



SUNSET ON GEORGIAN BAY.
Prize winner at Hamilton Camera Club Exhibition. By W. E. Hill.

Christmas Eve at Bethlehem

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth
began.
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist.
Whispering new joys to the wild
ocean.
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the
charmed wave.
When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice, or angel
answering the stringed noise.
As all their souls in blissful rapture
took,
The air such pleasure loth to lose
With thousand echoes still prolongs
each heavenly close.

—Milton's "Ode to the Nativity."
Bethlehem, the central spot of interest in the Holy Land at Christmastide, is a Christian town in the heart of Mohammedanism, where once a year the Greek Church grants the use of the Grotto of the Nativity to the Latin Church. The ceremonies begin on December 24 by the image (or "Bambino") as it is termed in Italy of the youthful Christ being carried from the Basilica of St. Helena to the sacred Grotto of the Nativity, where the traditional spot of Christ's birth is marked by a silver star set in the rocky pavement. The service begins at 10 o'clock in the evening. It opens with the chanting of Psalms, without any musical accompaniment. The Patriarch of Jerusalem is usually present and officiates, but on this occasion he is represented by the Latin Bishop. The interior of the church is most picturesque, for there are only a few chairs, provided for foreign visitors, while the bulk of

the congregation is made up of the Bethlehemite women in their blue dresses, with red frontlets, wearing peaked caps when married and flat caps when single, covered by white veils. As they enter the church they at first kneel down and then sit upon the ground in true Oriental fashion. "In the dimly-lighted church," says one who has seen the services, and writes to the Sphere, "these squatting varicolored figures, with their beautiful faces lit up by fits and starts by flashes of the candles, intent on devotion, seem like so many modern Madonnas come to celebrate the glory of the first Madonna."

Precisely at midnight the Pontifical high mass is celebrated, the figure of Christ is brought in a basket and deposited upon the high altar and the procession forms to accompany it to the crypt. As the long, chanting procession winds through the dimly-lighted church there is something weirdly solemn about the ceremony, and as the sacred image passes, various acts of worship are performed by the devout attendants. On the procession moves through the rough-hewn, dimly-lit passages from the Latin church to the Grotto of the Nativity. When the procession of richly-robed ecclesiastics reaches the silver star set in the pavement they pause and stand in a group about the basket which is deposited upon the star. Around the star is the inscription, "Hic de virgine natus est," for this is the spot upon which tradition places the actual birth of Jesus. There the recital of the account of the birth of Jesus as found in the Gospels is slowly recited, and when the passage (Luke ii. 7), "And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn," is read the figure is reverently picked up from the star and carried over to the opposite side of the grotto, where it is put into a rock-cut manger. This concludes the service of Christmas Eve at Bethlehem.

DEPOSED.

I wonder he'll be at Christmas.
The whole darning thing was me.
But it ain't that way no longer.
For we've got a baby-see-see.
An' it happens that I ain't in it
Around the Christmas tree.

Of course I do get some presents.
The same I wonder get.
If I didn't well, if I didn't
There'd be a kick, you bet.
An' we have the tree and fixin's.
The same we use, yet—

It's "Baby! Oh, see, see, baby!"
"Dad Santy bring lots of vittles!"
"No, baby mustn't fear!"
"Let babykins have it, brother!"
Till a feller wants to swear.

