Keeping Christmas In Bethlehem

By William T. Ellis

I have spent Christmas in the Christmas Land. Throughout the 1926-27 Christmas festival for here are two Christmas celebrations in Bethlehem, twelve days apart, owing to the use of two calendars by the Occidental and Oriental Churches), my home was in Jerusalem; and Bethlehem is only five miles distant. Having fulfilled the ambition of millions of devout Christians to, celebrate Christmas at the very scene of the Nativity, I am bound in candor to say that the day is more fittingly kept, and with truer Christmas feeling, in uncounted homes in the Western world. It is far better to know the spirit of Christmas than to visit the scene of Christmas.

What does the traveller find who goes to Bethlehem today? First of all, he sees a modernized town, with large houses, built mostly by the money of returned immigrants. There are many big churches, schools, orphanages, monasteries and convents. The people are predominantly Christian, (very few of them Protestants) and in their faces and in the women's dress show strong evidence of Crusader influence. The principal industry of Bethlehem is cutting mother-of-pearl ornaments.

The Oldest Church in the World.

Over the grotto which is the traditional scene of the birth of Jesus is a large ancient church, the oldest in the world that is still used for worship. Its tiny door to enter which even the proudest prelate must stoop, recalls the centuries throughout which the church had to be defended against armed foes. The main room of the church, like Bethlehem and its people, bears traces of the long-time presence of the Crusaders in this place.

Three rival Christian Communions have wrangled and fought—often physically fought—over their rights in this venerable place of worship. These are the Greek Orthodox, the Roman Catholic, and the Armenian Gregorian. To this day, British soldiers, successors to the Turkish troops, stand guard at the birthplace of the Prince of Peace to keep the quarrelsome church men from flying at one another's throats. The principal body of the church belongs to the Greeks; the largest chapel and altar-where, on the Christmas Day of the eastern Churches I heard them trying to drown out by shrill singing the service of the Geerks: Nothing very Christmasy about that, was there?

Beneath the church is the grotto which oldest tradition says was the stable part of the ancient Bethlehem khan, in which the Babe was born to Mary. It is now overlaid with decorations, each of the two great Churches contending zealously for its right to hang silver lamps and put up pictures and inscriptions. At the Christmas celebration, sumptuously dressed dolls are placed in the Crypt of the Nativity.

In The Field Of The Shepherds.

Whoso goes to Bethlehem for either the eastern or western Christmas, will see great crowds of many nationalities in the holiday spirit; and elaborate parades, through Bethlehem's square and into the Church, of richly-vestmented prelates with costly banners and crosses. But of the bubbling joyousness of Christmas; of the overflowing spirit of god will and peace; and of the simplicity of the first Holy Night, he will see little or nothing.

To draw near the spiritual sense of what the first Christmas meant, the visitor must leave the crowded city of Bethlehem, and the ceremony surfeited Church of the Nativity, and make his way out to the neighboring Field of the Shepherds. Everything else has changed in Bethlehem; nothing remains to remind one of the nights of nights. But out in the open the scene is the same. Here are the old hills, the old view of the mountains of Moab by the light of the clear Syrian skies, and the old fields where once the shepherd watched their flocks by night.

It was not amidst the pompous pride of ecclesiasticism that the Son of God came to earth; but to these lowly lonely shepherds, simple and trustful, representatives of the great bulk of earth's plainest people. Heaven drew nearest to earth on the spot where common men fulfilled their daily duty. These fields, where still the sheep are pastured, heard the songs of the angels from the rent skies; and saw the Glory that once shone above the Ark of the Covenant. It was to ordinary men, engaged in a lowly calling that they was given the news of the emancipation of the race from sin and war and unbrotherliness. That a Saviour had been born—the news transcending all other news—was the first told, out here in the open air, to shepherds whose one quality of greatness was their unquestioning faith in God.

Cosmopolitan Crowds at Bethlehem.

Even though too much formal churchliness separates between the pilgrim to Bethlehem and the Nativity itself, one great testimony to Christmas appears in the Christmas Town at Christmastide. That is the cosmopolitanism of the crowds which throng to the Holy Land in December. Here is visual evidence that the Child of Mary is dear to all people in all places. There are no limits of race or creed in His worship. I saw Chinese and Indians and Arabs and Egyptians and Russians and and Italians and Germans and Scandinavians and Britis hand Australians and Americans, all met at Bethlehem.

