

"INASMUCH."

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

You say you want a mess'n'-house for the boys in the South up there, and a Sunday-school with pictur' books? Well, put me down for a share. I believe in little children; it's as nice to hear 'em read As to wander round the ranch at noon, and see the cattle feed. And I believe in preachin' too—by men for preachin' born. Who let alone the trucks of creed and measure out the corn. The pulpit's but a manger where the pews are Gospel fed; And they say 'twas to a manger that the Star of Glory led. So I'll subscribe a dollar toward the manger and the stalls; I always give the best I've got whenever my pastor calls. No matter about the 'nitals—from a farmer, you understand. Who's generally here to play alone from rather an ornary hand. I've never struck in rich, for farming, you see is slow; And whenever the crops are fairly good the prices are always low. A dollar isn't very much, but it helps to count the same; The lowest trump supports the ace, and sometimes wins the game. It assists a fellow's praying when he's down on his knees— "Inasmuch as You have done it to one of the least of these." I know the verses, stranger, so you needn't put me to quote 'em. It's a different thing to know them or to say them off by rote. I'll tell you where I learned them, that you'll step in from the rain; 'Twas down in a nice, years ago—had been there hauling grain; It was just across the ferry, on the Sacramento pike, Where stores and sheds are rather mixed, and shanties scatter 'n like— Not the likeliest place to be in. I remember the saloon, With grocery, market, baker-shop, and bar-room all in line; And this made up the picture—my hair was not then gray. But everything still seems as real as if 'twere yesterday. A little girl with haggard face stood at the counter there; Not more than ten or twelve at most, but worn with grief and care. And her voice was kind of raspy, like a sort of chronic cold— Just the tone you find in children who are prematurely old. She said: "Two bits for bread and tea, ma hasn't much to eat. She hopes next week 'twill be better, and buy us all some meat. We've been half-starved all winter, but Spring will soon be here; And she tells us, 'Keep up courage, for God is always near.' Just then a dozen men came in; the boy was called away To shake the spotted cubes for drinks, as I never heard from human lips such oaths and curses loud As rose above the glasses of that crazed and reckless crowd. But the poor drinker sat waiting, lost at last to revel deep. On a keg beside a barrel in the corner, fast asleep. Well, I stood there, sort of waiting, until some one at the bar Said: "Hello! I say, stranger, what have you over there? The boy then told her story; and that crew so fierce and wild Grew intent, and seemed to listen to the breathing of the child. The glasses all were lowered. Said the leader "Boys, see here; All day we've been pouring whisky, drinking deep our Christmas cheer. Here's two dollars. I've got feelings, which are not entirely dead. For this little girl and mother suffering for the want of bread. "Here's a dollar." Here's another," and they all chimed in their share. And they planked the ringing metal down upon the counter there. Then the speaker seized a golden double-eagle from his belt, Softly stepped from bar to counter, and beside the sleeper knelt; Took the "two bits" from her fingers, changed her silver piece for gold. "See there, boys, the girl is dreaming," down her cheek the tear-drops rolled. One by one the swarthy miners passed in silence to the street. Gently we awoke the sleeper, but she started to her feet. With a dazed and strange expression, saying, "Oh, I thought 'twas true! Ma was well, and we were happy; round our door-stone roses grew. We had everything we wanted, food enough and clothes to wear; And my hand burnt where an angel touched it soft with fingers fair." As she looked around her money in her fingers glistened bright—"Well, now, ma has long been praying, but she won't believe in me quite. How you're sent way up to heaven, where the golden treasures are, And have also got an angel clerking at your grocery bar? That's a Christmas story, stranger, which I thought you'd like to hear; True to fact and human nature, pointing out one's duty clear. Hence to matters of subscription you will see that I'm alive; Just mark off that dollar, stranger; I think I'll make it five.—Wallace Bruce.

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY PHILIPS BROOKS.

The earth has grown old with its burden of care. But at Christmas it always is young. The heart of the jewel turns lustrous and fair. And its soul full of music breaks forth on the When the song of the angel is sung. It is coming, old earth, it is coming to-night! On the snowflakes which cover the sod The feet of the Christ child fall gentle and white. And the voice of the Christ child tells out with delight That mankind are the children of God. On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor. The voice of the Christ child shall fall: And to every blind wanderer open the door. O! a hope that he dared not to dream of before. With a sunshine of welcome for all. The feet of the humblest may walk in the field. Where the feet of the Holiest have trod. This is the marvel to mortals revealed. When the silver trumpets of Christmas have pealed. That mankind are the children of God.

