

The Noel Stories



Aunt Cyrilla's Christmas Basket



Once again, the true spirit of Christmas is represented as something homey and simple in this story from the Canadian author of Anne of Green Gables. First published in 1903 in Young People magazine, this story is about snobbish little Lucy Rose, a country girl who wants to be stylish and sophisticated.



She's embarrassed by her no-nonsense Aunt Cyrilla and ashamed of the basketful of homemade treats that Aunt Cyrilla brings on a visit to their relatives. When the train becomes snowbound, even the wounded and despairing among the travelers are given new hope and inspiration by the kindness of a stranger.



Once Upon a Time

When Lucy Rose met Aunt Cyrilla coming downstairs, somewhat flushed and breathless from her ascent to the garret, with a big, flat-covered basket hanging over her plump arm, she gave a little sigh of despair.



Lucy Rose had done her brave best for some years – in fact, ever since she had put up her hair and lengthened her skirts – to break Aunt Cyrilla of the habit of carrying that basket with her every time she went to Pembroke; but Aunt Cyrilla still insisted on taking it, and only laughed at what she called Lucy Rose’s “finicky notions”.



Lucy Rose had a horrible, haunting idea that it was extremely provincial for her aunt always to take the big basket, packed full of country good things, whenever she went to visit Edward and Geraldine.



Geraldine was so stylish, and might think it queer; and then Aunt Cyrilla always would carry it on her arm and give cookies and apples and molasses taffy out of it to every child she encountered and, just as often as not, to older folks too. Lucy Rose, when she went to town with Aunt Cyrilla, felt chagrined over this – all of which goes to prove that Lucy was as yet very young and had a great deal to learn in this world.



That troublesome worry over what Geraldine would think nerved her to make a protest in this instance.



“Now, Aunt C’rilla,” she pleaded, “you’re surely not going to take that funny old basket to Pembroke this time – Christmas Day and all.”

“Deed and ‘deed I am,” returned Aunt Cyrilla briskly as she put it on the table and proceeded to dust it out. “I never went to see Edward and Geraldine since they were married that I didn’t take a basket of good things along with me for them, and I’m not going to stop now.



As for its being Christmas, all the more reason. Edward is always real glad to get some of the old farmhouse goodies. He says they beat city cooking all hollow, and so they do.”

“But it’s so countrified,” said Aunt Cyrilla firmly,” and so are you. And what’s more, I don’t see that it’s anything to be ashamed of. You’ve got some real silly pride about you, Lucy Rose. You’ll grow out it in time, but just now it is giving you a lot of trouble.”



“The basket is a lot of trouble,” said Lucy Rose crossly. “You’re always mislaying it or afraid you will. And it does look so funny to be walking through the streets with that big, bulgy basket hanging on your arm.”



“I’m not a mite worried about its looks,” returned Aunt Cyrilla calmly. “As for its being a trouble, why, maybe it is, but I have that, and other people have the pleasure of it. Edward and Geraldine don’t need it – I know that – but there may be those that will. And if it hurts your feelings to walk ‘longside of a countrified old lady with a countrified basket, why, you can just fall behind, as it were.”

Aunt Cyrilla nodded and smiled good-humouredly, and Lucy Rose, though she privately held to her own opinion, had to smile too.



“Now, let me see,” said Aunt Cyrilla reflectively, tapping the snow kitchen table with the point of her plump, dimpled forefinger, “what shall I take?”