A greater variety of peoples than were present at Pentecost crowded into the narrow streets of Bethlehem last year to keep Christmas. Alas, that they should have been rewarded only be barren cermonialism! But the lovers of the Lord are many in all lands; and the lure of the Saviour, born in a Manger, has been the magnet to draw pious pilgrims from all parts of the earth and from all branches of the Church Universal. Christmas symbolizes significantly the fellowship of the followers of Christ The fact of the Nativity, and the universal love embodied in its Message, have gripped the world. What a kingship the Babe of Bethlehem exircise.

If many of the multitude who had made pilgrimage to the Holy Land for Christmas were disappointed by the arid ecclesiasticism of the festival in Bethlehem itself, they were rewarded by frequent revaling glimpses of the life that formed the background of the first Christmas. They learned to know the familiar sight of a mother and a child on a little donkey, with the bearded husband walking alongside; as when the Holy Family went down into Egypt. They mayhap saw shepherd, in their heavy cloaks called abeyahs, crouching about little fires on the hillside, keeping watch over their flock by night. Assuredly, they became familiar with the type of Syrian girl, oval-faced, lustrous-eyed, olive-skinned, such as Mary was. They travelled the Great Road, which runs north to Nazareth, made sacred by the feet of Mary and Joseph and Jesus. They became familiar with the Boy's home, hills and lake; and, like Him, they fed their spirits upon the sites sacred to Israel's history. And they drew near to the life of the lowly in the Land of the Lord.

The High Strategy of Christmas.

Such of the Christmas pilgrims as were informed and broad-minded, saw, last year, amidst the scenes of Christmas, the high strategy of this revelation of God by the mysterious Incarnation of Himself in a Babe at Bethlehem, who should be heaven's Messenger of peace and good will.

Still, as of old, the Christmas Land is central to the world's politics. Imperialism oppression and exploitation are the order of the day in the East. Again, as in the time of our Lord, the voice of the people cries aloud for deliverance. War's guns in Syria drown the music of the Christmas bell's.

At the same time, projects for general peace abound in the world. Has any of these superseded the programme of the Christmas angels? Clearly not. Peace is to come only "among men of good will." Until the spirit of Christmas rules in the hearts of the nations and of statesmen, supplanting present rivalries and selfishnesses, there simply cannot be peace. The strategy of God strikes deep into the human heart. He purposes a made-over world by way of made-over men, who confess allegiance to a new sovereignty, a new Prince, and who accept the law of righteousness and of love which Christ came to lay down. Even the significance of a renewal of the world by way of the Babe—the cradle-route to character—becomes apparent as we contemplate Christmas as the feast of children; the making over of life from its beginnings, and animated by the spirit of Christ himself.

THE WRONG STAIRS.

Two men left a banquet together; they had dined exceptionally well.

"When you get home" said ne, 'if you don't want to disturb you family, undress at the foot of the stairs, fold your clothes neatly, and creep up to your room."

They met next day at lunch.

"How did you get on?" asked the adviser.

"Rotten," replied the other." I took off all my clothes at the foot of the stairs, as you told me, and folded them neatly. I didn't make a sound. But when I reached the top of the stairs—it was Baker Street Station!"

—Tit-Bits.

The Child and The Book

He who gives a child a book,
Gives that child a sweeping look
Through its pages
Down the ages;

Gives that child a ship to sail,
Where the far adventures hail
Down the sea
Of destiny;

Gives that child a vision, wide
As the skies where stars abide
Anchored in
The love of Him;

Gives that child great dreams to dream;
Sun-lit ways that glint and gleam
Where the sages
Tramp the ages.

—William J. Stidger.

Ringing Over 2000 Changes in Twelve Hours

By Roger Carnforth.

The sound highest the music of the heavenly spheres ,say a classic writer, is the sound of bells. It is the indispensable music of Christmas; the merry, joyous feast of the Holy Nativity is ushered in with it. The ringers know their rich and melodious changes by heart. To us, who bear the music it seems that up in the belfry the men are pulling their ropes with inspired skill and unrestrained joy, so that we do not mind if there is no seasonable snow to complete the traditfonal picture.

We know nothing about Grandsire Triples or Oxford Treble Bob, so cannot gve to the peal the fine name they have for it up in the belfry. Nor do we care. For us the bells "their old familiar coral play" and that is sufficient.

HARD WORK THAT IS LOVED.

