

TALES FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

Current Topics

The school children were very kind to bring so many nice things to the school for the poor people who were sick or out of work or unfortunate at Christmas time. It is very pleasant to give to those we love, but it is right to give to those who need. There is something about giving, but too many of us never think of it. We are too busy or too worried, which is only another way of saying we are too selfish, to stop to say a kind word, give a bright smile or some little kindness for another. Often when the expensive presents are forgotten the little kindness is remembered.

Most of us forget that He who came to us at this season, when on earth had no money to give. What He gave was Himself.

Lord Strathcona knows Canada well. As a member of the old Hudson's Bay Company he saw the trade of the middle and west of this country begin. He has watched it grow and was one of those who had faith to believe that if a railway were built across Canada from east to west, it would, not only pay, but fill the country with people and make it the most important part of the empire. He believes that it will grow still when lines of fleet British steamships cross the Atlantic and Pacific by the very shortest routes, so bringing all parts of the empire closer together. This is part of the message he sends to us at Christmas.

Captain Gillen, who looks like a strong, brave man, has gone in charge of the new lifeboat to Bamfield Creek. It is to be hoped that the captain and his crew will not have many chances of showing their skill and daring. But on stormy nights it will be a comfort to think that if a ship finds herself among the breakers of that terrible coast all that can be done for the rescue of those on board will be done by Capt. Gillen.

When, nearly eighty-three years ago, William Thompson first opened his baby eyes in his home in Belfast, Ireland, no one could have dreamed of the great changes that would take place in the world before he died. On land the few people who made long journeys were driven along in stage coaches drawn by four or perhaps six horses.

At sea, wooden sailing vessels carried passengers and freight across the ocean. It is true the steamship had been invented by Fulton many years before but it was still looked upon as a wonderful object to which many people were afraid to trust themselves.

The greater part of North America was a wilderness and it took many weeks before the news even of such great events as the death of a king or the winning of a battle reached its eastern shores.

After numerous experiments being with the kite of Benjamin Franklin some of the uses of electricity and much of its wondrous force had been discovered, but it was William Thompson who was to discover how to join two continents by that most wonderful of all inventions, the Atlantic cable. He was one of the few men whose hands was as skilful to construct as his brain was able to plan.

Thompson was educated at the great college of Cambridge in England. He was very clever in mathematics and went as a professor to Glasgow, where he performed most of his experiments and wrote his books and where on the 17th of December he died.

In 1858 he brought to perfection the great cable by which telegraphic messages are sent from Ireland to New York. For his services he was knighted. Since that time he has invented many useful instruments which are made use of by electricians and has discovered a great deal about the use of electricity, but what it is neither he, nor any one else knows. For the great work he did for the world Queen Victoria created Sir William Thompson Lord Kelvin and many other kings have delighted to honor the man who used so well the wonderful gifts bestowed on him by the King of Kings.

Other men have put to use the knowledge gained by Lord Kelvin and so we have telephones, trams, electric light, wireless telegraphy and a great number of inventions by which electricity has been brought lighter and adds to our convenience. There is yet much to learn about this mysterious something we call by the queer Greek name and no doubt there are boys in school today who will add to the knowledge that has been learned and done by Faraday, Thomson, Bell and Edison.

A war cloud has arisen in the east. This time it hangs over Persia, that kingdom which shut in the dominions of the Czar from the Southern Seas.

Not long ago the Shah of Persia gave his people laws to make or help to make their own laws by sending men to parliament. This was something very strange to men in eastern lands and when the son of this Shah succeeded to power he determined to regain the power his father had given to his people. A number of his advisers, hoping to get power and riches if he succeeded, rallied round him and the lovers of liberty took the opposite side. Two armies were formed. If there should be war it would be natural for Russia to help one side or other and England will take care that by the quarrels of her neighbor Russia will not have the opportunity of getting land beyond the Caspian Sea.

Mr. Lemieux is going to leave Japan. He has been very kindly treated but the Japanese will not let him himself by a written promise not to let other people come in as great numbers as formerly to British Columbia. Japan says she has made a treaty with England and will not give up any rights she has gained by it.

