

The Christmas chimes, that once again Peal forth in merry glee; Ring out a song, so joyous still— A half sad melody.



The year so fraught with memories Does slowly ebb away— Into a deep and dark abyss; Nor comes another day.



Margaret Wilson sat by the window in the front room of the diminutive flat. It was Christmas eve and she was lonesome.

As she did so the bell in the hall whirred noisily. She went to the speaking tube and called a dispirited "Hello."

"Hello," came the cheerful response "That you Margaret? Merry Christmas! Kindly unlock the door and I'll ascend."

She opened the hall door and waited on the landing. Presently from the semidarkness of the place Jack Carlton appeared, puffing prodigiously.

"I didn't expect you," she said. "What?" he exclaimed, "I desert you on Christmas eve? Never!"

"To tell the truth," she said, "I almost had the blue devils when you came. You must entertain me."

"All right," he assented affably. "What'll I do? Sing."

"No," she said, "Talk. And make me forget it's Christmas time."

"Nonsense," said he, "Christmas is a necessary evil, and we must face it the best way we can. O, I brought you some holly wreaths."

"That you are as careless of your health as of your language, I presume."

"Never, my lady," he replied. "Told me my breathing apparatus was out of gear again—nothing serious, but a little care needed. Paraphrased Greeley and told me to go south."

"Therefore Little Willy hieeth him to the agents of the steamship line and buyeth himself a ticket for the boat of Monday next. The same he presenteth to himself with much gusto as a Christmas present."

"O, I'm so sorry," she said. "For me?" he said. "Look here, you don't know what Easter Key is like. That is where I'm going—where I was two winters ago, you know."

She raised her head from his shoulder and smiled up into his eyes. "You said I'd be sick going across from Key West, didn't you?" she asked.

Christmas in Various Lands



Alone, we're for her babe upon her breast, Lay Mary, while the morning star, Late lingering led the sages to the West, Presaging fates that loomed afar.

A mother's love is never in accents told, When nestling close her first-born lies, else words were gems that strung on gold, Straight from her soul to God would rise.

No cold to Mary or her son came nigh, Altho' a jagged cleft appeared, For thro' the wall that faced the eastern sky, For wind and snow the babe revered.

The Virgin drew the slumbering child so near, Her breathing stirred him as a sigh, Her heart His cradle, and it pulsing clear, A psalm, hushed to a lullaby.



And all her thoughts dwell in the coming years, When Christ His mission should begin, And trembling from her lips, her fears, Leapt forth to One who cleanses sin.

Swift, as the mother prayed, the pale-browed Dawn Crept soft and kissed Night's purple cheek, So woke from frosted sleep th' eclipsed morn, But dull with shadows gray and bleak.

That cast full on the cloud-encumbered sky, An outline like a mauve-touched floss, And Mary gazed, and with an anguished cry, Beheld, in woe, ah God, a cross!



A cross gloomed on the Orient's high expanse, That Dawn, upon whose bosom lay The armine stole of royal eminence, Erst flung in joining night and day.

To conquer dark with light, the signal read, But lost to Mary was the pledge; Her eyes grew blind and burned with tears unshed, She felt the piercing thorn-crown's edge.

As if upon her tender brow it prest, Her lips paled as a death-flower wreath, And in each hand there peered a fated crest, That hid the crimson mark beneath.

But now Dawn held her breath her reign at flight, And rose the sun to keep his best In blazonry of fire and amber light, Ensheathed in snow-laced amethyst.



And all the canopy grew radiant, A flaming easel, where unfurled The cross in glory 'gainst the firmament, A rainbow promise to the world.

And Mary's fears took wing as now apace She saw the cross resplendent glow Behold! The Christ-child waxes and smiles into His mother's face, And in His eyes the Virgin sees the sun's reflected glow.

—Emily Ruth Calvin.



A Christmas Message.

A touching story of two friends is told by William Beatty-Kingston in his Journalist's Jottings. They were two officers in the English army who quarreled, about some trifle, and, although they had been the closest of comrades, became in consequence entirely estranged.

Country Named for Christmas. South Africa was discovered by the Portuguese, who were searching for an ocean road to India.

THE THREE KINGS IN THE STABLE

MUSIC COMPOSED BY BASIL KARWOOD, BOSTON.

Sheet music for 'The Three Kings in the Stable' with vocal line and piano accompaniment.

WORDS BY RORA CHASSON. The Mother and Babe are the guests of the King, who kneel by the manger they see in a shrine.



STAR IN THE EAST

Wondrous Story of the Centuries That It Told to the Boy Who Gazed at It.

set, she is a hopeless wreck on the rocks of the beautiful island. The Star is to see many cruel things in the New World after that.

On the Christmas eve of 1529 and for ten Christmas eves thereafter the Star looks on an American Odyssey. It is the Odyssey of Alvar Nunez and his three companions, sole survivors of the expedition of Pamfilo de Narvaez.

Twelve years later the Star shines on Hernando de Soto, lying in camp in the Chickasaw country. It is the second Christmas eve away from his wife, the beautiful Dona Isabella, and he is never to see her again.

In 1567 the Star sees a gathering in Antwerp. It is a terrible gathering that conceives a thought of inhuman wickedness and ferocity. Yet out of this Christmas meeting shall a great freedom be born.

In the New World the Star looks on the colonists of Jamestown stealing out on Christmas eve, in 1607, to get corn from the Indians by strategy.

war in the New World. In the first year the New Englanders, instead of gathering around sociable fireplaces, are abroad, driving before them the remnants of the Wampanoag Indians.

In 1686 the Star shines on grim and moody faces in the town of New York. Sir Edmond Andross, the first royal governor and vice-rogent of New England, has just arrived and is making a roaring Christmas eve of it.

Two years afterward the Star gleams on his royal master, James II, spending his Christmas eve in the French court, a fugitive driven from his throne in England.

Fourteen years later, two other young surveyors pass a similar Christmas eve in the wilderness. They are not to become so famous personally as that other surveyor, but their names are destined to be linked forever with a great cause.

Christmas eve, 1773, and there are bands and flying banners in Boston. Young and old, mechanics and roysterers and citizens of substance, are marching together.

Christmas eve, 1783, George Washington has surrendered his commission the day before. For the first time in seven years, he looks up to the Star without heavy care.

Christmas eve, 1675 and 1676, sees