Yet truly it is of the essence of Christmas that we should have a thought for all fellow workers, and there are no harder workers on this glorious eve than the little group of men hidden up in you tall tower, putting every ounce of their strength and every crumb of old and long experience into ringing out the glad tidings. There is still an Ancient Society of College Youths among the venerable crops of bell ringers, and there is a modern Society of Campanologists. The Youth are greybeards, but young in vigor and passionate devotion to their bells.

All bell ringers live long, or so it seems for there are no vital statistics, but wherever you climb the belfry this Christmas Eve, you will be sure to find that there are some fine old veterans showing the younger ringers what old men can do.

Supposing you have left the street of shop windows, gay with fairy lights and brilliant with rainbow colors of Christmas gifts and slowly picked your way up the crumbling, grey stone steps to the belfry, do not expect to see any further sign of Christmas. It is seldom that the dimlit chamber where the ringers are at work shows any sign of festivity. Christmas is in their hearts, and not on the walls.

The spirit of Christmas present, does, however, break in for a few moments, whilst the ringers rest for refreshment. It is a little feast in advance. The rector and his friends have seen to it that a few special seasonable dainties have been sent up.

A preliminary taste of mince pie, and cake, but whilst they eat and drink their conversation, you will find, is on one theme—bells. Their eyes roam upwards to where hang the dark masses of metal murmuring with the wind that sweeps around them, the after tremours of the ringing. And the men talk of them as though they were humans.

Truly there is much that is very, very human in the intense love of an old ringer for his bells.

The Complicated Art.

Then, too, you will hear what a complicated art is bell ringing. How many changes there and the amazing effort called forth to ring them. When you hear the Christmas peal you will feel it is a sweet familiar ring of bells. There are thousands of people to whom one peal sounds much ike another. In the belfry on Christmas Eve you will soon learn differently.

Then it is that you will have a new appreciation for the message of the bells when next they ring out their old familiar carol. Supposing the ringers are making Grandsire Triples their Yuletide peal, on a three hours' ringing on Christmas Eve they will ring no less than five thousand and forty changes! It is the most popular with all campanologists, as it is also one of the oldest.

But you are sure to hear of some wonderful records for it is the invariable theme of talk in the belfry in the happy watches of the yuletide night.

Some Records.

The record in ringing was achieved in the belfry at Appleton, just four years ago, and has not yet been beaten. On that memorable occasion 2,-363 changes were rung on ten bells in twelve hours and ewenty-five minutes. This means that 213,630 notes were struck without a single mistake, a feat which all musicians must regard as approaching a miracle.

The ringers included some real veterans, but each man at the ropes had to sound his bell no fewer than 21,363 times! It swept a flood of melody across the country which was indeed, as far as the human imagination can conceive, "the music of the heavenly spheres."

Even the second best achievement, recorded at Loughborough a few years before, remains a staple topic of proud talk up in the belfry. The amazing total of 18,027 changes were rung in twelve hours and eighteen minutes, and 180,270 flawless notes were sounded.

Of course, the more bells there are the greater the possible number of changes. It has been computed that the changes which might be rung on a peal of twelve are 479,000,600. Some veteran in the belfry is sure to tell you so, but he is just as sure to add with a whimsical smile: 'And nobody can disaprove it." Not even a ringer would try.

The intruder in the belfry on Christmas Eve will be quite content to have the experience of the changes then being rung on the eight bells above him. Eight is the most common number, but even then it will seem as if the tower is possessed by mighty spirits. The chamber trembles, wheel creak weirdly in the gloom. The melody which is gladdening the hearts of men without is lost in a wild swirl of clanging and recurring thunder.

The visitor's eyes will blink as he comes into the light of the crowded sheets again, yet he will be glad to rejoin the happy throngs and to be able to hear the real music of the greatest feat of Christendom.

An hour in a belfry on Christmas Eve is worth while. One discovers the nerve and the art that these devoted workers have to bring to ringing out the message of goodwill to men.

The Night Before Christmas

(How It Came To Be Written.)

The best known of all Christmas poetry is that childhood favorite, "The Night Before Christmas." Comparatively few people, though they may be able to recite the poem from beginning to end, know how it came to be written. Here is the story. Clement Clarke Moore, son of a rich minister, was born near New York City on July 15th, 1781. He attended school and college and graduated in medicine. In due course of time he inherited his father's property which consited of a large estate near New York. Being a gnerous man and desiring to assist young people who wanted to gain a good education, he donated a large block of land for the erection of a college. Dr. Moore joined the teaching staff as Professor of Greek and Hebrew, for which he was widely known as an accomplished scholar.

