

all the principal cities and ports are ruled by Soviets, consisting of workmen, soldiers and sailors. The insurrectionary movement began at Kiel, and soon spread to other towns and cities. Hamburg, Bremen, Cologne, Wilhelmshaven, Cuxhaven, Flensburg, Söndenburg, Frankfurt, Strassburg and other important cities fell, almost without resistance, to the revolutionists, who were also reported to be in possession of Berlin.

The revolution is reported to be proceeding bloodlessly in Bavaria, Wuerttemberg, Saxony, Mecklenburg, Brunswick and Hesse.

The French torpedo boat Mangini, and the British torpedo boat Shark entered the Dardanelles on the 16th November.

The British battleship Britannia (16,350 tons) was torpedoed and sunk near the west entrance to the Strait of Gibraltar on the 9th of November. Thirty-nine officers and 673 men were saved.

A meeting of the Provincial Premiers was recently held in Ottawa. The Maritime Province Premiers made a claim upon the Dominion Government for a money grant in lieu of Western lands given to the Western provinces.

The Campania, a former Cunard transatlantic flier, broke from her moorings in the Forth of Firth some time since, collided with a warship, and sank before she could be beached. She was a vessel of 12,950 tons, and was built in Glasgow in 1892. She was owned by the British Government and saw considerable of service in the late war. She was in the Jutland fight and also took part in the operations of the Allied fleets in the Dardanelles.

The German fleet, consisting of nine battleships, five battle-cruisers, seven light cruisers and fifty destroyers, was delivered to the British Grand Fleet off the Firth of Forth on November 21st. The surrendered fleet was taken to Scapa Flow, in the Orkneys.

#### CHRISTMAS

Mary Bronson Hartt

It may be a bit bigotted to regard Saint Nicholas or even good old Kris Kringle as "enemy aliens"; all the same, though, there is much of the folklore of the Christmas celebration which is never going to have quite the flavor it had before the war. All the more reason for welcoming a Christmas story of great antiquity and great beauty which comes to us from the lands where was cradled the Lord of the Christmas time. Every Christmas a group of wide-eyed Syrian children gathers at Denison House, a social settlement in Boston, to hear again

the story of the Camel of Bethlehem told in the picturesque dialect given below. It will be simple for any teacher who wishes, to translate it into every day English to present to her flock, though it will be hard to avoid losing some of the charm in the process; or the same story in a more elaborate form may be found in the Ladies Home Journal for December, 1914.

The story, you must know, is told by the ancient grandmother, Leila, to the dark-eyed, eager children clustering round her knee. Hear her tale:

#### CAMEL OF BETHLEHEM

"A ver' long time ago, when thad I, too, ees small leeke thee, I ees go on a journey een the desert weeth my mothaire an' weeth my fathaire, an' we lived een a tent. Me, I deed ride on a leetle white donkey, an' my mothaire she rode on a more beeg donkey; but my fathaire he rode on a black, black horse. An' we ride all day on the sand. But one night, when eet ees quite cold an' the stars ees ver' bright, we made a fire een the sand, an' sat down before eet, an' my mothaire deed tell me of the camel of Bethle'em even as I ees now telling you of the camel who came to Bethle'em to see the leetle babee Jesus.

"For Jesus, as you know, was once ver' small, even more small than Antar; an' he was weeth his mothaire, Marie, when there came to hem three ver' wise men bringing geefts, much gold an' much sweet-smelling perfume. Now, these wise men were ver' old, an' they wore beeg coats, an' they travelled on three beeg camels. They came a ver' long journey, an' the camels ees ver' tired when thad they geet to the khan where ees Marie. When the wise men geet down on their knees by that leetle babee Jesus to geeve heem those nice presents, those camels they were left outside the khan; an' they ees lie by the gate, ver' thirsty, ver' hungry. An' the mos' leetle camel—he ees thad one weeth the amber eyes an' the gentle heart—he ees so tired, he groan ver' loud, so—" Leila groaned realistically.

"Thad camel he groaned ver' loud, an' the leetle babee Jesus he hears heem, an' he ees ver' sorry thad the camel thad breeng all those geefts ees so tired. An' he lift up ees leetle hands so"—Leila held two slender fingers high like a priest's, and Nazileh lifted her little hand also, and the cooing baby waved both fat hands until Miladeh kissed them and tucked them under the rug. "An' when the leetle Jesus had made the sign of blessing, thus, thad tired camel—whad you s'pose?" She paused, her deep voice thrilling with the wonder of the miracle. "The tiredness ees all gone from hees ver' tired feet, an' thad thirstiness ees all gone from ees ver' dry throat, an' he lift up hees head, an' he feel ver' good, thad camel—for he know thad he never ees going to be like othaire camels; he know thad he ees going to live for evermore, an' never be tired, an' never be hungry, an' never be thirsty.