MAGGIE AND CHIMMIE.

A Christmas Story.

BY BAB.

I did not see how anybody in the world could be unhappy. The fire was a glowing mass of red, I had a delightful book, my little dog was enjoying himself by making an effort to bark, and the thought of anyone being cold or unhappy didn't come into my existence. A ring at the doorbell—a quick loud ring—up sprang the dog, and a minute after my little maid came in and said: "Please, ma'am, it's one of your girls." "Make some tea, get out the cake and show her in," I answered. "Please, ma'am," she stammered, "she ain't just quite a girl." I had to laugh and then I said again, "Show her in." She was six foot two and a very rough looking man; but I saw two clear eyes looking at me, and the fact that the dog was dancing all around him told me that it was Chimmie. He said in

Democratic Watchman

STATE RIGHTS AND FEDERAL UNION.

VOL. 37. BELLEFONTE, PA., DEC. 23, 1892. NO. 50.

God Grant You, Each and Everyone, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

an apologetic way: "I wouldn't a troubled you, ma'am, but you told my Mag last summer that if ever she was in trouble to come to you, and she's in it now, and she begs of you to come to her. These is her very words, miss. Says she: 'Chimmie, go and hunt the lady we met last summer. If anybody can help us she can, and if you can find her she won't say no.'"

I thought a minute, insisted on Chimmie having the tea and the cake, ordered a cab and was in my cloak in such a little time that now I can hardly believe it was possible. As Chimmie and I started out I felt something pulling at my cloak. I stopped. It was the dog. Chimmie picked him up in his arms; and I said to him, Don't let them make a thief and a liar of you here, and you'll have friends to stand by when you come out. Then Katie she took an oath that she'd be true to him. Well, miss, for about a year she used to work beside me, and she used to go up and see Billy whenever she could; and then she stopped working for three or four days, then she stopped altogether. I hunted for her, but I couldn't find her, but one day Chimmie saw her walking along the Dowsery at night, all dressed in a silk frock and a gold watch on. I don't know who it was—I don't know what his name was—but Katie hadn't much sense and she loved fine clothes, and it seemed such a mean thing for a man to take advantage of a young thing like her, who hadn't courage to resist temptation.

Just then a voice that I knew to be Chimmie's said: "Damn him!" And I echoed that wish. "Then," continued Maggie, "I heard of her going from bad to worse; I heard of her being in the optim jobs, and as the day came for Billy to get out, I wondered how it would all end. Last night, when it was blowing so hard and Chimmie and me were sitting here busy making some paper dolls for the Christmas tree that the little lame boy downstairs is going to have, somebody knocked at the door, Chimmie opened it, and in 'tall Katie. Poor, pretty Katie! Not even enough clothes on her to keep her warm. Coughing so, she hadn't the strength to stand up. I put her on a chair and says he, 'How old is she?' Says I: 'Seventeen last Easter,' says he. 'I can't do anything,' says I. 'What's the matter?' Says he: 'Men, whisky and opium.' And he went away, and Chimmie and I have been taking care of her all to-day, and I wouldn't have sent for you, miss, but here's something I found in her pocket." She handed me a much crumpled piece of paper, on which this was written: "Dere Katie, 'I will get out erly eristmas mornin. You be maggie, 'I kep mi word an honest. I am goin to marry you. you was allus billy's girl. 'your friend, 'B. FLAHERTY." "You see," continued Maggie, "he will be here this morning; it's this morning now—don't you hear the Christmas bells? The door opened and he came in—this being Chimmie—he leaned over and kissed Maggie, and he said to her: 'It's a sad Christmas for you, my girl, but you're not a girl in this house that would have taken Katie in; but my Maggie is one of God's women, who can be with sorrow and sin and come out of it as pure as the Virgin herself.'"