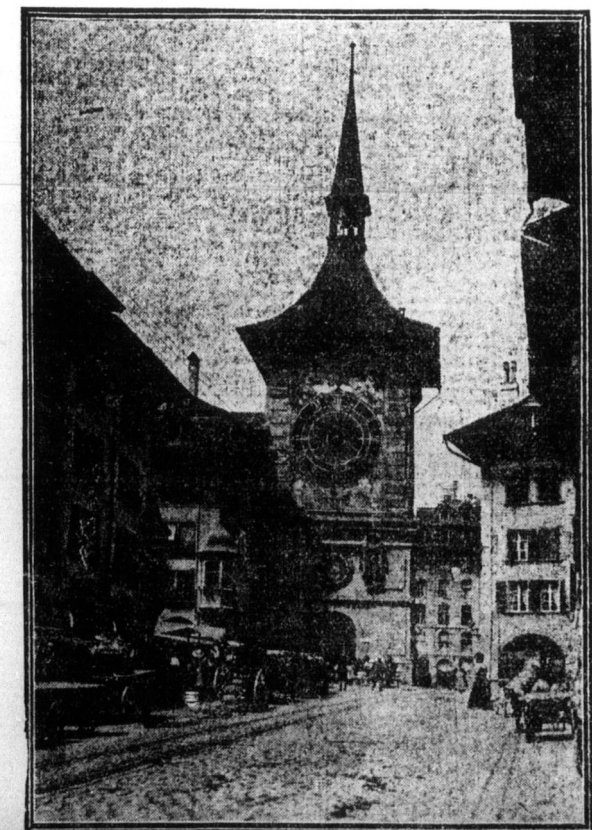
They give him a job more stuffin'
He'll ever, ever use.
An' what do you think I'm my stuff
He always has to choose!
An' I have to hand it over
For "baby" to abuse.

He's played with my truly engine
An' put it on the bum of things.
An' he sat on my book of hymns.
An' struck a hole in my drum.
An' it ain't such fun at Christmas
Since that there baby come.

But they needn't think they can "Santy"
Him like they've "Santied" me;
For I'm agoin' to tell him
There ain't no Santy-goe!
An' maybe he'll think he'd rather
Go back to heaven, see!

Edwin L. Sabin, in Lippincott's.
Suspension Bridge of Roots.
The natives of the more uncivilized regions of the globe display considerable ingenuity in making use of such things as are to be found in the immediate neighborhood of their homes. A remarkable suspension bridge spans the River Rupunuma, in Central Peru, says the Wide World Magazine. The "ropes" of this bridge are composed of pliant roots and vines, while the "planks" are made of branches! In the humid climate of Peru it would be by no means extraordinary if this "vegetable bridge" were to take it into its head one day to start growing!

Sorry Afterward.
No man ever got the better of his wife in an argument without regretting it.
—Smart Set.



THE CLOCK TOWER, BERNE.
Prize winner at Hamilton Camera Club Exhibition. By D. A. Souter.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

Last night I stayed awake to see what Santa Claus would bring.
I heard a noise above me, and the merry sleigh-bells ring.
Perhaps it was a Reindeer's hoof
That made the snow fall from the roof.

And then I heard a gentle step. I thought that it was he,
The door was softly opened, and my mother peeped to see.
If I were sound asleep in bed—
Or Santa wouldn't come, she said.

I tried to look as if I slept, and shut my eyes up tight,
And when I opened them once more, the sun was shining bright.
He hadn't made a bit of noise,
But filled the stocking full of toys!

It bulges here, it sticks out there, and here's a ball, I know;
On top there is a Teddy bear. What can be in the foot?
I think it has the neatest feel,
The hole way down from top to heel.

I'm glad it's mother's stocking, for my socks are very small,
I wonder how he knew that I was not so big and tall.
For everything he brought, I see,
Looks just as if he thought of me.
—Estelle M. Kerr, in the December Canadian Magazine.

JIMMIE BOY'S LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS.

Dear Santa Claus, if you could bring
A patent doll to dance and sing,
A five-pound box of caramels,
A set of relays with silver bells;

An elephant that roars and walks,
A Brownie doll that laughs and talks,
A humming top, that I can spin,
A deck to keep my treasures in;

A boat or two that I can sail,
A dog to bark and wag his tail,
A pair of little bantam chicks,
A chest of tools, a box of tricks;

A scarlet suit of soldier togs,
A spear and net for catching frogs,
A bicycle and silver watch,
A pound or two of butterscotch;

A small toy farm with lots of trees,
A gun to load with beans and peas,
An organ and a music-box,
A double set of building-blocks—

If you will bring me these, I say,
Before the coming Christmas day,
I sort of think, perhaps, that I'd
Be pretty nearly satisfied.
—Harper's Young People.



