A PAGE FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS

A MERRY CHRISTMAS



F all the days in the year there is not one that brings so much pleasure to the children as Christmas Day. It is looked forward to with delight, and its memories are full of happiness. Even the baby shares in its joy, and no one in the family is too old to feel its spell. Our rooms are gay with holly and evergreens, and our tables loaded with the process of the process of the state of the sta

good things. Father, mother, brothers and sisters aunts and uncles, grandparents and friends send presents, while Santa Claus fills the stockings from

For weeks before everybody is busy making presents. Little girls steal into out-of-the-way corners, hiding their present when the one it is intended for comes near. Mother works away quietly and no one suspects that anything unusual is going on as she darns the stockings, mends the trousers or stitches

away at the little dresses.

Boys, who never thought of saving a cent all the year, grow economical all at once in its last weeks, or form plans of earning money to buy some of the Christmas Boxes with which the shop windows are

On Christmas morning every one will be surprised and delighted. Each present, though it may be only a trifle, shows that the giver has taken pains to find out what would most please the loved one for whom

Long after the children have grown up and are. perhaps, living lonely lives far away, their hearts will grow warm as they think of the Christmas time when home was filled with the merry laughter and the sound of the happy voices of the children who were yet enfolded by the protecting love of father and mother. For Chrstmas is the children's festival and it is right that they should celebrate the day with

Nearly two thousand years ago a Child was born who has made the world a happier place. He came to save the world from sin and from the sorrow that is born of sin. In all His teaching he said no word which could check innocent mirth. In His great work He was never too busy to notice the little ones and the praises He loved best were sung by childish voices. We cannot honor His birthday better than by trying to do just what He told us when he said "Love one another." This is the surest way to be happy, as well as to make others so. all our child readers, then, we wish with all our hearts A Merry, Merry Christmas.

CURRENT TOPICS

The largest flour mill in the world was opened last week at Kenora, between Winnipeg and Port Arthur. Already Canada is a great grain-producing country, but there are miles upon miles of fertile land which has never been touched by the plow. Kenora is at one side of the prairie country, while Calgary is at the other. There are few, if any, such large tracts of rich land in the world as lie between Lake Superior and the Rocky mountains. It is well for us sometimes to stop and think how great a country we have. What one province wants, another supplies, so that there is nothing lacking to make Canada a great nation, except men strong and skilful enough to de her work, as well as just and good and humble enough to live together in peace and in the love and fear of God. The largest flour mill in the world was opened

The navy of the United States has set sail from Old Point Comfort, Virginia, for San Francisco. It will be a long trip, as the ships must come through the Straits of Magellan. It appears that the sailors anticipate a hard voyage. Many of them have not had much experience of life at sea, still less of actual warfare. It is greatly to be hoped that the ships will return in peace and safety to their home port.

There are five little countries in Central America There are five little countries in Central America. These countries are sometimes at war with one another. The soldiers do not kill many people, out during the disturbance, there is much waste of money, and loss of property. These excitable nations have wisely determined to allow a court composed of five judges to settle their differences. One judge is to be appointed by each nation. All this is well, but perhaps it would be better if these nations, who are all of the same race, were to unite and make one same race, were to unite and make one

In the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey there are many Christians. Some years ago the people of several districts, as Bulgaria, Servia and Montenegro, rebelled against their Mahommedan master, and by the help, sometimes secretly given, of other Christian nations, made themselves independent. One of the provinces that did not succeed was Macedonia. The leader of the rebels there was a young Bulgarian named Boris Saratoff. He hated the Sultan, who had cruelly tortured his father, and, in revenge, made many raids into his dominions. It is said that Sar atoff formed a plot to take Constantinople, and the the Turkish government promised to pay \$200,000 for his head. It was, however, a Macedonian who killed him. The tribes who inhabit the mountainous districts of Turkey, though brave, are very wild and

Messrs. R. M. Palmer and Martin Burrell, who were sent by the government of British Columbia to England with an exhibit of British Columbia apples. write that they have shown the fruit at London, at Exeter, at Sheffield and at Leeds. Wherever they went they took prizes. They had an opportunity also of telling the people about British Columbia, so these ntlemen were not only successful in getting a mar-t for the fruit British Columbians can raise, but in getting other people to come here to plant more

