

# The White Ribbon

For God, and Home, and Humanity.

## Thought for the Month.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem and see this thing which is come to pass; which the Lord hath made known unto us."—St. Luke.

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## The Road to Bethlehem

"Come up the road to Bethlehem,  
The heavenly herald calls.  
Serene upon a slumbering world  
A starry splendour falls.  
Come with love's fragrant frankin-  
cense,  
Its myrrh and aloes rare.  
More costly than the gift we bring.  
Is the one that waits us there.

"Come up the road to Bethlehem,  
The heart's long hunger ends,  
Where by the Little Son of God,  
Our knee in worship bends.  
Here, the dull mantle care has wrought  
Forever from you lay.  
There waits more Peace in Bethlehem,  
Than the world can take away."

(Author unknown.)

In the city, dusk was falling. Lights were shining forth already. In the great shops illuminations blazed upon the shoppers adding the last packages to their gay piles. The assistants, looking rather weary by now, still smiled pleasantly. Children dragged weary limbs along; but, sustained by the promise of a golden morrow, were cheerful still.

The King's palace was a scene of splendour. Wonderfully dressed crowds thronged the beautiful halls. Music and dancing announced high festival. Even the servants wore a gala-like air, and their work seemed all joy.

In the hospitals, patients smiled through their pain at the preparations going on. The decorations were lovely and fantastic. Wreaths of evergreen shining with bright berries, pennants, and garlands, flowers and glittering baubles came into their line of vision gradually, and pain seemed to hold his hand for a while.

Out at sea, passengers and crews seemed filled with a lightsome, care-free spirit, and moved about their ships singing old tunes softly. On the moors, the sheep were quietly led homeward to the folds. The animals on the farms slept.

In homes, mothers moved mysteriously on secret business of their own. Only the elder children noticed them.

In great silent churches, dim lights burned with tender lustre. From some, soft organ notes passed out like sound clouds to mingle with the music of the streets—the strange music of human life.

At last, it was dark. The lights were gone. All was still in the palace and in the homes. The children were asleep and the fathers and mothers dreamed of the happy morrow. Only an occasional sigh or moan gave sign of the hospital's unsleeping life.

But, in the darkness, a mighty throng moved silently, yet with eager faces lit by a strangely beautiful light, along a narrow, slow-climbing road. The King and Queen were there. They wore no crowns, but a royal beauty and dignity revealed their identity. Mothers and fathers, some holding the hands of their children, some carrying them in their arms, streamed up the road, gazing intently. Here a young sailor, his face shining under his white cap; and there, an old fisherman in guernsey and knitted cap, strode along with rolling gait. Bands of nurses, carrying patients on stretchers, came smiling amid the throng. And shepherds with crooks, their tread slow and rhythmic, seemed to guide and help some who might have fallen. Unnumbered, undistinguished multitudes, they all gazed upwards to the mystic light. It came from a Star.

A soft sound of bells came from a great distance. Gentle singing began among the crowds, like a mere rumour of music, but it swelled forth into a mighty wave of irresistible power and beauty—

"Come let us adore Him,  
Christ the Lord."  
And the Day dawned.

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Business Manager.