In our own city the C. P. R. officials complain that they have not room in the old freight sheds and yards to unload the goods that come down in the trains from Ladysmith. The cars are sent over loaded as they come over the main line and are brought across on steamers to Ladysmith and then down to Victoria on the E. & N., where they are unloaded. Last week Captain Troop and Mr. Conroy said that unless some better arrangement was made it would pay the company better to load the goods on the steamer and bring them to the C. P. R. wharf at once. Time would be wasted in loading and unloading the goods twice but not as much as if the cars had to stay idle in Vancouver till the yards were cleared here. If this plan is taken it will be the result of the quarrel between the city council and the company about Store street.

It is but a little while since men first began to clear Point Grey opposite Vancouver and now it is formed into a municipality as Oak Bay is here. Vancouver people are bringing their city up very fast. Perhaps they are going ahead a little more quickly than they can afford to but Victoria might borrow little of their public spirit. Perhaps if she lent her sister city a little of her caution both would be better off.

The track for the railway from Wellington to Alberni is being cleared and very soon a great many men will be at work building the road.

After the holidays the new pavement on Government street will be begun. The streets should never have been allowed to get into such a shameful condition as they are in at present. People in Victoria are not nearly as particular about keeping their streets clean and nice as they are in other cities in western Canada. If every man, woman and child in Victoria made up their minds to sweep before their own doors strangers would have a much better opinion of us. By the way, this is the time for thinking about the improvement of our grounds. It is not creditable to either teachers or scholars that most of them are so bare and unattractive.

When the white men crossed the mountains they found a great many Indian settlements in various places. These were chiefly near the sea and along the rivers, for most of the Indians lived by fishing and hunting. After governments were formed on the island the Indians were not driven away. Gradually, however, it was found that it was better to say just what land they should have than to run the risk of quarrels between them and the settlers.

The lands thus left in their possession were called reserves. Since that time most of the tribes of Indians have grown smaller. Sometimes they have chosen another reserve and have given up the old one. When the reserves have been near the cities the result of what was once a large and powerful tribe. Their reserve is now near the centre of the city, but though the few who are left do not use the land they will neither sell it nor take another reserve in the country in exchange for it. This is a pity, both for their own sakes and for that of the city, and it is to be hoped that it will soon be settled.

There was a riot in the town of Lethbridge on Thursday and the white men attacked the Chinese quarters and did much damage. It is this riot that happened in China and white men were killed and their property destroyed. They should be shocked and angry and would think it was because the Chinese were jealous and cruel. We would be quite right, if Canadians cannot wait to get what they want by lawful means they are not fit to live in a free country. Once they begin to break the laws in order to get what they want they show that they are unfit to govern and if the law allows men of any color to come into a country, it must protect them from harm. Laws in a free country may be changed but they must not be broken.

Japan had scarcely said good-bye to Mr. Lemieux, whom she treated very politely but to whom she gave very little when she welcomed another visitor. This was Prince Pu Lum, who looked upon as the heir to the throne of China. The prince was treated with great courtesy by the Japanese. Should the Chinese and Japanese make friends the western nations of peace. Already these people supply the markets of a great part of the world with rice, sugar, tea, fruit and many other natural products. As we all know, skilful hands find ready sale. Their students are taking high places in European and American colleges and the children in the schools are patient diligent learners. It looks very much indeed as if white men will have to study very hard as well as give up many wicked and evil habits if they are to win in the race with the yellow men. In these days the victories of peace are greater than any gained on the battlefield and Canadian boys and girls will have to prepare for a hard contest.