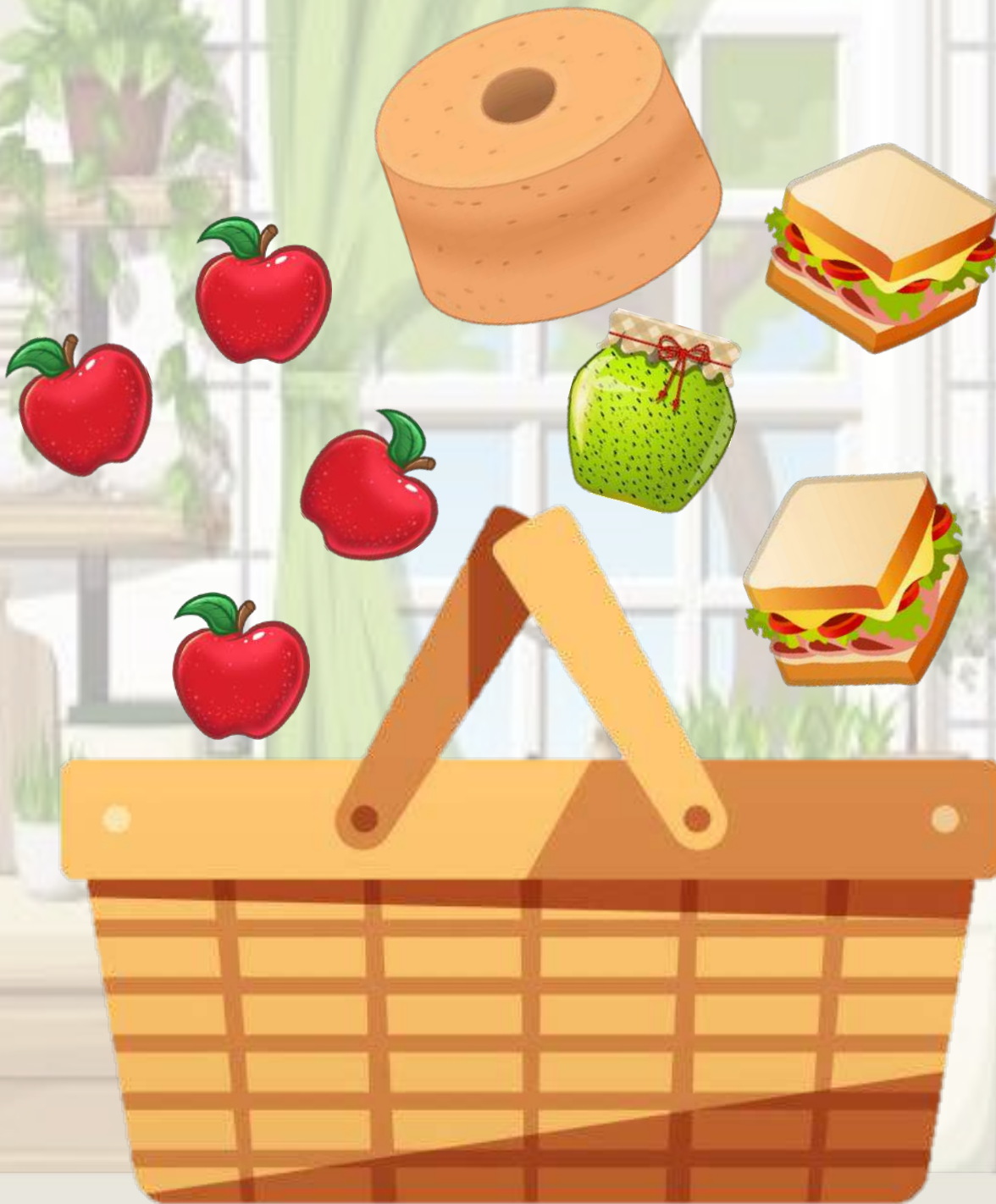
That big fruitcake for one thing – Edward does like my fruitcake; and that cold boiled tongue for another. Those three mince pies too, they'd spoil before we got back or your uncle'd make himself sick eating them – mince pie is his besetting sin.



And that little stone bottle full of cream – Geraldine may carry any amount of style, but I’ve yet to see her look down on real good country cream, Lucy Rose; and another bottle of my raspberry vinegar. That plate of jelly cookies and doughnuts will please the children and fill up the chinks, and you can bring me that box of cream candy out of the pantry, and that bag of striped candy sticks your uncle brought home from the corner last night.



And apples, of course – three or four dozen of those good eaters – and a little pot of my greenage preserves – Edward’ll like that. And some sandwiches and pound cake for a snack for ourselves.



