

The Child

Suggested by the pictures of the little boy, which appeared on page 162 of the July number of this paper.

MAUDE LAIDLLEY, ONEMEE, ONT.

"A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?"

YOU have not chanced to meet three small cousins of mine? They seem strange. But, here they come now, Stanley and Harry and Roy. You must be made acquainted immediately with them.

Little Harry is the baby, and Roy has but just turned from baby to boyhood. Therefore, to celebrate this new growth, together with the strangely big feelings that accompany it, Roy has just this morning managed to break an arm during a series of athletic performances that proved to be a size too big for him. That is why now, with only one free arm and a curiously muffled-up hump where another lively limb ought to be, Roy has to content himself with sharing, in heart only, in the wild pranks that he must view from a distance. Who knows what feelings are stirring within him! Surely he looks almost divinely happy. Can it be that the child heart is so unselfish that it forgets its own misfortunes in the glow of other's happiness? I can almost believe it. I do not know. Perhaps the mother does.

But, dear me, such lively folks are hard to introduce! Still, if you put on your spectacles and look through that crack in the door you can see the tiny toes of two petite booties making strange, hazy, hazard patterns on the kitchen floor. That is wee Harry.

I have no doubt if you cared to get on the other side of that door, a very lively cause for the strenuous wriggling might be found in the form of big brother Stanley. The latter I do not need to introduce, because he is no longer a child. He has become his father's helper, and a certain feeling of responsibility and of superiority over the two younger brothers has already deprived him of that something which when lost means childhood gone.

However, we may safely return to the two-year-old Harry, for though his desires to be of assistance to his father are strong within him he is as yet by no means competent. Let us watch Alec putting up blinds in the living room. See wee Harry is absorbed in his attempt to hold up in a tiny, determined fist a huge, red-handled screw-driver at a perilously straight angle with two serious upraised eyes.

Bang! "Luckily that piece of machinery struck the floor instead of something else." That daddy's voice. But Alec's words fall to carry to the little one's ear, the realization of a perilously close escape. Once more he holds upwards to daddy a tiny fistful of useless things, to help or hinder, as the case may be.

In the meantime, while these valuables are supposed to be in use, Harry is otherwise engaged, in distributing about, from Stanley to Roy, and from window-sill to harpet, the small nails and other accessories which Alec is calling for in vain.

No, I am afraid Harry has not as yet the power to carry out good intentions. But leave him alone. The good intention is sufficient as yet, and though, like Michael,

"To his office prematurely called,
There stood the urchin, as you will divine,
Something between a hindrance and a help;

And for this cause not always, I believe,
Receiving from his father hire of praise."

Still, like Michael, he is only a child yet. Only? Leave out the word. He is a child, and a child is a beautiful thing.

Such nonsense! As if these three little country cousins of mine, just three small moving atoms in a vast sea of living beings, should chance to have any particular interest for you, my reader, who doubtless meet one hundred such every day, just as small, and just as mischievous, just as much alive.

Yet, s'il vous plait, when you read thus far, do not let that small, scornful, decisive smile distort your lips; do not begin to wonder if I am sane, for if that is your understanding of my efforts, then I have failed, and failed miserably. Why? Because I am practically finished, for already in my own way I have told you what this picture says to me. In the unconscious attitudes: in the tender curves each youthful limb assumes in action; in the eager, whole-hearted attention given to each momentary attraction, to the exclusion of everything else; I see simply childish innocence and grace.

Then if I have not succeeded in making you feel what I feel when I watch

ANNOUNCEMENT

"The Child" and "Willie's Boat," which follows, are the two prize-winning stories in our July competition. On the 18th page of that issue, five little snapshot pictures appeared, and an offer of two book prizes was made for the best two stories suggested by the pictures. The winning articles appear here. In addition, we would thank our young friends for the other manuscripts sent in, making favorable mention of the essays of Marion Boothie, Waterloo, Que.; "L. G." Guelph Avenue, Toronto; and Carrie J. Wyatt, Arva, Ontario. Results of the August competition will be given next month. Meanwhile, look up what we ask of you to do in this paper. To write about a fancied trip to China will do you good. Turn over these pages until you find the picture and then get to study and write out your plan of travel, and all the rest of it.—EDITOR.

Somewhat when I want to tell you about him he reminds me of Roy at those rare times when he is on his best behavior, and it all ends with my getting these two irreparably interchanged.

Am I to give up, then, and fail? No, no I still believe that I am right. Indeed, I know now that these five simple attitudes on the table before me are sym-



VIRTDEN, MANITOBA, HAS A LIVE JUNIOR LEAGUE

The accompanying picture shows the Junior League of Virtden, Man., lined up on Mr. W. F. Pitch's lawn, where they were spending a social afternoon before closing for summer holidays. The officers are: Superintendent, Mrs. (Dr.) Maines, in rear row; President (second boy on her right), Gordon Blakeman; 1st Vice-Pres., Louisa Armstrong; 2nd Vice-Pres., Aletta Beynon; 3rd Vice-Pres., Ida Blakeman; Secretary, Edward Arm-

strong (first boy near the left front of picture); Treasurer, Bessie Carter; Pianist, Florence Pangborn. Their regular meetings are well attended, sometimes over fifty being present. They are a promising lot of possibilities. The church had a "League Day" in the month of May. The Junior League took part in the morning service and the Seniors in the evening.

this little modern David with his pebbles, justly share the blame for my failure. Do you not realize that when I read this: "There is a lot in the picture about him. What does it say to you?" I feel as if I were battering against an immovable wall. I have tried to burrow a path through it. I have attempted to climb over it. Still I must come back to the fact that this is a little city boy with whom I must deal, and I—I am far away where there are green fields and cows and woolly lambs.

bole of childhood everywhere. Though men may differ in country and city, the child, with its simplicity and grace, its entire disregard of death, its faith and truth, is the same in every clime, and will be always.

If one door of opportunity closes it is time to look around for another.

The men who can best control others are those who can control themselves.

If you desire promotion make the most of what you are doing.