When the boys and girls of Victoria arrive in school these winter mornings it is easy to see that they are well fed and well clad. It is very much to be doubted if there are any children in this happy city of ours who know what it is to be really hungry. Some of them are pale because they eat too much but the white skin, thin hands and thin limbs of a child who is not well fed are unknown here. Imagine if you could breakfast and to have no lunch. Yet that is the case of nearly 12,000 school children in Berlin, the beautiful capital of Germany. The city is going to feed these hungry children, but you may be sure the food will be of the plainest kind. It is no wonder there are a great many people in Germany who wonder if there is something wrong in the laws which will allow children to go hungry. There is far more than money enough spent in European countries on great armies and powerful fleets to feed all who want it. It is a sin to see children in Victoria throwing away good food which other children need so much, for in many cities, even in Canada, there is want in the winter time, if not in summer. That is another thing you children should think about. For about two weeks last year we had such bitter cold weather as to endure for months at a time. You know how hard it was to live the cold. Even the schools had to be closed part of the time. It was worse here for our houses are not built to keep out the cold. But when you remember those days you will understand how terrible it would be to be scarce, at once, of fire and food.

The cold weather, whether of the prairie or the upper country is enjoyable to the children who warm themselves by the fire and frolic in the snow. Their wits are sharpened by the clear cold air. The boys and girls on the Coast do not find it so easy to work as they do and must take care that they do not get beaten in the race of life by those who have grown up in a country of cold winters.

The Exhibition Building has gone! On Thursday night the flames leaped from the great wooden pile of hot coals and cinders. Whether before or after another building will take the place of the old one cannot now be said. Everybody will be sorry to miss the big building and to think that there is no place where people can gather together to show one another what is the best that each can do.

Before another issue of the Children's page of the Colonist reaches its readers the old year will have passed away. To children as well as to older people, it will have brought joy and sorrow. For children are not always happy. Some days have been well spent. Others have been wasted. These last days of the old year are a good time for thinking how much better we can spend the new. If any foolish or wrong habits are being formed, this is the time to give them up. If there is something that needs to be done, this is the time to commence.

In our own province we have been blessed with peace and plenty. In some parts of Canada the harvest was poor but there is food enough and more than enough for all.

There has been sorrow in many homes in our own city. From some children have been taken away from their mothers or fathers have gone. How we wish when it is too late that we had been kinder or more gentle to those we really loved so well. There are others left and in this year let us all, young and old, try what we can do to make the world a better place to live in. Kind words have their place in this work and the editor will begin by wishing all the children a HAPPY NEW YEAR. As the words are written, the answer seems to come back from many voices, THE SAME TO YOU.

The Porridge Question

Aunt Eliza said "It was perfectly ridiculous; every child ought to eat porridge, and every properly brought up child did like it and did eat it." Then Aunt Eliza considered the Porridge Question really. But Goldlocks' name was Christina, really, but mother always called her Goldlocks—Goldlocks felt just as the second morning when the porridge pot appeared as she had done the first, and thought "What a nuisance!" Now this morning, Christina, I hope you will make a clean plate, we can't excuse you any more because you are a visitor," Goldlocks said never a word, but she thought a great deal.

She did try two spoonfuls, but the porridge would not go down, and she sat in front of her plate, and marvelled as Dick ate his up and demanded a second helping. Very well, no porridge, no jam," said Aunt Eliza severely.

Goldlocks gave a sigh of relief. It was quite easy to go without jam, and she ate her dry bread most cheerfully and chatted away to her cousins, a happy Goldlocks once more. On the third morning the porridge pot and Aunt Eliza arrived at breakfast time, and Goldlocks' plateful remained uneaten. "Go to the trouble, Betty began to grumble that her plate was too full, and Dick said "No, thank you," when asked to have a second helping.

Aunt Eliza felt annoyed. "This must be stopped," she said. "You are all learning Christina's bad ways. If you were my own child, I should punish you to-day, Christina, but, as you are somebody else's, I will give you another chance tomorrow. Only you know the rule—no porridge, no jam."

This time Aunt Eliza felt quite vexed to see Goldlocks eating dry bread happily. All the way to school Betty and Dick talked of nothing but the Porridge Question.

"Do try to eat it, Christina," said Betty; "of course, it isn't nice; I never did like it."

"Then why didn't you say so before?" said Dick. "You never thought of liking or disliking it until Christina came. But, I say, Christina, I wish you would eat your porridge; it's so silly to be punished for not eating anything."

"I would eat it if I could," said Goldlocks, "but it won't go down. I hate it."

