

# HOLIDAY GREETING

## OUR ANNUAL SUPPLEMENT

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR 1892

T. J. Nichol

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"GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST, AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

### A NEW XMAS



HE pastor was in his study, his brow was furrowed with thought, and wisdom to guide him rightly for many a day he'd sought.

And there was not a single volume on the shelves above or below that could throw any light on the problem that puzzled and vexed him so.

For the harvest season was over, and Christmas was close at hand, and the glow of the rising splendor already illumined the land;

And there on the desk before him, in orderly neatness, lay the sermon he meant to deliver to his people on Christmas day.

So 'twas not this that disturbed him, nor was he a moment vexed by any doubt or delusion in regard to his chosen text;

For he preached but a simple gospel, in language as terse and plain as the smooth, round pebbles that David took when the mighty giant was slain.

The pastor thought of his little flock, the children great and small, and great was the loving-kindness with which he regarded all;

And yet a wave of trouble ran over his heart, because they thought much less of Jesus Christ than they did of Santa Claus.

For one and another whispered—their words had an eager ring—

"What shall I get on Christmas? What will Santa Claus bring?"

And as everywhere and ever the thirst for gain increased, the charm of a kindly presence was missed from the royal feast.

The pastor sat in his study, when his good wife opened the door, and together they held communion and talked the trouble over;

And she, being quick of fancy, in a moment or two had planned a better way for keeping the day that was now so close at hand.

The pastor gave the notice from the pulpit, next Sabbath morn, and to brain and heart, like a swift-winged dart, was the startling message borne.

For he spoke in words of fire the truth they must all believe:

"The Master has said: 'It is far more blessed to give than to receive.' And if at the Christmas season you'd be richly and truly blest, bring hither your votive offering,—and let it be of your best,—and give to the poor around you with generous heart and hand.

That peace and good-will to men may fill the length and breadth of the land."

'Twas early in bleak December the barrels came rolling in, the farmers sending their choicest from well-stored barn and bin;

There were apples and pears in plenty, and pumpkins, yellow as gold, and nuts and potatoes, together enough for a vessel's hold, and bags on bags of flour and of coffee, and chests of tea, and strings of onions and peppers,—oh! 'twas a goodly sight to see.

And the work of nimble fingers to such an amount was there, it seemed as if the collection outrivald the County Fair.

There were dolls of assorted sizes, and some that had been much used, for the little folks had nought else to give and not a gift was refused;

For the pastor would teach the lesson to children of tender years, that the gift that secures a blessing must be consecrated with tears.

Oh, crisp and clear Christmas dawned that year; the church was with holy drest, and the bells rang out a merry chime that echoed from east to west;

And around the altar and down the aisles were baskets and barrels stowed, while up on the pulpit and into the pews the gifts had overflowed.



"IT IS FAR MORE BLESSED TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE."

Oh, happy were pastor and people as they gathered from near and far, their hearts revived and illumined by the light of Bethlehem's star; and happy the poor and needy to whom were the good things given.

That carried a blessing with them and lifted their souls to Heaven: For out of this rich abundance the hungry were sweetly fed, the naked were clothed, and the sick and sorrowful cheered and comforted; and so great was the joy of giving, that pastor and people felt as if with the wise men of the east at the Saviour's feet they knelt.

Oh, never a brighter Christmas had dawned on the dull old town, never had richer blessings been scattered so freely down; and taught by the Holy Spirit their selfish greed to subdue, all hearts rejoiced—and on Christmas day was the Christ child born anew.

—Josephine Pollard, in Demorest's Monthly.

### HAPPY NEW YEAR.

To One and All, the Young, the Old, the High, the Low.

A happy new year to you, child of to-day! May you know more of sunshine than of cloud, and more of glee than of sorrow; may your tumbles and bumps be few, your laughter be frequent and long, your play be unre-

And why do you blush, coy maiden, as we address to you the compliments of this happy season? Can it be that a quail oppresses your tender conscience? Have you been playing the coquette—O! monster of ruthlessness; have you been reveling in the anguish which your bright eyes and pretty face have entailed? We cannot bid you be happy when we know that you, underserving, should not and cannot be blessed with happiness until you have made reparation. Hasten to pluck the brand from the burning; save the callow but honest William ere he altogether perish in the delightful torments which your charms inspire.

To you, whose lives are hallowed with the grace of maternity, not one but many, many years of happiness! Live long, wives and mothers of this land, to see the little lives you have cherished so tenderly expand into beauty and usefulness; live long to know and feel the sweet rewards of gratitude, of veneration and of love. Survive those hours

### LOUIE'S WANTS.

A Little School Boy's Christmas Speech.

