr. Kennan's-or was it Mr. Bartley Campbell's-Siberia; this was what he saw, and he called her Russia.

I have no intention of writing an article on Russia. That were absurd, when the subject howls aloud for follos. But there are one or two misconceptions I should like to knock on the head-mildly.

Democratic Tradition and Reality

First of all, Russia is not a military nation. Its Goverment is not militarist. Its civilization is not based upon a military conception of the state. It is built upon an exactly different basis-democracy. I think it is the oldest democracy in Europe; certainly it possesses the oldest tradition of democracy. Russia is not that girl in pink satin and chains, staggering through a paper snowstorm; Russia is the peasant. Bear in mind that the Russian peasants own a large part of the arable land-nearly three-fifths of it. To a great extent the land is held in common; that is, each little community of farmers-each mir-is independent. The peasants work the land together or, more often, divide it themselves, according to laws of their own.

I remember talking with an old peasant once. It was at that famous first Duma. He was a calm old man, Khevilenko of Poltava. He took my hand in both his big paws and held it firmly during our entire conversation -a friendly, reasonable old man. And when I asked him what he wanted he said: "I want the land for my people-I've been sent here to get it, and I shan't go back until do." I found out his trouble. It was simple. Every man, woman, child and babe in his commune had ten acres of land; but near by lay a well-watered meadow, which at the time the land owners were dispossessed had been left in possession of the owner. Khevilenko's village wanted it; and I am tolerably sure they got it. For that year over a quarter of the land remaining in the hands of the "nobles" was turned over to the peasants. Today a peasant can own his land individually or leave it in the selfgoverning community, as he pleases.

The village commune has home rule. A group of these communes forms a canton, as in Switzerland. It also is self-governing. It has an assembly made up of one man, chosen by the peasants, out of every ten families-In the cantonal court the peasant first comes into touch with the law of the land-and in that court sit five peasant Judges selected by the peasants themselves. Above that is the district assembly, which is another elective body. Bluntly stated this is democracy of no bad sort.

No Aristocracy in Russia



over 30 degrees of latitude, with its 50 nations, races, tribes. Progress?

I wish you knew Russia and the mighty work that is being done there. You would begin to understand why Tolstoy said that Russia was the future.

I know that the Government is not perfect. You may think of it as a huge iron frame stretching over these 30 degrees of latitude and 80 races. The peasants hardly know that it exists. Not till they rise from their self-governing communities and assemblies up to the Zemstvo do they come in touch with it. It weighs upon them just about as heavily as Washington weighs on the hog warden in a Connecticut village. And that is why the "intellectuals"-the overeducated young men, who have lifted themselves above the people and yet found no welcome among the peers-have gone in vain to the peasants, preaching revolution. The peasants have their own democracy.

The Government To Be

Now and then this huge fron framework of Government sags at one corner and pinches one race-somewhere on the 39th degree of latitude. It does not always fit. Perhaps no Government does; but of one thing you may be sure, when it sags too much it will break apart. Every nation, as it mounts the long, steep road of evolution, has to fit itself every now and then with a new garment of government. And Russia, based on democracywith age-old habits of democracy-will establish a government in accord with its new needs and ideals.

For Russia has ideals.

You may not believe either in compulsory education or in compulsory sobriety, but Russia believes in both. The new law which has banished strong dr'ak from Russia-from its 80 nations-is an epoch-making event. It is the second step in a long-planned reform that I have watched for years. The first thing the Government did was to introduce the socalled Swedish system of handling the liquor question. It closed all the taverns and groggeries-sinks of corruption-and took charge of the traffic itself. Where the village groggery had been it set up a shop of its own, where vodka could be bought in the original package-and that way only. It could not be drunk on the premises. There was, however, a room where the villagers could gather and drink tea. Hot water was provided free and there were warmth and light and cheer. All this made for sobriety, but the chief benefit was the fact that the peasants could not drink on "tick"-pawn their ponies and plows and clothes and mortgage their future crops to the dirty traffickers in vodka. That was a great reform. Then when the hour struck the Duma passed that new law which-just the other day-prohibited the sale of alcoholic liquors over the mighty land