That night, just as Goldlocks and Betty were dropping to sleep, something white came creeping into the room.

Betty thought it was Mary, the eldest girl, coming to bed, but Goldlocks sat straight up, startled. She even had serious thoughts of screaming.

Before she could make a sound, however, Dick's voice was heard whispering, "Christina, it's me. I've thought of a splendid plan."

"Oh, Dick!" gasped Goldlocks, "you did frighten me. I thought you were—oh, I don't know what I thought you were."

Dick laughed softly.

"A plan—what for?" demanded Betty, quite wide awake in a moment.

"Porridge," said Dick. "Do you remember the chap in the fairy story?"

"Which chap," said Betty.

"I'll tell you," said Dick, "only talk quietly; we're done when the lights are out. Remember, Goldlocks, and then there was a buzz of whispering, until Dick's teeth began to chatter with the cold; and if Aunt Eliza's footsteps had not been heard on the stairs, there would have been many sneezes and coughs rather anxiously.

Goldlocks was up very early the following day, busy at work with string, scissors, and brown paper, and when breakfast time came she and Dick were sitting waiting at the table, before the others were downstairs.

"Now, no nonsense!" said Aunt Eliza, as she helped the porridge, giving Goldlocks quite a small plateful.

"Oh, mother, you've given me more than Christina," said Goldlocks.

"I'm not very hungry today, mother," said Mary, the eldest girl.

Aunt Eliza frowned as she took her saucepan back into the kitchen.

"Now's your chance," whispered Dick to Goldlocks; then he began to talk very busily to Mary and the others about a big fight that had taken place at school the day before. He told the story very well, and the children were greatly interested—all except Betty; she kept her eyes firmly fixed on Goldlocks.

Something kept Aunt Eliza in the kitchen, and she was quite a long time away from the breakfast table. When she returned, she looked at the porridge plates rather anxiously.

"They were all empty!"

"Now you see, children," said Dick, smiling very pleasantly, "you see how ridiculous it is to make a fuss about porridge. It's just a good child, and I am really pleased with you. Bread and jam today!"

But Goldlocks was looking very red and uncomfortable. Anything but pleased, Goldlocks said. "No jam, thank you," in spite of Dick's kicks underneath the table, and Goldlocks ate her bread so slowly that all the others had finished long before she had.

Aunt Eliza began to wonder if the Porridge Question were really settled as she watched the unhappy little girl.

"Now be quick and get ready for school, children," said Aunt Eliza.

Goldlocks did not move, but looked appealingly at Dick, and Dick got up from his seat and walked off into the kitchen.

Goldlocks felt sadder than ever—almost inclined to cry.

"Aunt Eliza," she said softly, "the porridge—"

"Christina, don't let me hear a word about that porridge," interrupted Aunt Eliza.

"Mother! Mother! I've upset the milk!"

It was Dick in the kitchen. Aunt Eliza hurried away, and Goldlocks smiled. It was quite evident from her chair very carefully, holding something tied round her waist underneath her pinafore. She reached the door safely. Aunt Eliza's voice could be heard Goldlocks managed to reach the hen-house in safety.

There her aunt found her a few minutes later, and scolded her well for dawdling.

An eager-looking boy started up.

"Antonio, go to Barcelona!"

"Antonio scamped across the country, planted his foot upon Barcelona and smiled at us."

"Where is Barcelona, Antonio?"

"In Catalonia."

"What is there at Barcelona?"

"A university, a bishop, and half a million inhabitants."

"What else?"

"It is a seaport, and sends out woollen goods and olives."

"Now go to Madrid."

The scampers were repeated.

"Where are you now?"

"In New Castille, in the capital of the kingdom."

"What does it produce?"

"Nothing."

"Suppose you go to Portugal."

"Off he darted again."

"You have gone too far," cried the padre; "you are standing in the sea."

And so the lesson went on.

Of Interest To Children

Christian, and what is a Slough of Despond?"

Goldlocks set to work to tell him the fascinating story of the Pilgrim's Progress, and they both forgot the Porridge Question.

