

light. He was so happy to see all this that he wanted to cry. And when, shivering with cold and nervous excitement, he slipped into a far back pew, he was even more delighted.

At first he was just a little confused. It was so warm and there was such a wonderful odor of spruce in the air, and such a buzz of voices. With stiffened fingers he tugged at his comforter and at last unwound it. He hung it carefully behind him so as not to get it in anyone's way. Then he sank back against the seat and just looked and looked.

The arches of the church were garlanded in green and everywhere were candles twinkling down at one like tiny golden spirits. But wonder of wonders—beside the altar was a tree! Great and tall and all aglitter! It was like a wonderful dream. It was unbelievable, and yet it was true. High above the altar a flaming message done in golden tinsel: "Glory to God in the Highest." He could read it quite well, he had read it so often for his mother. But now it dazzled him. He felt its glory enveloping him in a hot flame.

He did not hear so much of the sermon, but he wished he dared sing. The singing was so lovely. And when, after a bit, a band of little children, dressed in white, marched around the aisles singing, "Oh, Little Babe of Bethlehem," he had to blink hard and fast for somehow his eyes would not behave.

But all the while he was so still and so quiet that no one observed him. A gaunt woman had settled down on one side of him and a fussy

red-faced man on the other. They looked at him with some annoyance and surprise at first—and then forgot him.

When the programme ended, a big man with a smiling face began calling out names. And every time he called, some child hurried up the aisle and came back from that wonder tree with something hugged close. Little Magnus sat up, very stiff and very patient. When a child passed him he longed so to say how glad he was and perhaps to see the present. And the man called on and on. It was very peculiar, Magnus thought, how long the man was calling the children. And now the tree seemed to be stripped of so many, many bundles that had swung there so gaily before.

Then suddenly he came to himself with a shock. The man had stopped calling. There were no more children passing up the aisle. Then in one movement the congregation rose. It seemed to him the people all became one huge moving mass. And it rose, this mass of living people, and sang very loudly and discordantly, and then began pushing past him.

The thin woman wrapped her fur around her, picked up her purse and left the seat beside him. The fussy little man found his overshoes, grunted in putting them on, sighed, and went also. But little Magnus sat on like stone . . . this was God's house and he had been good . . . but God had forgotten him. He bit his lips hard, fumbled for his muffler, and stumbled out.

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With the passing of each slow hour his mother had become increasingly disturbed. Something urged her to action. She darted to the cupboard. There was little enough there, but she decided to make a few pancakes. She had grown very clever at making pancakes without eggs, and they were not bad at all. When they were made she rolled them carefully, cut them in two and piled them in curious formations round the big plate. From an old trunk she drew an old tablecloth and spread it on the pine table. Then she removed the lamp chimney, shined it anew, and set the lamp in the centre of the table. Not knowing why, she hunted feverishly again in that old trunk, and miracle of miracles, found a little white candle and a bit of ribbon. She fastened a smart bow around the candle and then put it under the plate, waiting Magnus. This done, she sat down again, listening nervously for every sound.

A little past 10 she caught at her breast as if to silence the beating of her heart. She flew to the door and flung it wide.

It had begun to snow. Heavy gusts of wind carried the flakes in sweeping eddies. She was almost blinded as she ran out into the path. And there, like a stray, black flake, he came—the little disillusioned one—sobbing aloud and fighting the wind.

He almost fell at her feet.

"Oh, Mama; oh, Mama . . . ! And I was so good!"

She lifted him up high in her arms and carried him in. She hurried to the chair by the stove, and there

God Save Thee, Canada!

ANNIE CHARLOTTE DALTON, Vancouver, B.C.

God save thee, Canada!

God bless thee, Canada.

Long may we sing,

"We, with our brothers stand,

Free men in freedom's land,

Loyal in heart and hand,

God save the King!"

Queen of the Northern Star!

Great, as thy mountains are,

Who may subdue?

Love shall thy master be,

Discord, thine enemy,

All things we will for thee,

Joyful and true.



What shall disquiet thee,

Splendid in unity,

Fearless in soul?

Oh! may our hearts grow great,

And we, reconsecrate,

March on with faith elate,

Godward and whole!

God save our gracious King!

Long live our noble King,

God save the King!

Send him victorious,

Happy and glorious,

Long to reign over us,

—God save the King!