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Christmas.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they
come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing!

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low;
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,—
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the
song

Which now the angels sing.
—Edmund H. Sears.

"On Earth, Peace."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"On earth, peace, peace,
Good-will to men,
The angels sang,
On earth, peace—"

Mrs. Sinclair rose, crossed the room, and drew together the heavy crimson portiers which separated the library from the back parlor. A frown furrowed her brow, while her hands trembled nervously.

"How foolish I am!" she exclaimed to herself. "I always enjoy Nora's music, but somehow the words of that Christmas carol irritate me."

She went back to the hearth-rug and stood looking thoughtfully into the mass of glowing coals.

When Margaret Sinclair had married, twenty-two years before, and had come to this beautiful home, she had brought with her, her only near relative, a sister ten years old. Mr. Sinclair grew very fond of Bertha, and she had been like a daughter in the house. She was only eighteen when Harold North, a young mechanic, asked her hand in marriage. The Sinclairs refused his suit because he was poor. However, the young girl loved Harold and finally married him. From that time the doors of her sister's home had been closed against her.

The Norths had removed to a distant city, and Bertha had written several times, but Mrs. Sinclair always returned the letters unopened. No news of them had reached her for a long time. Mr. Sinclair had died five years before, and Mrs. Sinclair was alone with her two daughters. In the early autumn she had learned, by a newspaper paragraph, that the Norths had returned to the city where she was living. The paper stated that Harold had been seriously injured by falling from a building upon which he was at work.

Here Mrs. Sinclair's reverie

was interrupted by the entrance of Mae, her youngest daughter.

"Oh, mamma," the girl cried her pretty blonde face aglow with earnestness, "will you not buy a basket of flowers for the Children's Hospital, for Christmas? I told the matron I knew you would."

Mrs. Sinclair promised willingly. It might ease the pain at her heart to give. She sighed. She noticed Mae's strong resemblance to Bertha. How had the latter stood ten years of poverty and toil? Ah, was there any such thing as peace?

As the week before Christmas slipped by, Mrs. Sinclair bestowed gifts with even more than her usual liberality. But the shadow was not lifted from her brow. "On earth, peace"—those words were always ringing in her ears.

On Christmas eve Nora found her mother sitting alone before the library fire, her hands clasped listlessly in her lap.

"Come with us to the church, mamma," she coaxed. "It is the festival for the mission Sabbath-school, and you will enjoy the music and the happy faces of the children."

Mrs. Sinclair consented wearily. The walk through the thronged streets recalled memories of other days. Were there little ones in Bertha's home for whom she was to-night shopping? Or did poverty debar the mother from that joy?

They soon arrived at the church and Mrs. Sinclair took her place in the family pew. When the curtain rose before the tree, Mrs. Sinclair almost forgot her vexation in the delight of the children, but in a few moments it was recalled to her mind as Nora stepped forward and sang in her sweet well-trained voice the quaint old carol, "On earth, peace!" Margaret Sinclair closed her lips firmly and said to herself, "I will forget."

It is not always in our power to forget. Sometimes it is the voice of God which bids memory come to us, and, although we may refuse to heed the lesson it would fain teach, we cannot bar out the guest.

"Did you enjoy it, mamma?" Nora asked wistfully as the girls joined their mother. "You look tired. I wish we had ordered the carriage to come for us."

"Yes, I enjoyed the children's happiness. The walk will do me good."

Mae drew her mother's hand in her arm, and they went home. When they ascended the steps Nora said,

"Now we are going to have our gifts and a cosy little lunch. This will be the only bit of Christmas we can have all to ourselves. To-morrow there's the dinner party to all the Sinclairs, so to-night we will be happy together."

Mrs. Sinclair had selected a set of pearls for Nora, while the quaint silver toilet articles for Mae had been ordered from Paris. The girls' gifts to their mother were of their own handiwork; Nora's a violet-embroidered lunch-cloth, and Mae's a picture painted by herself. Mrs. Sinclair recognized the bend of the placid river and the group

of long-limbed elms as forming a part of her favorite view from the veranda of their summer home. She entered so fully into the pleasure of her children that her face resumed its usual placid look. They enjoyed the simple lunch, and as they lingered over the fragrant coffee and grapes

Nora said suddenly, "I've been thinking of Aunt Bertha to-day, mamma. I wish you would let me write to her."

It was a daring speech, for the name of the Norths was never mentioned. Mrs. Sinclair replied coldly,

"We will not discuss that matter."

A few moments later they separated for the night. Nora whispered as she kissed her mother,

"Forgive me, mamma, if I hurt you. Christmas always makes me think of those I love, since papa is gone we are few in number."

Mrs. Sinclair held her daughter in a close embrace for a moment. When she spoke she said, "Good-night, darling. God is good to give me such dear girls."

Alone in her room Mrs. Sinclair paced restlessly to and fro. Why did this matter long ago settled, persistently haunt her?

After a little she retired, but only to lie for hours staring into the darkness. At last she fell into a restless sleep. She awoke just as the first faint light of morning crept in at the window.

The first thought that came to her was of the Christ who so loved sinful erring humanity that he gave his life to redeem the world from sin. One of his gifts had been peace. Could she in any way truly observe the natal day of the divine Saviour of the world while refusing to accept the heaven-proclaimed message that heralded his coming? Ah, there was the solution to the problem that had so vexed her—Christ, the very incarnation of love and peace.

Finally Mrs. Sinclair rose and began, with trembling fingers, to dress. She put on a plain street suit and a long sealskin cape. Quitting her room, she reached the lower hall just as a servant was carrying fresh bouquets of roses and violets into the dining-room. He stared in surprise at seeing his mistress arrayed for the street.

"Tell the cook to prepare breakfast for several more than the family," Mrs. Sinclair said quietly. "We will have guests."

