Belletonte, Pa., December 24, 1915.

O LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM!

O little town of Bethlehem How still we see thee lie! Above the deep and dreamless sleep The silent stars go by: Yet in thy dark streets shineth The everlasting Light; The hopes and fears of all the years

Are met in thee tonight. For Christ is born of Mary; And gathered all above, While mortals sleep, the angels keep Their watch of wondering love

O morning stars together Proclaim the holy birth; And praises sing to God the King And peace to men on earth. How silently, how silently!

The wondrous Gift is given! So God imparts to human hearts The blessings of His heaven. No ear may hear His coming, But in this world of sin, Where meek souls will receive Him still The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem. Descend to us, we pray: Cast out our sins, and enter in, Be born in us today. We hear the Christmas angels The great glad tidings tell:

> Our Lord Emmanuel. -Philips Brooks Christmas Caro

WHY THE CHIMES RANG.

There was once, in a far-away country, a wonderful church. It stood on a high hill in the midst of a great city; and every Sunday, as well as on sacred days like Christmas, thousands of people climbed the hill to its great archways, looking like lines of ants all moving in the same direction.

At one corner of the church was a great gray tower, with ivy growing over it as far up as one could see. I say as far as one could see, because the tower was quite great enough to fit the great church, and it rose so far into the sky that it was only in very fair weather that any one claimed to be able to see the

Now all the people knew that at the top of the tower was a chime of Christmas bells. They had hung there ever since the church had been built, and were the most beaatiful bells in the world. Some thought it was because a great musician had cast them and arranged them in their place; others said it was because of the great height, which reached up where the air was clearest and purest; however that might be, no one who had ever heard the chimes denied that they were the sweetest in the world. Some described them as sounding like angels far up in the sky; others, as sounding like strange winds singing through the

But the fact was that no one had heard them for years and years. They were Christmas chimes you see, and were not meant to be played by men or on common days. It was the custom on to the church their offerings to the far up in the tower. But for many long was limited to cities, towns and villages. years they had never been heard. It was but for the 1915 Seals Campaign pennants careful of their gifts for the Christ-child, and that no offering was brought, great enough to deserve the music of the

Every Christmas Eve the rich people still crowded to the altar, each one trying to bring some better gift than any other, without giving anything that he wanted for himself, and the church was crowded with those who thought that perhaps the wonderful bells might be heard again. But although the service was splendid, and the offerings plenty, only the roar of the wind could be heard, far up in the stone tower.

Now, a number of miles from the city, in a little country village, where nothing could be seen of the great church but glimpses of the tower when the weather was fine, lived a boy named Pedro, and his little brother. They knew very little about the Christmas chimes, but they had heard of the service in the church on Christmas Eve, and had a secret plan, which they had often talked over when by themselves, to go to see the beautiful celebration.

"Nobody can guess, Little Brother," Pedro would say, "all the fine things there are to see and hear; and I have even heard it said that the Christ-child sometimes comes down to bless the service. What if we could see him?"

The day before Christmas was bitterly cold, with a few lonely snowflakes flying in the air, and a hard white crust on the ground. Sure enough, Pedro and Little Brother were able to slip quietly away early in the afternoon; and although the walking was hard in the frosty air, be-fore nightfall they had trudged so far, hand in hand, that they saw the lights of the big city just ahead of them. Indeed, they were about to enter one of the great gates in the wall that surrounded it, when they saw something dark on the snow near their path, and stopped to

It was a poor woman, who had fallen just outside the city, too sick and tired to get in where she might have found shelter. The soft snow made of a drift a sort of pillow for her, and she would soon be so sound asleep, in the wintry air, that no one could ever waken her again. All this Pedro saw in a moment, and he knelt down beside her and tried to rouse her, even tugging at her arm a little, as though he would have tried to carry her away. He turned her face toward him, so that he could rub some snow on it, and when he had looked at her silently a mo-

ment he stood up and said: 'It's no use Little Brother. You will have to go on alone. "Alone?" cried Little Brother. "And

you not see the Christmas festival?" "No," said Pedro, and he could not keep back a bit of a choking sound in his throat. "See this poor woman. Her face looks like the Madonna in the chapel window, and she will freeze to death if nobody cares for her. Every one has gone to church now, but when you come back you can bring some one to help her. I will rub her to keep her from freezing, and perhaps get her to eat the bun that is left in my pocket."

"But I cannot bear to leave you, and go on alone," said Little Brother.