Dr. Moore's three little girls and an equal number of small boys hung up their stockings for Santa Claus to fill every Christmas Eve just as children do nowadays. One hundred and four years ago this Christmas Dr. Moore was helping his wife to pack baskets to be distributed among the poor families living nearby. When they were about to pack the last basket Mrs. Moore found that she wanted one more turkey.

"Clement," she said, turning to her husband, "Go down to the market and get me another turkey." This Dr. Moore did, and ,on his way home, his mind filled with legends of the Yuletide and thoughts about gifts, he suddenly found himself composing a poem about Saint Nicholas for his children. The words came to him so quickly that he had to stop every few minutes to jot down notes. He called his poem " A Visit From Saint Nicholas." On arriving at his home he recited for the first time that favorite of all children, "The Night Before Christmas."

The poem was not published until December, 1823, when it appeared in the Troy Sentinel. Then paper after paper copied it, and it spread like wildfire all over the continent. Later it was translated into many foreign languages, and now it is known the world over.

Merry Christmas

Have You Planned To—

—Obey that mistletoe impules?
—Forget old grudges and quarrels for the day?
—Tune your radio in on Christmas services
—Fill up on good ol' turkey and dressing?
—Remember the mail man and the delivery boys?
—Join in the fun with the kiddies?
—Send greeting cards to your friends?
—Hold a family reunion?
—Attend your church services?
—Be a Good Fellow? contribute to charities?
—Help those less fortunate than you enjoy the holidays?
—Attend your community festivities?
—Do your Christmas shopping early?
—Open a Christmas saving account for next year?
—Mail your presents before the rush?
—Wish everyone a Merry Christmas?
—Decorate your own Christmas tree?
—Fill a Christmas basket for the poor?
—Buy Christmas Red Seal stamps?
—Hang holly wreaths in your windows?
—Read Dickens' Christmas Carol
—Sing Christmas songs?
—Visit all your local friends?
—Have a greeting for every child you meet?
—Take the children to see Santa Claus in the ocal stores?
—Build a snow man?
—Go for a sleigh ride?
—Tell stories around the grate fire?
—Go window shopping?
—Keep your Chirstmas tree up until New Years?
—Remember the old folks?
—Hang up your stocking?
—Leave your packages closed until Christmas?
—Have the Christmas spirit?
—Recall the days when you were a youngster?
—Give useful Christmas presents?
—Wear a Christmas smile?
—Get up early Christmas morning?
—Place your Christmas tree near the window where it can be seen from the street?
—Enjoy the happiness of others?
—Put on your Christmas neckwear?
—Take a walk through the snow?
—Refrain from eating too much Christmas candy?
—Keep open house for your friends?
—Forget all your work and worries?
—Pass out Christmas cigars to your friends?
—Read the Christmas editorial in your newspaper?
—Give appropriate Christmas presents?
—Wish "Peace on earth; good will to men"?
—Make this the best Christmas you ever had?

The Lord is My Shepherd

O Jesus is my helper true,
While I the narrow way pursue,
No enemies then need I fear,
When my Saviour is to me near.

'Tis by His grace I can prevail,
O'er all powers that we assail,
While Christ my confidence I make,
No evil can me overtake.

When I'm by Heavenly grace renewed,
Corruptions all will be subdued,
Christ will my inward peace maintain,
And I in Christian race will gain.

When Satan his assault will make,
My faith in Christ he will not shake,
While Christ is dwelling in my heart,
I will be proof to Satan's dart.

Even if friends should me despise,
And enemies me criticise,
I still in Christ will joyful be,
While Him at my right hand I see.

In haste mine enemies will flee,
When Jesus Christ I make my plea;
Satan hastily gets away,
In Jesus' presence cannot stay.

When laid on bed of sickness low,
For help to Jesus I will go,
To Him for comfort I will seek,
And helpful words He'll to me speak.

Even in death my love won't chill,
For Jesus will be with me still;
He needed strength to me will give,
And take me home with Him to live

1926 Donald MacLean

An English Christmas

HOW SOME WILL SPEND IT.