And next morning there was no question about porridge; Goldlocks ate hers with many difficult gulps but without a grumble, and made a clean plate.

Aunt Eliza felt very pleased at the clever way she had settled the Porridge Question. Dick decided that a Christian had done it; but Goldlocks knew that a red-faced, baldheaded, noisy gentleman, who was going to do just what his big sister did, and who must be helped by her to be a good boy, had really settled the Porridge Question—Maggie Browne.

To School By Boat

One of the most remarkable schools in the world is situated on a tiny island in the middle of Lake St. Clair, the smallest of the six great lakes of Canada and the United States.

It has only lately been opened to serve the needs of the children of settlers on the islands in the district. Some of the scholars live near at hand, a few miles away, but each and all have to journey to school by water.

No bell calls the children, but every morning from the various islands and make their way to the school-house. Not all of them go direct. Some of the boys are hunters and trappers, and these carry guns, and when breakfast time comes they and Dick were sitting waiting at the table, before the others were downstairs.

"Now, no nonsense!" said Aunt Eliza, as she helped the porridge, giving Goldlocks quite a small plateful.

"Oh, mother, you've given me more than Christina," said Goldlocks.

"I'm not very hungry today, mother," said Mary, the eldest girl.

Aunt Eliza frowned as she took her saucepan back into the kitchen.

"Now's your chance," whispered Dick to Goldlocks; then he began to talk very busily to Mary and the others about a big fight that had taken place at school the day before. He told the story very well, and the children were greatly interested—all except Betty; she kept her eyes firmly fixed on Goldlocks.

Something kept Aunt Eliza in the kitchen, and she was quite a long time away from the breakfast table. When she returned, she looked at the porridge plates rather anxiously.

"They were all empty!"

"Now you see, children," said Dick, smiling very pleasantly, "you see how ridiculous it is to make a fuss about porridge. It's just a good child, and I am really pleased with you. Bread and jam today!"

But Goldlocks was looking very red and uncomfortable. Anything but pleased, Goldlocks said. "No jam, thank you," in spite of Dick's kicks underneath the table, and Goldlocks ate her bread so slowly that all the others had finished long before she had.

Aunt Eliza began to wonder if the Porridge Question were really settled as she watched the unhappy little girl.

"Now be quick and get ready for school, children," said Aunt Eliza.

Goldlocks did not move, but looked appealingly at Dick, and Dick got up from his seat and walked off into the kitchen.

Goldlocks felt sadder than ever—almost inclined to cry.

"Aunt Eliza," she said softly, "the porridge—"

"Christina, don't let me hear a word about that porridge," interrupted Aunt Eliza.

"Mother! Mother! I've upset the milk!"

It was Dick in the kitchen. Aunt Eliza hurried away, and Goldlocks smiled. It was quite evident from her chair very carefully, holding something tied round her waist underneath her pinafore. She reached the door safely. Aunt Eliza's voice could be heard Goldlocks managed to reach the hen-house in safety.

There her aunt found her a few minutes later, and scolded her well for dawdling.

An eager-looking boy started up.

"Antonio, go to Barcelona!"

"Antonio scamped across the country, planted his foot upon Barcelona and smiled at us."

"Where is Barcelona, Antonio?"

"In Catalonia."

"What is there at Barcelona?"

"A university, a bishop, and half a million inhabitants."

"What else?"

"It is a seaport, and sends out woollen goods and olives."

"Now go to Madrid."

The scampers were repeated.

"Where are you now?"

"In New Castille, in the capital of the kingdom."

"What does it produce?"

"Nothing."

"Suppose you go to Portugal."

"Off he darted again."

"You have gone too far," cried the padre; "you are standing in the sea."

And so the lesson went on.

Says a Naturalist

A naturalist has made some interesting statements concerning the rate at which various fish swim. Porpoises (he says) have been seen to dart round and round a steamer travelling seventeen miles an hour, thus proving their capacity to swim at a greater rate than that.

The dolphin may be placed on a level with the porpoise, but the bonito has occasionally been known to approach forty miles for short distances.