"Both of us need not miss the service," said Pedro, "and it had better be I than you; and oh! if you get a chance, Little Brother, to slip up to the altar without getting in any one's way, take this little piece of silver of mine, and lay it down for my offering, when no one is looking. Do not forget where you have left me, and forgive me for not going

In this way he hurried Little Brother off to the city, and winked hard to keep back the tears, as he heard the crunching footsteps sounding farther and farther away in the twilight. It was pretty hard to lose the music and splendor of the Christmas celebration that he had been planning for so long, and spend the time instead in that lonely place in the snow. The great church was a wonderful place that night. Every one said that it had never looked so bright and beautiful before. When the organ played and the thousands of people sang the walls shook with the sound, and little Pedro, away outside the city wall, felt the earth tremble around him.

At the close of the service came the procession with the offerings to be laid on the altar. Rich men and great men marched proudly up to lay down their gifts to the Christ-child. Some brought wonderful jewels, some baskets of gold so heavy that they could scarcely carry them down the aisle. A great writer brought his book, and last of all walked the king of the country, hoping with all the rest to win for himself the chime of the Christmas bells. There went a great murmur through the church, as the peo-ple saw the king take from his head the royal crown, all set with precious stones, and lay it gleaming on the altar, as his offering to the holy Child. "Surely," every one said, "we shall hear the bells now, for nothing like this has ever happened before.'

But still only the cold wind was heard in the tower, and the people shook their heads; and some of them said, as they had before, that they never really be-lieved the story of the chimes, and doubted if they ever rang at all.

The procession was over, and the choir began the closing hymn. Suddenly the organist stopped playing as though he had been shot, and every one looked at the old minister, who was standing by the altar, holding up his hand for silence. Not a sound could be heard from anyone in the church, but as the people strained their ears to listen, there came softly, but distinctly, swinging through the air, the sound of the chimes in the tower. So far away, and yet so clear the music seemed-so much sweeter were the notes than anything that had been heard before, rising and falling away up there in the sky, that the people in the church sat for a moment as still as though something held each of them by the shoulders. Then they all stood up together and stared straight at the altar, to see what great gift had awakened the long silent bells.

But all that the nearest of them saw was the childish figure of Little Brother, who had crept softly down the aisle when no one was looking, and had laid Pedro's little piece of silver on the altar. -By Raymond MacDonald Alden.

American Red Cross Will Award Pennant to Best Seal Sellers.

The States, cities, towns and villages on common days. It was the custom on Christmas Eve for all the people to bring to the church their offerings to the Christ-child; and when the greatest and best offering was laid on the altar, there used to come sounding through the muwill be awarded to States as well.

To avoid pitting villages against large cities, they have been divided into ten as follows: Population less than 600 to 1,200; from 1,200 to 2,000; thence to 8,000; thence to 25,000; thence to 50,000; thence to 150,000; thence to 1,000,000; and over 1,000,000.

A handsome silk banner in red and white will be awarded to the city, village, town or county anywhere in the United States and territories which shall make the highest score in sale per capita in its class. The populations considered are the Federal Estimates for 1915.

The States with Hawaii—which is a strong competitor-are likewise grouped in classes. Class A, population up to 1,250,000; Class B, 1,250,000 to 2,400,000; Class C, 2,400,000 upwards. Of the 19 'A" States, Rhode Island led last year with a sale of 2.112 seals per inhabitant. Of the 17 "B" States, Minnesota led with 956 seal per inhabitant. Of the 13 States with populations (1915) more than 2, 400,000, Wisconsin led with 1,478 seals. It beat New York State by seven-thousandths of a seal, although New York State outside New York City won out over Wisconsin, with 1.930 seals per

In the 1914 competition staid cities bestirred themselves in rivalry to be published as the most generous supporters of public health work through purchase of the Red Cross Seals. In other places the anti-tuberculosis workers started the selling campaign up again between Christmas and New Years to get their town in the Honor Roll for the sale of three seals per capita.

Last year's pennant winners were: Population Seals per Capita 533,905 218,149 76,183 28,897 22,996 marieston, W. Va. ewickley, Pa. arden City, N. Y. 4.479 1 100

THE CALL OF THE NEW YEAR.

Quit you like men, be strong: There's a burden to bear, There's a grief to share, There's a heart that breaks 'neath a load of care-

But fare ye forth with a song. Quit you like men, be strong; There's a battle to fight, There's a wrong to right,

There's a God who blesses the good So fare ye forth with a song. Quit you like men, be strong; There's a work to do.

There's a world to make new. There's a call for men who are bray On! on with a song!

Quit you like men, be strong; There's a year of grace, There's a God to face. There's another heat in the great world race-Speed! speed with a song!

--- They are all good enough, but the WATCHMAN is always the best.