Christmas is as Christmas was—in England at least—judging from the conversations I have had with distinguished persons in all walks of life. December 25 may be nothing to some people; to other it is a religious festival, purely and simply. But the English, with their usuel genius for adapting and transforming, have converted Christmas into something both national and religious.

All who know Dickens—most national of modern writers—will know that Christmas is, par excellence, the feast of the family. Englishmen, great and small, follow that tradition. The Right Hon. J. H. Thomas, M. P., for instance, who did more than most men to make the Empire Exhibition at Wembley a success, intends to spend Christmas with his family.

He was busy when I rang him up—terribly busy—but not too engaged to say that he is holding high festival with his family at Christmas. That family, by the way, is grown up now; no one would think it from meeting Mr. Thomas.

Sir Harry Brittain, a Conservative M. P., is also a lover of old customs. He is, among other things, a journalist; and may be described as one of the Empire's non-commercial travellers. As a patriot, in the wildest sense, he has visited almost every part of the British Empire—and yet, strangely enough, he spent last Christmas on non-British soil.

To be exact, having just left India, he was on the shores of the Persian Gulf—but on those lands which are owed by the Anglo-Persian Oil Co. "Never," he said to me, "have I had so essential an English Christmas—although I was in the heights of the Persian mountains, with oil flares all round. There was a race meeting, Tattersalls and all, on at the time; and I was enormously struck by the thorough Englishness of the whole proceedings."

In spite of that, however, he regretted the passing of the old customs; and did not like the modern fashion of celebrating Christmas at hotels—although he fully recognised the domestic difficulties experienced by so many English households to-day. Himself a Yorkshire man, he has a home in Cornwall; but is forced to spend Christmas in his seventeeth-century house just behind Westminster Abbey. He has two children who absolutely demand, modern fashion, a proper ashion, a proper Christmas "a l'Anglais.

As I left the House of Commons, I asked the benevolent policeman how he meant to celebrate the feast of St. Nicholas—whom, by the way, few people recognise as "Father Christmas". (He is the patron saint of all children and sailors.)

The 'pleeceman" answered, rather drily, that he intended to spend Christmas in bed—but he really meant with his family.

The Co-optimists—those perennial brighteners of London—also mean, most of them to spend Christmas with their respective families Davy Burnaby, the 'boss," a Father Christmas in himself, is going to spend it with his wife and two "kids"—"complete with plum-pudding Christmas tree an' "all."

Miss Mary Leigh, whose piquant face and manners are well-known to Londoners and Colonials alike, is also going home—for the short time allowed to stage people. While Mr. Burnaby knows all about his own Christmas pudding, stirring it and dictating the a'coholic ingredients (1), Miss Leigh knows nothing of hers. She just goes home and takes what the Gods—and her mother—provide.

Lastly, there is Mrs. Fidgeon, the cheerful woman "Chucker?outx of Ward's Irish House at Piccadilly Circus—the "hub of the Empire". She, too, goes home for Christmas, has already helped to stir her Christmas pudding, and is very much looking forward to her very short holiday.

But—lamentable fact—everyone I questioned said be (or she) was going to have Turkey for dinner—instead of the succulent goose of our forefathers' days. Alas for old England!

She does not quite like to be called that, prefering "female persuader-out.' tion of paintings which was one of his proudest possessions, a circumstance which added still further to the poignant tragedy of his later years when blindness overtook him. And so, too, his music was nothing if not graphic and pictorial.

Not that this quality alone would have given him the position which he occupies. It is the music itself which is the thing after all; and that of Handle at its best holds its own considered from any standpoint, with the greatest that the world has ever known.

Composer Of "The Messiah"

HANDEL WAS A MARVELLOUS BOY WHO HAD TO CONTEND WITH PARENTAL OPPOSITION

"The Messiah" is perhaps the most popular of all the classical oratorios and during the Christmas season it will be sung in parts or whole by thousands of choirs throughout the Christian world. Few people, however, who sit enraptured by its heavenly strains know nothing about its composer, or have given the least thought to the personality behind that name Handel. To most church-goers it is just a name, yet there are few figures in musical history more interesting than that of the creator of "The Messiah."

Handel was a big man in every sense of the word. Colossal in mind and body, he filled the musical stage while he lived and set all Europe reverberating with his mighty song. Even as a child he was portentous, and, like many of the greatest musicians, he had to contend with parental opposition. In Handel's case the struggle was exceptionally hard, for his father conceived such a hatred for his son's talent that he went so far as to contemplate the mutilation of the child's fingers in order to prevent him from followng what he regarded as a disreputable career. This outrage, fortunately, was averted, thanks to the intervention of a discerning nobleman, Duke of Sax-Weissenfels.