Very few of the older people know how many distinguished persons come to Victoria in the big ships that land at the outer wharf. This week a Japanese officer, Commander Y. Matsumma, was here on his way to England. He is going there to find out how the new submarine war boats are being made, and perhaps to order some for Japan. The Japanese are making steel now, as the The Japanese are making steel now, so that it is not necessary to go to England for all their warships. Another Japanese gentleman came across on the same ship (the Shinano Maru) to learn about railroads and cars. The Japanese are apt scholars, and they sometimes improve on what they learn. There is a great deal of bad feeling between China and Japan, and it is thought that the Island Ki dom will never be satisfied till she has forced Ch to give her more land on the continent of Asia.

About fifteen years ago the Russians seized some sealing vessels belonging to Victoria. They robbed the ships and ill-treated the sailors. The schooners were not breaking any law, and their owners asked the Russians to pay for the damage done. The Canadian government as well as the British supported the claim. At last the money has been paid. Some of the owners are dead, but the money will go to their wives and children. The schooners were the Carmolite, Vancouver Belle, the Rosie Olsen and Maria. The sum that has been paid is \$25,544. The stories told by the sealers who were imprisoned by the Russians were very interesting, and at the time people here were very angry.

The storms on the European coast of the Atlantic ocean last week were terrible. Many vessels were wrecked, among them a large American ship, the Thomas W. Lawson. This seven-masted schooner went ashore on Friday on the Scilly isles, and though many brave men risked their lives to save those on board, only the captain and two of the

A great number of Russians have been brought to trial for trying to overturn the government. The were found guilty and sentenced to work in the mines in Siberia, and many of them live after the five years of living death there, be banished from their country. If half what is said about the Russian government is true, there can be about the Russian government is true, there can be no wise or good people in the land who do not want to change it. The only wonder is that the people love their country so much that, in spite of cruelty and oppression, they are willing to remain in it. and oppression, they are willing to remain in it.
There are many wicked people in the country who
think that by murdering their rulers and killing with them innocent women and children, they will put a stop to oppression. The Czar and his advisers punish alike the man or woman who throws a bomb into a peaceful crowd and those who ask

A great many people in the new province of Saskatchewan have joined together to try in all possible ways to keep the people there from drinking and doing other wicked things. If the people of this fine prairie province keep out strong drink, they will be not only richer, but happier and better than those of any province of Canada.

Here we will bring our little news article to a close with the hope that most of the boys and girls who have been writing on the examination for entrance to the High school for the last week will be successful in gaining certificates, and that those who fail will find out just where they are weak and will success at midware when they are weak and

HOW WE SPENT CHRISTMAS

We didn't have much of a Christmas,
My papa and Rosie and me,
For mama'd gone out to the prison
To trim up the poor pris'ners' tree;
And Ethel, my big grown-up sister,
Was down at the 'sylum all day,
To bein at the great tracky. To help at the great turkey-dinner,
And teach games for the orphans to play.
She belongs to a club of young ladies, With a "beautiful objeck," they say,
"Tis to go among poor lonesome children.
And make all their sad hearts more gay.

And Auntie-you don't know my Auntie? She's my own papa's half-sister Kate; She was 'bliged to be round at the chapel Till 'twas-oh, sometimes dreadfully late For she pities the poor worn-out curate; His burdens, she says, are so great; So she 'ranges the flowers and the music, And he goes home around by our gate.

I should think this way must be the longe
But then, I suppose, he knows best.
Aunt Kate says he intones most splendid; And his name is Vane Algernon West.

My pap had bought a big turkey, And had it sent home Christmas Eve; But there wasn't a soul there to cook it. You see Bridget had threatened to leave If she couldn't go off with her cousin (He doesn't look like her a bit.) She says she belongs to a "union,"

And the union won't let her submitiSo we ate bread and milk for our dinner. And some raisins and candy, and then To look at the turkey again.

Papa said he would take us out riding—
Then he thought that he didn't quite dare,
For Rosie'd got cold and kept coughing;
There was dampness and chills in the air.
Oh, the day was so long and so lonesome!
And our papa was lonesome as we;
And the parlor was dreary—no sunshine,
And all the sweet roses—the tea,
And the red ones, and ferns, and carnations.
That have made our bay window so bright,
Mamma'd picked for the men at the prison. Mamma'd picked for the men at the prison, To make their bad hearts pure and white.

