

parents of her future husband for some time before the marriage, but this is not now universal. The effect of the public betrothal is good in the main, I think, although in cases where the troth is broken, there must be some regret that it had been made so generally known.

Perhaps what gives strongest evidence of the genuine worth and kindliness of the German character is the way in which they celebrate the holidays usually associated with the home, such as the Christmas holidays. With them, however, it is not Christmas Day, but Christmas Eve that is celebrated. The whole conception and every detail of the celebration is directed to giving as much pleasure as possible to the children of the household. Christmas is the birthday of the Christ-child, and it is the Christ-child that brings gladness and joy and Christmas presents to the German household. Of a little old man called Santa Claus, with his reindeer team and his trips down the chimney, they know nothing. It is in the Christmas tree, with its illuminated and gaily decorated boughs, on the top of which is fixed an image of the

Christ-child, that the festivities of the evening find their centre. I can remember as we returned home one Christmas Eve through the streets of Breslau, passing thousands of lighted trees showing through the windows on our way, how we thought of what treasures of joy and gladness had been bestowed on many thousand children that evening in the crowded city.

With this testimony to the kindliness and worth of the German character, I should like to close. At the present moment our papers are full of talk of war with Germany, and of the insults directed by their officials and newspapers against our motherland. Of course we all believe that Germany will prove no match for England should a war break out between these powers. But those who have, like myself, enjoyed the generous hospitality of the Germans, and learned to know their genuine worth, will pray with double fervour that "Peace on earth," the message of the Christ-child to men, may be maintained between the brother races of Englishmen and Germans.

Victoria University, Toronto.

KEPT INVIOLEATE—THE PANSIES' SECRET.

BY MRS. F. MACDONELL HAMMOND.

He lingered a little while at the gate
Just a little while before going away,
And I saw the Pinks perk up each pretty head
To hear what he had to say.
But only the Pansies knew—
A new surprise in their wondering eyes,
Showed me that the Pansies knew.

I noticed an added scent in the air,
And the softened depth of their blush,
As nodding, the Roses whispered near,
And they thought it was love by their blush.
But only the Pansies knew!
And the knowledge lies in their glistening eyes
With a softer light than the dew.
Montreal.

The Forget-me-not sighed enviously
As the cold Lily folded up,
Unconsciously, a richer gold
With the golden heart of her cup.
But only the Pansies knew.
I knew by the wise, sweet look in their eyes
That the tender Pansies knew.
But they are as faithful as fair,
And our secret will lie in their heart,
To add new sweetness and fresher life
And bless them to beauty apart.
For only the Pansies knew!
And none are so wise as to read their eyes
Who have not, like me, the clue.