Composer at 10 Years.

Under the tutelage of Zachau, at the age of ten Handel was turning oue serious compositions, and a few years later all Italy was enraptured with the strains of his first opera, "il caro Sassone." Moving back to Germany, young Handel became Capwllmeister to the Elector of Brunswick, who afterwards became George the First of England. Going on "leave of absence" to London sometime afterwards, Handel settled there for the rest of his life. Referring to this part of the great musician's life, Mr. Hugh Arthur Scott says:

The trifling circumstance that his duties called him back to Hanover was a little difficult, of course, and the situation became still more awkward when his Electoral master succeeded to the British throne. But Handel was never one to be bothered by details of that kind, and the story of how he charmed his way back into the new King's good grace by serenading him with his delightful 'Water Musie" as His Majesty took his pleasure on the Thames is one of the prettiest of its kinds in musical history.

Great days those were—or, at any rate, lively ones—in musical London, and for a time all went well with Handel. Italian opera had just been introduced—to the indignation of Steele and Addison and other sturdy patriots who scoffed at the spectacle of effeminate foreigners singing nonsense in a tongue which one of their hearers understood—and Handel, now the famous composer of his day, amassed a rapid fortune by providing what the fashionable public wanted in this way. But alas! his good luck was destined to endure.

No doubt Handel had largely himself to thank for this. For he was in an eminent degree what the historic cabman called John Forster—a "harbitrary gent." Like Beethoven after him, whom Hayden twitted, his attitude was that of a Grand Mogul.

With his masterful ways and irascible temper he made many enemies in high places at a time when a mere musician was expected to order himself humbly before the betters, if not actually to wear a livery, as Mozart and Hayden did later and take his meals with the servants. The opposition and intrigues of jealous rivals did the rest, and so his destruction was decreed.

He put up a magnificent fight, but his aristrocratic enemies were too many for him in the end. He had the King on his side, it is true, but that helped him little; for the Prince of Wales who was immensely more popular than his father, led the opposition and carried all his friends to the rival house.

A famous mot of Lord Chesterfield relates to this period. "What, my lord" said someone to him, as he was coming out of Convent Garden quite early in the evening, "are you dismissed?" "No," replied Chesterfield, "they are still performing, but I thought it best to retire lest I should disturb the King in his privacy."

Needless to say, such folk as Lord Chesterfield were not seriously concerned in the matter one way or the other. Their views were doubtless expressed in the famous lines so often fathered, but quite erroneously, on Swift (one Byrom was their real author):

Some say, compared to Bononcini
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver that to him Handel
But is was all very good sport, and
if it entailed the ruin of a man of genius that was a matter of very small importance.

They did indeed nearly kill Handel, for when, reduced to bankruptcy, smitten with paralysis, and with his mind unhinged, he was finally compelled to throw up the sponge, few thought he would ever recover. Handel, however, was not one easily snuffed out. In a marvellously short time he was in the field again, and with the aid of his faithful supporters, had recovered something like his old position once more.

But fate still pursued him, and the greatest of all his afflictions was to follow in the loss of sight which darkened his closing years. Happily his fortunes had now been sufficiently restored to secure him against want, so that he ended his stormy carreer in peace and comfort.

Handel was all his life a great lover of pictures. Visiting picture galleries was, indeed, his principal recreation, while he acquired himself a fine collec-

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Limericks

How To Write Them.

The limerick is perhaps the most popular form of doggeril and a limerick competition in connection with a Christmas party is a test of wit and verbal facility. To start a limerick contest all that is needed is the first line, such as:

"There was a nice girl in Toronto."

The members of the party are then called upon in turn to add the next line, which might run:

"Who had a small poodle named "Ponto."

Two shorter lines are now required, such as—but we will let the members of the party complete the rhyme.

Here are a few samples of complete limericks which are attributed to the notables to whose names they are attached:

There was an old man in Nantucket,
Who kept all his cash in a bucket;
But his daughter named Nan,
Ran away with a man,
And as for the bucket—Nantucket!

—Ian Hay.

If you want a proud fee to "make tracks"—
If you'd melt a rich uncle to wax—
You've but got to look in
On our resident Djinn,
Number seventy, Simmery Axe!

