

Children's Page

The Christmas Tree

You come from the land where the snow lies deep
In forest glade or mountain steep,
Where the days are short and the nights are long,
And never a skylark sings his song.
Have you seen the wild deer in his mountain home,
And watched the fall of the brown pine cone?
Do you miss your mates in the land of snow,
Where none but the evergreen branches grow?
Dear tree, we will dress you in robes so bright
That ne'er could be seen a prettier sight;
In glittering balls and tinkling bells,
And the star which the story of Christmas tells;
On every branch we will place a light
That shall send its gleam through the starry night;
And the little children will gather there,
And carol their songs in voices fair;
And we hope you will never homesick be,
You beautiful, beautiful Christmas tree.

—Mary A. McHugh.

EDITOR'S CHAT

My Dear Boys and Girls:

Perhaps some of you have heard an old saying which may or may not be true, but here it is, "Shakespeare never repeats." Now, unlike Shakespeare, the Editor of this page feels it necessary sometimes to repeat because there are no new words that will tell just what we want to say any better than the old ones. And the old ones are the words of the Christmas resolution we made in 1915: "I will buy nothing for Christmas that is not useful, and I will give no unnecessary gifts." Act on this motto and the other one we had last year, "Be cheerful, and be kind," and you will have the best receipt there is for a Happy Christmas.

This is not a very happy world now, and even quite little boys and girls have to know about sorrow and trouble and death. It is not like it used to be,

just a world full of sunshine, play, good things to eat, parties, new toys and pretty clothes. No, it is a world full of dreadful war; of death and sickness; of pain and sorrow. It is a world where hundreds of little children have not enough food to eat; not enough clothes to wear; no homes to go to; no fathers or mothers to love them. It is a world where a terrible nation have killed little Belgians and French and Serbians; a world where children studying their lessons quietly at school in the great city of London have been killed by bombs dropped from the German aeroplanes, and where great ships on which little girls and boys travelled have been sunk by enemy submarines. It is a world where cruel men are fighting against children as well as against everything that is brave and beautiful, and into all this pain and trouble, into