And we all sat close to the window, Rose and me on our papa's two knees.
And we counted the dear little birdles.
That were hopping about on the trees.
Rose wanted to be a brown sparrow. But I thought I would rather, by far, But I thought I would rather, by lar.

Be a robin that files away winters

Where the sunshine and gay blossoms are;

And papa wished he was a jall-bird,

'Cause he thought that they fared the best.

But all were real glad we weren't turkeys,

For then we'd be killed with the rest.

That night I put into my prayers-"Dear God, we've been lonesome toda, For Mamma, Aunt, Ethel, and Bridget, Every one of them all went away. Won't you please make a club or society, 'Fore it's time for next Christmas to be, To take care of philanterpist's fam'lies, Like Papa, and Rosie, and me?"

-Julia Walcott.

CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS TOYS

Toys, toys everywhere! Even this great big Christmas paper could not contain a description of them all. What important persons the children of these days are, and how happy they should be! Thou-sands upon thousands of people have worked all the year to please and delight them. Artists have been busy designing the lovely covers of their books, and the beautiful and amusing pictures in them. Clever and witty as well as good men and women have spent time and thought in writing stories and poetry to amuse and teach them, for in these days more pains are taken with the books for children than with those that are made for the grownups. Then there is the long procession of engravers and printers, not to mention the paper-makers. Please, dear little people, don't let your lovely books make you concetted and pert, but very happy and grateful. Then to think of the toys! Do you know that away in Germany there is a strange old town with real walls and great castles, where most of the people are at work making soldiers and trains, and all sorts of things that boys love to play with? The queer little animals for Noah's arks are made by hand at home, animals for Noah's arks are made by hand at home, by men and women like the people you read about in your "Grimm's Fairy Tales." They live among the pines of the Thuringian Forest. Hansel and Gretel live there, too, and run about helping their fathers and mothers. There are dolls made here, and they say that the children, when they get a new one, say this funny little rhyme to it, and then she is no longer wooden, but alive:

Joy and pearl! Stop being a doll and be My Little Girl!"

Little girls dress these dolls, and it is a pretty sight to see the little figures bending over their pretty work. In this country the children learn to make

In Paris, the most beautiful dolls are made with their dainty dresses, and here men are paid very high salaries to invent new toys. It is they who design the wonderful automobiles and electrical and other mechanical toys. The babies' rubber playthings come from Hungary, and, as you may plainly s many odd, pretty and curious playthings come from

many odd, pretty and curious playtnings come from Japan.

Isn't it wonderful to think that children have always had toys, and that some of the most ingenious were invented thousands of years ago. As long as there are children in the world they will play at the wonderful game of "Make Believe." That is how they come to be wise men and women.

That Santa Claus in his magical way will bring each of the children the very toy he or she likes best, and that this will be the very happiest Christmas you ever spent, is the editor's wish for every one.

WHERE KING'S TOYS ARE KEPT

At Buckingham Palace there is a room devoted to the storage of various toys which kings and queens at one time played with. There may be seen in this interesting collection of playthings a wooden rocking horse given to King Edward by the Prince Consort when His Majesty was five years old. On the neck of this horse, which was known once in the royal nursery as "Jupiter," may be seen the name Edward, carved by the little boy who was born to be King of the British Isles.

be King of the British Isles. A bright gun-metal cannon, eighteen inches long, mounted on a steel carriage, stands next to the horse. It was His Majesty's favorite toy, and was presented to him by the late Duke of Cambridge. It is a working model of one of the early types of breech-leading guns, now, of course, quite out of date; it was capable of sending a small bullet through an inch board at a distance of one hundred yards, and was given to the King when he was seven, but His Majesty was not permitted to use it until he was ten. A gun range, 150 yards long, was then chosen at Windsor, where the King used often, under the watchful care of an old artilleryman, to make practice with this splendid toy. ith this splendid toy.

with this splendid toy.