SCENE NEAR ANCASTER.
Prize winner at Hamilton Camera Club Exhibition. By James Gadsby.

Christmas is Coming

It's a long time to Christmas, isn't it?
Let's see, how many weeks is it?
And how many presents must you have ready?

If you began to-day and took care of two presents a week you would still have five to buy in the last scramble!

Well, then, it isn't so long till Christmas.
Clever, indeed, are the women who spend their idle moments during the summer in making many of the Christmas presents they expect to give to their friends. It is safe to say that the gifts these women must buy will be purchased long before the mad rush is on—the mad rush of those poor, deluded females who fondly imagine that because they start out at the last moment they will be able to buy the "very latest thing" in Christmas novelties.

Begin right now, you who haven't given this matter a thought, and make some of the many dainty little gifts that even those who are not especially handy with the needle can fashion with just a little outlay of time. These things cost so little of actual money, yet they are valued by the recipient much more highly than costly, shop-bought gifts.

Practical gifts are always appreciated. For grandmother, a sewing case is ever welcome. Take a piece of cretonne six by twelve inches and line it with plain color, binding the edges with same; then fold it into an envelope shape with a clasp or tie with a ribbon. The inside space divide into small pockets for needles, pins, bodkins, thread, thimble and scissors.

For a busy mother, nothing is more acceptable than a generous-sized stocking bag. Make just like any laundry bag, of linen or cretonne, with the words "Stockings" embroidered on it.

Girls will appreciate a pretty dresser cover, made of three dainty handkerchiefs joined together by left-overs of Valenciennes insertion, with a ruffle of lace, which makes a dainty a dresser cover as could be desired, and is not expensive. Or a cover for a light party dress to protect it from dust is much liked, made of two widths of cretonne sewed together, 45 inches long, gathered on a string at the top and buttoned down the front; looks like a cape, and covers the dress without crushing it.

Mother would be very thankful for six cheesecloth dusters neatly hemmed by hand.
The college boy or girl would like sofa pillows and cushions of all kinds, slippers, robes, and afghans; handkerchiefs with initials or monogram.
Make father or brother a cream-colored

wool alpaca shirt all by hand. Use small flat pearl buttons. Run the placket on the sleeve to the elbow. Buttons and buttonholes the full length. Don't leave the pocket off. It is much prettier to put two rows of stitching on the placket and pocket. When you select your pattern, give the size of the collar they wear, and your pattern fits. One living in the city could get remnants that would make handsome shirts, as it only requires two and one-half yards, 42 inches wide, or three yards 36 inches.

There never was a man who didn't enjoy having a match scratcher handy when he wanted to light his pipe. Take a heavy card, seven by nine inches, either white or cream, gild the edge by putting on gold paint in little irregular splashes; also gild a clay pipe to hold matches, tie diagonally across the centre of card by punching two holes close to

the bowl, one on each side of the stem, and again near the end of stem, run ribbon through and tie in a bow. Cut large heart from sandpaper, gild, and paste to lower corner. In the upper corner letter with gold paint. "A striking proof of my affection." Make two holes at centre of top, run ribbon through, and tie in a bow on right side, leaving loop to hang by.

For everybody in the family, handkerchiefs always are acceptable gifts, and those you buy can be made a little better by embroidering a small initial in the old English, or plain if desired, in the corner of a plain linen or cross-barred handkerchief.
And so on. The list is endless. Perhaps these little suggestions will help. At any rate, these things are simple and easily made. Get busy and make them.



FIRST GLIMPSE OF LAND.
Prize winner at Hamilton Camera Club Exhibition. By D.A. Souter.



HAMILTON CAMERA CLUB OUTING AT OAKLANDS PARK.