A CHRISTMAS DAY IN ROME

How an American Sought and Found the Spirit of Christmas in the City of the Caesars

By JOSEPH H. ODELL

TF I MIGHT spend Christmas day in Bethlehem, visit the Church of the Nativity, wander out over the fields and sit a while with a shepherd keeping watch over his flock, and then; making a wide circuit, come back into the little town by the road presumably traveled by the Magi, I might, or I thought I might, enter into the real spirit of the great Christian festival. But it was not to be. I was detained in Rome, with no possibility of leaving. There would be no family circle in which the old Yuletide customs are perpetuated. There was not even a friend upon whom I might call. But Rome, the capital of the Vicar of Christ, the place in which Jesus of Nazareth was first enthroned-why should not Rome give me a true Christmas, free of the pagan trappings that it has picked up from various lands?

I began the day early, bent only upon finding the Christmas spirit and quite confident that I should find it. But where? Of course, obviously not in the Forum, for that was associated in my mind with Cicero, with senators, consuls, tribunes and the Caesars. Not in the nearby Temple of Augustus, the Basilica of Julia, the Temple of Saturn, the fragment of the Temple of Castor and Pollux or under the shadows of the Arch of Titus. As I hastened past with questioning mind my feet involuntarily carried me toward the Colosseum, and it was not until the splendid ruin came into view that I realized that probably not another building in the whole wide world could carry me farther away from the spirit and message I sought than that vast gray pile.

And yet instinctively I was avoiding the churches. It seemed to me that Christmas, the birthday of one born in a stable, could never be truly reproduced by vested choirs and gorgeous altars, and elaborate rituals, and formal processions. Peter was as near to Jesus as any one, and Rome was full of Peter, but the fisherman had become officialized and, except for the incident of the via Appia, the "Domine, quo vadis," I did not know where to find the Peter of real flesh and blood. As that was nearest to what I sought I went thither and found the little church of "Quo Vadis." But it was mute. And it was not until I had gone farther still, even as far as the Catacombs, that I thought how St. Paul first saw Rome as he marched a prisoner along the Applan way. So I turned about and moved toward the city, trying to imagine the thoughts of the Apostle as he marched toward the home of the Caesars with the message of his Master burning in his heart. Unaltered After 30 Centuries The landscape could not have changed entirely. The road on which I walked had not altered its course in 30 centuries, and from its elevated points one could see fragments of the noble aqueducts and the ruins of ancient tombs and temples and villas. It told one of Hannibal, who traversed it with his Carthaginian conquerors; of the messengers

dow; his voice, as it reached the edge of the standing congregation, was mellow and gentle and joyous. I knew it was a beautiful sermon, full of

tender emotion and chiding love, laden with the spirit of Christmas, because it awoke a gentle and gracious response in that typical Roman audience. Once a smile rippled over all the faces, as though a door had unexpectedly been flung open and they were bidden to enter a long-closed palace. And once, when the preacher's finger pointed toward the glowing window, all eyes followed it, as if they expected one of the celestial figures to flutter down into their midst, Occasionally neighbor would turn to neighbor and nod, as if a cherished but unuttered hope had been confirmed. One woman, with a gorgeous silk scarf about her head, held a child upon her shoulder, and when a surly looking man by her side relieved her of the burden, she looked surprised and grateful, patted him affectionately upon the arm, and turned again eagerly to the preacher. By my side two rough-looking men stood together and insensibly drew nearer and then to my surprise and apparently unconsciously, one slipped his hand into the other's and kept it there until the end of the sermon. A rather flerce looking mustached soldier lifted a little boy onto his shoulder for a moment, that the youngster might have a glimpse of the preacher. As the sermon continued, the hard lines and the settled shadows seemed to vanish from every face, and peace and good will fell like a benediction upon the listening throng. True, I did not understand a word. but I felt that I had found the spirit and the meaning of Christmas, and as I left the great. church I gave all my small change to a lame beggar, who importuned me at the portal.

Plum Duff at the Front

From the New York Times. The genuine plum puddings, with the si-monds and the holly and the rest of it, are going to the front this week by battalions. A Christmas Pudding Fund was started some

will fall upon their shoulders soon enough, in all conscience. What their Christmas is to them tomorrow will make the Christmas for thousands of children in years to come.

