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Jesus called a little child unto him and said, "Whoso shall offend one of these little ones . . . it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

The Other Side of the Holidays

By A. E. ANDERSON. . . .

IN the year 1212 a wild call thrilled over Southern Europe—a call for the children to gather into bands and march away to the far-off Holy Land. The word went over Christendom that only the children could conquer the Saracen and recover the Sepulcher; that only "the pure in heart" could recover the blessed Tomb from the Paynim hordes. The little ones must join the Holy War! And for all who lived through the perilous adventure, there waited a place of honor in the hearts of men; and for all who died in battle, there waited the vacant places in heaven left of old by the fallen angels.

So from cradle and hearth, from hill and field, the children gathered into armies and marched away. Up the Rhine and over the Alps, down the Rhone and over the Pyrenees, they trailed and trooped, weary and wondering, halt and heavy-eyed, hurrying on, ever on, at the mystic call. Thirty thousand from France, under the boy Stephen; twenty thousand from Germany, under the boy Nicholas; fifty thousand strong, the "children's crusade" poured on toward holy Palestine. Hundreds perished of fatigue and homesickness on the stony roads; hundreds more went down at sea; hundreds more were sold into Mohammedan slavery.

The agonies of those little ones have never been recorded; the waste of the hope and joy that went down with them has never been computed. Fifty thousand precious lives were poured out—a flood of bright waters lost in the desert sands.

Let any cause to-day, in whatever mistaken devotion, dare to call a host of little children to such an open field



When machinery annexed box-making to its long list of industries, it drew the helpless children

of death, and how soon the majesty of public opinion and sovereignty of the law would smite the criers and hush the presumptuous pleading. Yet the mysterious and awful mandate of some Power has gone out over our own land summoning our little ones from shelter and play and study, summoning them to a destruction less swift, less picturesque, less heroic, but hardly less fatal, than that medieval destruction. Greed and Gain, grim guardians of the god Mammon, continually cry in the ears of the poor, "Give us your little ones!" And forever do the poor push out their little ones at the imperious ukase, feeding the children to a blind Hunger that is never filled. And the spell of material things is so heavy on

the hearts of all of us that scarce a protest goes up against this betrayal of youth, this sacrifice of the children in factory, store, and shop. At Christmas time the little workers block the way.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of Heaven." So spake the Friend of Children, he who cried out terrible words against those "who devour widows' houses," and those "who walk over graves." "Suffer little children to come unto me!" A trustful man from Mars, recalling this sweet old mandate, might think, as he wandered about our streets, that we are a very loving and mindful people. For, on many of the portals of our big business houses he would see the fatherly assurance: "Small boys wanted," "Small girls wanted." This might

seem to him like a faithful following of the old invitation of Jesus; he would not know that there are two voices calling to our children—Christ's and Mammon's.

"Small" children are wanted, you will notice, not "young" children; for the inconvenient law declares, in some quarters, that young children shall not be drawn into these devouring doors. "Small" children are called for; and who can deny the factory pasha's right to fix the stature