Another extremely interesting toy is a fine model of a schooner designed and made by William IV. It is not a very big model, being only a little over twelve inches in length, but it is absolutely accurate in every detail. This model vanished for a time from the royal collection of toys when it was lent to Prince Edward of Wales, who used frequently to sail it on Virginia Water when at Windsor. It was, however, replaced in the collection recently. in the collection recently.

Queen Alexandra's favorite doll is among the most treasured articles in the collection. The doll is clad altogether in white, and all the garments were made treasured articles in the collection. The don is claused altogether in white, and all the garments were made by Her Majesty when she was a very little girl, long before she had any idea that she would one day be England's Queen. The doll was added to the collection by the express desire of the King, and was brought over from Her Majesty's home at Denmark a few years are.

years ago.

Many of the toys in the collection were made by their royal owners. For example, there is a wooden model of a fire engine made by the Prince of Wales, a flagstaff made by H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught, and a wheelbarrow constructed by the late Duke of Edinburgh.

The toy most recently placed in the all states in the collection.

Edinburgh.

The toy most recently placed in the collection is a splendid kite of ingenious construction made by little Prince Henry of Wales.

The royal children are taught to take good care of their toys, and are not permitted to break them when they are tired of them. When a toy ceases to please its royal owner it is sometimes placed in the collection, but if not considered to be of sufficient interest for such a purpose it is given away, usually to the family of some one connected with the royal household.

Though many of the royal toys have been carefully stored away for some years past, no regular collection was made of them until King Edward ascended the throne, when His Majesty conceived the idea of gathering them all together and placing them in a special room at Buckingham Palace.

There are over five hundred toys now in the collection, but many of these are really very valuable models of beautiful design and workmanship, and can scarcely be regarded as ordinary playthings. For example, there is an exquisite silver model of the first Paris Exhibition, which was presented to the Princess Victoria on her tenth birthday by the late Empress Frederick. This model is said to be worth several thousand pounds, and is the only complete model of the exhibition in existence.

Even more valuable is the mode, of a diver clad in full diving costume, presented by the German Empress to Prince Edward of Walk a few years ago. It is of pure gold, and was made by a Polish artist, who spent several years in completing this beautiful little work of art. Such models are ornaments rather than playthings.

____ CHRISTMAS TREASURES

I count my treasures o'er with care— The little toy my darling knew, A little sock of raced hue, A little lock of golden hair.

Long years ago this holy time My little one—my all to me— Sat robed in white upon my knee and heard the merry Christmas chime.

"Tell me, my little golden-head, If Santa Claus should come tonight, What shall he bring my baby bright,— What treasure for my boy?" I said.

There came a look of sweet surprise, That spake his quiet, trustful joy And as he lisped his evening prayer,

He asked the boon with childish grace,
Then, toddling to the chimney-place,
He hung his little stocking there.

While in his round and mournful eyes,

That night, while lengthening shadows crept I saw the white-winged angels come With singing to our lowly home And kiss my darling as he slept

They must have heard his little prayer, For in the morn, with rapturous face, He toddled to the chimney-place, And found this little treasure there

That angel host, so fair and white!
And singing all that glorious night
They lured my darling from my side. A little sock, a little toy,
A little lock of golden hair,
The Christmas music on the air,
A-watching for my baby boy!

But if again that angel train
And Golden-head come back for me,
To bear me to Eternity, My watching will not be in vain!

-Tennysor

CHRISTMAS HYMN

Sing, Christmas Bells! Say to the earth this is the morn Whereon our Saviour King was born; Sing to all men—the bond, the free, The rich, the poor, the high, the low, The little child that sports in glee, The aged folk that tottering go,— That Christ is born.

That saveth them and saveth me!

Sing of the star that God has placed Above the manger in the east; Sing of the glories of the night,

The Babe with kingly robes bedight .-Sing to all men where'er they be That saveth them and saveth me!

Sing, Sons of Earth!
O, ransomed seed of Adam, sing!
God liveth, and we have a King! The curse is gone, the bond are free,— By Bethlehem's star that brightly beamed, By all the heavenly signs that be, We know that Israel is redeemed,

That on this morn The Christ is born That saveth you and saveth me!

Sing, O my Heart! Sing, O my Heart!
Sing thou in rapture this dear morn
Whereon the blessed Prince is born!
And as thy songs shall be of love,
So let my deeds be charity,—
By the dear Lord that reigns above,

By Him that died upon the tree, By this fair morn The Christ that saveth all-and me!