We four sat there together—Chimmie and Maggie, the little dog, and I, all watching the sick girl; every few minutes her lips were moistened, and about 2 o'clock she began to talk so we could understand her. She said: "What was I made pretty for? If I wasn't to have pretty clothes? He says there ain't any harm—he says I look lovely. Yes; I wish he would give me some more whiskey. I don't want to think about Billy—poor Billy, but Billy couldn't get me a silk dress. I won't go to see Mag; Mag, she'd say to me, stick to your work and be an honest girl, for Billy's sake. Honest girls don't get watches and diamond rings. Why don't that fool of a China man cook that opium for me—I'd say my prayers, I ain't forgotten, but God ain't looking after me. He's too busy; He's forgot me; He's thinking about people who've got homes and people to take care of them. I'll go to Maggie; Maggie's always my friend; I'm so cold; I wonder if she'd let me lay down on her bed?" After this the eyes opened wide, and she called out, to the top of her voice: "He says He'll forgive me—I'm Billy's girl!" And then she was still. And the little dog's mean told us the truth.

The clock rang out its alarm at 7 o'clock; at 8 Billy would be there. Katie was stretched out on the bed looking as innocent as she did the day that Billy left her. In one hand was a bit of blessed palm, and at her head burned the two candles! on her breast was the crucifix. And so we waited for Billy. Chimmie heard him screaming "Merry Christmas!" to somebody on the street and went down to meet him. How he told him of the sorrow that awaited him, I do not know, but when he came in, in this rough boy of the people, he knelt down by the dead girl's side and cried as if his heart would break. Then Maggie spoke to him: "Billy, you once took one oath for me, and I know by your looks you've kept it; now you have got to take another for Katie's sake, you have got to promise on the crucifix that you'll never let anybody speak to you about her—you got to keep her name so sacred that if a man or woman starts to tell you anything about her you will walk away, and you have got to promise to stay with Chimmie until after she is buried, and then this lady, Katie's friend and mine, is going to see that you get good, honest work your way down South where nobody will ever know anything about you."

He looked startled, and asked: "She didn't never do anything wrong?" Maggie answered, "Look at her. Her last words was, 'I'm Billy's girl.' That satisfied him, and he swore to do what was asked of him on the crucifix that lay above the heart of his dead love. Leaving the men to watch her, Maggie came some with me. She looked at me in the face and said: "Did I do right? I didn't lie." I kissed her hand from my heart I said: "If there were more women like you the world would be better every way."

That's the story of a Christmas Eve—it's the story of what, but for the grace of God, might come to your girl or mine. It's the story of the weakness of one woman and the bravery of another—it's the story, the true story, of a little, ignorant, beautiful girl made pure and good by God and deprived and wicked by man. But, as Maggie says: "It is God who will judge her and not man."

CHRISTMAS AT BETHLEHEM.

JERUSALEM, PALESTINE.

This quiet little hamlet nestled among the hills of Judea, its very name calls up holy associations—Bethlehem! Beit Lahm is the Arabic, which may be translated "House of Flesh," and in truth here it was that "the word was made flesh" and in this "goodly land" dwelt among men. Filled with thoughts of these—the most weighty events in the world's history—the writer, who had left cherished friends and the dear native America behind to wander among the scenes of the old world, set out from the holy city last Christmas eve, with a trusty Arab guide, for the birthplace of the Saviour.

We had been detained until after dark by a hard rain of some hours duration, and the sky still looked forbidding, yet with good horses and rubber outer garments, we hoped to escape severe wetting. The guide, Gabriel, or some traveller has named him, "the Angel Gabriel," led the way from the Jaffa gate along the side of the dark valley of Gihon, across the Hill of Evil Counsel, and out on the Way of Hebron. Upon starting I had asked him why he took his gun, and had received the reply: "I like to have it along." I suspected the reason, however, and left most of my money in safe hands in Jerusalem. When we were fairly away from the city the guide said: "No talk now, one eye, sometimes stop rollers in it, and if you hear strange tongue, think as some pilgrim come to Bethlehem and get plenty of money." At the same time Gabriel's gun was elevated, stock first, across his shoulder, so it could be easily distinguished by one crouching near the road, and his head turned each way from time to time. After rising some time in silence, he said: "Only one more place, then all danger it past and we see Bethlehem lights." Sure enough, as we ascended a little

