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Hymns for Christmas Day and Every Day

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She went out on the veranda to look. Yes, there it was in the wagon!

"For the lands sakes, what's he got?" exclaimed Mrs. Palmer over Polly's shoulder.

"Come and see, mother. It's something he brought out for me, a cabinet for grandmother's china." Answered Polly. Father and the boys lifted the cabinet from the wagon, carried it into the house, and placed it as Polly directed.

"Well, Polly, if you aren't the queerest child," fluttered Mrs. Palmer. "It is rather odd, but I wasn't sure but what it's pretty. It is going to be nice to have mother's china out here where we can see it all the time, and handy when we want to use it."

Christmas was approaching when Mrs. Palmer received notice that her crayon portrait of an 'old lady' was ready for delivery. The afternoon of the twenty-fourth of December found her in a little studio partitioned off in an out-of-the-way corner of the department store. She was facing a shabby, dream-eyed-eyed hands, with bushy hair and delicate hands.

"That's a pretty fine old lady of yours," he said, when she made known her errand. Mrs. Palmer's face shone with gratified pride as she answered with gentle dignity, "She was quite a famous old lady, Aunt Sarah was. She was a revolutionary penwoman. People used to say that she had wonderful hands, smooth and aristocratic, with those tapering fingers. She had always worked hard with them, too. Oh, they were just the loveliest hands, I can almost feel them touch me now." Tears filled her eyes and choked her voice. The artist turned away.

"Now about the frame," he said briskly. "I can put it in one of these white and gold ones if you would really like it better, but I wanted to show you this." He brought out a simple flat frame of brown mahogany and began putting the picture into it.

"Those are Aunt Sarah's hands! Just her dear, beautiful hands," cried the excited little woman. "People used to say that she had wonderful hands, smooth and aristocratic, with those tapering fingers. She had always worked hard with them, too. Oh, they were just the loveliest hands, I can almost feel them touch me now." Tears filled her eyes and choked her voice. The artist turned away.

"She is not too late to buy a hymn book in this time of year," added Polly, "since the first of May, and see, mother. It's something that she had wonderful hands, so smooth and the smoothness of grey hair and delicate hands.

"Sarah!" exclaimed Mrs. Palmer over Polly's shoulder. "Sarah!"

"She always worked hard with them, too. Oh, they were just the loveliest hands, I can almost feel them touch me now." Tears filled her eyes and choked her voice. The artist turned away.

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"Those who celebrate the seasons of Advent and Epiphany have a longer time to enjoy Christmas thoughts and to sing Christmas hymns. "From the Eastern manger scene to the Western Christmas tree," the poet may sing, "and men in their wisdom to his humble home," brings up the picture made vivid by the story. The last stanza has a special significance now. The words, written in 1873, have a confident ring.

The whole world loves "Holy Night, Peaceful Night," and no one can sing it or listen to it without being stirred anew by the wondrous story. Questions of doctrine appear insignificant compared to the joy that came into the world. Both words and tune were written in 1818.

"Those white and gold concerns," he went on—"they're all right for children, maybe, and pretty girls. I have to give people what they want, but it didn't occur to me to put this old lady into one of them. There now, I like that first rate!"

Mrs. Palmer caught her breath and hesitated. "It does seem to look more like Aunt Sarah," she admitted slowly. "I believe I do like it." It was not easy to give up the massive splendor of white and gold, but—"this is like Polly's cabinet, and this is what Polly would like!"—decided her, and so Aunt Sarah was suitably framed.

Polly's eyes opened in amazement when she saw the picture.

"Why, mother, it's lovely! I never dreamed it would look like that!"

"Well now, where shall we hang it?" asked Mrs. Palmer turning toward the parlor door.

"Oh, not in the parlor, mother dear. That is too far away. We want her for every day, right out here in the midst of us. Do you know what I would like, mother? Why, I declare, there is a nail there already, and climbing up on a chair she hung the beautiful portrait in its mahogany frame over the beloved china cabinet, and the two seemed, henceforth to belong to each other.

"Yes," said the mother, softly, "that is what Aunt Sarah would like—to be out here in the midst of us, for every day, It's like having her back for Christmas."

Hymns for Christmas Day and Every Day

By EDA L ORD MURPHY, Associate Professor of Home Economics

Is it an impertinent question to ask whether you have a hymn book in your home?

"Well, let me see," you answer, "We used to have one. Alice dear, run up to the attic and bring me that one by the old table that's under that pile of sheet music"—etc. etc.

Which means, perhaps, that Alice and Jack and Dorothy, and even baby Ned are growing up, associating hymns only with Sunday school or a long and dreary church service.

They might have a great deal of real enjoyment from singing familiar hymns at home. It is not too late to buy a hymn book this year. (We usually just borrow them from the church, don't we?) Begin with the old familiar hymns and you'll find one such hymn often has been written by a member of your family.

"My grandmother used to wear a cap like that," he said, affectionately reminiscent, "I thought of her when I was doing this!" He set the picture up against the wall and stood back surveying his work.