Santa Claus' Sweetheart.

[Concluded from last week.]

李林林林林林林林林林林林林 Chapter VII. The Peace of God. To the second se

OWARD midnight somebody stepped close to the improvised bed improvised bed and stood looking down with troubled eyes at the child curled up among the blankets there. The light from the low fire cast an occasional flickering flame upon the tiny segment of cheek just visible above the woolen covering, like a snowdrop peeping out of a mass of old bracken, and on the floating strands of hair that had lost their golden sheen the semiobscurity. in An hour or so earlier the men had gone to their bunks in the long loft Stood Lookoverhead, and their ing Down heavy breathing now

bled Eyes. proclaimed the fact that they were resting from their labors. Every one in the house was sleeping but Shawe. Even old Jerome, who sat huddled by the side of the little one, nodded at his post. He had maintained the right of watching by supremacy of his years and her evident preference for him, jealousy putting aside all offers that his vigil be shared. He stirred now and opened his eyes, staring into the face of the man above

With Trou-

"What is it?" he demanded, with a low, savage growl.

"I couldn't sleep," Shawe whispered back. "for thinking of the ones who are mourning for her-her mother and uncle. The father isn't home, she said. Don't you remember-'God bless faraway daddy?' So he won't be troumisery and bitterness. They ought to know quickly."

Old Jerome's hand fluttered above the little head, half fell to it, then rings oncommon true. There ain't was drawn reluctantly back.

dully. "But how? Who is she?" He one of us. I swan he's dif'runt someshifted his position, averting his eyes. how-kinder apart, but square-square. nobut a little Christmus sperit come hed to take him on his face value, so to cheer us in this God forsook spot"— to say. He ain't a gabber 'bout him"That's nonsense, man. Look at her self. but gen-i-al—gen-i-al—an' oncom-

sleeping there as human as we are, mon quick witted inter the barg'in though with a difference. I tell you she has kith and kin, and their hearts are bleeding for her at this moment. in's ef he hedn't started the game I'm going to find them.'

"Ye shan't take her with yer, Shawe," the old man whimpered. "I'll roust up the others, an' they'll fight



'Ye shan't take her with yer, Shawe," the old man whimpered.

yer-I-I can't; she's made me too trembly. But ye shan't take her." "You're crazy! I'd no thought of taking her. It's colder than charity outside, and the frost is like a badger's tooth. Besides, it must be almost thirty miles to Wistar, and there's no house nearer, is there? No; I go by

"An' ef ye don't win throughthere's thet chanst."

"I don't-that's all. But I'm not hopeless. I've got to win through." "Best wait till mornin'," Jerome said after the silence between them had grown unbearable. "P'r'aps somebody 'll be goin' by from Merle, an' ye could git a lift, or p'r'aps her folks'll come from somewhars. Ye don' know whar she come from anyways," he finished triumphantly.

"We worked out the sum that she came with that man Terry. Everything she said about Santa Claus fitted him like a glove, you-who know him -say. And he came from Wistar, so she belongs there. Perhaps her people didn't miss her till late, and what traces would she leave if she came on in his sleigh? Answer me that. How would they ever dream of searching for her up here when there's the river. Good God, a child like that wouldn't notice the spruce bush signals put up where the ice is thin, and there are the open water holes by the barns!"

breath and moved nearer the fire. left on earth, so wide and empty were that he was fully dressed to go out.

time, "ef ye be so sot on goin', ye're reach. Here's my hand."

everything being a little out of the ormoment over the sleeping child. "Wish I were going to hear her

laugh over the stocking," he said half to himself. "Got a wife an' fambly?" Jerome asked.

"No," the other returned. "Thought mebbe ye hed, 'count o yer thinkin' how the mother 'd feel Mebbe ye hed oncet."

"Yes," Shawe answered shortly. "Then ye know how turr'ble masterful the kids are. Strange, ain't it! Mine hed got so ez he could patty to his belt and grasped the butt of his cake, ye understan'. Lord, there warn't never a sight like it-never! might not be too late! His finger was Thought fust 'twas a kinder fool thing the mother 'd learned it, but bless yer I didn't think so long; 'twas the purties' sight-

'Patty cake, patty cake, baker's man' "-Shawe moved cautiously across the room and paused at the door to look back at the old man softly clapping his palms together. Something in his glance recalled Jerome to a sense of his surroundings. He got up in his turn and joined his companion.

