

# WELCOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others  
As ye would  
That they  
Should  
Do unto  
you.

ROPH, SMITH - CO. TORONTO.

Vol. VI.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 15, 1888.

[No. 25.]

## Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have scorned each other,  
Or injured friend or brother,  
In this fast-fading year;  
Ye who, by word or deed,  
Have made a kind heart bleed,  
Come, gather here!

Let sinned against and sinning  
Forget their strife's beginning,  
And join in friendship now;  
Be links no longer broken,  
Be sweet forgiveness spoken,  
Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have loved each other,  
Sister, friend, and brother,  
In this fast-fading year,  
Mother and sire and child,  
Young man and maiden mild,  
Come, gather here!

And let your hearts grow fonder,  
As memory shall ponder  
Each past unbroken vow;  
Old loves and younger wooing  
Are sweet in the renewing,  
Under the Holly Bough.

Ye who have nourished sadness,  
Estranged from hope and gladness,  
In this fast-fading year;  
Ye with overburdened mind,  
Made aliens from your kind,  
Come, gather here!

Let not the useless sorrow  
Pursue you night and morrow,  
Hee'er you hoped, hope now.  
Take heart—uncloud your faces,  
And join in our embraces,  
Under the Holly Bough.

—Charles Mackay.

## Christmas Money.

How little it is, compared with our wishes.

Not long before Christmas last winter a lady of moderate means, who had been absorbingly occupied all the morning in trying to make a little money go a great way, observed two richly dressed women talking in the doorway of a Boston store. They were speaking of lace handkerchiefs.

"I wanted dreadfully to get her the one marked fifteen dollars," said one of them with a sigh, "but I'd put her down for only ten dollars and I could not go beyond my limit."

Ten dollars for one present and that only a handkerchief! The lady who listened would have thought it nothing extraordinary to make ten dol-



TWINING THE HOLLY BOUGH.

lars purchase a dozen presents, each one of which would give more pleasure to the recipients than the expensive lace trifle to the fine lady already overwhelmed with elaborate nothing, for whom it was no doubt deemed. Nevertheless she could sympathize with the feelings of the speaker, for after

order that the day should not pass without some remembrance. When they met Christmas night one said to the other:

"Your present was just what I wanted, but you broke your promise. I know it cost more than you engaged to spend."

all it is the limit, whether it be ten dollars or a hundred dollars, ten cents or a treasured quarter, that makes at once the difficulty and the delight of Christmas shopping.

Each of these ladies—she of the full purse and she of the light one—had doubtless experienced at some time the delicious anguish of finding something exactly suited to the taste of a fastidious friend and which proved to cost just a little more than she knew she ought to pay. Both had probably hovered helplessly about the counter where such a precious article was displayed—retiring, returning, gazing, calculating, rejecting and again returning, and unwilling to purchase and almost unable to get away.

Let us hope also that each had known the keen and lofty satisfaction of finally escaping the snare and finding later, after patient and unwearied search, something even more suitable and of a price within their limit. Such a satisfaction is worth toiling for and not unfrequently rewards the enterprise and resolution of the courageous shopper.

Time, taste and the ardent desire to please will accomplish wonders within a very narrow limit indeed. Not long ago two young ladies, intimate friends, who had always been accustomed to exchange presents, and both of whom were at the time unusually short of money, made a compact

At first they intended to give each other nothing, but as the generous season approaches its climax their feelings revolted and they agreed instead to expend for each other only an equal stipulated sum, quite small, in