"ON VANCOUVER ISLAND."

The Northern Lights were flashing, moon rose high and higher One Christmas Eve as the children
All lay by the log-house fire.

The moon stood over the pine-tops, The pine tops sang soft and low, But underneath them was silence, Silence and night and snow.

The children cooked pop-corn and chestnuts, And chattered of Christmas Day,—
And which is the place it comes first to,
And if it were on the way.

Said the twelve-year-old man of science: "Of course, it is perfectly clear, Christmas comes in where the day comes, A little way west from here,

"On meridian a hundred and eighty, There's nobody there to see, From the North Pole down to the South Pole There's nothing but endless sea."

But a ship sails on the meridian At midnight, when eight bells go, And the off watch says "Merry Christmas," To the watch coming up from below. "No," said the two-year-old baby,

"Tissmas tums first to me,
For sailors don't hang up no 'tockings,
Out zare in ze gate cold sea." But the ten-year-old sportsman said softly, "I think it comes first, you know,
Where the very first Christmas of all came,

A great many years ago. "To Bethlehem in Judea, And then it files fast and far,

Right over by Grannie's in England And home, where we children are." The pine trees waved in the moonlight,

The Northern Lights flashed higher-"Glory to God in the Heavens," We sang by the log-house fire. -H. Watts-Jones.

CHRISTMAS IN ITALY

In Italy it is not a Santa Claus, with his sleigh and reindeer who brings the children their gifts—no, it is an old woman and we are not told just how she travels. The story runs thus: While the wise men of the East (and how truly wise they were, for they knew the Star would not wait; it must be followed at once) were on their journey following the beautiful star, they came to the house of an old woman who asked them where they were going. "We seek the Christ Child," they said, "Will you not come with us?" and they showed the gifts they brought. She looked at the Star and she wanted very much to go but then she thought of her house, for she was a very careful, particular housekeeper. Little children sometimes felt uncomfortable when they visited aer, for fear of disarranging her room or getting a little dirt on the floot. So she said, "No, I must finish cleaning my house; wen't you wait for me?"

"We can not wait." So they went on.

The woman, swept and scrubbed and dusted and tnew the Star would not wait; it must be followed

The woman swept and scrubbed and dusted and put her house in perfect order and then she was very lifed but she went to the door to look at the Star and le, it had disappeared. She could not see it, no matter how she atrained her eyes. Then she hastily put on her wraps and gathered together some beautiful gifts for the Christ Child and started out. She traveled long and long, and grew more and more tired, but she did not find the Star and she did not find the Christ Child. So she gave her gifts to other little children and now year after year she still tries to find the Child and when she fails for love of Him she makes other. little children very happy by pre-senting her gifts to them and I am sure the Christ Child smiles very happily to see the joy of all the children on the day of His birth.—Kindergarten Mag-

THE PERFECT MAN.

One of the aims of this page was to introduce its readers to some of the world's great men. This week all the Christian world and many people in heathen lands are keeping a day in honor of the greatest

In a very little town in a little country which, in deed, at that time—more than nineteen hundreds of years ago—was not a country at all but a very small part of the great empire-of Rome, a Child was born. His mother was one of the poorest of this conquered nation. Her husband had come from their home in dalliee to pay his taxes in Bethlehem of Judea by the order of the Roman government. These poor people could find no room in the crowded village and took shelter in a stable. The Baby who came in the night was laid in a manger. In the city of Jerusalem, near by, there were thousands of homes of the rich, the learned and the great and there must have been many bables born that night but it was the Child in the Manger who was to be the Saviour of the world

As the city slept, we are told, a few shepherds lay awake watching their flocks. To them was given from Heaven the message that a Saviour had come from Heaven the message that a Saviour had come and it was they who learned the first Christmas hymn. Glory to God in the Highest and on Earth Peace, Good Will Toward Men.

