



THE GLAD TIDINGS.

THE GLAD TIDINGS OF BETHLEHEM.

BY HETTA LORD HAYES WARD.

The night was still, the hillside cold,
Men slept; the year was waxing old.

The woolly sheep lay still and white,
The purple sky with stars shone bright.

The shepherds lay upon the ground,
About their heads their mantles wound.

All fast asleep beside their sheep,
It was a blessed night for sleep;

For hosts of angels watched and kept
Their vigils while the shepherds slept.

At midnight came a wondrous light,
The shepherds started in affright.

Rose up with haste, tho' sore afraid;
'Fear not,' the holy angel said.

'Behold I bring you tidings good,
Down knelt the shepherds where they stood.

'Great joy this day to all I bring,
For unto you is born a King;

'In David's city, Bethlehem,
Is born, this night, of David's stem

'A Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord,
As was foretold in Holy Word.

'And this to you a sign shall be;
The heavenly babe you there shall see

'In homely, swaddling clothes arrayed,
And rudely in a manger laid.'

Then suddenly a multitude,
A heavenly host about them stood,

And praising God with joy they cry,
'All glory be to God Most High!

'Good-will to men, and peace on earth,
'Twas thus they sang our Saviour's birth.

'Good-will to all good-willing men'
Till Christ, our Lord, shall come again,

We, too, with all the heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

TO JERUSALEM BY RAIL.

BY GEORGE C. HURLBUT.

The entrance to the city by the gate of Jaffa is less striking than the view that met the eyes of Lamartine. The railway has taken away the opportunity of a halt at the commanding spots, and the traveller runs into the station among crowds that resemble, except for the Oriental costumes and faces, the familiar types of those who live on the travelling public at the European railway stations.

Leaving the train, the tourist comes at once upon the money-changers, lineal descendants of those who made the house of prayer a den of thieves. He finds himself among Europeans and Americans dressed in the ungraceful garb of the civilized world; by the side of Russian popes followed by the long-haired, high-booted mujiks, and turbaned Turks and Greeks with long, black moustaches; Cypriotes, men and women, with their wide trousers; high-capped Persians, Armenians, Ethiopians—all tribes and languages of men, for Jerusalem is the Holy City to the peoples of the East and of the West.

When the sun sets and the voice of the muezzin is heard calling the faithful to prayer the bazaars are closed, and the animation of the day comes to an end. The pilgrims and the curious travellers return from their sightseeing; the former to the convents in which they receive hospitality, the latter to the two hotels.

No one wanders about Jerusalem by night, for the city has no amusements to offer like those to be found at Damascus and Beirut and Cairo. Not a sound disturbs the silence of the narrow streets.

This is the moment to revisit, with a guide bearing a lantern, the Jaffa Gate, so full of life and movement but a few hours ago. On the left is Mount Zion, with its citadel of the old type, utterly unlike the aspect of the modern fortress, which

suggests the dungeon, while this one, bristling with towers and inclosed by battlemented walls without a sign of cannon, looms up in the clear night stern and calm. To the right of the irregular line of valleys are hills inclosing all as in a basin. The road to Bethlehem winds at the base of the fortification and descends, then turns with a graceful curve, and is lost as it passes over a hill that rises against the sky. The landscape is entrancing and the eyes cannot weary of it. It will remain in the memory as a vision of this Oriental night, blue with a silvery radiance diffused through it by the splendor of the large white stars, a subtle, translucent azure that passes through the eyes and floods with its soft beauty the thoughts and the emotions that fill the mind and the heart with an undefinable charm at such an hour, at the gate of the city consecrated forever by the presence of the Son of Man. It is like a dream; and the dream broods over the road that leads to Bethlehem: 'The wise men of the east came to Jerusalem and said: "Where is he who is born King of the Jews? For we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him." Then Herod, having secretly called the wise men, inquired of them diligently at what time the star appeared to them.'

It was immediately behind the citadel that the palace of Herod stood. It was overthrown and destroyed when the city was taken by Titus; but the citadel survived the ruins. It is composed of a series of ramparts uniting the Tower Hippicus, Phasahel and Mariamne, and the Tower of David. The first three have been reconstructed, but the Tower of David is still what it was 3,000 years ago, and its enormous foundation stones were laid long before the time of the great King who began the history which culminated in the sacrifice on Calvary. In the presence of these associations change and progress and material civilization are as empty words.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS

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[For the *Messenger*.
'HEIGH-HO.'

(From a boy who has been spying about the premises.)

Heigh-ho! heigh-ho!
We're having a jolly good time, I know;
Indeed, I enjoy it all ever so—
Still, I wish it was no-ar-ly time to go!
Dear chairman, pray do not think me rude—
Kind ladies, please do not deem it crude—
But, oh! heigh-ho!
Would you like now, boys and girls, to know
Why I wish it was no-ar-ly time to go?

It is a delight
To be here to-night!
I'm sure I wouldn't mind coming again,
No matter how soon you might set the 'when'
But, oh! heigh-ho!
Can you guess, boys, why it is really so,
That I wish it was no-ar-ly time to go?
I'm shy to confess—that—it is—because—
Well—I saw some traces of Santa Claus
As I came in here!
And dear! oh, dear!
How bulky the bags! I'm afraid they'll burst!
'Twould be better to let us get hold of them first!
And so, heigh-ho!
That's the reason, you know,
Why I wish it was just the time to go!
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