

The Boy Who Tended The Sheep

(Continued from Page 6.)

shrill, long drawn cry!
The boy paused and lifted his head, listening, but the others gave no heed. Was not that the cry of a wild beast? he asked, timidly.
A panther, methinks, one answered, hurrying on.
The boy glanced backward, his face paling. The campfire had burned low. Only the faintest flicker of its light remained. Soon the coals would fade into gray embers, and then—the wild beast! What will befall our flock while we leave them? he ventured, plucking at the eldest shepherd's robe to gain attention.
"Detain me not, lad, was the stern reply. We hasten to see the King. Jehovah will guard the flocks."
The boy paused, irresolute, and across the wide, silent spaces came a long, plaintive bleating—the call of a sheep, sensing danger for her young.
He caught his breath sharply and looked up at the stars. They seemed cold and and far off, now, after the glory that had faded. Jehovah was so remote—and the flocks were near, and frightened.
The shepherds were far ahead of him. Above the silent village the great star seems to beckon—and again, across the sleeping pastures, came a faint, piteous bleat.
The boy gave a choking sob; the exaltation died from his eyes; he turned his back on the star, and was off, with swift feet, toward the dying light in the pastures.
Ah, the King, the King! he sobbed as he ran. They will see him—and I have turned back!
The flocks were all awake, huddled in terror close to the smoldering fire. And as the boy drew near, the wild beast's cry shrilled out once more very close.
I am in time, he gasped, and his clear voice rang out in the calls that his own flocks knew—Oh, Rubbah! of, Manus! oh, Gibur! Oh h h!

Ah, the joyous cries as they ran to him, rubbing, crowding, clamoring, impatiently while he threw fresh wood on the coals and fanned them until they blazed skyward, flinging out their great, welcome circle of light again.
Peacefully, the flocks quieted in to slumber, side by side, like a floor of fleece.
The boy sat close beside them the youngest lamb of all in his arms, his fair head resting on the woolly back, a look of woeful yearning in his eyes.
The King! he whispered. I shall not see him!
The cry of the beast rang out again, far in the distance, now. The flock moved uneasily; then, at his word, calmed and slept. He gathered the lamb closer, burying his face in the soft fleece.
The flocks are safe, he whispered, but ah, my King, the King I longed to serve!
Suddenly, he felt, rather than saw, a glory break around him. He lifted his face, and beside him stood a little child, white clad, with tender, star-kissed face and hair like fine, spun gold. And the arms of the child, close clasped, held a wee lamb, whiter than snow. Weep not, little shepherd lad, the shining one said softly; who loveth his lambs, loveth the King. They who went have seen the King—but thou, turning back, hast served thy King!

A town never loses anything by extending a warm welcome to every deserving stranger who appears in its midst. Hospitality is a priceless gem and it costs very little.



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The Christmas Bells

The bells ring out at Christmas tide, Oh, faithful, faithful bells! They've rung so oft, so far and wide, And still their music tells The old, old tale the angels sang Upon that wondrous night When Heav'nly Hosts cleft midnight skies.
To hail the Lord of Light.
And down thro' centuries the bells Still pealed their glad some song, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."
The Lord will come ere long Not as an infant small and frail, But as a King, to reign O'er all this weary world, and bring Us Paradise again.
Yet did it seem that all was lost, The world was rent by war! Scarce could the angels' song be heard Above the cannons' roar. And yet their echo seemed to pierce Thro' all the din and fray. "The Christ is born, His love we chant This Holy Christmas day."
Then list the song, oh, weary heart! This is a resting place; Take heart and help to swell the chant That cheers the struggling race. The Christ is born, all will be well! Let this hope courage bring, And wait with lightened heart, to hear The blessed angels sing!
—Helen T. Churchill.

Speaking of the present exhibit of calves—some of those that have been revealed by the short skirts would seem rather to come under the classification of cows.

Some fellows lose their best friend by marrying her.

Minard's Liniment used by Veterinaries

NEW MINAS ITEMS

(Received too late for last issue.)
The concert given in the hall at New Minas on Tuesday evening, Dec. 13th, proved to be the best that has ever been given here. Although the early part of the day did not give promise of a fine night, as it snowed nearly all day, the weather cleared up about six o'clock, and the evening proving fine a large crowd of people from all outlying points came in autos, and sleighs, packing the hall to overflowing. Everybody enjoyed the entertainment which was pronounced by all to be the best ever given in the hall here. The Dialogue was a complete success, as was the step-dance by Mr. F. Forsythe, of New Minas. The singing by the Clark-Cross Quartette, and Mr. Frank Bailey's comic songs, brought down the house. The solos given by the Misses MacGowan and Christie were certainly fine. These young ladies certainly have very finely trained voices. Great praise is due Miss Eaton for the untiring efforts she put forth to make this concert a success. Special mention should be made of little Miss Harvey, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Harvey, New Minas, in her cute little song. A vote of thanks was tendered all who took part in the concert.
At the close of the concert the invited guests assembled at the home of Mrs. Burbridge DeWolfe, where delicious refreshments were served, after which several more songs were sung by the Quartette. A very enjoyable social hour was spent by all. Thanking Mrs. DeWolfe and friends for their kind hospitality.
Mr. and Mrs. Percy Turner spent the week end in Melanson at the home of Mrs. Turner.
We are sorry to report Mrs. F. W. Millet left on the sick list.
Mr. and Mrs. McBride spent the week end at their former home in Canning.
Mr. McBride, who recently opened up a blacksmith shop here, is, we are glad to say, doing a good business.

On Christmas Morning

By Margaret Minaker
I think it's very sweet to know (Our Mother tells us it is so) About the Christ child long ago, On Christmas morning,
How there were presents brought to Him And set beside the manger's rim; They sparkled in the stable dim, On Christmas morn'ny.
For it's a very lovely sight, When we get up in misty light, To see our presents new and bright, On Christmas morning.
Our mother says it's children's day, Because so long ago he lay, A little child, upon the hay, On Christmas morning.

Kriss Kringle

(Thomas Bailey Alrich)
Just as the moon was fading, Amid her misty rings, And every stocking was stuffed With childhood's precious things
Old Kriss Kringle looked around And saw on the elm tree bough High hung, an oriole's nest, Silent and empty now.
"Quite like a stocking," he laughed, "Pinned up there on the tree! Little I thought the birds Expected a present from me!
Then old Kriss Kringle, who loves A joke as well as the best, Dropped a handful of flakes In the oriole's empty nest.

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