The same message was given to some wise men in a distant country who, guided by a star many weeks after reached the home of Joseph and Mary and knelt by the cradle and adored the Babe who lay there. The rulers heard a rumor of the coming of these men and tried to kill the Babe but his father and mather took him out of the country. and mother took him out of the country. Soon all these wonderful things were forgotten by all but the humble folk and the wise men. Perhaps, as the years went on even to them the memory of the glory and the vision grew faint for we do not hear of

them again. Jesus, now grown to a tall boy, came, according to the custom of the time, with His mother and father to the one great place of worship of His people, the Temple at Jerusalem. There, we hear that He want-ed to learn what the wisest of the old men could tell Him about the things of God. Already the Child knew that he was sent on earth to serve His Fathe But for that one glimpse of Him we hear no more till He was a Man thirty years of age. Then with thousands of others, He came to hear the preaching of a man who was going about calling upon me everywhere to forsake their sins and to lead bette lives. This preacher, earnest as he was, felt that Jesus was so pure and holy that he was not fit to unlatch His shoes. It was here that the message came from Heaven which declared the young Teacher

to be the Son of God. From that time, for three short years, Jesus went up and down the country teaching and healing. He wrote no book and all that we know of Him and His teaching is written in four short accounts which are

He taught men by word and deed to love God and to love one another. No one ever was so sinful that he did not pity and forgive. On earth He showed forth the love of the Father whose Son He was and Who had sent Him into the world.

On the hillside, beside the lake,, in the fields, the people came to Him and listened to His words, for He spoke as never man spake. His followers were poor men and He Himself was homeless. The only angry words that He ever said were to those who hated and wronged their brother men while they pretended to be serving His Father. To all others He brought healing and help. He loved the little children bught healing and help. He loved the little children, s Father's little ones. He loved His mother and His earthly friends with the tender love of a strong, brave man. But He alone of all men who have lived

on earth loved God with all His soul. He and on earth loved God with all His soul. He and Father were One, He said over and over.

At last His countrymen became afraid that new Teacher would destroy the old religion, and to put Him to a cruel death. But His life and words lived on and though even those who pray Him do not obey Him the world through His tea ing and His power has been growing better ever the was born niheteen hundred fears ago.

That is why on Christmas morning your here. That is why on Christmas morning your hard are filled with love as on no other day in the For the love which Jesus taught, if it filled a heart and soul would make this world of on heaven and burn away all that is evil and crue.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

What is going on today, Little Cat?" asked Little Dog. "Every one seems so happy and merry. chicken-bones for breakfast, with ever so much;

"I had creamed fish," said Little Cat; "and it was real cream. Look! Little Girl tied a red ribbon around my neck, and said I was a beauty. Am I, Little Dog?"

"Yes, for a cat!" said Little Dog, "Am I?"
"Yes, for a dog!" said Little Cat.
"I have a new collar, you see," said Little Dog
"And your girl has on a new blue dress, and my boy a velvet jacket. And they are not going to say one cross word all day; I heard them tell their mother so."

so,"

"I was in the nursery this morning," said Little Cat. "The children's stockings were full of toys and sugar-plums, and they kissed each other and said, 'Merry something! What can it all mean?"

"Let us ask Great Old Dog!" said Little Dog. "He knows almost everything, and he can surely tell us".

Great Old Dog was asleep, but he woke up and heard their story patiently. "It was 'Merry Christmas!' that the children said." he told them. "Tistheard their story patiently. "It was 'Merry Christ-mas!' that the children said," he told them. "This is Christmas Day."

"What does it mean?" asked Little Cat.
"I don't understand all about it," said Great old
Dog: "but it is the best day in the whole year, for
everybody is happy and kind, and tries to do pleasant things for everybody else. I think some one was
born who brought kindness into the world."
"Well" said little Dogs. ""s

born who brought kindness into the world."

"Well," said Little Dog, "if everybody is going to be good, we must be good, too. Little Cat, I will not growl at you once today, even if they put our dinner on the same plate!"

"Nor I at you," said Little Cat, "even if there is only one cushion by the fireside."

"Nice Little Cat!" said Little Dog.

"Good Little Dog! said Little Cat.

Just then in came Little Girl in her blue dress and Little Boy in his velvet jacket. "Merry Christmas!" they cried: "Little Cat and Little Dog, and dear, good Great Old Dog!

"We wish you Merry Christmas."