The Old World across the seas is noisy with the boom of cannon and the groans of dving men. Let our New World be noisy with the laughter and shouts of happy childhood. If our frayed nerves are hurt it will be only for an hour or so, and will be soon forgotten. We can stand it. For the time comes all too soon when the old folks sit alone in solemn silence and say: "What is Christmas without the kiddles around?" So let them have their fling, and thank God that they are still here.

Free Advertising

CONGRESSMAN J. HAMPTON MOORE need not worry himself over the lucubrations of the ebullient gentlemen from the State of Washington, Mr. Bryan. , It seems to be a plain case of Mr. Moore endeavoring to advertise a colleague and give him publicity. But Mr. Moore should not let his generosity get the better of him. Publicity does no good unless the subject can measure up to it. Bealdes, it is the business of neither Mr. Moore nor Mr. Bryan to supervise the morals and behavior of Washington; a police department is maintained to do that.

Aluminothermic - Hydrocyanic Warfare GRAPE, canister, shrapnel, lyddite, cor-dits have slain their thousands; aluminothermin-hydrocyanic projectiles, as invented by a young hopeful, are guaranteed to slay millions. This new missile is so destructive that it will cause a conflagration wherever it strikes, and its fumes will naphysiste any one in the immediate vicinity. If reports are true, about 100 of those shells thrown into a city like Philadelphia would burn every building in five minutes and sufforate every inhabitant in five seconds. Casunity lists are sufficiently staggering with this equipment as it is; anything more destructive is unimaginable. Not even racial batred at its worst can think of such instruments of slaughter without abrinking. Our inventors' dreams are so much more tersuids than their accomplishments.

Colonel Goethals Wants a Dredge

CIOLONEL GOETHALS also wants to ask I for an additional dredge when he goes to washington. He fears that he will have to keep a dredge working on the canal steadily for a year or more, until the hills at Culebra nevo ontirely actiled. Doubtless Colonel Contump will find the Administration ready and willing to appoint a commission or board in consider the subject. But he must prove his owne. He cannot expect his judgment to he conclusive in a matter of such awful impurtance. There are anne prospective "lame moha" who wantd be willing to so shown to Passanta, scatting the situation thoroughly and deliver aroport within a year; provided. confide, the pay for the job were liberal This Deveryment must be earsful. How can Pangelon waxis montry 17 athor people are guing to white it also? Hearybydy danned | eares Bank cannot be discussed a lange answagant. This ap remarkable a dinne , on Christman firm, which is a time for ch

Peculiar Frank Case

THERE has been plenty of misrepresentation in reference to the Frank case, due to the propaganda waged by generous citizens who are convinced that a miscarriage of justice is about to be carried out. It is not often that a white man in the South is convicted of murder on the evidence of a black man, certainly not unless there is strong corroboratory testimony or verification by circumstance. Nor is there any reason to believe that Atlanta is half so bloodthirsty as has been intimated. It is true, however, that popular excite-

ment influenced the court and jury, and it may be doubted if a change of venue was not a prerequisite to even-handed justice. The case has assumed an importance that counsels delay. Execution of the sentence could accomplish no good comparable to the harm sure to result if there should be eventual discovery of error after execution. If the verdict is so buttressed in legality that no court will upset it, it behooves the Governor of Georgia to join hands with mercy and commute the sentence. That is what he will do if at last he alone stands between Frank and death.

Christmas in the trenches is better than Christmas out of them, on the battle front,

Colonel Goethals has arrived in the United States. Perhaps he will be able to persuade Washington to let him take a ship or two back with him.

Anybody who does not believe in Santa Claus will find no trouble in contributing gifts to those who do, and that ought to give him some satisfaction.

It is said that the Public Service Commission is not worried. In this it resembles the railroads when they appeared for the hearing on commutation rates.

The plan to suspend the British News Bureau for a day has been abandoned, although it is well known that the censors have been working overtime.

Representative Vare refrained from voting on the national prohibition issue. It is a good thing for Mr. Vare that his supporters at home are more active in exercising their privileges.

It would seem to be an obvious fact that fire hase is just as important as the water that goes through it. But Councils has always been opposed to the Blankenburg Administration's determination to prevent leaks.