I want a horn for Christmas That makes a lot of noise; I want a drum, And a top to hum, And wagon loads of toys.

I want a sled with runners, I want a chair that rocks; I want a ball, The most of all, And lots of building blocks.

I want a little table, I want a pig that hollers, A gun that shoots, And rubber boots, And a bank chuk full of dollars.

I want a bag of marbles, I want a chest of tools; A woolly goat, And a palated boat, And a wagon hitched to mules.

I want a game of checkers, I want a bell to ring; A dog that barks, And Noah's ark, And, oh!—most everything!

—Eva Best, in Detroit Free Press.

the crown of the head to the tip end of the great toe, and yet make no demonstration, is a trial with which we are deeply sympathetic. To sit on a long bench at school with eight or ten other boys, all able to keep quiet only by utmost force of resolution, and something happen that makes all the rest snicker, while you abstain, requires an amount of heroic endurance we never reached. I remember well how a rattan feels when it arrives in the open palm at the rate of sixty miles an hour. In my first ten years I suppressed enough giggles, smiles, chuckles and yells to have ruined me for all time. I so often retired from the sitting-room when we had company to the wood-shed, where my mirth would be no disturbance to anything but the ash-barrels, that I have all allowance to make for that age of life which is apt to be struck through the titter. I still feel the boy in my nature when ludicrous things happen, as when a city exquisite came into the prayer-meeting,



HAPPY NEW YEAR, and a new beginning, For hands that have wavered and steps that fall: New time for toil and new space for winning The guardian of happiness free to all.

New hope for the souls long clouded over With possible sorrows and actual pain; New joys for comrade, and friend, and lover, The year is bringing them all again.

New days and hours for the patient building Of noble character, pure and true; For faith and love, with their radiant gilding, To make the temple of life anew.

A Happy New Year, and a truce to sadness, Its every moment by God is planned; Whatever may come, whether grief or gladness, Must come aright from a Father's hand.

He blessed the old in its dawning—thenceforth His love was true to us all the way, And now in the hitherto shines the henceforth, And out of the yesterdays smiles to-day.

We would have power in this year to brighten Each lot less blessed and fair than ours; The woe to heal and the load to lighten, The waste soul-garden to plant with flowers.

May every day be a royal possession To high-born purpose and steadfast aim, And every hour in its swift progression Make life more worthy than when it came.

—Mary Bowles, in Golden Days.

### ALL A MISTAKE.

And so the Poor Fellow Lost His Christmas Present.

On Christmas morning three or four years ago I started out for a hunt with a Mississippi planter, and when we had gone about half a mile from the house we came full upon a colored man who had killed a pig weighing about one hundred pounds and was dressing it. He had no warning of our approach, but exercised wonderful nerve. As soon as we came up he removed his hat, bowed very low and said:

"Kurnel, I war jist comin' up to de house to restore you my thanks. 'Low me, sah, to say dat I neber dun depreciated anything like dis present o' yours."

"What present, boy?"

"Dis yere pig, sah. I was dun outer meat an' I can't tell you how much obbeeged I ar."

"Look yere, boy!"

"Yes, sah."

"I don't know you. You are a stranger in this neighborhood. You ran that hog down."

"Why, kurnel, how you talk! Doan' you member dat daw las' July when you was down to Biloxi?"

"No, sir, I wasn't down there in July!"

"Ar' it possible! An' you didn't tell me to come heah an' get a shoat Chris'mas?"

"No, sir!"

"Neber dun tole me nuffin'?"

"No, sir!"

"An' dis ar' your pig?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Wall! Wall! It's mighty quare dat I made sich a mistake. Mebbe it's on 'count of dat tree which fell on my head las' winter. Did you want de pig car'ed up to de house, kurnel?"

"I do. Take it direct to the house and then make tracks!"

"Snah, kurnel, snah! I'll take it right up an' den hurry right away. Sakes alive, but when dat tree cracked my head all de sense mus her run right

"Wall! Wall! It's mighty quare."

out! Good-by, kurnel. I'll leab de pig right at de house an' walk right off. No harm, kurnel. All a mistake on my part. Nice pig, kurnel, an' I wish you many returns ob de same!"—Detroit Free Press.



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### SANTA CLAUS' VISIT.



'Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

The stockings were hung by the chimney with care, in hopes that St. Nicholas would be there.

The children were nestled all snug in their beds, while visions of sugar plums danced in their heads.

And mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap, had just settled our winter's nap.

