

## The Woman's Missionary Society.

[This Department is in the interests of the W. M. Society. All communications for it should be addressed to Mrs. Jos. McLeod, Fredericton.]

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### AUNT CLARA'S CHRISTMAS.

A MISSIONARY STORY.

"Aunt Clara, don't you remember that you promised to tell us how you did at Christmas time in Chili?" asked little Gertrude Brown, as she nestled cozily down in Aunt Clara's lap on the evening before Christmas.

"Oh, do tell us now," cried Raymond, a happy, joyous boy ever ready for a story.

The children of this family were especially interested in the stories that this dear "Missionary Aunt," as they called her, told them of the country in which she had spent so many years.

"Well, my dears, tell Bessie and Edith and little Paul to come, and I will tell you what I saw last Christmas in Chili. Bessie, run and get your map and find Chili."

The big geography was soon spread down on the floor and three little fingers began their journey, the smallest one leaving a decided mark of its passage, "just as Aunt Clara had gone," east from Indianapolis to New York, south on the great ocean, across the isthmus, and then south—south—south to a narrow little strip of country, and stopped while Gertrude spelled C-h-i-l-i.

"What city is it?" asked Bessie. "I always forget."

"Conception, dear. Have you found it? Then I will begin.

"You must be prepared to hear that they celebrate Christmas very differently from the people of this country. The people are very ignorant and superstitious. Perhaps, when I tell you how much they need to be taught, you will not be so determined that your Aunt Clara shall not return to them.

"In Chili, as here, Christmas eve is the great gala time of the whole year, but instead of cold weather and snow, boys and girls going about in furs and overcoats, with sleds and skates, we have weather just like June, flowers everywhere, the streets and churches are beautifully decorated, and everybody is out in holiday attire. Early in the evening thousands of people crowd into the churches to witness the representation of the coming of Christ.

"The image of the baby Christ, which is a beautiful doll about the size of your doll, Bessie, is lowered through an opening in the ceiling of the church and placed in a cunning little manger they have prepared for it.

"How anxiously and lovingly these people watch this doll, that is a representation of their Saviour, until it is carefully resting in its little bed of straw.

"Then occurs the most disgraceful

scenes, the women and men pushing and fighting and throwing each other down in their frantic efforts to be the first to kiss the feet of the image, and to give the presents and money they have brought for it.

"They go through with a programme of ceremony that usually requires until midnight for its completion. Just at midnight, without a moment's warning, all the bells begin to ring and the city seems alive with beasts of all kinds making the most hideous noises."

"Why, what in the world was it?" cried Raymond, excitedly.

"It wasn't surely animals, was it?" asked Gertrude.

"No, dear; men were divided up into companies, and stationed at different places over the city. One company is instructed to bray like donkeys, another to neigh like horses, another to low like cattle, another to crow and cackle like barnyard fowls, and so on. Nearly every kind of animal is represented by companies of men, each screaming lustily in frantic endeavor to be heard. Can you imagine what a noise it makes?"

"I'd like to hear it," said Raymond, with a flash of his bright eyes.

"I wouldn't," said gentle Gertrude. "I don't see what that has to do with Christmas."

"It is to represent the supposed joy of the animal kingdom at the coming of Christ," said Aunt Clara.

"This is kept up until morning. Why, your poor Aunt Clara didn't sleep for a week, for the days and the nights following Christmas are spent in drinking, fighting, racing, and disgraceful reveling. It is a hard time for a quiet, decently inclined person like your old Auntie."

"I should think so," said Bessie, indignantly. "The idea of celebrating Christmas with such doings. Why didn't you tell them better, Aunt Clara?"

"I did, my child," said the gentle aunt. "It is to tell these people of Christ and the benefits of a pure religion that I am willing to leave those that are very dear to me and go to that country that God has made so beautiful, but whose people are living in idolatry and ignorance."

"I think I will go as soon as I am old enough," said Bessie.

"If I go, I'll tell 'em a few things," said Ray.

"Have you ever thought, dear children," said Aunt Clara, "to thank God that you were born in this country, where you are taught of the Saviour and his love?"

"No, I never thought of being thankful that I'm not a heathen, but I tell you I am," declared Ray.

"What would we do without our beautiful Christmas," asked Edith.

Little Gertrude said not a word, but she nestled closer to her auntie's heart.

"What does my little Gertrude say?" asked Aunt Clara.

"I'm thinking, Auntie."

"Thinking what, dear?"

"That maybe sometime I can go and tell them about our Christ and his birthday."

Aunt Clara drew the child close to

her, and as she looked into her beautiful eyes prayed that the Holy Spirit might even now set her apart for the work to which she had dedicated her own life.

### A HARD WAY.

It is written, "The way of the transgressor is hard." But many do not believe that at first. Before they have had experience they believe that it is an easy way. They enter upon it because they desire to find an easy way. They are not pleased with the narrow way of righteousness because of its prohibitions and restraints. They would throw off all yokes and be free. But a few years of experience prove that the broad way is the hard way. Instead of throwing off all yokes, the transgressor has taken upon him the heaviest yoke of all. Instead of freedom he has entered into bondage. Instead of no master he has come under a hard master. Trying to avoid service, he has become the servant of sin and Satan. The way may seem to be easy at first, but soon a change takes place. It grows rougher, steeper, darker, and harder with every step, and ends in everlasting ruin.

### MONEY NOT ALL.

Says the *Free Baptist*: "In recent issues of *McClure's Magazine* has appeared a series of articles on John D. Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Company, by Ida Tarbell, assistant editor of *McClure's*. She has shown up the methods of the man and his company in such a light as to make honest men scorn the head of the greatest financial concern, and the richest man in the world. Miss Tarbell gives names and dates and evidence for all she adduces, and has piled up a most convicting mass of facts. In the last *McClure's* she says: If Rockefeller had been as great a psychologist as he was a business manipulator, he would have realized that he was awakening a terrible popular dread, and he would have foreseen that one day with the inevitable coming to light of his methods, there would spring up about his name a crop of scorn which would choke any crop of dollars and donations which the wealth of the earth could produce. As one result that probably can be traced to the influence of Miss Tarbell's exposure, Nebraska University will miss the gift Rockefeller offered, not because he withdrew it, but because the people of Nebraska are too doubtful of the wisdom of accepting it to fulfil the conditions. John D. Rockefeller has

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