# BARRINGTON REVIEW

VOLUME 26, NUMBER 38 BARRINGTON, ILLINOIS, DECEMBER 15, 1910 $1.50 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

THE twenty-fifth of December, rather the week about that time, has been celebrated for many ages with rejoicing. Long before the Christian era the pagan astronomers decided that there was no time of year before the sun returned to northern lands to bring another spring and new time and harvest. The dreary winter was at its worst, and the coming days would have longer hours of light and sunshine and the reawakening of nature. Therefore sing and be joyful. The Egyptians held a festival in honor of the birth of their god Horus. The Romans called it "the birthday of the invincible sun." Mithras was the Persian god, worshiped with him that the sun was about to return and revitalize the vineyards. The Persians held a festival of uncommon splendor as the birthday of Mithras, the mediator, a spirit of the sun. In the north country among the worshipers of Odin it was a nature festival of great feasting, because the fast of winter was approaching its end. It has been a time of universal celebration according to ancient written history since the beginning, and among some tribes in remote nations have legends of their own about what we call Christmas tide the feast of peace and good will.

As Christianity brought its blessings to follow the good of past religions, it seems quite right that the birth of Christ should come at a time of general rejoicing. It made it easier for the pagans in turn to the Saviour of Light, at a time when the returning sunshine in the skies was symbolical of the feeling of brotherly kindness which was known in the love of a little child. And so as early as the second century the church celebrated Christmas day when the heathen were mourning their gods.

The Christmas celebration, as we know it, is but a reincarnation of the Yuletide of the Anglo Saxon tribes. Singing is a proper way to manifest joy. It delights the singer and gives pleasure to others. The churchly carols were not enough for the hearty feeling. The pagan feasting remains. And so with that divine old carol, "Adeste Fideles," are convivial songs

Come hither, ye faithful,
Triumphantly sing,
Come, see the manger,
Our Saviour and King
The Bethlehem hastes.
With joyous accord
Oh, come ye, come hither,
Ye worship the Lord.

The contrast lies in "A Carole Bringing in Ye Yule's Head."

Capri sort defers,
Reddens and denies.

The Boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary;
And I pray you all sing merrily,
Quis estis in convivio.

The church of the early days had some of the wisdom of modern social service. It entertained its parishioners in a worldly way as well as instilled religious doctrine. The mayor of Lincoln, England, in 1307 enacted under the direction of the clergy relaxations for the poor in tippling. These plays gave rise to a number of legends. Longfellow in "Cherry Tree Carol" was popular in London in the last century. It related the story of the Virgin begging Joseph to pluck some cherries for her, but when he refusing, the unborn babe speaks and rebukes the mother to reach out her hand and the tree will bow before her, and the carol goes on to say:

"Then bespake Joseph,
I have spoken to the midwife, etc.
Another carol of this time is full of beautiful imagery.

"As Joseph was a-walking,
He heard an angel to sing,
The night shall be born,
Our heavenly king.

He neither shall be born
In house nor in hall,
Nor in the place of Paradise,
But in an ox stall.
This is in the same spirit as our lullaby:
"While shepherds watched their flocks by night
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around."

"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind),
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind."

"And ye shall forget the swing of melody, and the chorus dance with pastitus of cider and roasted apples The health of the cross was drunk in song, and libations poured upon the altars. In various centuries of northern Europe it is the custom to decorate trees out of doors. The fruits are evergreens, and fruit trees for their resemblance, are decorated with long streamers of ribbon or paper.

The Christmas tree finds its ancestor in the Germanic ash Yggdrasil, a great tree whose top reached to Walhalla, the home of the gods, and whose roots were fast in the earth. The Germans have a wealth of carols, but nearly all are of a religious nature.

"Oh, Tannenbaum! Oh, Tannenbaum, or the song of the fir tree at Christmas time, is known throughout wide. Who could count the hours spent by children in the homes, gladly lighted and the tree loaded with gifts to sing this song?

In the English household the song is:

"Gather around the Christmas tree,
Ever green has its branches been
Ever green has its needles seen
Or it may be:
"Carol, brothers, carol,
Carol joyfully.
Carol the joy coming of Christ's nativity."

