

HELLIGE NACHT.

Christmas again; once more, the Holy Night.
In Alpine villages, by candlelight
Old peasants walk the churchyards, steep to tell
past friends the message of the Christmas bell,
To light a friendly candle, by whose glow,
they pause, and pray,

Beneath the silent snow.

Their sleeping fathers share the festival
Of peace on earth, this yearly miracle.

The mountain watches Oberammergau;
The long day's work is laid aside - and now
At every window lights begin to show;
From door to door the carol singers go.

To everyone on earth, to old and young,
The message is the same - in every tongue.

Yes, Christmas is international; and every year London is reminded of the fact that when the Mayor of Oslo brings his city's gift to the people of London - the tall Norwegian Christmas tree stands in Trafalgar Square. The mayor presses the switch, and the tree lights up.

It is nine years since Oslo first sent London a Christmas tree - a gesture of friendship from our wartime allies. By now, Christmas would not seem like Christmas without the Trafalgar Square tree, and the carols which greet it when its light go up.

St. Paul's Cathedral celebrate Christmas Eve with a choral service round the Crib.

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The Grib this year is a co-operative creation; twelve eminent British sculptors made the various life-sized figures.

Nobody's left out of Christmas - not even the animals. At Ilford, Essex the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals throws a party for the customers. They may not be sick animals yet, but if they're not careful they soon will be!

Santa Claus is supposed to be the patron of children - but he's got a big enough heart for a few extra!