hill and passed the Covert of Mar Elias, the lights of Bethlehem shone before us. Just then the bells began to ring—the sweet, joyous chimes of Bethlehem—and I called to the guide to wait a moment that we might hear them better. A bright star stood over the place, shining down as I thought that star which led the wise men eight hundred years ago might have shone down on those travellers from the far East. The whole of the little village came to our view at once, the most distant houses being on the top of the hill and the rest closely perched on the northern slope, facing the Jerusalem road. Entering, we threaded our way through a narrow, walled, and winding passage, leading sometimes under archways and sometimes between gloomy-looking stone buildings. It was dark, for who ever heard of street lamps in Asiatic Turkey? This, though it could hardly be called a first-class alley, so narrow, crooked and full of ruts, is the principal street of Bethlehem. It passes around the hillside about half way up, and at the further extremity is the Latin Convent (monastery, properly called), while beyond that connected with it in fact, is the Church of the Nativity, on the supposed spot where the stall and manger were. This is the oldest building in the world erected by Christians as a place of worship, having been built in the early part of the fourth century by Helena, the mother of Constantine.

When the valiant Baldwin came here to be crowned king of Jerusalem it was in all its glory still, but now much of its magnificence has departed. The mosaics and many of the gold and silver ornaments are gone, but one sees some beautiful hanging lamps of gold and silver, some fine Corinthian columns, and the cedars of Lebanon are still in the ceiling. The chimes soon pealed forth again, and we repaired to the chapel of the monastery, where the solemn services were about to begin. Some forty priests, at their head the bishop of the monastery, all in gorgeous robes, celebrated high mass. The grand old Latin hymns rung, and reverberated in rich tones through the aisles and halls of the massive stone building. My guide secured a good seat for me and kept me posted as to the time I was to go here and there to gain an advantageous position. But this was a strange gathering of people from all parts of the civilized world, and few of those present knew what was coming and where to go. A little after midnight the procession was formed, and proceeded to the "Grotto of the Nativity," the bishop bearing in a cradle the small silver representation of the Holy Child, which, with many ceremonies, hymns and much incense burning, was deposited, first, on the supposed exact spot of the nativity, now marked by a silver star, around which are the words, "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est" (Here Jesus Christ was born of the Virgin Mary) then this grove image was placed upon the spot said to have been occupied by the original wooden manger in which Christ lay, which manger, it is also said, is in the Church of Santa Maria Maggoire at Rome, and is only exhibited by the pope on Christmas day.

After breakfast we attended another service held in the chapel, and paid a second visit to the "Grotto of the Nativity. This grotto is about twelve by fourteen feet, and from its farther end a narrow passage leads through several smaller chambers, some of which seemed to be natural caverns, while others are composed of masonry. Among the latter is the room in which St. Jerome passed the greater part of his busy life, and in which he died. A tomb has been erected to his memory here, although it is said his remains rest in Rome.

There are among the rock caverns the chapel or altar of the shepherds, that of Joseph, and one to the Infants—twenty five thousand of the infants murdered at the command of the cruel Herod having been cast here. The authenticity of many of the places now pointed out of those mentioned in the Bible may reasonably be doubted; yet there can be no doubt regarding the exact location of the birth place of Christ, for Bethlehem is not like Jerusalem, a city which has been repeatedly destroyed and rebuilt, nor has it been enclosed by walls, whose limits have been (on some sides, at least) subject to change. It is extremely possible that the Bethlehem at the beginning of the Christian era was not greatly different from the Bethlehem of to-day. In Bethlehem there was but one spot of note to identify and that was known and marked at least as early as the first part of the second century, and the same spot pointed out to the famous Helena by the persecuted Christians of the early part of the fourth century, and this very church erected over it. Some object, however, to the view that Christ was born in a grotto or cave. It is very common at the present day, even among the better class in Palestine, to attach stalls for domestic animals to the house occupied by the family, and most frequently the rooms on the ground floor are used as stables

or storerooms. Barns and granaries detached from the dwelling houses are rarely seen, but more often the next room to the kitchen is a stable; with perhaps the family bake oven built in one corner. The finding of a natural cavern to serve as the stable room, is considered, especially by the peasant class, as quite a fortunate circumstance, and is forthwith taken advantage of by placing the house, if possible, in such a position that the cavern will form a side or back room. And as few customs have changed, particularly those connected with household or agricultural matters, since Bible times, we are left to conclude that this manner of building was common then as now, and that the manger was in just such a cavern as is now pointed out at Bethlehem.