Herrings, in shoals, move steadily at a rate of between ten and twelve miles; mackerel swim much faster, and both trout and salmon go at a rapid pace when migrating up a stream.

Whales are not fish in the scientific sense, but it is interesting to note that these monsters swim at a rate of sixteen miles an hour when excited, although their ordinary speed is estimated at between four and five miles.

A Geography Lesson

It was while I was journeying in Grenada (writes a traveller) that I came across a school in which, at first sight, the pupils seemed to be playing. I soon found, however, that they were diligently following their studies and learning them well.

I was shown across a rustic bridge (he continues) into what appeared to be a playground. Some benches were ranged along one side. On these about ninety little boys and girls were leaning to count.

The middle of the space before the benches was not level, but here it was raised slightly, and there hollowed.

The padre, or teacher, pointed to this space and explained:

Here we have a map of Spain, with all its mountains and all its valleys."

Then he came near the row of benches, and called, "Antonio, go to Barcelona!"

"Antonio, go to Barcelona!"

"Antonio scamped across the country, planted his foot upon Barcelona and smiled at us."

"Where is Barcelona, Antonio?"

"In Catalonia."

"What is there at Barcelona?"

"A university, a bishop, and half a million inhabitants."

"What else?"

"It is a seaport, and sends out woollen goods and olives."

"Now go to Madrid."

The scampers were repeated.

"Where are you now?"

"In New Castille, in the capital of the kingdom."

"What does it produce?"

"Nothing."

"Suppose you go to Portugal."

"Off he darted again."

"You have gone too far," cried the padre; "you are standing in the sea."

And so the lesson went on.

Short Stories For Children

The Man in the Moon

There was a blacksmith once who complained: "I am not well, and my work is too warm. I want to be a stone on the mountain. There it must be cool, for the wind blows and the trees give a shade."

A wise man, who had power over all things, replied: "Go, thou, be a stone, and And he was a stone high up on the mountain side.

It happened a stonecutter came that way for stone, and when he saw the one that had been the blacksmith, he knew it was what he sought and he began to cut.

The stone cried out: "This hurts. I no longer want to be a stone but a stonecutter."

He had his wish, but as he was seeking suitable stones, he saw a stonecutter, and he said: "I no longer want to cut stone. I would be the sun; that would be pleasant."

The wise man commanded, "Be the sun." And he was the sun.

But the sun was warmer than the blacksmith, than a stone, than a stonecutter, and he complained: "I do not like this. I would be the moon. It looks cool."

The wise man speaks yet again, "Be the moon." And he was the moon.

"This is warmer than being the sun, murmured he. "For the light from the sun shines on me ever. I do not want to be the moon. I would be a smith again. That, very, is the best life."

But the wise man replied: "I am weary of your changing. You wanted to be the moon; the moon you are, and if you will remain."

And in yon high heaven lives he to this day.

Built for Birds

What would you think of a bird cage that stands four feet high, has more than a hundred rooms, forty balconies, towers, turrets, minarets, a reception-room, and a clock?

Such a cage has been built by an Italian living in the United States of America. It is made entirely of wood and brass, and is modeled after a cathedral in the style of the school of architecture. Every floor, every balcony is finished to the smallest detail, the dovetailing and joining being almost perfect. On the interior are double swings, paneled floor dishes, carved water troughs, and a network of doors leading from room to room.

The centre of the cage has broad steps leading to a double door with a tiny lock. Above the door is the clock, and above that is a balcony with brass railings and swinging doors. The balcony just out all round the building room floor to tower, while the whole is painted in red and drab with green doors.

A pretty little trick that can be very easily done is to make a coin disappear from a table. Select a coin of fair size but not heavier than a quarter of a dollar, and lay it upon a table in plain sight. Then take a handkerchief and toss

it into the air, catching it as it comes down, and there will be no trace of the coin. The trick is very simple, some place in the stick kerchief (but you must know exactly where) is stuck a piece of shoemaker's wax. As you lay the handkerchief over the coin press the wax firmly down upon the coin. Of course, the coin comes with it. You take up the handkerchief, the coin comes with it. There are several little things to be watched in this trick. In the first place, you had better supply the coin yourself instead of borrowing it from your audience, as you will find it hard to get off from the wax if you have to return it. Of course the handkerchief must not be given for examination, and you must be sure to catch it when it comes down or the audience will hear the coin strike with the handkerchief falls to the floor. When you have caught the handkerchief place it in your pocket.