"Ye'll keep an eye out fer them deers, won't yer?" he whispered anxiously. "Christmas eve they all kneel in the woods an' look up to he'vin, ye know. Thet's Injin talk roun' here from way back. Some o' the oldest fellers swear their folks seed the thing done. Can't say 'xactly ez I b'lieve it myself, but 'twould be a purty sightan' anyways ye jes' watch out. Waal. luck to ye, lad; luck to ye."

"Oh, you'll see me again, never fear!" Shawe said lightly to cover the other's

concern. "I'm a bad penny. So long!" He let himself out into the night, closing the door speedily and with as little noise as possible, but quick as he had been a blast of the nipping air bled. But the others-they ought to filled the room. Jerome hurriedly drew know. We've had all the Christmas the blankets closer about his little sport, and they nothing but black charge; then he stooped to the fire coaxing it into a brighter glow.

"Fer a bad penny," he mumbled as he went back to his place, "Shawe nary of us ez would ha' thought o' "Ye-es; they'd orter know," he said doin' what he's a-doin'-nary a blessed "I've be'n thinkin' thet p'r'aps she's Never knowed nothin' 'bout Shawe-We'd a-waited till kingdom come afore we'd thought 'bout fillin' them stockan' 'twas him ez heerd her callin' when the rest of us was deef ez postses. H'm, mebbe"- But praise and conjecture alike were silenced as the grizzled head dropped forward and the old chopper fell into a heavy doze.

Shawe meanwhile, oblivious to both thrust his hands deep into his pockets and started off on his lonely errand. It might prove fruitless, but results were not for him to consider. His was to do the duty of the moment and by the moment. Nor did it seem to him that he was doing any thing to be especially commended. He had been driven out into the night by his thoughts of the distress in the child's home, and once they had taken possession of him it was impossible to stay warm and comfortable in his bunk. He simply had to go. He could not wait. Besides, he told himself, it wasn't much. He had been out on nights to which this, bitter as it was, was balmy by comparison. He had faced gales, terrible as that chill wind which the old Moslem fable says will blow over the earth in the last days. and vet had come safely through There was no air stirring at this time The intense silent cold of the north wrapped everything close. He was

guarded against it, however, and while he could keep in rapid motion he had little to fear from

its searching tooth. He drove his hands deeper into his pockets and strode on. The way had been broken through some weeks earlier and was well defined. There was no chance of missing it. In the clearing the night was as bright as day. Under the light of the moon the snow lay like an immense silver shield across which the trees threw bars of shadow, but as the road wound through the woods the brightness re- He Drove His

treated in great measure, Hands into shimmering only here and there through the high trunks, striking off a gleam from this snowy head and that or shivering down like a lance of steel as if to pierce the deeper blackness which crouched beyond. Shawe knew no fear. He passed on silently and as swiftly as possible, casting a wary glance around occadeer, if there were any, were not stir-

Jerome, watching him furtively, saw the spaces about him. The great vault overhead, in which the moon and stars "Waal," he muttered slowly after a rode calmly, was out of his pygmy

goin', I s'pose. P'r'aps ye're right. Presently, as the trees grew sparser Somehow I was only thinkin' from my and the road showed its slighter deside an' hedn't got roun' to the moth- pression through the plain of snow er's. Mebbe an ol' codger like me lying beyond like some frozen sea, he never would ha' got roun'-can't say. became conscious of life and motion close at his side. With the instinct It was an unusual demonstration, but of the woodland creatures he held Shawe showed no particular surprise, himself perfectly tense and waited, Then right across his path there lumdinary that night. He grasped the ex bered a huge, clumsy shape, its breath tended hand warmly, then let it drop showing like smoke on the moonlit and turned away, bending again for a air. Suddenly great drops of moisture at the contest, stirring out of its slumstood out on Shawe's face as if it were midsummer, and his weight of complished the little champion stole furs had become intolerable. He had away, losing himself in the brightness never felt fear before, yet now panic that filled the sky, and made it and gripped him. It was not the thought of physical hurt that appalled him, but rather the sense of the utter futility of his endeavor. So the end had come, and over there, still very far away, a little child's mother was sobbing. He could almost hear her

moans. He stirred his hand from his pocket pistol, drawing it forth swiftly. It



Right Across His Path There Lumbered a Huge, Clumsy Shape.

from as it touched the trigger, but the next instant the beast slouch. ed noisily into the shadows beyond. There was no other sound; had been no other sound. The cartridges lay unused in their chambers. Shawe lowered his hand. He had not been dreaming, he told himself. He could swear to that. And the animal was no creature of fancy. He had seen it quite plainly; had felt its breath as it passed; had met the dull stare of its eyes. It was real-as real as he was at that moment-yet he had not fired because there had seemed no need, The beast had simply disregarded him. Then suddenly Shawe laughed aloud, not boisterously, but very gently-the way you do sometimes when something has happened that seems almost too good to be true and the quick tears rush into your eyes. I think perhaps they were in his also.