She opened the massive hall door and descended the steps. The city was slowly waking to life. The sun was rising, and through the closely-set houses she caught a glimpse of the eastern sky aglow with radiance. The crisp air, the comparative quiet of the streets, and the chiming of the distant bells—all these gave and added impetus to her new-born resolve.

A half-hour after leaving her home she was climbing the stairs of a crowded tenement-house.

At the door of the room to which she had been directed she paused and rapped. No reply came. Margaret waited a moment, then entered the room. It was apparently a sitting-room and poorly furnished, although neat and clean. Two boys of

five and seven were sitting on the floor, their heads bent over the contents of their stockings.

One glance showed Mrs. Sinclair the home-made toys, the picture cards, and the tiny packages, of candy. The next moment she was kneeling by the children.

"Where did you come from?" the eldest boy asked, a look of wonder in his blue eyes. "You can't be Santa Claus nor the Christ-child, 'cause you are a lady."

"No, I am your Aunt Margaret. I came to tell you that Santa Claus has many beautiful gifts for you at my home. Will you go with me?"

"Yes," and he sprang up, clapping his hands gleefully. "I know you. Mamma loves you and talks about you. She cries sometimes, but she cries lots since papa got hurt."

Margaret drew both boys in her arms. "Tell me your name," she said.

"Why, don't you know? I'm Alfred, and little brother is Max."

Alfred! That was her beloved husband's name.

The door opened. There was a startled cry. Mrs. Sinclair looked up to see her sister standing near. Bertha was worn and faded, and upon her shoulder rested one hand of her husband. Harold leaned upon a crutch with his other arm.

Mrs. Sinclair advanced hurriedly. "Bertha, Harold, dear sister and brother, will you forgive me I ask it in the name of Christ."

When they became composed enough to listen to mutual explanations, Mrs. Sinclair learned that the long illness of her sister had kept the family in straitened circumstances, and that Harold's accident had threatened them with actual want. She learned, too, that poverty and trouble had not dimmed the love of husband and wife.

That evening they were all gathered in the library of the Sinclair home, Nora was sitting on the hearth-rug, the children nestling close against her, while Alfred tried to tell which of the many gifts he had received was the best.

"I think my best Christmas present was my dear little cousins," Nora cried gayly.

Her mother's eyes rested lovingly on the group before the fire. "The best of all Christmas gifts is peace, my darlings," she said, "the peace that Christ is always ready to give."—Hope Daring, in American Messenger.

Spanish Names.

The following is a correct pronunciation of the more prominent Spanish names of towns, ships, generals, etc.:

Almodvar—Ahl-moh-doh'-vahr.
Alfonso—Ahl-fohn'-soh.
Almirante Oquendo—Ahl-mee-ratin'-tay Oh-kain-doh.
Blanco—Blahn'-koh.
Banes—Bah'-nace.
Camara—Cah'-mah-rah.
Cadiz—Cah'-deeth.
Cienfuegos—The-en-foo-a'-gohs.

Cardenas—Kar-day'-nahs.
Christobal Colon—Krees-toh'-bahl Koh-lone'.

Caimanera—Kah-ee-may'-nay-rah.

Cervera—Thair-vay'-rah.
Castelar—Kahs'-tay-lahr.
Emperador Carlos V.—Em-pay-rah-dor' Car'-lohs Keen-toh.
Gullon—Goohl-yohn'.

Guantanamo—Gwahn-tah-nah'-moh.

Gomez—Goh'-hayth.

Garcia—Gahr-thee'-ah.

Havana—Hah-vah'-nah.

Holguin—Hohl'-geen.

Matanzas—Mah-tahn'-thaths.

Morro—Moh'-rroh.

Maria Teresa—May-ree-ah'-Tay-ray'-sah.

Neuvitas—Noo-ay-vee'-taths.

Pinar del Rio—Peeh-nahr thel Ree-oh.

Puerto Principe—Poo-air'-toh Preen'-thee-pay.

Pelayo—Pay-lah'-yo.

Santa Clara—Sahn'-tah Clah'-rah.

Santiago—Sahn-tee-ah'-goh.

San Juan—Sahn Hwahn.

Trinidad—Tree-ni-thath (hard th.)

Vizcaya—Veeth-cah'-yah.

—Harper's Weekly.

[We marked the accented syllables above with apostrophe's.]

Luxury or Books?

Richard De Bury once said: "The library, therefore, of wisdom is more precious than all riches; and nothing that can be wished for is worthy to be compared with it." *Success* gives an interesting anecdote, told by Agassiz of his visit, when a young man, to the great German naturalist, Prof. Loren Oken.

The professor received his guest with warm enthusiasm, but apparent embarrassment. He showed his visitor the laboratory and the students at work, also his cabinet, and lastly, his splendid library of books pertaining to zoological science, a collection worth some \$7,000, and well deserving the glow of pride which the owner manifested as he expatiated on its excellence.

The dinner hour came and then the embarrassment of the great German reached its maximum point.

"Monsieur Agassiz," he said, with perturbation, "to gather and keep up this library exacts the utmost husbandry of my pecuniary means. To accomplish this, I allow myself no luxury whatever. Hence, my table is restricted to the plainest fare. Thrice a week our table boasts of meat; the other days we have only potatoes and salt. I very much regret that your visit has occurred upon a potato day."

And so the splendid Switzer and the great German with his students dined together on potatoes and salt. And what must those students have enjoyed in the conversation of those remarkable men! Surely this was a case of high thinking and plain living, and fortunate are they who have such opportunities.—Baptist Union.

At a printer's dinner lately, the following toast was proposed: "Women—second only to the Press in disseminating news." The ladies are still undecided whether to regard this as a compliment or not.

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