"That's every bit Aunt Sarah!" exclaimed Mrs. Palmer, after a moment's silence.

The artist had done his work well—had spared not a wrinkle in the kindly, shrivelled, old face, and caught the simple dignity of posture, the daintiness of cap and kerchief, and the smoothness of grey hair. In the rare mass of wrinkles there was both the pathos and the placidity of beautiful old age. There was character even in the fine old hands that were folded across the motherly lap.

"Those are Aunt Sarah's hands! Just her dear, beautiful hands," cried the excited little woman. "People used to say that she had wonderful hands, smooth and aristocratic, with those tapering fingers. She had always worked hard with them, too. Oh, they were just the loveliest hands, I can almost feel them touch me now." Tears filled her eyes and choked her voice. The artist turned away.

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Until every nation
Who's bond or free
Neath Thy starlit banner
Jesus follows Thee
Over the distant mountains
To that heavenly home
Where no sin nor sorrow
Evenmore shall come.
Light of light that shineth
Ere the world began
Draw Thou near and lighten
Every heart of man.

Among the family traditions and customs that make wanderers think lovingly of home at Christmas time, none are stronger than memories bound up with music, no gay hotel, no dim, beautiful church, no substitute we can possibly find will take the place of memories like this—a snowy, frosty world outside, a warm and cozy living room with the glow from the fire falling on old and young. Some are talking; some are
singing; all are secure in the happy thought of being “home for Christmas.” The father’s sturdy goodness, the mother’s serenity, the charm of sisters, the joy of children in discovering bulging stockings or brilliant tree make a composite children in discovering bulging stockings or brilliant tree make a composite nature of the happy home which is lovely to contemplate. Perhaps the far-away one remembers the tiniest child piped up: Away in a manger, No crib for his bed, The little Lord Jesus Lay down His sweet head.

The stars in the sky Looked down where He lay The little Lord Jesus Asleep in the hay.

Perhaps he remembers too that this little hymn was followed by the popular songs of the day, but the words of the one will have been forgotten long since, while the words of the child’s favorite remain.

And so, let all the family have a chance this Christmas day to celebrate its true significance by singing hymns and carols. Begin the custom this year so that it can become a tradition. Tiny invisible chains will be forged that wrap themselves around the hearts even of those who wander farthest from the family fireside. In the years to come, “Life with its sorrows, Life with its tears,” will be bright and blessed with the memories of Christmas day at home when Christmas hymns were as much a part of Christmas day as Santa Claus.

**Buffet Service Makes Holiday Entertainment Easy**

*By HELEN PASCHAL*

**Table Set for Formal Buffet Luncheon**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Main Dishes of Foods are Served from Table by Friends of the Hostess</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Course</strong></td>
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<td>----</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>First Course</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| **Second Course** | Served in timely or paper cases, the nuts and candies, an attractive part of the color scheme, surround the flowers. With the table set thus for the first course, the guests pass to the table, serve themselves to the hot dish, salad and bread, take silver and napkins, go to the service table for water and retire to chairs around the dining room or to the living room to eat. When the guests have practically finished their food, the hostess clears the table for the dessert. The silver is brought from the serving table where it should have been placed before the first course was served. All dolly's not necessary are removed. Two dishes of dessert are put on the table as before and the coffee urns and cups are brought in. The guest bring empty plates to the kitchen or the service table and help themselves to dessert, coffee, nuts and candy.**

This menu with a yellow color scheme has been recommended for the occasion by Miss Beth Bailey, associate professor of home economics and instructor in fancy cookery at Iowa State:

**New Year Watch Party Supper**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Dishes</th>
<th>Luncheon or dinner</th>
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</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>First Course</strong></td>
<td>Hot Rolls, Pear Pickles, Coffee, Nuts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Second Course</strong></td>
<td>Chicken Salad, Apricot Charlotte Russe, Coffee, Candy</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| **Third Course** | Served in timely or paper cases, the nuts and candies, an attractive part of the color scheme, surround the flowers. With the table set thus for the first course, the guests pass to the table, serve themselves to the hot dish, salad and bread, take silver and napkins, go to the service table for water and retire to chairs around the dining room or to the living room to eat. When the guests have practically finished their food, the hostess clears the table for the dessert. The silver is brought from the serving table where it should have been placed before the first course was served. All dolly's not necessary are removed. Two dishes of dessert are put on the table as before and the coffee urns and cups are brought in. The guests bring empty plates to the kitchen or the service table and help themselves to dessert, coffee, nuts and candy.**

The rolls baked at the last moment will supply a deliciously hot flavor to the meal. Directions for making the dishes are given at the end of the article.

The semi-formal service might well be used on Christmas night when old friends come to call or for a Christmas party where a dozen or more guests are present. The table is set much as before, except that a friend of the hostess may be asked to serve the hot dish and salad to the guests. Another friend may pour the coffee. Otherwise the guests help themselves as in the informal luncheon. A menu suggested by Miss Bailey, with color scheme of green and red follows: