

Christmas Address to Charlottetown Rotarians

The story of the "The Other Wise Man", by Henry Van Dyke, was reviewed in a timely address at the Rotary Club yesterday by Rev. Canon E. M. Malone, Rector of St. Peter's.



Canon Malone

The text of Canon Malone's address follows:

Looking over some manuscripts I found one dated 23 XII, 29, an address to the Rotarians — so for over twenty years, off and on, I have been speaking to you at this season.

Naturally, we have considered many subjects, fact and fiction, legend and history, and sometimes a judicious mixture (I hope) of both. Today, however, we must venture into the realms of pure phantasy when I tell you the story of the "Other Wise Man" by Henry Van Dyke. We have it on the author's own authority. He was professor of English Literature at Princeton, and wrote this story in 1896 which has been translated into nearly every European and many oriental languages.

The Sign

In Ecbatana, the beautiful summer capital of the Persian Empire, in the days when Caesar Augustus ruled the Roman Empire and Herod the Great was King of Judaea, there lived a certain Mede named Artaban. In a magnificent dwelling, set in a garden of flowers and fruit, on the mountain slopes, we see him standing in the doorway waiting to welcome his guests. A glance at this tall dark man of 40 years reveals a mystic, in whose soul would always be the inner conflict and desire to seek for higher things. He is wearing the ancient garb of the Magi, the priests of Zoroaster. Nine men, differing widely in age but alike in the richness of their clothing, enter. They also are men of noble birth and followers of Zoroaster.

In a large, well-proportioned room, handsomely furnished, at one end, between marble pillars, stands an altar on which a fire is burning. Artaban tends the flame and begins the chant of the fire-worshippers.

We worship the Spirit Divine, all wisdom and goodness possessing. Surrounded by Holy Immortals, the givers of bounty and blessing. Cleanse us from falsehood, and keep us from bondage to badness.

Four out the light of Thy life on our darkness and sadness.

The chant ended, he turns to his friends. "At my call, you have come to rekindle your faith. We worship not fire, but the God of Purity of whom it is the symbol since it is the purest of created things." Murmurs of assent greeted his words. "Now," continued Artaban, "let me tell you of new light and truth that have come to me as I sought the highest of all learning in the signs of the stars." Again there was assent. With glowing face he went on. "In the secret place of my soul I have kept this discovery of an ancient prophecy, and I have drawn from my breast two small rolls of fine linen, carefully inscribed, saying: 'Long before our fathers came into this land there were wise men among the Chaldeans. One of these, Balaam, son of Beor, prophesied thus:— There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall arise out of Israel.' One of his hearers now became somewhat contemptuous. 'Judah was captive in Babylon; the tribes of Israel are scattered; neither star nor sceptre shall come out of Rome' remnant under the rule of Rome."

"I," replied Artaban, "was not the Hebrew Daniel a great interpreter of dreams and things to come, honored by our great King Cyrus." Opening the second roll, he added, "Listen to what he wrote:— From the going forth of the commandment to restore Jerusalem, unto the Anointed one, the Prince, the time shall be seven and threescore and ten weeks."

"These are mystical numbers," they objected, "who can interpret them?" "To me and my three companions, Caspar, Melchior and Balthasar, the meaning has been revealed. We have studied the stars and this is the year. A new star arose and then vanished. My companions are watching in the possessions and bought three great jewels — a sapphire, blue as the sky at night; a ruby, redder than the blood of a martyr, and a diamond, clear as the sky. I will set out for Jerusalem to find him who is to be born King of Israel. I am ready, I have sold my share of my inheritance, a pearl, pure as the driven snow. These will I offer to the new-born King. Come and share my quest."

Doubt spread over the features of his hearers. One by one they characterized his words as a vain dream and bade him farewell. The oldest alone lingered to utter words of hope and bid him go in peace. Left alone he passes to the terrace and gazes at the heavens above. A tiny spark, remote yet perfect, appears, glows and radiates an effulgent light. He bows his head. It is the sign. He must go to seek the King.

