## December, '14

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City editors had responded most gen-erously to an appeal for magazines, weeklies and dailes. These were sold at both ends of the long divisions. Station-ery contributed by popular stationers was also sold at the news stand. Amateur newsboys sold evening papers with vim and success. Every letter sold contained some

Every letter sold contained some pleasing information delightfully told, and the writer's autograph added to the value.

value. There had been a limited time for preparation, but the post office brought over one nundred dollars, and every package contained an article fully equal to the sum given in exchange. The left-overs were of such a character that they were as useful in the "Home" as money, for contributions had been so-heited with this end in view, and pack-ages contained such things as a boy's suit of clothes, boots and shoes, towels, pillow cases, hosiery, handkerehiefs, candles, brushes and combs, a very wide range being covered.

candles, brushes and combs, a very wide range being covered. A few, however, not included in the "usefuls," were lace and jewelry, fans, necklaces, opera glass bags and other luxuries, and these were closed, by an auctioneer in countryman's costume. A criter with bel announced the sale a few minutes before it took place.

44444444 Mothers' Corner ſ For Christmas Day 4444444 Л A Prayer in the Midst of Mercies: By

George Hodges Heavenly Father, hear our Christmas prayer, which we make to Thee in the midst of mercies. Thou didst manifest midst of mercies. Thou didst manifest Thyself to the shepherds in the voice of singing and to the wise men in the gleam of a star, but to us Thou are rewealed in the joy and peace of our daily life

We thank Thee for all thy benefits with which Thou dost unfailingly enrich

with which Thou dost unfailingly enrich us; for Thy constant care, protecting us from harm, leading us in safety out of temptation, changing even our disap-pointments into unexpected blessings. We thank Thee for happiness and health; for the delights of faithful friend-ships, for the sacred affections of our home. But defend us from the dangers of a contented life; save us from selfsh-near protect us from the temptations ness; protect us from the temptations

ness: protect us from the temptations of prosperity. Look this day in loving kindness on those who keep the feast with happy hearts. Bless all agea persons and all little children. Visit such as are away from home, in lon-liness: and those who meet the day in bitterness of poverty or in darkness of pain or grief. Regard, O Father, all the empty places, consectated by love and sorrow. Fill us with Christmas gratitude.

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## To Mother at Christmas

By William J. Fischer Mother! My sweet! I hear the sound of

bells, And in mine heart a new-born joy swift wakes

And lifts its little hands, and lo! God takes The thoughts so glad while earth's loud organ swells.

mayers, My lips for thee with love are musical, And life is bright, reflecting lights that all are non-My heart this night is full of waiting

Have come from thy pure eyes, weighed

down with cares.

And whilst thou'rt here, my sweet, here

at my side, I pray that God may not let cold snows fall

Upon thy heart, but that warm springs enthrall

Thy spirit with gold sunshines, glorified.

And, through thy life, may that sweet peace abide, The peace all feel when Yule-tide spreads its wings, The peace that scars above mean, earthly things,

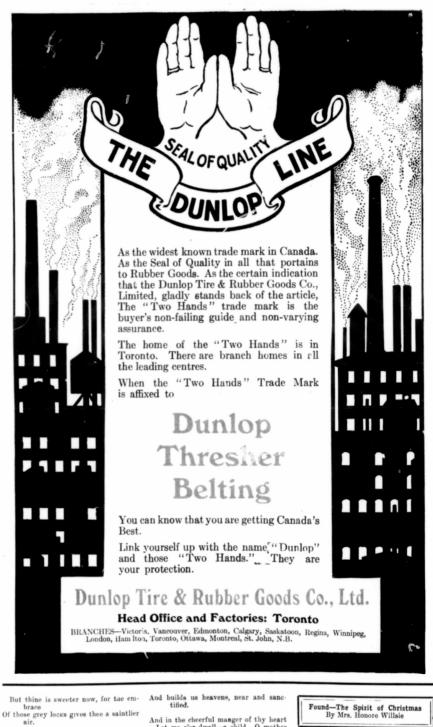
I hear thy voice call through my heart's wide door, wide door, I see thy face, by swift years surcoled;

I see thy face, by switt years adreaded, I feel thy hands steal into mine. They hold But love—the love that makes men rich and poor.

The n oonbeams light upon thy silvered hair; How quick the artist years can change a face!

The Canadian Thresherman and Farmer

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Every year brings to all of us the old Christmas thrill; that hidden glow of the spirit, that uplift, that yearning, that gaiety.

How good just living is! How warm the hearth flame! How deep the glow in the eyes of a friend! How soft the kine

nd in the cheerful manger of thy heart Let me e'er dwell—a child. O mother sweet!

sweet! The shepherd-words will soothe the burning heat That oft consumes me in the city's mart.

O let me be where Christmasses ne'er

part! O let me live where joy treads ever free!

O let me rest where peace waits watchfully,

In the warm manger of thy Mother-heart!

For Christmas is not a custom. Like Easter, it is an instinct. But while Easter is our joy in immortality, Christ-mas is the joy of life; of living, of loving, of laughing.