The good old custom of singing from house to house on Christmas eve has crept across the water from England to America, and is a part of the program of the season to learn these carols and sing them in unison, going from house to house across the snow and glittering stars of Christmas. The neighbors know they were coming, preparing cakes and warm drinks, and sometimes gifts of money. Whoever has heard "God rest ye merry gentlemen, let nothing ye dismay, sung heartily in the frosty air has a thrill as experienced that comes to him every Christmas after.

The old English carols more is awakened with the stirring strains of "Shout the glad tidings exultantly sing

But we must not think that England or Germany sing all the carol music. France has a quaint literature of its kind. Here is one of Noel, or Noel, and from north to south there are delightful carols. Noel, noel, noel, noel.

"This is first sung by an angel
Gabryell
Trylling of her he cum nou sent
From the trynyte
Ye gaderyd yow in the certy of galle
A glene maydyn and pure virgyn
throw her humylyte.
Hain conceyve the sonne secund in dele.
Pere Noel comes down the chimney and gives gifts just as Father Christmas does across the Atlantic, and little French children sing:

"Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel, ringeth clear,
Holpes are all folk on earth
Born is God's new year.

L. M. McCAULEY

## Keeping Christmas Joy

Christmas is a day of joy, but joy should not be allowed to die out of our hearts when Christmas is over and done with as ever after. We should sing the Christmas carols all the year long. We should carry the peace of God in our hearts throughout breakfast. We should learn from this time to find the beauty and the good will to all things, and to show the world that we believe what we say in "Christmas carols" and leaves and pines, "Jesus Christ is our friend, 'all's well with the world.' They receive the gift of God's unspeakable gift of Christ as a Redeemer and carry the glorious spirit of Christmas around with them all the year in their hearts.

## Christmas

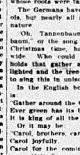
By William D. Nesbit

"And then Bethlehem, in the land of Judæ, are not least among the princes of Judæ."—Matthew II, 6.

"O, little town of Bethlehem, how still we see thee lie!
The song brings back the silent peace of Christmasses gone by;
Brings back the olden mystery, and sets a thrill
With fancies of the snow-draped firs that rustled on the hill
With memories of ruddy lights that night wonder and sight
Which from the cottage windows flung their banners on the snow.

"Above thy deep and dreamless sleep the silent stars go by"—
The stars above the little town were very far and high;
They marched triumphantly from lands time-lost to a boy manger
To other lands that beckoned him with dazzling enchantments fair
But under all the silent stars that marched from east to west
The little town the little town—contented, was at rest.

"Yet in thy dark streets shineth the everlasting light"
The mellow blaze of memory still leaps and burns bright
And through its wondrous necromance we see the town in plumed
All pink and white are radiant with snowy apple blossoms
Whose petals, when the winter winds the branches sway
Float dreamily away, away, to pile in drift on drift
"The hopes and fears of all the years are met in thyself"
Are met in every little town seen in the Christmas time
For none of us but muses now, when this old song we hear
Of all the blessings that were his when Bethlehem lived and heard
And, minor-like, he counts his store of treasures, for of truth
He builds anew at Christmas time his "town of Bethlehem."



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## The Way

When they saw the star they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.—Matt. II, 10.

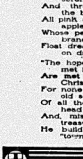
For men in hundred years in the arctic snows and now in the wind beaten ships on remote seas, in the tropic jungles and men in forgotten wastes, this day in Christmas, for who spend the day in the friendly security of civilization about us in the wonderful climaxes of home and daily friendships are sad to forget the wonder, the joy and the significance. But whether they realize it or not men have rejoiced during these hours. And this is to follow the star the wise men saw over Bethlehem.

Christmas for most of us is given to the closest of ties and the spirit of it is only a warmer glow of well used affections. But the deeper and sadder of all things are the nearest, and in the heart of this day is the hope of the race. Two thousand years ago there came to us who spoke from a mountain His message was the brotherhood of all men. Another time he said: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." To day men follow the way though they do not know and obey the truth though they do not see, and live the life though they are unconscious of the pulse beat through the world. For the way is the way of the cross marching painfully to its far goal.

