



The Wise Men Prize Christmas Poem By Jennie Christenson of Mantli

Peace be unto thee, friend! I treasures bring With me from far off lowly Bethlehem—

My friend, I cannot greet thee as of old— In pride, in merriment, in idle jest—

I carried gold and spices unto Him, But bring I back a gift more precious far

"The Gentiles shall come to Thy light, and Kings to the brightness of Thy rising." —Isaiah.

Where lookest thou? 'Tis neither there nor there; But here beneath this purple robe of mine;

My friend, I try your patience, I'll begin With your departure to your father's home;

Three nights I passed in wonder, on the fourth, There came Melchior and Kaspar, Godly men,

"For surely say the prophets," Kaspar cried, "Led by a Star, Kings unto Him shall come."

The way was long. League after league, we rode Across the desert, over hill and dale;

Then sought we far and wide and found Him not, But learned from great King Herod's scribes and priests,

It hovered like a winged messenger— Then paused, and cast a gentle radiance Into the lovely streets of Bethlehem.

TWO WOMEN ASCEND POPOCATEPETL

THRILLS ENCOUNTERED WHILE CLIMBING MEXICO'S BIG VOLCANO, by ELIZABETH R. CANNON

IN the days when the picture of the mountain with the unpronounceable name stared back at us from our geographies, we learned that it was the highest volcano of the Americas.

But it was not until we (the woman who went through Labrador alone and I) went down to the little Aztec village of Ozumba with the avowed intention of climbing him, that the clouds suddenly parted and we got our first real view of the ice-clad peak.

Our early start next morning dragged on till 10 o'clock, which resulted in our being caught in the afternoon deluge of the tropics as it was the rainy season of the year, the worst time possible for making the ascent.



POPOCATEPETL, THE SMOKING MOUNTAIN (17,800 FEET HIGH) FROM THE SACROMONTE.

Through the pass where the icy blast annihilated Cortez's hot-country Indians, maidenhair and the blood-red begonia called "Heart of Jesus" peeped now from the high embankment. Just before we entered the fields of maguay, which is house, raiment, and drink to the Mexican, an old woman came out to inform us that her house was ours and presented us with bouquets of scarlet geraniums—which appropriate gift enticed forth profuse thanks from the mountain climbers.

added to our trip, the fear of being buried alive. Despite the discomfort of wet skins and the bitter cold that penetrated our bones, we plodded on with thanksgiving in our hearts for our miraculous escape.

We beguiled the time away by rendering "Oh How Dry I Am," but on slaking our thirst from a rhyolite that ran down the middle of the tent, we changed it to drinking songs from the opera.

In answer to our weary query, "how much farther?" the guides now informed us we were nearing the place where we were to pass the night. They tethered the burros and then muttered hurriedly in Spanish for us to keep close to the wall.

allowed these to subside while we dawdled over our damp preparations for departure. Bidding the animals was now an impossibility and the Mexicans went ahead and hewed a path with their machetes, long sword-like knives.

Instead of the sudden burst of dawn that occurs in the tropics the light crept down the canyons with the deliberation of more temperate climes.