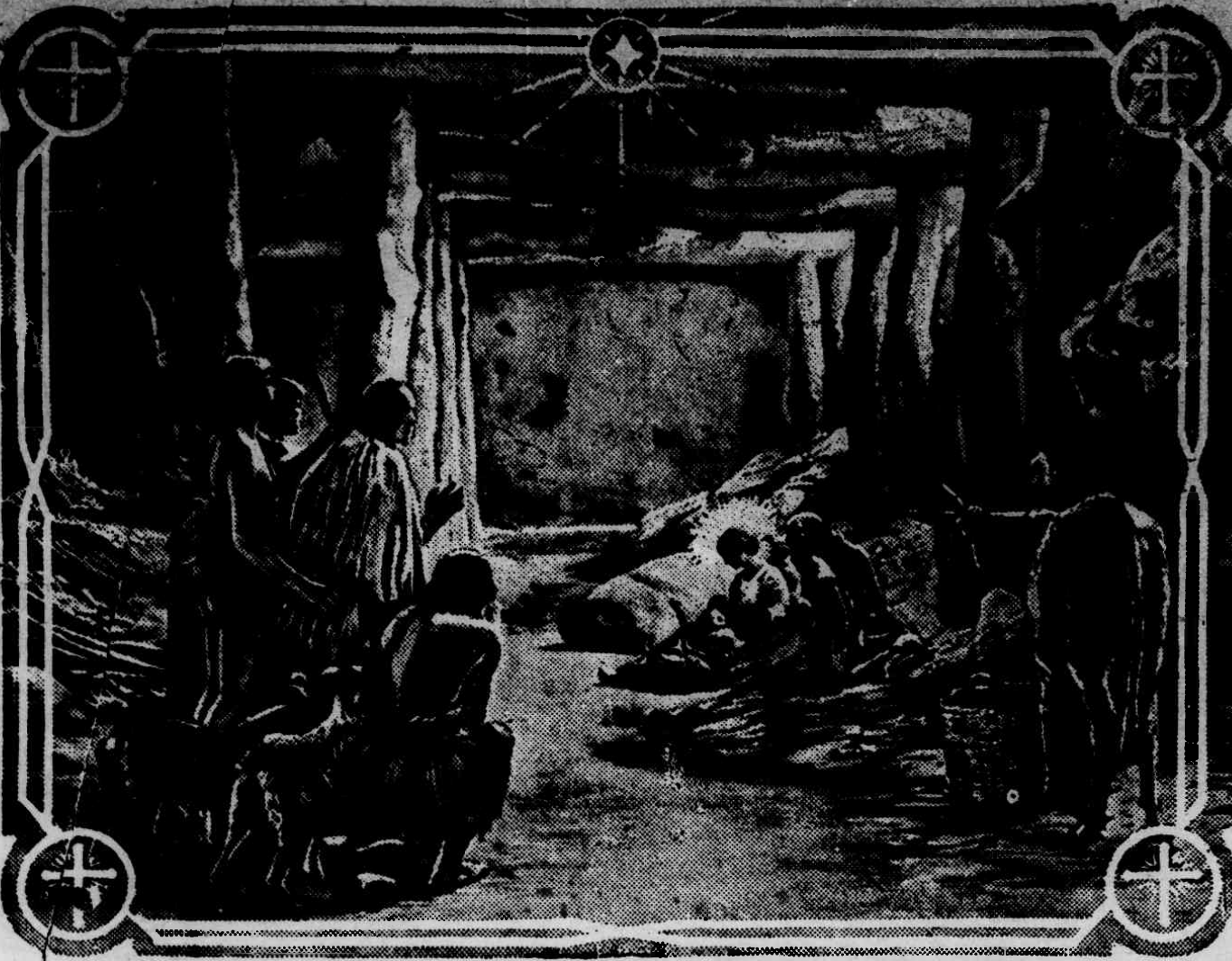


Little Babe of Bethlehem



When sang the stars together
 In the morning long ago,
 The little Babe of Bethlehem
 Slept in a manger low.
 Wings of myriad angels swept
 The trembling mists of morn,
 When He who was Prince of them
 In Bethlehem was born.

A king, and yet no diadem
 Upon His brow to rest;
 He had no pillow for His head
 But His own mother's breast;
 His palace was a stable,
 Bare of knight or paladin,
 When Christ the Lord of Heaven
 Came to free the world of sin.

His eyes were soft as summer skies,
 His brow as white as snow,
 And round His head a halo shone
 Like sunlight's golden glow.
 But, He lay an outcast, hidden
 From Herod's cruel harm—
 The Lamb of God that nestled
 Upon His mother's arm.

O little Babe of Bethlehem,
 I see Thee sleeping there,
 Thine eyes as deep as summer skies;
 Thy brow so white and fair;
 Again I see in wonder kneel
 The shepherds of the fold,
 The Magi with their gifts of myrrh
 And frankincense and gold.

I see Thy mother Mary,
 As in awe her hands caressed
 Thy hallowed head of glory
 Where it laid upon her breast;
 I hear the crooning lullaby
 That she so softly sings,
 While Thy dear arm is round her neck,
 Where tenderly it clings.

Far were Thy feet to swonder
 To seek the cruel tree,
 And harsh the hands that waited
 With their crown of thorns for Thee,
 But Thou hadst that one happy hour
 Of peace and joy and rest,
 When Thy head was laid in Bethlehem
 Upon Thy mother's breast.

John S. M'Goarty.

Remember this Christmas day that love is the strongest thing in the world, and that the blessed Life which began in Bethlehem is the image and the brightness of the Eternal Love.

Out of everything you get exactly as you put it into it. If you feel that Christmas has degenerated into a mere commercial barter of gifts, seek the cause in your own self.

Christmas Chimes



A Christmas Blessing

By Rev. Dr. Howard Duffield

MAY the Blessing of the Light that shown at Midnight come to the hearts that are shadowed and the homes that are dark.

May the Blessing of the Song of the Angels come to the multitudes who strive and bleed upon fields of battle, and to all who wage the hard warfare of life.

May the Blessing of the Good Word to the Shepherds come to everyone who is humbly and honestly laboring to do a share of their world's work.

May the Blessing of the Manger Cradle come to that innumerable company against whom the doors of hope and peace and rest are shut.

May the blessing of the Holy Child come to every one who has forgotten that Thou, O God, art his Father, and that all men are brothers.

May the Blessing of the Guiding Star come to those who wander in the night and cannot find the homeward way.

May the Blessing of the Stable come upon all hearts, wakening a kindly sense of kindred with every living thing that walks the field and forest, or wings the air, or passes along the paths of the seas.



I'S sendin' word to Santy Claus to tell him what to bring—
 A doll—an' book—an' dishes too—an' oh, most ev'rything!
 Please help me put it in the box—I can't reach up, you see—
 Poor Santy'd be so 's'pointed if he didn't hear from me.

YOUR GIFT TO YOU

IT IS BETTER TO GIVE THAN TO RECEIVE—

But there are times when to receive gives a mighty safe and pleasant feeling. Start the new year with a good substantial bank account for yourself that will make you independent of other people and give you a pride in yourself. Include yourself in your Christmas gifts.

Brevard Banking Co.