

called for must catch the trencher before it falls. If successful he spins it again, calling for another article. If he fails to catch it before it falls he has to pay a forfeit. Sometimes the spinner says, "My lady is going to a ball and needs all her things." All the players must then change places before the trencher falls. The last to get a place spins the trencher again. If the trencher is down he must pay a forfeit. At the end of the game all forfeits are cried as in other games.

The forfeit held over the head of a blindfold player is cried as follows:

"Here's a thing, a very pretty thing, And what shall be done by its owner?"

The blindfold player then asks, "Fine?" (meaning boy) or "Superfine?" (meaning girl). The crier says to whom the article belongs and then penance is given. Some of the common forfeits are: Blow out a candle blindfolded. Stand in each corner of the room; sigh in one, cry in another, sing in the third; and dance in the fourth. Make a speech. Kiss your shadow. Imitate some animal. Stand on a chair in whatever attitude is suggested.

### The Sacrifice for Peace

Into the dawn of the early world,  
Under the singing stars,  
Into the arms of a Mother mild  
Unto earth-love came a heavenly child,  
Came to heal Hate's deep-cut scars.

Into the simple love of a home,  
Into a life that was calm,  
Set in a world that was filled with  
strife,  
Like a hush in a storm, was this beautiful life,  
Or the chant of a low-sung psalm.

And now that the years have passed  
away  
To the twilight days of the earth,  
Through the dense pall of the battle  
smoke,  
To a people who bend under sorrow's  
yoke,  
Comes the message of that fair birth.

Far o'er the heavens the angels' song  
Flashes to us in our pain,  
"People of Earth The Peace will come,  
Victory will silence the battle drum,  
And the Christ-child reign again."

"Soldiers who fight that all war may  
cease,  
Women who work and sorrow,  
Christmas still means to us. 'Peace on  
Earth,'  
It was no dream—the Savior's birth—  
There will be peace—to-morrow."

To-morrow, when earth is re-born again  
Born through your courage and sorrow,  
To-morrow, when men who are children  
now,  
Men who bear marks of the war on  
their brow,  
Live in the peace that we long for now  
—to-morrow.

And so in the dawn of this Christmas  
Day  
Count not the cost as a loss,  
For the brave spirits who fought their  
fight  
Offered their all for a Truth and a  
Right,  
Willingly bore their cross!

Bore it, that once more the angels' song  
Might ring o'er a peaceful earth,  
Bore it, that we who suffer and long  
Might live in a world that was cleansed  
of wrong,  
And in peace, make our lives of worth.