



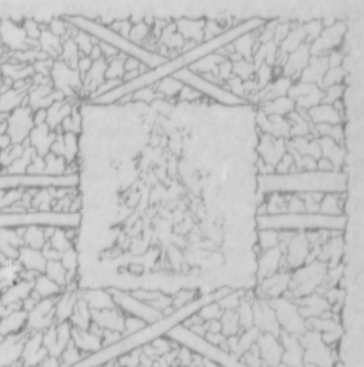
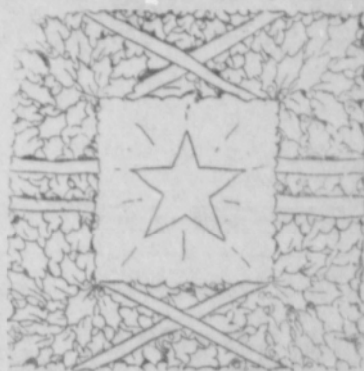
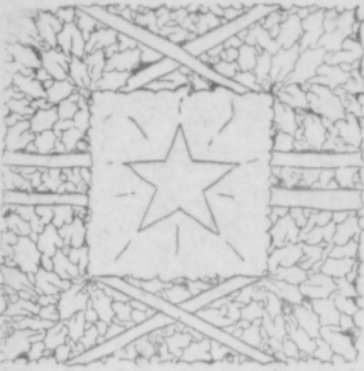
The Children's Kingdom

THE BABY of the manger, overlooked by the mild-eyed oxen and worshipped by the wise men with their frankincense and myrrh, came to establish a new kingdom—the kingdom of God.

One other kingdom He came to establish on this earth to make glad the hearts of all at this blessed season—The Children's Kingdom of Christmas.

At midnight the portals which shut this magic kingdom off from the workaday world swing silently open. At dawn the little people of the realm begin to troop into it. Little pattering feet, funny little forms clad in nightclothes swarm through the open gates of the Kingdom of Christmas and take possession of the happy day.

The horns blow, the rattles sound, the drums beat, rations of sugar plums and comfits are served out to the pajama-clad army. Chariots, carts, queer animals and automobiles speed across the carpeted plains, and the reign of the



children revels itself out to a sleepy end at nightfall, with dolls and swords clasped in hands which cling on after the eyes have fallen shut in sleep.

It is a great day—a day of sweet foolishness—a time for the baring of hearts too long screened from the eyes that long to look into them and see love enthroned.

Make the most of it, the best of it and all you can of it for it comes but once a year. Most people find themselves unable to buy the presents they would like to buy for Christmas. Some find the season a time of unhappiness for that very reason. Try not to feel thus. It is not the presents either given or received that makes the day of good. It is the love spent and not money that counts.

The DAY should break down every barrier between hearts estranged and be the starting point for better relations and new affections—and above all it should be the day of the CHILDREN'S KINGDOM.

And whenever Christmas is made the children's festival, based on Love, His gentle spirit will be in the midst of it.