The Meeting Place

Before dawn broke Artaban was in the saddle. The trying place was more than 400 miles away. He journeys through mountain passes and marshy lands, past fertile fields and rich gardens, down

steep gorges and through tumbling streams, past the city of Ctesiphon, across the Tigris and on the evening of the tenth day arrives outside the walls of Babylon. In three hours more he would reach the temple where his comrades awaited him. Passing through a grove of date palms, his good horse with a sudden snort stood stock still before the form of a man lying in the pathway. As he stopped to consider the situation, a ghostly sigh came from the prostrate form, an outstretched hand grasped his stirrup. Could he remain now to minister to a dying man and fall to keep his trust? But could he leave a man to die? Must he not return from following the star to rescue the perishing? "God of purity, direct me." So lifting him to the roadside he brings water from the nearby canal, mingles it with a potent drug he carried for he was healer as well as astrologer and laboured to bring the unfortunate man back from the grave. "Who art thou?", the stricken Jew demanded. "I am a priest of the Magi. I go to Jerusalem to seek the King of the Jews, a deliverer of mankind. I dare not delay. Here are bread and wine and healing herbs." The Jew raised his hand in blessing; "but stay," he said, "Messiah will not be born in Jerusalem, but as our prophets foretold in Bethlehem of Judah — May God direct thy ways."

Swiftly he rode to the Temple of Wisdom; it was long past midnight; no trace of his comrades was to be seen. Nearby on a cairn of broken bricks a parchment fluttered. He read: "We waited past the midnight hour and could delay no longer. Follow us across the desert." It was a bitter disappointment. With a spent horse, without food, how could he cross the desert. He must return to Babylon, sell his sapphire, purchase camels and provisions. "God grant I may not lose the sight of the King, because I delayed to show mercy," he prayed.

To Bethlehem

Over the desert, seated high on his camel, he went on his way. It was a land of death through which he passed, of brier and thorn, sand and rock, inhospitable mountains, dry river beds, fierce heat by day, chill winds at night. At length the orchards of Damascus came in sight; then the snowy peaks of Hermon, the blue lake of Galilee and the high hills of Judaea. At last he came to Bethlehem. The village streets were deserted; a sense of doom pervaded the place. He stops to rest before an open door where a woman sings her babe to sleep. She tells him of the guiding star, the Holy Birth, the visit of the shepherds and wise men; but they had come, offered their gifts, and had gone. The Holy Family too had departed for far-away Egypt. "I must arise and follow them," he declares. Almost at once with the clangor of trumpets and the clashing of swords, Herod's soldiers come marching to kill the children of two years old and under and so destroy the new-born king — "O my sweet child!" cries the distressed mother. Artaban stands at the doorway, a noble, imposing figure; the soldiers with bloody halberds and dripping swords view him with respect. Holding the magnificent ruby in his palm, he says: "I am all alone here; waiting to give this gem to some prudent captain who will leave me in peace." The captain hastily grabs the ruby and orders the soldiers, "March on!" Artaban prays: "God of truth, forgive my sin. I did it to save the child's life. Two of my gifts are gone. Shall I ever see the King?" The woman blesses him for saving the life of her little one.

The Futile Search

In the populous cities of Egypt, by the banks of the Nile, under the sycamores of Heliopolis, at the foot of the pyramids, gazing at the crouching inscrutable sphinx, Artaban is to be seen as he searches for the King born in Bethlehem. Finally at Alexandria a venerable Rabbi reads him the prophecies which tell of a suffering Messiah. "He will not be found in palaces, nor will Solomon's glory be his. His glory will be in patient and triumphant suffering. His kingdom will be a kingdom of love." So, through famine stricken and plague ridden towns, in the gloom of prisons, in the wretchedness of slave markets, he found many to help, but no king to worship. It seemed that his quest was in vain. Sadly he looks at the last of his jewels, the snow white pearl, and wonders if he would ever offer it to the King.

The End of the Story

Thirty three years have passed. Artaban is now an old man. His hair once dark as night is white as snow. Worn and weary, he still looks for the King and comes to the image of God.