CHRISTKINDEL

Christmas on the 'Holy Ghost' Farm

(From the German, by W. Brachvogel.
Translated by Louise Waring, for
the Evening Post.)
The autumn had been unusually long and beautiful; even the second Sunday

in Advent was still mild. The Frau Bauerin of the Holy Ghost farm had deemed it wise to take one more outing before winter should set in in earnest, and had walked down into the valley to attend mass. On her way back she found the heat so oppressive that she took off her heavy jacket. Suddenly towards evening an icy wind began to whistle through the pine tops, driving cloud upon cloud until the distant hills were covered with a greenish misty veil. The following morning a leaden sky hung colorless over the valley. At last the snow began to fall with pitiless fury; the storm shook the giant trees and made them groan.

In the night the storm had abated, the stars came out triumphant, and it turned icy cold. As the sun came climbing over the mountains, the scene was one of dazzling shimmering beauty, the snow reflecting a sea of prismatic colors. On the farm everything was life and bustle; in spite of the Sabbath, all hands, young and old, were put to work. Even the Frau Bauerin took a shovel and began to open a path leading to the barn. All the snow must be cleared away before the freeze, which was sure to come, should set in; the winding road leading down into the valley must be opened in order to make an easy descent to church for the midnight mass.

The Frau Bauerin had that morning got up in the very worst of humors; she scolded the servants and found fault with everything. Old Randel, a half-deaf woman, who ate the bread of charity at the farm, and who had just come over from a neighboring village, muttered as she seated herself behind the green-tiled stove and began to spin: "Light! she must have got out of bed last night first!"

On seeing old Randel, the Bauerin began to rummage in a large heavy oak linen chest. Her heart was wont to beat with pride at the sight of these snowy homespun treasures, tied with red tapes, and piled in stacks; but this day her heart was heavy.

The Frau Bauerin was of medium height, plump and ruddy, an energetic, bright, intelligent eyes. "You here, Randel!" she said, while taking out a pile of sheets.

"What are you doing?" murmured the old woman, somewhat startled, for she feared that her turn for a scolding had come.

"Did you not have a dream-book?" asked the Bauerin, without turning.

"Why? Have you had a dream?" answered Randel, dropping the thread she was spinning.

"Yes, something very strange."

"Nonsense! Tell me what it was." This was a fine morsel for old Randel, and the thought of something uncanny animated her stolid countenance.

The Bauerin put down her pile of sheets, and came nearer the stove. "I know my teeth are not strong enough to bite iron, and yet I dreamed that while biting into a piece of black bread two of them dropped out."

Old Randel shook her head ominously, and said: "Teeth? Two teeth? I fear this forbodes evil."

"No, fetch me the dream book," urged the other.

Randel rose clumsily and went out. The Bauerin, half-frightened and half-defiantly, while her eyes wandered restlessly around the rooms, muttered: "I was afraid it meant no good; something awful is going to happen to me."

Then her thoughts travelled across the valley to the opposite hillside, where, in an old little house, lived her only daughter, Resi. It was for this child that the buxom widow had up to this time remained obdurate to many a worthy suitor, fearing that by a second marriage the property might become entangled and Resi's interests jeopardized. All these points had been fully weighed in the widow's thirty mind. But one day, Wastl, a handsome young wheelwright, came to work on the farm, and all was over; a few days sufficed to shatter all the hopes she had cherished for her child's future. Resi declared she would have Wastl, or none other, and her head being as strong as her mother's, the latter had to yield that is, she said: "If you cannot give him up, then marry him; but hence forth you and I part!"

She had stuck to her word these two years. The last time they had met was at church, some three months before. Resi had made a timid attempt to speak to her mother, but the latter had coolly turned her back. Even the kind old parish priest's exhortations were fruitless. In vain he urged the stern woman to forgive her child. She would not acknowledge to herself how cruelly she suffered through this separation. At times when the natural tender instincts struggled to assert themselves, she would silence them mercilessly by sheer force of her iron will.

That day at church Resi had looked ailing, so pale and thin, with dark rings under her eyes. She never was a strong child. What if she were suffering from deprivation now at this time when she needed special care? Old Rachel had to be a mother.

Randel returned, bringing a much-

(Continued on Page 26.)

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