"We wish you Merry Christmas,
And a Happy New Year;
A pocket full of money,
And a heart full of cheer!"
"Merry Christmas!" said Little Dog (but it soundlike "Yan! van!") ed like "Yap! yap!")
"Merry Christmas!" said little Cat (but it sounded

"Merry Christmas!" said little Cat (but it sounded like "Purrirrirr!")

"Merry Christmas!" said Great Old Dog, deep down in his great old throat (but it sounded like "Wuff! Wuff! WUFF!").—L. E. R.

THE TURNING OF THE GLASS

It has come once more to the turning of the glass. The sand is all ture spent, and the days of the old year are as chaff in the wake of the wind. By the grey light in the western shack, at the heaped tables of the rich, within the great places of exchange, and even amongst those who go out upon the high seas, men will give pause. For it is the time of reckoning, and sober thought must go to the balance against mirth and merrymaking. It is the supreme hour of resolution. May the trend of worship be not towards the god of gold. May men not overlean towards the side of materialism. May there be reverence for simple things, for the young babe in the cradle and the old man nearing the valley. May the milk of human kindness and the good hand of common sympathy go forth to the natal feast. Then might the New Year dawn bright, and people the world over could repeat with the poet: could repeat with the poet:

"Turn again the wasted glass, Kingly crown and warrior's crest
Are not worth the blade of grass
God fashions for the swallow's nest."

—Newton MacTayish.

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Christmas Day, just after dinner, eighteen hundred seventy nine.

Dear old Santa: Papa says that maybe if I drop a To you down in Santa Claus-Land, you will get it safe and sound,
And perhaps you'd bring an answer when you fetch the presents round.

We are perfectly discouraged-little Paul and Prink We're just as poor! What we shall do for New Year's I don't see. Where we used to have whole dollars we have hard work coaxing dimes: It's Hard Times, Papa tells us. Now, Santa, what's Hard Times?

One day when we were asking what he hoped old Santa'd bring, He kissed us three times round, and then he sighed like anything: (Little Prink was on his shoulder, where she always climbs).

"Christmas won't bring much to Papa, I'm afraid,
except Hard Times."

Now we want a lot of money because-why just The shops are beautiful—you've no idea, Santa Claus! We've speaked and speaked about it, just as sweet as peppermint, But it ain't a bit of use; they don't know how to

So, Santa, when we're sleeping, and you're creeping all about,
Remember! put Pa's presents in, but leave the Hard Please to excuse this letter (our first with pen and And keep a lot and lots of love from me and Paul and Pink.

The same expectant hush that lay
On Bethlehem so long ago—
Where evening shadows longer grow—
Shuts in this dim December day.

The old-time spell is on the land— On sober fields and woods of brown— Sweet mystery on every hand, And so the Christmas Eve comes down

The child-mind does not readily grasp at first what cheating in school work means. Edith came home from recitations one noon very angry. She could hardly wait to tell her mother what was the trouble. Drawing up her seven years of dignity, she exclaimed:

"I shall never speak to Blanche Ware again! She is too mean for anything!" "Why not?" asked the mother, knowing the two had been intimate friends.

"Because," was the startling reply, "I copied all her examples in arithmetic today, and every one was

pattern over All the they move stopping to lage to an opening the tuce-heads greenery in In the alighted a

Toward Dordrech father of Jan, with tinka. The of nine, a father, who that mont What

Joost, the leave the m go, taking that had to weary miles When Jan and left he he looked at "Rememb of mother a

who takes Katinka's son could b That wi to send a s cessities of Every day even in her ness. She As she cap with its bird past th

blasts, and wind along would pick self the task she did wit One day to be increa large, highl There w words, "C This was t Waspik, wa He would skating is.

I would Katinka's home, in st the race d say that the knew that called her lieved that ing for her the entran parently t pernickel. "Why do peevishly.
in bed, and Katinka neck and

skater

Trudche Here was Katinka di match wa night. Kat object with Sunday suit with it so They su lock, and the Katinka dr cut off the one by one, twin brothe

Standing hair, she "Oh. Ka hands. ' it was not mother say "Mother to hide it night's rest The nex ing village merrily ale sports. Ka far as to rings to k ladder and It was

vanishing a pair of e she would s sick mother But now child's breas in the kee it stirred he