Now, I guess that will do for eatables. The presents for the children can go in on top.



There's a doll for Daisy and little boat your uncle made for Ray and a tatted lace handkerchief a piece for the twins, and the crochet hood for the baby. Now, is that all?"



“There’s a cold roast chicken in the pantry,” said Lucy Rose wickedly, “and the pig Uncle Leo killed is hanging up in the porch. Couldn’t you put them in too?”

Aunt Cyrilla smiled broadly. “Well, I guess we’ll leave the pig alone; but since you have reminded me of it, the chicken may as well go in. I can make room.”



Lucy Rose, in spite of her prejudices, helped with the packing and, not having been trained under Aunt Cyrilla's eye for nothing, did it very well too, with much clever economy of space.



But when Aunt Cyrilla had put in as a finishing touch a big bouquet of pink and white everlastings, and tied the bulging covers down with a firm hand, Lucy Rose stood over the basket and whispered vindictively:

“Some day I’m going to burn this basket – when I get courage enough. Then there’ll be an end of lugging it everywhere we go like a – like an old market-woman.”



Uncle Leopold came in just then, shaking his head dubiously. He was not going to spend Christmas with Edward and Geraldine, and perhaps the prospect of having to cook and eat his Christmas dinner all alone made him pessimistic. "I mistrust you folks won't get to Pembroke tomorrows," he said sagely. "It's going to storm."



Aunt Cyrilla did not worry over this. She believed matters of this kind were fore-ordained, and she slept calmly. But Lucy Rose got up three times in the night to see if it were storming, and when she did sleep, had horrible nightmares of struggling through blinding snowstorms dragging Aunt Cyrilla's Christmas basket along with her.



It was not snowing in the early morning, and Uncle Leopold drove Aunt Cyrilla and Lucy Rose and the basket to the station, four miles off. When they reached there the air was thick with flying flakes.



The stationmaster sold them their tickets with a grim face. "If there's anymore snow comes, the trains might as well keep Christmas too," he said. "There's been so much snow already that traffic is blocked half the time, and now there ain't no place to shovel the snow off onto."



Aunt Cyrilla said that if the rain were to get to Pembroke in time for Christmas, it would get there; and she opened her basket and gave the stationmaster and three small boys an apple apiece.

“That’s the beginning,” groaned Lucy Rose to herself.



When their train came along, Aunt Cyrilla established herself in one seat and her basket in another, and looked beamingly around her at her fellow travellers.



These were few in number – a delicate little woman at the end of the car, with a baby and four other children, a young girl across the aisle with a pale, pretty face, a sunburned lad three seats ahead in a khaki uniform, a very handsome, imposing old lady in a sealskin coat ahead of him, and a thin young man with spectacles opposite.



“A minister,” reflected Aunt Cyrilla, beginning to classify, “who takes better care of other folks; souls than of his own body; and that woman in the sealskin is discontented and cross at something – got up too early to catch the train, maybe; and that young chap must be one of the boys not long out of the hospital.



That woman's children look as if they hadn't enjoyed a square meal since they were born; and if that girl across from me has a mother, I'd like to know what the woman means, letting her daughter go from home in this weather in clothes like that."



Lucy Rose merely wondered uncomfortably what the others thought of Aunt Cyrilla's basket. They expected to reach Pembroke that night, but as the day wore on, the storm grew worse. Twice the train had to stop while the train hands dug it out. The third time it could not go on. It was dusk when the conductor came through the train, replying brusquely to the questions of the anxious passengers.



“A nice lookout for Christmas – no, impossible to go on or back – track blocked for miles – what’s that, madam? – no, no station near – woods for miles. We’re here for the night. These storms of late have played the mischief with everything.”



“Oh, dear,” groaned Lucy Rose.

Aunt Cyrilla looked at her basket complacently.

“At any rate, we won’t starve,” she said.



The pale, pretty girl seemed indifferent. The sealskin lady looked crosser than ever. The khaki boy said, “Just my luck,” and two of the children began to cry.