A variation of this trick is to have a piece of very thin black silk fastened to your coat, and a small piece of shoemaker's wax on the other end of the silk. When you cover the coin with the handkerchief press the shoemaker's wax on the coin. You must sit to perform this trick, and when you place the handkerchief have it come entirely to the edge of the table. Then draw your body close to the table, and the coin will be pulled from under the handkerchief and drop, being suspended by the silk. You can then get it with one hand and hide it in a vest pocket or elsewhere. Some one in the audience may lift the handkerchief, but, of course, no coin will be found. The trick it is well to use a table with a cover running entirely to the edge, as it is important that the coin make no noise when you draw it off the table.

WITH THE POETS

Christmas Bells

Ring out the old, ring in the new
Ring happy bells across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out false pride in place and blood
The pride that haunts the soul;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease
Ring out the narrow, old, gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kinder hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson.

Christmas Eve

A Triolet.

Santa Claus has left his home,
In the land of snow;
From the realms of frozen frown,
Santa Claus has left his home,
Once more over the world to roam;
At the little children's law,
Santa Claus has left his home,
In the land of snow.

Many are the gifts he brings,
While the children dream:
Wonderful and lovely things,
Many are the gifts he brings,
Both to please and to amuse;
With his prancing reindeer team,
Many are the gifts he brings,
While the children dream.

Ever the little children wake
To the day once more,
Back his tired steeds he'll take,
Ever the little children wake,
Back o'er mountain, vale and lake,
Back along the slumber shore,
Ever the little children wake
To the day once more.

BLANCHE E. HOLT MURISON.
Victoria, December, 1907.

The Way to London Town

"One foot up and the other down,
That's the way to London town."
—Old Nursery Rhyme.

It was a simple nursery song.
But it cheered my heart one day
When the task seemed hard and the journey long.
And the goal was far away;
For just like the darling toddler small
Who is learning to walk alone,
One step at a time, and that is all,
We need for the end unknown.

Then leave to the morrow the morrow's share
For the task you have to do,
Content if today you can bravely bear
Its burden with courage true;
With anxious haste you will strive in vain,
On Life's road your feet to tire.
But patience and pluck will surely gain
The prize of the heart's desire.

So, whatever your London Town may be,
Roll on with a purpose high,
And step by step, as the way you see,
You will reach it by and by.
For one foot up and the other foot down,
With a heart that's true and bold,
Is still the way to our London Town
As in nursery days of old.

The Seasons

When Springtime comes—a glancing, a-prancing,
and dancing,
It breathes upon the meadow-lands, and makes
them fresh and fair;
When birds and bees it's bringing, a-winging, and
singing,
It scatters buds and blossoms and beauties
everywhere;
And it's boughs, for a frolicking, when Spring is
in the air!

When Summer days come, glazy, and hazy, and
lazy,
Then it's at the brook or river-side you'll find the
greatest fun;
For it's in the water flashing, and dashing, and
splashing,
Then out again upon the bank, and drying in the
sun.
Oh, the happy, happy, holidays when Summer is
begun!

When Autumn winds come spying, and flying, and
sighing,
Then it's nutting-time, or squirrels spry will surely
get your share.
You can find them so a-scattering, a-pattering, and
chattering.

The greedy little fellows; There's enough—and
some to spare.
Oh, what merry times—a-picknicking, when Au-
tumn's everywhere!

When Winter shows come sitting, and lifting, and
drifting,
Then it's gliding swift across the ice, unheeding
slip or fall;
Or it's down the hills a-posting—what coasting, and
boasting!
And then some fort bombarding with the snowy
cannon—then I cannot
Oh, here's three cheers for Winter, 't is the jolliest
of all!

—Maud Osborne.