CENTRAL GUARDIAN

This column is reserved for news of local interest, but advertising of a new nature may be inserted at five cents a word, strictly payable in advance.

JIMMY'S TAXI — Phone 625.

ORASWELL for Xmas Photos

STUDENT LAMPS and children's Night Lights. Brown Electric.

COOK'S for Christmas Photographs.

CURLING SWEATERS AND TAMS. — An ideal Christmas Gift at Jack Cameron's.

TREE LIGHTS and Decorations. Brown Electric.

LADIES' KENWOOD HOUSE-COATS and Overcoats at Jack Cameron's.

NYLON TRAVEL PAK — \$15.00. A Bathrobe in Zipper Container Very compact at Jack Cameron's.

SUNBEAM Mixmasters, Automatic Toasters, Irons, Shavers. Brown Electric.

TOFFY'S SNACK BAR.—Open from 6.30 till 11.30. Everybody welcome.

RADIOS REASONABLY PRICED.—An ideal Christmas gift. Douglas Bros. & Jones Ltd.

WE WILL STOP BUYING poultry on December 20th for Christmas holidays. Plan to open again on December 27th. M. & A. Peters. Market Building.

ALPHA REBEKAH Lodge. Christmas tree and entertainment. Tuesday, Dec. 19th, at 8 p.m. Members, please bring small gift.

FUNERAL AT MARSHFIELD.—The funeral of the late Mrs. Henry Coles, Suffolk, was held yesterday afternoon from Central United Church, Marshfield. The service at the church and grave was conducted by the Rev. John Douglas. The pallbearers were: George Arling, Louis Arling, Ernest Carter, George Johnson, Charles Read, Wesley Glenney. The interment was in the Church cemetery.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.—A group of Christmas Carols were sung by a mixed choir from the senior grades of School Unit No. 1 at Rotary Club luncheon yesterday under the direction of Professor R. F. Musford, A.R.C.O. The programme was announced by Miss Ruth Waters, Parkdale. Guests included Messrs. Harry Wood, S. G. Peppin, E. P. Tinney, Dr. Owen Curtis, W. E. Cotton, Col. J. R. Paton, W. A. Gaudet, A. G. Hogan, Rev. J. D. Davison, G. E. Proctor, Rev. H. E. D. Ashford, Commodore G. M. Hibbard. Rotarian F. A. Large presided and the speaker was thanked by President George Walters.

Jerusalem for the last time. It is the feast of the Passover. Hebrews from all over the world have gathered in the city and through the Temple courts. Today, however, there is an uneasy sense of agitation. The sky is gloomy; the crowds are all going towards a place named Golgotha outside the walls. There is to be an execution. Two notorious robbers and Jesus of Nazareth are to be crucified. He had been a great teacher, wonder-worker, and healer, but the chief priests and Pilate had condemned him because he called himself, "The King of the Jews." "How strange it would be," mused Artaban, "if the King had come, only to be cast out to perish. Could this be the same who was born at Bethlehem thirty-three years ago, whose birth the star portended?" His resolution is made: "I will give my pearl to ransom him from the death of the cross."

Towards the Damascus gate a troop of soldiers were harshly dragging a young girl along. She breaks away from them to clasp Artaban about the feet. On his breast is the symbol of the Magi which she has seen. She took was a follower of Zoroaster. "Save me from a fate worse than death in the name of the God of Purity," she cries. Once again there is the inner conflict which stirred his soul at the parting of Babylon, and in the cottage at Bethlehem: the old struggle between the expectation of hope and the demands of love. Twice his gift to God had been deflected to save men. Now—what? He took the pearl, more luminous, radiant and full of living lustre than ever, his last jewel, and placed it in the girl's hand. "This is thy ransom, child, I meant it for the King."