Aunt Cyrilla took some apples and striped candy sticks from her basket and carried to them. She lifted the oldest into her ample lap and soon had them all around her, laughing and contented. The rest of the travellers straggled over to the corner and drifted into conversation.



The khaki boy said it was hard lines not to get home for Christmas, after all.



“I was invalided from South Africa three months ago, and I’ve been in the hospital at Netley ever since. Reached Halifax three days ago and telegraphed the old folks I’d eat my Christmas dinner with them, and to have an extra-big turkey because I didn’t have any last year. They’ll be badly disappointed.”

He looked disappointed too. One khaki sleeve hung empty by his side. Aunt Cyrilla passed him an apple.



“We were all going down to Grandpa’s for Christmas,” said the little mother’s oldest boy dolefully. “We’ve never been there before, and it’s just too bad.”

He looked as if he wanted to cry but thought better of it and bit off a mouthful of candy.

“Will there be any Santa Claus on the train?” demanded his small sister tearfully. “Jack says there won’t.”

“I guess he’ll find you out,” said Aunt Cyrilla reassuringly.



The pale, pretty girl came up and took the baby from the tired mother. "What a dear little fellow," she said softly.

"Are you going home for Christmas too?" asked Aunt Cyrilla.

The girl shook her head. "I haven't any home. I'm just a shop girl out of work at present, and I'm going to Pembroke to look for some."



Aunt Cyrilla went to her basket and took out her box of cream candy. "I guess we might as well enjoy ourselves. Let's eat it all up and have a good time. Maybe we'll get down to Pembroke in the morning."



The little group crew cheerful as they nibbled, and even the pale girl brightened up. The little mother told Aunt Cyrilla her story aside. She had been long estranged from her family, who had disapproved of her marriage. Her husband had died the previous summer, leaving her in poor circumstances.



“Father wrote to me last week and asked me to let bygones by bygones and come home for Christmas. I was so glad. And the children’s hearts were set on it. It seems too bad that we are not to get there. I have to be back at work the morning after Christmas.”



The khaki boy came up again and shared the candy. He told amusing stories of campaigning in South Africa. The minister came too, and listened, and even the sealskin lady turned her head over her shoulder.



By and by the children fell asleep, one on Aunt Cyrilla's lap and one on Lucy Rose's, and two on the seat. Aunt Cyrilla and the pale girl helped the mother make up beds for them. The minister gave his overcoat and the sealskin lady came forward with a shawl.



“This will do for the baby,” she said. “We must get up some Santa Claus for these youngsters,” said the khaki boy, “Let’s hang their stockings on the wall and fill ‘em up as best we can. I’ve nothing about me but some hard cash and a jack-knife. I’ll give each of ‘em quarter and the boy can have the knife.”

“I’ve nothing but money either,” said the sealskin lady regretfully. Aunt Cyrilla glanced at the little mother. She had fallen asleep with her head against the seat-back.



“I’ve got a basket over there,” said Aunt Cyrilla firmly, “and I’ve some presents in it that I was taking to my nephew’s children. I’m going to give ‘em to these. As for the money, I think the mother is the one for it to go to. She’s been telling me her story, and a pitiful one it is. Let’s make up a little purpose among is for a Christmas present.”



The idea met with favour. The khaki boy passed his cap and everybody contributed. The sealskin lady put in a crumpled note. When Aunt Cyrilla straightened it out she saw that it was for twenty dollars.



Meanwhile, Lucy Rose had brought the basket. She smiled at Aunt Cyrilla as she lugged it down the aisle and Aunt Cyrilla smiled back. Lucy Rose had never touched that basket of her own accord before.



Ray's boat went to Jacky, and Daisy's doll to his older sister, the twins' lace handkerchiefs to the baby. Then the stockings were filled up with doughnuts and jelly cookies and the money was put in an envelope and pinned to the little mother's jacket.