'It's the peace of God," he said soft ly to himself; "the peace of God"-For on the moment he remembered the old tradition he had heard in many lands that on the night before Christmas, from the day's close to the day's coming, there is no slaughter anywhere among the beasts; that the fiercest and most savage of them all are as harmless as doves to one another and even to their natural enemy-man. He put his pistol back into his belt, unspeakably glad that no shot of his had broken the holy truce. It was useless to try to account for what had happened—to believe in the legend or to laugh it away and attribute the animal's indifference to some natural cause. The whole experience-dream or reality-left him throbbing with a sense of gratitude that nothing had interfered with his mission. The thought seemed to lend him greater activity, as if his moccasined feet had suddenly become winged. There could be no loitering anywhere while the mother mourned for her little one, her voice crying vaguely, vainly, through that wonder space of time when, because of another little child, God's

Chapter VIII. "You—You humphrey?" **经过滤车的车辆车车**

peace wrapped the earth close.

HERE were no landmarks discernible. Terry would have recognized certain ones, as would also some of the lumbermen, but to Shawe, who was a sionally, but he seemed to be the only stranger, the whole country was unliving creature abroad that night. The familiar. All he could do, therefore, was to lessen the distance step by ring, or his eyes perhaps were too step, knowing that while he kept the skeptical to witness the simple spec- road he could not miss his destination. tacle of their adoration. There was no Yet he never lost heart, nor was he sign of life anywhere. It was almost particularly tired. As boy and man, as if it were the end of the world, and much of his time had been spent in He stopped with a deep intake of he the last man-the last of creation- the open. He was used to hardships,

rough weather and great exertion The present undertaking seemed slight compared to others he had known.

Presently the white light of early dawn crept faintly up-little Peep o Day he's called-a tiny fellow, truly, to be sent out to fight the darkness and yet so persistent and undaunted that every moment he glowed more confidently at his task and grew big ger and bigger with his efforts. The moon had looked scornfully at the coming of such an adversary, but now she paled visibly and called in her routed army of moonbeams, while below the sleeping world laughed here and there bers. As soon as his duties were ac



Back In the Shanty the Little Child Was Already Waking.

the land look like tinted silver, but nobody missed him, for the morning was at hand. There was a gorgeous. rosy flush along the east melting into purple, out of which the sun came up like a wonderful flower, opening slowly, first pink, then yellow, then red-

and it was Christmas clay! Shawe's eyes gladdened at the sight, though he did not pause. He couldn't -oh, now less than ever-now, he must hurry-hurry. Back in the shanty men's hut the little child was already waking, he knew, and her glee was filling the house, but in her home others were waking, too-they had not slept-and listening in vain for the music of her laughter. He must hurry! So he kept on, but somehow, though he was beginning to be very tired, the going was much easier. Joy comes with the morning and new hope: all the doubts and fears of the night disappear. They are some of the foes little Peep o' Day vanquishes so triumphantly. Shawe couldn't feel despondent in that beautiful world while the still morning brightened around

him, especially when every step brought him nearer his goal. He laughed like a boy and shouted out "Merry Christmas" though there was no one by to answer his greeting, but the clear cold air bore it wide, and it helped to swell the chorus going

up all over the earth. He ran a few paces, so wonderfully light hearted had he grown, and flung out his arms, clapping them against his body to warm himself; then he sobered down - outwardly. Nobody would ever have supposed that the tall. fur clad figure, with head bent a trifle and only a bit of his face visible between his big cap and high collar, was There Was the bearer of joyful No One to news. For one thing he

Answer. was walking quite stolidly, and your happy messengers are always winged, and for another he was looking neither to left nor right. Wasn't he? Then why did he start suddenly and throw back his head, laughing up again at the sky? Why? Because just in front of him there was a house—an ugly, squat little house, the glass in its windows twinkling in the sun. He drew nearer, and his heart, that had almost instantly rushed into his throat, fell back to its proper place with a most discouraging thump. The house seemed uninhabit. ed-deserted-as if the people who had lived there had grown tired of being so far from the settlement and had gone back to be with their kind, perhaps to stay there always, or at least over this day of festivity. It was impossible to associate a merry Christmas with this sober, grownup abode. A closer approach, however, revealed a small thread of smoke issuing from the chimney, but otherwise the general air of dreariness about the place-its loneliness, its empty, staring windowschilled Shawe more than the winter night had done.

[Continued on page 6, Col. 1.]