When out on the roof such a clatter I sprang from my room, was the matter?

Away to the window I flew, like a flash, tore open the shutter, up the sash.

The moon on the breast of the fallen snow, gave a luster of midday to objects below.

When what to my eyes should appear! But a miniature sleigh, and tiny reindeer, with a little old driver, so quick.

I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick, more rapid than eagles his coursers they came.

And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name—

Now Dasher! now Dancer! now Prancer and Vixen! On Comet! on Cupid! on Donner and Blitzen—

To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!

Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!

As dry leaves that before the win hurricane fly, when they meet with an obstacle, mount to the sky.

So up to the house-top the covers they flew, with the sleigh full of toys—and St. Nicholas, too.

"I KNEW IN A MOMENT IT MUST BE ST. NICK."

strained, your sleep refreshing, your dreams pleasant.

A happy new year to you, bright youth of our city and country—all happiness in the ambition, the joy, the friendships, the competitions and the rewards of school life. Success to you in the endeavor whereby the firm, enduring basis of true manhood and of noble womanhood are laid; with what success comes two-fold happiness—happiness to others and happiness to yourselves. Go forth gayly and confidently into the new year, O, you who are beautiful in the fresh vigor of your youth!

A happy new year to you, young man! We know your secret! Your faltering speech, your diverted glances, your smart attire—these and other tell-tale signs have betrayed you, and there is uncommon sympathy in our hearts as we bid you a happy new year. But to be happy you must be brave. Go, like a man, and speak your mind to her; pour out into her willing ear the full measure of your soul; she has a gentle heart and she will requite you. It is not well for you to twin to live apart; but your happiness is within your comprehension. Fate is propitious, the time is ripe and the girl is willing.

of pain, of cruelty, of watching and of sacrifice—live through it all, dear, patient martyrs, to share the peace, the repose, the contentment, the compensations of the future that surely wait for such as you.

We wish a happy new year to him whose life is inspired by honorable purpose and whose strength is expended in honorable endeavor. Whatever his condition, whatsoever his environment, long life to him, we say, and may this new year, if it do not find him already advanced in the way to success and happiness, point and conduct him thereunto.

A happy new year, too, to you, grandmothers and grandfathers everywhere! Look out upon all around you and see how passing fair the evening is; and all that is to be heard invites contentment and repose. You hear voices, too, that we do not hear—they have never been quite forgotten, and they speak to you in the sweetly solemn twilight of the morning that followeth the evening, and of the waking that cometh after the folding of the hands to sleep.

Yes, to all—the young, the old, the high, the low—a happy new year, a happiness arising from and tempered with wisdom, faith, hope and charity.—Eugene Field, in Chicago News.

### AN ACROSTIC.

Hark! the bells are ringing sweet, Answering up and down the street, Passerby each other greet, Paying courtly compliment, Young and old on pleasure bent.

Now these wishes, old and new, Every one I wish for you, With a loving heart and true.

Yours are every blessing bright, Every blossom of delight, All good angels guide you, dear, Round the sunny, circling year!

—Youth's Companion.

### SUPPRESSED HILARITY.

A Few Words in Behalf of the Children in the Holiday Season.

Be patient with children's racket these holidays. We feel sorry for boys, because they are not exempt from troubles, and one of the worst is suppressed hilarity. To want to laugh and still maintain gravity; to see the minister's wig getting twisted and yet look devotional; to discover a mouse in prayer-time and yet not titter; to see the young bride and groom in church try to look like old married people; to have the deacon drop the contribution plate and spill the pennies, and yet look sorry for the misfortune; in a word, to be a boy with fun from the top hair on

whisk-cane in hand, and fanciful eyeglass on, looked sublimely around on the audience as much as to say: "I suppose you all see that I am here," and then sat down where a chair had just before stood, but from which place the usher had inadvertently removed it. Had it not been for an extemporized cough and sneeze and active use of the pocket handkerchief on my part I should have been hopelessly ruined.—Talmage, in N. Y. Observer.

—Two Ladies Shopping.—"What shall we buy George for Christmas?" "I don't know; something useful, however." "That's just what I think." And then, after three or four hours' hard work (for the salesman) they purchased a penwiper done in moire antique with lace trimmings and a mother-of-pearl bootjack.—Boston Transcript.

—He Looked Up the Address.—"Can I see Santa Claus?" asked the small boy, entering Foggy's toy store. "He's not here, sonny," returned the old man, kindly. "Why do you look for him in my place?" "Well, I saw your name on the wagon he sent me, and I thought I might get him to trade it for a pair of skates."—Puck.