The life of the individual and the lives of nations are borne upon the bosom of the tide. We have men and it by different names, but no man lives effectually save in his full current. Neither can he live in the name of religion, or of philosophy, or policy, in law or in the Christian platform of the brotherhood of man.

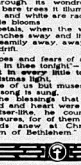
## Bring the "Star" to Someone

He for whom Christmas is named brings of the gift of himself in a world which had nothing—except faith and love to give him in return, and which for the most part has not so far been disposed to give him even that. Never before, he gave it, and there is no genuinely total Christmas giving which is not in the same spirit. We would not for the world discourage the interchange of gifts which come to be customary at this time in families and between friends, but a deeper spirit is prompted by the heart. In spite of the show, and the hypocrisy which have come to overlay much of such giving, the custom tends to the development of the higher qualities. But this is a regrader that the pleasure of the gentile ready for Christmas is always great where sincere impulse is made the finder among the shops, can be immensely heightened by a gifting ready to make happy some depressed soul which now looks forward to no brightness in the day.



## Practical Egg Farming.

I raise pullets chiefly for the profit in the sale of eggs for commercial purposes. My stock is all single-comb white leghorns, and I have not tried to make a breed, and am a writer in the Times American. I started four years ago by getting eggs from a man who had raised White Leghorns on a large scale for 27 years, and from one hen I started four 50-egg machines, and now have eight, and shall increase to ten next spring. I don't intend to something about hen raising. I find that you cannot get your hens off the edge from books, papers or other people, but must know it out of your own experience.



## Making Much of Litter.

Don't burn up any kind of coarse litter that accumulates around the foodyard, but save to mulch different plants in the fall. If some manure is mixed with the litter, so much the better. Strawberries, raspberries, cucumbers and many other plants bear more heavily and will save cultivation after they are started. Don't

DOCTOR Fordney came out of the office the afternoon he deposited an armful of packages in his carriage, and then started by par the last train on his daily round. It was the afternoon before Christmas, but the young physician's mind was not filled with the proverbial holiday cheer. Santa Claus will be bad toward all men—but not toward all women. One little spot of resentment lurked in his thoughts of Santa Claus.

She had accepted his tender devotion with downcast eyes and an entrancing air of demureness and timidity combined. Then, suddenly, she had been transformed into the mere bewildering of coquetry, openly flirting with a man the doctor detested. He speed-limit rule, as he drove his machine into the pasture of the poor precincts of the city and stopped before a fashion-fashioned mansion. He knocked and then opened the door. A page, stationed in anticipation, ushered he into the adjoining room.

A delicate little face with was eyes looked up from a couch.

"You are better, little Lou, he asserted, taking the tiny hand in his. It's the thought of Christmas"

"Yes and a lovely young lady brought us a Christmas dinner and there's jelly and pie. She is coming again tomorrow to see Santa Claus, cause I don't think he will, though."

"You must have faith in Santa, I believe that he will come," assured the doctor. "You are right, I made a mistake once in a while, but he wouldn't miss you twice. I feel sure that he will come."

"Oh, do you? If I could only see him! Do you think he would care if I remained awake?" asked the qualed little invalid.

"Well, you know he generally comes when everyone is asleep, but maybe, since you're sick and because he forgot you last year he may come sooner. I'll see what I can do and let you see him.

"I will rested the child restatically.

Maybe he'll have a Christmas tree for you, little girl, suggested the physician taking lofty flights

The child's eyes gleamed.

"Oh, she sighed. That would be too beautiful

The doctor asked a few questions, left some more medicine and then beckoned the nurse from the hall into the outer room.

"I will send a little tree and all the trappings as soon as I get back to the city. You have it all trimmed up and ready for Santa Claus. I'll come in and be Santa Claus.

"Oh, you mustn't do so much, she protested, looking at the many parcels.

"I have no one in the world to do anything for," he said carelessly, and you will be giving me all the Christmas cheer I shall get by letting me do this. And, more than that, I will do little Lou more good than a load of medicine.

