

The Children's Page.

* * Edited by Cousin Maud. * *

THE CHILDREN'S CAROL.

LITTLE children of our King,
Gather in His Name and sing,
For the heavens bend as low
As when angels long ago,
Sang a Christmas Carol.

Oh the heavens opened wide
On that holy Christmas-tide,
For the Lord to come to earth,
And the angels hailed His birth
With a Christmas Carol.

Can you hear them singing still,
Peace on earth to men good will,
Listen, listen, children fair,
In your hearts you'll hear it there,
Hear the Christmas Carol.

Well, little friends, Christmas will soon be here again, does it seem "an age" since this time last year? (to us older ones it is but a little while.)

Have you begun to write letters to Santa Claus? Have you even now many a secret to keep; not your own alone, but sister's or brother's? Have you already had a hand in stirring the plum pudding?

What a time it is to be sure; the very happiest in all the year. And why? Does it not lie in the giving to one another, in thinking of the happiness of others?

And remember, little friends, were it not for that first gift of the Christ-Child so many years ago, this happiness would not be ours to-day. In some parts of Germany they believe that the Christ-Child comes on Christmas Eve and visits the little ones, leaving good wishes and gifts by each little sleeper.

Is it not a beautiful thought? and to us, children, the Christ-Child comes—to every heart that opens to Him—and it is His presence there that accounts for this joy of giving.

I send my little readers best wishes for truest happiness on—
"This holy day when Christ the Lord,
Took on Him our humanity
For little children everywhere."

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Did I dream it or did some Elfin whisper it to me, this little story of Christmas? It may have been Santa Claus' gift, I know not, but somehow it came to me, and as best I could I have written it here for you:

THE THREE CHRISTMAS TREES.

In the woods, side by side in the deep snow, stood the stumps of three hemlock trees; they had been but recently cut, for the tops looked white and clean, and around were the small new chips.

The spirits of the trees were talking and wondering where they had gone, they could not have been cut for fuel for the boys who came for them chose them for their pretty shape.

Could it be they had become Christmas trees? If so the spirits were happy—for what higher use could a tree have grown?

A Brownie had hidden himself among the branches of each tree and promised to come back and report.

It was the night after Christmas and every moment they were expected. At last they arrived and the Brownie who had accompanied the

largest tree spoke first: "Be glad, oh spirit, your tree has been honored!"

"It went to a house of the rich and was a wonderful sight indeed. It sparkled with a hundred bright lights that looked like stars, and was laden with beautiful gifts for the little ones, be glad, the little children were made happy!"

Then spoke the Brownie who had gone with the next largest tree: "Your tree, oh spirit, has also been honored for it, too, became a Christmas tree."

"It was taken to a school and on it the little children placed gifts for one another, each child gave and each received—they made one another happy."

Then spoke the third Brownie to the spirit of little tree:

"You, indeed, have been the most honored of all, for on your tree children placed gifts who received nothing in return, and therefore were happy in the truest way."

"The tree was taken to a mission school, attended by very poor children, to whom Christmas would have been dreary enough had it not been for the joy brought by your tree and the kind hearts who loaded it with the good things."

And the spirits of the trees were glad.

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IN SANTA CLAUS' WORKSHOP.

Do you not want to know what happened to that big turkey gobbler, that you saw last summer? He was such a vain old fellow, was he not. I'll tell you, for both you and I can understand gobble talk.

THE CHRISTMAS TURKEY.

"Gobble—gobble—gobble!" sang out a fine big turkey gobbler, the king of Farmer Brown's barnyard, and of whom all the other turkeys, hens and chickens stood in great awe.

Just now he was strutting around, tail spread, wings trailing on the ground at either side, comb crimson—evidently in a disturbed state of mind. He was scolding his old lady.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble! How does it come you are such a miserable looking fowl—always eating and yet you don't seem to have a pick on your bones. Look at your scraggy tail, how it hangs down—you have no style about you! Gobble—gobble—gobble! Look at me. Look at me. Look at the fine tassel on my breast! See my spreading tail! Why, no one would ever take you for my wife!"

"No thanks to you," said dame turkey, at last trying to defend herself. "Where did you get your nice tassel, tail and big wings? and no wonder you grow fat, you have nothing to do but take care of yourself, and have a good time. While poor me. Just look at the summer I have put in! After my eggs were hatched see the brood I have to look after. And when they were well grown and should have had more sense than my troubles really began. Many's the chase they led me. Night after night have I had to roost in a tree (and chilly enough the night air was at times), while you were comfortably sleeping at home, and besides—" Just then Farmer Brown and his little son passed through the barnyard. "See your Christmas dinner my boy?"

"Not old John gobble?"

"Yes, John is just in prime condition, and another year he may be too tough. Strut away, old fellow, your reign will soon be over."

THE CHILDREN OF THE RED MAN.

Concluded from last issue.

Then about clothes. The Red children are never told to keep them clean, to take care of them, or to avoid playing games that are hard on their clothing. What a boon that would be to our boys wearing the spirit of the Indian and the suit of Lord Fauntleroy!

Rising when they feel sufficiently rested, sleeping through the day if they want to, and retiring when they feel so inclined, who does not envy a Red child's freedom? He is never asked to have his face and hands washed; when he cares to bathe in the river he does so, and that cleansing suffices till the next time. His hair is combed when he wishes to have it done, and then plaited in two braids that hang girl-fashion down his back or over his shoulders.

The Indian child never used to go to school, but spent his whole life learning about the birds, the fishes, and the game of the wide, far-reaching prairie. But the government and churches have established industrial schools where the free, happy, bird-spirited Indian boy is sent to take on the civilization of the white man whom he despises, to be like the white man who works hard,

who gathers things about him and then works harder to take care of them. At school the Red boy must imprison his feet in strong, coarse shoes, so foreign and distasteful to his freedom-loving limbs. He is given a bed to sleep on, a table to eat at, he must be washed and combed whether he likes it or not, and taught to live as a white boy does. He is shown the games of the white boy but he never plays them when among his Indian companions.

Besides all this, he is taught the white boy's religion, which like our ways of living he despises and thinks it will do very well for white people but it is not good enough for an Indian who, too, worships a Great Spirit and many lesser spirits as well, who are the Great Spirit's servants, and when he dies he will go to the happy hunting ground where no white man will ever enter. Greatly does an Indian esteem you if he says you are almost as good as his people, and almost fit to enter the happy hunting ground.

MARGARET BAYNE.