—W. S. Gilbert.

There was a young man of Montrose,
Who had pockets in none of his clothes,
Whe asked by his lass
Where he carried his brass,
He said, "Darling, I pay through the nose."

—Arnold Bennft.

There was a young boy of Quebec,
Who fell into the ice to his neck,
When asked, "Are you friz?"
He replied, "Yes, I is,"
But we don't call this cold in Quebec."

—Rudyard Kipling.

As a beauty I am not a star,
There are others more handsome, by far,
But my face—I don't mind it
For I am behind it
It's the people in front get the jar!

—President Wilson.

The following were written or selected by Dean Inge:

There was a good Canon of Durham,
Who fished with a hook and a worrum,
Said the Dean to the Bishop,
"I've brought a big fish up,
But I fear we may have to inter'm."

There was an old man in Khartoum,
Who kept two black sheep in his room,
"They remind me," he said,
"Of two friends who are dead."
But he never would tell us of whom,

There was a young man of Devizes,
Whose ears were of different sizes;
The one that was small
Was no use at all,
But the other won several prizes.

—Father Ronald Knox.

Christmas Thoughts

"Christmas comes but once a year,"
When all is joy and gladness,
And grief nor sorrow, sigh nor tear,
May tinge our hearts with sadness.

O blessed eve, O happy morn!
'Twas on which of Virgin Mary,
The Saviour of the world was born
In stable dark and dreary.

O was it chance, or was it choice,
That in a place so lowly,
Should first be heard the infant voice
Of our Redeemer Holy?

Ambition, pride, like birth-bound twins
That hard it is to sever—
'Mong angels records first of sins—
Oft side by side go ever.

How meet 'twas then, that as a child,
Adorned with graces ample,
He taught us to be humble, mild,
By means of His example.

Not to the rich, the proud, the great
Bright angels then descended;
But to poor shepherds, keeping late
Watch o'er their flocks they tended,

With tidings of the Saviour's birth
In joyful words addressing;
"Glory on high and peace on earth
To men good will possessing."

For worldly kings, of pomp and pride,
Rich rob'd beyond the telling,
No starry light appeared as guide

To Mary's humble dwelling
But wise ones saw in brilliant star
The sign of incarnation,
And hastened from the East afar,
To offer adoration.

With gold and myrrh, and frankincense,
Their triune gifts composing,
They tribute paid Omnipotence,
In Mary's arms reposing.

And as began our Saviour's life,
In cold and dreary manger,
Form crib to cross 'twas ever rife
With sorrow, pain and danger.

From it may we this lesson learn,
Whate'er out post or duty,
When meekly borne our crosses earn
Bright crowns of fadeless beauty

—M. C. O'Donnel

WORSE THAN BONZO.

A chimpanzee owned by a Berlin postman recently took to playing practical jokes. He found it great fun to break the glass in fire-alarm boxes pull the handles and then watch the fire-engines tear through the streets. Efforts to catch him only resulted in a futile chase over roofs, but whilst the police and firemen were humiliated, the crowds were greatly amused.

This animal, which certainly possesses a sense of humor, appeared later at a tobacco shop and, before the astonished proprieter coud object, seized a handful of cigarettes and disappeared. Then he visited a miliner's shop, where he chose a brilliant hat. But he soon got tired of that and the proprieter managed to recover it.

When told of the pranks his pet plays the postman insists that the animal has the kindest possible nature, and on one occasion made the police promise not to shoot the beast.

The British government has granted temporary settlement in London to 170 Russian jews who have been trying for three years to enter the United States.

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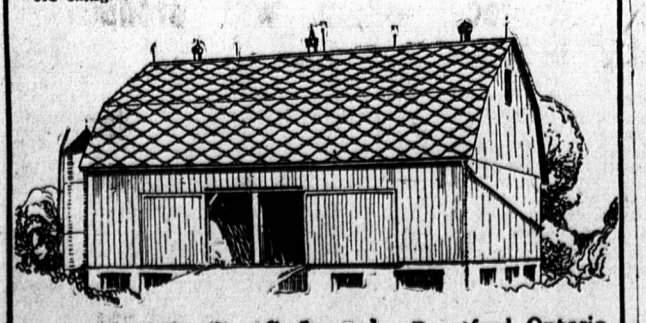

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Bringing Up Father —By George McMan