It is not remarkable that the volume of shopping this year has been greater than that of last, for there linve been few people of any means at all who have not broadened the field of their giving.

The attempt of politicians to dis their play rate this Chicago branch of the Federal Re-

'But the aristocracy." said the big doctor whom you met in the beginning of this article, "that ruthless Russian aristocracy!" I smiled, and blandly, patiently, as one instructs a child in the rule of three, I said: "In Russia there is no aristocracy," "No aristocracy!"

"No aristocracy," I repeated, "except, of course; just such an aristocracy as we have in dear old Virginia and Massachusetts and New Rochelle-an aristocracy which is made up of certain old and illustrious families who trace their blue blood back through the generations. To be a Dolgoruki or Troubetakoy adds just the same lustre it gives a Yankee to be an Adams or an Endicott; but it lends neither place nor power. It's a mere thing of family pride."

And that is true; in Russia there is royal blood with its privileges; but there is no aristocracy. There is, of course, a nobility. But that is an admirable thing and essentially democratic, because it is open to every Russian.

The son of the peasant or the son of the merchant-or any man's son-can be a noble if he will. He has but to go through the schools, pass the civil service examination and then-at a given point in his career-he is automatically ennobled. The rank goes with the grade he has won in the civil service. So there is a perpetual flow of plain folk up into the class of the nobility; and a roturn current, of course, gradually carries the descendants of the unfit back into the people. It is a life-giving circulation; and it is democratic. It is democracy in essence -reward and distinction for services to the State.

How the War Will Hurt Russia

The other day at Yale I met Mr. Petrunkevitch, the son of a rare heroic old man I knew in Russia-Petrunkevitch, one of the vice presidents of the Duma, an old, gray insurgent who had spent half his life in exile. The wheel of the years turned and I found myself sitting at table with his son in New Haven, and young Patrunkevitch shook his head dolefully over the war. It was not that he feared the issue-he looked forward gladly to the overthrow of Prussian military feudallam and freedom for the German people. And he did not fear that Russia would be "militarized" by victory. "Wa are not a military nation," he said; "that is not the danger."

"Why the delefulness?" I asked.

"The war is actting buck. I fear, our spiendid system of education-just well under WAY

He gave mu the facts.

The education bill was passed by the Doma about five years ago. It provided for the building and aquipment of free pub-It's schools overywhere over the employ-a schoolhouse for every 50 children-with compulsary education. Already is has apread alf ever the land. In five yours it will be complete. There will be free compulsory admostion for every child. War may detay this great work, but sommer or later it will by finished. How enormalize a thing it to you may availab if you think of this great tals Demonstrate, spinst breadly

of Russia. You may not like that sort of thing; you may not like democracy; but you cannot know Russia unless you know that these are the foundations on which she is building her future.

National Cornerstones

Compulsory education, compulsory sobriety and democracy-these three.

There's one other cornerstone of the new Russian edifice. I don't know that it has any place in a newspaper article, though it is the sort of thing that is supposed to be quite innocuous-even for children. It is this; Russia is a religious country-it is more than religious; it is a God-haunted country. He who would aketch the future of Russia must reckon with that enormous fact. And so you may see the Russians as a grave, wise folk, notably given to song and prayer; friendly, with rare humanity and a sense of world brotherhood quite inconceivable in a Europe of clashing trade competitions and craving military ambitions-a kindly, mystic land.

You can't judge Russia by the chesp and tawdry melodramas of other days; nor by the ranting of the "intellectuals," who are mostly duclassed proistarians, educated above their brain power, and wandering without place or work, in a world they do not understand. Some of them are dreamers and martyrs-without hungry personal ambitions; and they, like the peasant, are making the future of

WHAT MAKES A CHRISTMAS PRESENT

"May mother gets a China set. And that's her Christmas present And Duddy has an easy chair That's comforty and pleasant. Big sister's is a set of furs. And after all pay pleasing. They evagth me just the overcost That I was setly needing.