But, however much the discriminating traveller may doubt the correctness of the traditions regarding many of the localities that will be shown to him, however much he may doubt the positive assertions of the guides, or however much he may pity the credulity of the majority of pilgrims yet in all his journeyings in the Holy Land nothing will be more noticeable than the remarkable fidelity of the manner, of living, of working and of dealing, the forms of speech—in short, nearly all the customs, and even the superstitions of the people of to-day to those spoken of in various parts of the Bible. So striking in fact is this similarity that there is scarce a scene in the Bible but that is made to seem more real by viewing the life and the land of which that book is a wonderful record. In Bethlehem itself there was much to interest one—in the market-places, the workshops, the narrow winding ways, bordered by quaint old buildings of stone or adobe, while upon the surrounding hills the eyes rested with equal interest. There were shepherds with their crooks, tending their flocks of long-wool sheep and watching their herds of black and white goats skipping from rock with agile feet, miles laden with stone building purposes, others bearing branches of wood for fuel, and still others with sacks of grain or some of the food products of this now over-productive country. But as busy as any among the workers are the makers of wood, bone, pearl and metal ornaments. Most of these derive their support from the numerous pilgrims who annually visit Bethlehem, and nearly all of whom take with them some mementos of their visit. The return journey to Jerusalem was undertaken on the afternoon of Christmas day. A heavy and driving rainstorm, cold enough to be disagreeable, overtook us, and we were glad to seek shelter for a time in Rachael's tomb which stands by the wayside. At last, as the sun touched the western hills, we approached the walls of Jerusalem and were rewarded by a magnificent view of the sunlit Golden City.—Home Journal.

Fraternity.

A Sentiment Sometimes Forgotten on Other Days Than Christmas.

How closely the sentiment of Christmas comes home to us! And why? Because it is that of fraternity. It is the day which is every year consecrated to recalling the central truth that all men are brothers. Do we sometimes forget it on other days? In London in the Whitechapel region, in New York when there is striking on the railroads, is there an active efficient sentiment of fraternity? Is this humming city a hive of peace and good-will, and do brethren dwell together here in unity? The burden of Christmas is fraternity. The feast of gifts commemorates the charity that never faileth. Perhaps there is not a general going to church. But the lesson of the day is preached by the thoughts and associations, by the sentiment of the day. The bells that ring on Christmas eve and chime on Christmas morning, the universal good wishing and worship of Santa Claus, they are the modern way in which we heed the notes of the angelic choir—peace on earth, good-will to men. And, brethren—for somehow the easy chair seems to have ascended the Christmas pulpit—how much we do heed them? How much of the Christmas spirit and Christmas conduct do we carry into every other day of the year? We go out to dine, and how many of our neighbors do our tongues spare? We differ upon public questions from Doe and Roe, and how much of their characters, their motives and their lives do we leave? We know the immense poverty and suffering which starve and grope and die all around us, and how much do we remember and relieve them? How often is that Christmas turkey which we sent to Lazarus on Christmas morning repudiated on other mornings of the year? Peace on earth, good-will to men. It is not the lesson of one day, but of every day. It is a sentiment, but it is not sentimentality. Progress, invention, discovery, enlightenment, enormous prosperity and unprecedented wealth, they are all refuse and worthless, except as they promote peace and good-will among men.—George William Curtis.

Tommy's Enjoyable Christmas.

"I had a boss Christmas," said Benny Bloomer to Tommy Hojak. "So did I," replied Tommy. "I had as many oranges and as much turkey as I could eat," Benny went on. "Get any presents?" asked Tommy. "Yes. Papa gave me a pair of skates, mamma gave me a pair of arm-chairs, and Uncle Henry sent me a book." "Was that all?" asked Tommy. "Why, yes; that was about all," replied Benny, with some misgivings. "Then just listen to what I had. Pop gave me a safety, Mom gave me a magic lantern, I had a big box of candy from Aunt Sue and a drum from Uncle John and a lot of oranges and dates, and I had turkey and cranberry sauce, no end; and I had an awful stomach ache and two doctors. I guess you can't beat that."—Harper's Bazar.