He returned to the city for another shopping expedition and promptly at 8 o'clock the next morning at the little home. On the door-step he slipped in a note to the nurse, addressed to Lou and the usual Santa Claus make-up. Then he softly opened the door and slipped in. He gave an exclamation of joy at the gifts piled around the lighted little tree to which little Lou was pointing the best bonnet.

"That is fine!" he exclaimed.

"The young man took back with a doll her Lou, and when I told her what you had done, she almost fainted for joy for me. She was here all the afternoon, arranging ornaments and popcorn strings, and making pretty things.

"I'll sits behind the tree, now, and you bring in the little girl. I'm not so afraid of me, will she?"

"Oh, she loves Santa Claus!"

The doctor was more than repaid for his offering to the cause of design that lasted from Lou when her mother brought her from the bed-room and propped her up in pillows to the rocking chair

"I couldn't find you last year," said Santa Claus in a gruff but tender voice. "But I have brought you enough this year to make up."

Lou's eyes had widened and opened before Doctor Fordney discovered a tiny blue envelope addressed to Santa Claus in a handwriting that made his heartbeat quicken. He opened it and by the light of a tiny candle read that which made his Christmas eve an ecstasy of beauty

"And this is the last, little Lou," he said, carrying her a picture-book

"Santa Claus, you won't forget him next year, will you, because he brought the Christmas dinner?" she pleaded.

"Little Lou, I am sending a dinner from here. She shall have everything she wants."

"And you won't forget Doctor Fordney?"

"No. I'll give him the best Christmas he ever had."

"But, Santa Claus, won't some one give you a present?"

"A beautiful little girl is going to give me the loveliest gift in the whole world tonight," he said.

"Oh, I am so glad! I wish I could do something for you, too, for all the things you have brought me."

"You have done it, little girl. In my home will you go to bed and shut your eyes tight and try not to think of your present until morning? I'll be back until morning."

He stooped to receive the imprint of baby lips and to feel the lingering pressure of soft arms about his neck.

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## OLD STORIES OF CHRISTMAS

### Some Have Interest, Freshness and Beauty That Keep Them Alive

There are some so-called "old stories" that are really not old, for they have an interest, freshness and a beauty that keep them always new. Some of the old fairy tales, legends and all the legends and tales that belong to the great festival.

Long ago, in the Germany that when Kris plucked the fatal apple the tree of life was immediately shriveled into needle points and its bright and glorious fruit, the nature of the tree changed and it became an evergreen. In a German legend, tells the story of man's fall through that "serpent of disobedience." On Christmas dawn it bloom brightly with lights and ornaments and all love gifts. The course is turned into a blessing by the coming of the Christ child and from the tree has come the Christmas tree.

The visits of St Nicholas to the homes of the people on Christmas eve are a delicious tradition, and is a festival to honor of Hertha, a Norse goddess. In her honor the Norse homes was decorated with evergreens and all the fruits and flowers of the fertile of the hall, where the family assembled. Hertha was known as the "mother heartbeather." On the stones so set up were heaped fir branches, which were set after the fashion of the smoke and flame Hertha was supposed to descend on Christmas eve, and some of the flames from which were produced for lustrous of those present.

## EAT, DRINK AND BE MERRY

### Three Forebodings to the Winds and Let Christmas Passes Be One of Joy

Let joy reign! Let care go to the dogs. Three forebodings to the winds! Christmas comes once a year. Let the young folks enjoy it to the full. Let the old folks forget their croaking about rheumatism for one day at least, and remember the time when they too, were young and full of joy and hope. Let them.

And let the little stockings be filled and let a good time be enjoyed by the blowing on toy trumpets, and the tooting on mouth organs, and the drumming on stepmany-bellyproof drums, which are sure to follow! The boys can be boys but once, and, also, in a boy if he cannot make a soldier

And so the years go on, and one Christmas follows another, and we not only look back and sorrow over our friends, and we part with them, we look back and sorrow over our friends through faith in the meritlice which Christ gives us and sometimes we look forward to a more perfect Christmas, when the Christmas shall gather to the Father's home.

"I Couldn't Find You Last Year," Said Santa Claus.