

Victorian Order of Nurses	10 00
St. Vincent de Paul Society.....	10 00
Donation for food, 2 families	4 00
Donation Christmas Eve	1 00
Cards, etc., for catalogue	1 58
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The Emergency Committee wish to acknowledge with thanks special contributions from Mr. McKnight, Mr. Fairweather, Mr. Grignon, Mr. Grierson and Mr. McKerracher. These were nearly all given for special purposes, the carrying out of which was made possible through their assistance.

Contributions of clothing and bedding would be most gratefully received, since the call for these is urgent.

THE SONG OF THE PEAR TREE.

The other day among dispatches from the "front" there appeared an account of a young French soldier, whose continued heroism during the present war has caused his quick promotion from private to corporal, from corporal to lieutenant, and with his lieutenancy the decoration of the Legion of Honour.

The incident reminds me of a similar incident that occurred during the Napoleonic campaigns, and of a beautiful poem celebrating that incident by the French poet Paul Feval.

I cannot give you Monsieur Feval's impassioned verse. But here, if you will permit, is an adaptation in English prose:—

"At home in our village,
Sing he, he, he,
Sing she, she, she;
At home in our village
There was a pear tree."

—Old Catch.

I.

At the end of the village there was a large pear tree, which in spring looked like a milestone of flowers.

The farmer's house was on the other side of the road. It had a great stone gateway almost as imposing as the gateway of a castle.

The farmer's daughter was called Perrine. We were betrothed.

II.

She was sixteen years old. What roses she had in her cheeks. Roses as many as the blossoms on the pear tree.

And it was under the pear tree that I said to her: "Perrine, Perrine; name me our wedding day."

III.

Everything about her laughed. Her curls laughed as they played with the wind; her supple waist, her bare feet in their little wooden shoes, her hands stretching up to pull the hawthorn bough; her clear eyes, her white teeth between red lips; she was one laugh entire. And I loved her well.

"Our wedding day," said she, "shall be at harvest; that is if the emperor does not take you for a soldier."

IV.

When the conscription began I burned a candle before the Virgin, because the thought of going away from Perrine made my heart sick. Praise Mary! I drew luck. But Jean, my foster-brother, he must go. I found him weeping and crying: "My mother! My poor mother!"

V.

"Be comforted Jean; I am an orphan." He could scarcely believe me when I said: "I will go for you."

Perrine came to the pear tree. Her eyes were wet. I had never seen her weep before and her tears seemed to me more beautiful than her smiles.

She said: "You have done well and you are good; go my Pierre. I will wait."

VI.

Left, right; left, right, to the beating of the drums. Advance, march!

They marched like that in the first charge as far as Wagram. Steady Pierre! See, the enemy!

What I saw was a line of fire. Five hundred cannon roaring at once. The smoke got into my lungs. My feet slipped in blood. I was afraid and I looked back.