"And so Fin and this Christmas Hay, The other folks are quies, "Inequal and a one but me would dare To tell what he means by it is this year, inings you need don't means. However then and pleasants its what you thereaft are muchicle here. "This makes a "Christman anomal"

who brought the story of the fatal battle of Philippi, of triumphant Titus returning from Jerusalem, of Aurelian and his cohorts with Queen Zenobla as a captive-it was thronged with great figures and vocal with the noise of world-making events, but it was silent about Christ, and it was the spirit of His

I was back in the city and near to the Pantheon,

Simple, srect, savere, austers, sublime, Shrine of all saints and temple of all gods.

But its classic front was forbidding and I had not the heart to enter. Neither could I force myself into St. Peter's that day. An American, with his mind full of the thoughts of home and trying to find some touch of the sweet simplicity that had always been assoclated with Christmas, would hardly seek it in the spacious splender and overpowering magnitudes of the pontifical cathedral. It was a palace, and I was seeking a stable or something as humble.

Of course, I did not find what I sought exactly. But a little later a sweet but andfaced woman passed me, trying to hasten the steps of two children. Without Intention I followed, and they entered St. John Lateran. I hesitated at first, but, thinking of the quist cloistors and the surpassingly beantiful baptistery, I seemed to feel that they might give me at least a suitable place in which to nurse my disappointment and think of home.

The True Spicit

But ingide of the glopions church I found what I had sought and despaired of flodingthe spirit of Christman. I new a beautiful sermon preached. I may I maw it, because the crowd was too great for a lats comer to ger within range of the preacher's words, and the sermon was in a tongue of which I know antir a few phrases. He was a more face was dod also use start was the face was here and the start streament. The bages in Raman form to the source in the second start with the second start with the second start.

time ago by one of the newspapers in Lond time ago by one of the newspapers in London, and in no time at all 465 putdings out of the 500 asked for were subscribed. In addition to these, hundreds of private puddings are making their way toward the firing line with those greetings of love and gayety and cour-age that are supposed to aid in keeping a stiff upper lin. upper lip.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM

O little town of Bethlehem, How still we see thee lle; Above thy deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by: The silent stars go by: Yet in thy dark streets shineth The eventsting Light: The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee tonight. For Christ is born of Mary; And gathered all above, While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wondering love. O morning stars, together Proclaim Thy holy hirth hirth: And praises sing to God, the King, And peace to men on earth. How silently, how silently, The wondrous gift is given! So God imparts to human hear The blessings of His heaven. No ear may hear His coming, But in this world of sin, Where much souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ enters in. O holy Child of Bethlehem, Descend to us, we pray: Cast out our ain, and enter in. Be born in us today. We hear the Christmas angels The great glad tidings tell: come to us, abids with us, Our Lord Emmanuel. -Phillips Brooks (1368).

A CHRISTMAS CARMEN

Sound over all waters, reach out from all main The chorus of voices, the chasping of hands; Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of

the morn. Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born: With glad jublications

Bing hope to the nations! The dark night is ending and dawn has begut Riss, hope of the ages, arise like the sun. All speech flow to music, all bearts beat as an Sing the bridal of nations! with chorals of late Sing out the war-vulture and sing in the does Till the hearts of the peoples keep time accord.

And the voice of the world is the voice of the

Chasp hands of the nations

In strong gratulations; The dark night is ending and dawn has begin files, hope of the ages, arise like the sun. All speech flow to music, all hearts best as west

Blow, bugies of battle, the marches of peace: East, west, much and south let the long quit

rel canno; Sing the song of great juy that the anges

Sing the song of grant joy that the began began. Sing of glory to God and of good-will to mail Hark! Joining in chorus The heavens band of ar us! The dark night is ending and dawn has bern sliss, hope of the ages, arise like the sam All speech flow to music, all hearts beat as for John Greenheaf Whitter

JESUS AND JOAN

When Janus greated Joan in the after-twiller When the Crucified bissed the Burnedt Then solidy they spoke together, several ewsetty. andarra In

anneelly, They two so branded with life least they apoke not at all of erose, or we willed flaming. Or the soing frain them of God: But he wine tender over the social of the flower Who pleared in ante with the speed. And dot was shint with the speed. And dot was shint with the speed.

doctor-shall live to see.

their amazing land. And that future you and I-and the big

birth I sought.