



Heart, brains and enthusiasm

In point of fact, the "old gang" has had its opportunity, it has outlived to-day, and what a mess it has left to the new generation, to its own offspring, to clean up. It was the "old gang" who started the war, and its own children paid for its ineptitude and folly with their blood on the battlefields of Europe and Asia.

A ramshackle remnant of the "old gang" is still in the saddle, but the young race is knocking at the door, and the bunglers of pre-war days are fast riding to their fall. Then God be praised, for just when that happens may we reasonably expect that glorious millenium of human felicity—the re-incarnation of the Babe of Bethlehem in the living bodies and souls of our children.

What greater thing can happen than a world-wide realization of the tremendous power enthroned in our schools? It is the power that will one day rule this country. This splendid new army of our children is marching to its own, and it will rule us before many years are gone. It will leave its mark upon our lives, and on this land, as surely as that army that went to France.

They come to us, these children, in their impressionable years, and we put into their hands the tools with which they will carve the destinies of our land. The legislators, the leaders in industrial life, the cabinets and the prime ministers of the future.

The men and women who will write the books and paint the pictures, the builders of great businesses, the great teachers who will spread ideas, the leaders of all parties, the guardians of the Nation's conscience—all these we are handing on with our blessing or our curse to the future of our race.

And what are we teaching them, these little ones? What are we doing with this mighty multitude, this stupendous accumulation of inexhaustible mental, physical and spiritual power? They will love the things we teach them to love; they will hate the things we teach them to hate, and soon they will stand in our place.

In a few days, the whole Christian world will celebrate the birthday of the Prince of Peace, that wonderful incarnation of Love, of All Good, of Indefeasible and Infinite Power.

For sheer abandonment to the incarnated spirit of happiness, what picture or what circumstance in human experience can match a child's birthday party or family group of kiddies in the early hours of Christmas morning?

Such scenes as these, with the unutterable feelings they engender, cannot be written about because nothing in words can begin to tell the language of the heart that is even, in the slightest degree, responsive to the affection, trustfulness and poignant sensitiveness of young children.

A grey-haired friend, reviewing his past, declares that he always felt it was worth the turmoil and worries of the whole twelve months to see his little ones unloading their stockings on Christmas morning. Before retiring on Christmas Eve, the parents had festooned their bedroom with Chinese lanterns, so that there would be one dazzling blaze of decorative light when the youngsters were carried in from their respective cubicles, each carrying his or her stocking.

In their "nighties," they snuggled at the foot of the bed and, beginning with the youngest, the stockings were emptied amid one grand pandemonium of hilarious joy.

This is the same "old fool" who never fails to take an hour off on the day when the city's big department store brings in Santa Claus. To him the faces of those thousands of expectant little ones on the streets that morning is a perfect benediction. In the keenest temperature Santa ever stepped out



Worth a fortune to Canada

in, with nose as "blue as the fairy flax," this silly old "imbecile" will be found viewing the procession from a dozen widely separated points, holding aloft some little chap who got squeezed too far in the rear to obtain a clear sight of the great hero of his happy little soul.

Have you, kind reader, ever lost your heart upon that wonderful sea of little faces and wondered at the future awaiting some of them—the great men and women, the failures and, perchance, the criminals of a future that is no farther distant from the present than you are now from the date on which your last child was born? And it looks but yesterday.

Peter Wright's Message

One of the very greatest human souls who took part in that great conference on education in Winnipeg recently, was Peter Wright, a self-educated British seaman—a prince of labor men. Peter is president of the British Seamen's and Firemen's Union, and, since he spoke in Winnipeg, he was elected, in his absence, to the high office of Mayor of his home town—Newport, Monmouth, Wales.

He "rounded Cape Horn" in an old wooden sailing tramp when he was nine years old, and couldn't read a letter of the alphabet at 16. But that was not Peter's fault; he had either to toil like a slave or starve. A little bit of this man's own language has ten times more life in it than any commentary that could be made on his impassioned appeal on behalf of the children.

"People will all agree," said Mr. Wright, "to look after the spiritual welfare of the child, but they are not quite so keen to interest themselves in its bodily welfare. It

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Local Winners, Boys' and Girls' Clubs of Manitoba, 1919