She is freed. They go along together, as the darkness deepens. The earth quivers and heaves, the walls rock, the crowds are fleeing in terror and confusion. Beneath the walls of the Proetorium he crouches with the girl. What has he to fear any longer? His quest has failed. Then a crash and a tile from the roof struck him on the temple. As blood flows from the wound the young girl holds the old man in her arms. A small quiet voice comes through the darkness:—"I was hungry and you fed me, thirsty and you gave me drink, a stranger and you took me in, naked and you clothed me, in prison and you visited me." The old man's quavering voice asked: "When Lord?" The still sweet voice came again:—"Inasmuch as you did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, you did it to me." His journey was ended. His treasures were accepted. The other wise man had found the King. Rotarians — You and I are the other wise man. As we seek for God in daily life and especially at this Holy Season, we will find Him in suffering humanity which needs our help. We do not fail in our quest when we turn aside from following the star to bring aid to our fellow men, made like us in the image of God.

December 19, 1950

Dear old Santa —
I know its late to be writing you but yesterday I dropped into Holman's "Little Shop" on Kent Street in Charlottetown, and I really think you ought to know of the simply gorgeous things they have in that wee place!

There are darling dresses for parties — there's luscious, lace lingerie, specially a slip, priced just 2.98 — there are Blouses galore — sheer, sheer Hosiery — luxurious House Coats — bright Scarves and real leather Handbags!

The girls on your list know all about Holman's "Little Shop" on Kent St. That's the place they're all hinting about!

Love & Kiss, your dear old thing
Kay's

<p>December</p> <p>This is the month when glad excitement Holds the world in a white embrace. This is the month of holly garlands, Of frost and snow and crystal lace.</p> <p>This is the month of carol singing, Of woody smells and frosted cake. This is the month when self's forgotten In hours of toil for friendships sake.</p> <p>This is the month when pine trees</p>	<p>glisten Shining and bright with lights and toys; This is the month of gay December Bringing to all its Christmas joys. —CONSTANCE I. HECKBERT</p> <p>SHARLETTOWN W. I.</p> <p>The annual meeting of the "Will-ing Workers" Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Frank Bell with eight members and one visitor present. The president Mrs. Ken Muttart presided. Roll call was responded to by each member paying her annual fee. The minutes of October meeting as well as the last annual meeting were read and adopted.</p>	<p>The president gave a report of the year's work showing that all phases of the work had been well attended to, the highlight being the wiring of the hall. In conclusion she thanked the members for their help and co-operation during the past two years but urged that they take more responsibility in the work and attend meetings better—a flourishing Institute is one in which all take an equal interest. Secretary reported total receipts for the year to be \$312.27 and expenditures \$294.29. Follows is the slate of new officers:— President—Mrs. Adelbert Palmer.</p>	<p>Vice President —Mrs. Pete Ainder. Secretary—Mrs. Frank Bell. Treasurer—Mrs. Maud Newsome. Red Cross Convener—Mrs. Walter Wright. Directors—Mrs. Fred MacQuarrie, Mrs. Fred Platts and Mrs. Archie Robinson. Auditors — Mrs. Walter Wright and Mrs. Neil Bradshaw. New committees for three months are:— Sick — Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Platts. School—Mrs. Ken Muttart. Lunch committee for next meeting—Mrs. Frank MacDonald and Mrs. Charles Crewe, with Mrs. Ken Muttart in charge of program. It was decided to sell lunches at the next picture showing in the hall and a committee of eight were appointed to prepare and take charge of them. It was moved and seconded the 100 C. L. O. capsules be ordered from the Red Cross. December 1st was date set for our annual Bazaar and Panto Sale. Collection was taken and lunch served after which the meeting closed to meet next month at the home of Mrs. Ken Muttart.</p>
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An "Inside Story" about Butter

Aluminum Wrappers



Butter goes stale quickly when air and light get in. That's why better-wrapped butter tastes better. Buy one of the many brands that are flavoured in aluminum foil.

No other material is more "food-friendly" than aluminum. So save the protective foil. Use it to rewrap the butter when you put it away, and protect that "farm-fresh" flavour.

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Hints to the Housewife

Wrap food leftovers in aluminum foil. Keep them fresh for another meal. Perishable fruits and vegetables stay fresh and crisp in aluminum foil.

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