Aunt Cyrilla put her hand over the lady's kid glove. "So did mine," she said. Then the two women smiled tenderly at each other. Afterwards they rested from their labours and all had what Aunt Cyrilla called a "snack" of sandwiches and pound cake. The khaki boy said he hadn't tasted anything half so good since he left home. "They didn't give us pound cake in South Africa," he said.



When the morning came the storm was still raging. The children wakened and went wild with delight over their stockings.



The little mother found her envelope and tried to utter thanks and broke down and nobody knew what to say or do, when the conductor fortunately came in and made a diversion by telling them they might as well resign to spending Christmas on the train.



“This is serious,” said the khaki boy, “when you consider that we’ve no provisions. Don’t mind for myself, used to half rations or no rations at all. But these kiddies will have tremendous appetites.”



Then Aunt Cyrilla rises to the occasion. “I’ve got some emergency rations here,” she announced. “There’s plenty for all and we’ll have our Christmas dinner, although a cold one. Breakfast first thing. There’s a sandwich apiece left and we must fill up on what is left of the cookies and doughnuts and save the rest for a real good spread at dinnertime. The only thing is, I haven’t any bread.”

“I’ve got a box of soda crackers,” said the little mother eagerly.



Nobody in that car will ever forget that Christmas. To begin with, after breakfast they had a concert. The khaki boy gave two recitations, sang three songs, and gave a whistling solo.

Lucy Rose gave three recitations and the minister a comic reading. The pale shop girl sang two songs. It was agreed that the khaki boy's whistling solo was the best number, and Aunt Cyrilla gave him the bouquet of everlastings a reward of merit.



Then the conductor came in with the cheerful news that the storm was almost over and he thought the track would be cleared in a few hours.

“If we can get to the next station we’ll be all right,” he said. “The branch joins the main line there and the tracks will be clear.”



At noon they had dinner. The train hands were invited in to share it. The minister carved the chicken with the brakeman's jack-knife and the khaki boy cut up the tongue and the mince pies, while the sealskin lady mixed the raspberry vinegar with its due to proportion of water. Bits of paper served as plates.



The train furnished a couple of glasses, a tine cup was discovered and given to the children, Aunt Cyrilla and Lucy Rose and the sealskin lady drank, turn about, from the latter's graduated medicine glass, the shop girl and the little mother shared one of the empty bottles and the khaki boy, the minister and the train men drank out of the other bottle.



Everybody declared they had never enjoyed a meal more in their lives. Certainly it was a merry one, and Aunt Cyrilla's cooking was never more appreciated; indeed, the bones of the chicken and the pot of preserves were all that was left. They could not eat the preserved because they had no spoons, so Aunt Cyrilla gave them to the little mother.



When all was over, a hearty vote of thanks was passed to Aunt Cyrilla and her basket. The sealskin lady wanted to know how she made her pound cake, and the khaki boy asked for her recipe for jelly cookies.



And when two hours later the conductors came in and said the snowploughs had got along and they'd soon be starting, they all wondered if it could really be less than twenty-four hours since they met.

"I feel as if I'd been campaigning with you all my life," said the khaki boy.



At the next station they all parted. The little mother and the children had to take the next train back home. The minister stayed there, and the khaki boy and the sealskin lady changed trains.



The sealskin lady shook Aunt Cyrilla's hand. She no longer looked discontented or cross.

"This has been the pleasantest Christmas I have ever spent," she said heartily. "I shall never forget wonderful basket of yours. The little shop girl is going home with me. I've promised her a place in my husband's store."



When Aunt Cyrilla and Lucy Rose reached Pembroke there was nobody. It was not far from the station to walk to Edward's house and Aunt Cyrilla elected to walk.



When Aunt Cyrilla and Lucy Rose reached Pembroke there was nobody. It was not far from the station to walk to Edward's house and Aunt Cyrilla elected to walk. "I'll carry the basket," said Lucy Rose.



Aunt Cyrilla relinquished it with a smile. Lucy Rose smiled too. “It’s a blessed old basked,” said the latter, “and I love it. Please forget all the silly things I ever said about it, Aunt C’rilla.”





THINK

DIGITAL ACADEMY