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CHRISTMAS 1903

OUR CHRISTMAS GREETING IN ACROSTIC

From RUDYARD KIPLING

COMPILED FOR THIS ISSUE BY AGNES DEANS CAMERON

AND the ploughman listened and bowed his head:—"To-day and to-morrow God's will," he said as he trimmed the lamps on the wall, "He sendeth us years that are good, as He sendeth the dearth."—*What the People Said.*

MAYBE I'm wrong as I can be—hideously wrong. I must find that out for myself, but I daren't turn my head to dress by the next man.—*The Light That Failed.*

EVER keep Hope, for in this is strength, and he who possesseth it can worry through typhoid.—*Counsels.*

RESISTED, and became a man, which is much more important than being any sort of a viscount.—*The Man Who Was.*

RARE good company . . . a way o' layin' hold of folks as made them think they'd never had a live man for a friend before.—*On Greenhow Hill.*

YOU must be infinitely kind and patient, and, above all, clear-sighted.—*The Judgment of Dungara.*

CATS is dogs, and rabbits is dogs, and so's parrots. But this 'ere tortoise is an insect, so there ain't no charge, as the old Porter said.—*The Golden Gate.*

HOW did Sir Frederick Roberts get from Cabul to Kandahar? He marched an' he niver tould how near he was to breakin' down. That's why he is what he is.—*Krishna Mulhoney.*

REMEMBER this. We must try to be cheerful, said the girl. "We know the very worst that can happen to us, but we do not know the best that love can bring us. We have eat deal to be glad of."—*Children of the Zodiac.*

IM . . . do my own work and live my own life in my own way, because I'm responsible for both.—*The Light That Failed.*

STAND to your work and be strong, halting not in your ways, baulking the end half won for an instant dote of praise. Stand to your work and be wise—certain of sword and pen, who are neither child nor Gods, but men in a world of men!—*Song of the Tugboat.*

THIS we learned from famous men, knowing not its uses, when they showed in daily work man must finish off his work—right or wrong, his daily work—and without excuses.—*Stalky & Co.*

MOREOVER, only women understand children thoroughly; but if a mere man keeps very quiet, humbles himself properly, refrains from talking down to his superiors, the children will sometimes be good to him and let him see what they think about the world.—*A Preface.*

ACCEPT on trust and work in darkness, strike at venture, stumble forward, make your mark, (it's chalk on granite), then thank God.—*One Viceroy Resigns.*

SO he was indifferent to praise or blame, as befitted the Very Greatest.—*The Head of the District.*

FIGHTING for leave to live and labour well, God flung me peace and ease.—*Song of the English.*

RIGHT about face. Go back to your duty, and let's hear no more of your diseases.—*Mutiny of the Mavericks.*

OH! where would I be when the bullets fly? Why, somewheres anigh my chum; if 'e's liquor 'e'll give me some, if I'm dyin' 'e'll 'old my 'ead, an' 'e'll write 'em 'ome when I am dead—Gawd send us a trusty chum!—*Barrack Room Ballads.*

MY work is everything I have, or am, or hope to be, to me, and I believe I've learnt the law that governs it; but I've some lingering sense of fun left.—*The Light That Failed.*

THEN the young King said, "I have found it the road to the rest ye seek; the strong shall wait for the weary, the hale shall halt for the weak."—*An Imperial Rescript.*

HOW can he speak? said I. "He has done the work. The two don't go together."—*A Conference of the Powers.*

ERE they hewed the Sphinx's visage, favouritism governed kissage, even as it does in this age.—*General Summary.*

COME and honour, O my brothers, Christmas Day! Call a truce then, to our labours—let us feast with friends and neighbors and be merry as the custom of our caste.—*Christmas in India.*

OPPRESS not the cubs of the stranger, but hail them as Sister and Brother, for though they are little and fussy, it may be the Bear is their mother.—*Maxims of Balvo.*

LOTTA knew little of the tongue of the Buria Kol, but when mother calls to mother, speech is easy to understand.—*Judgment of Dungara.*

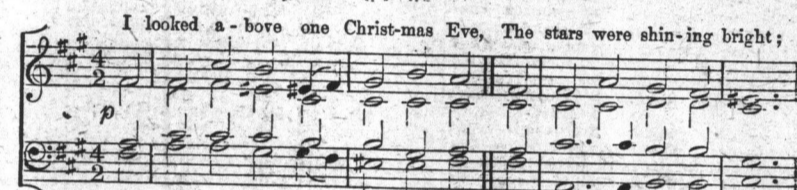
OUR heart's where they rocked our cradle, our love where we spent our toil; and our faith and our hope and our honour we pledge to our native soil.—*The Native Born.*

O, 'taint because you bloomin' can't. It's because you bloomin' won't.—*On Greenhow Hill.*

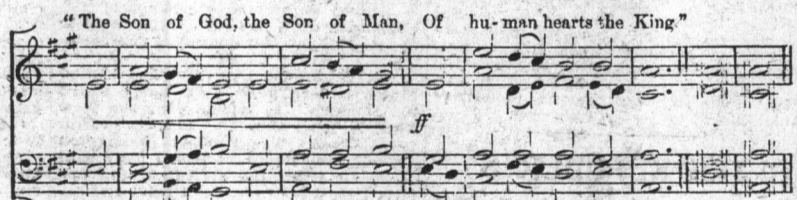
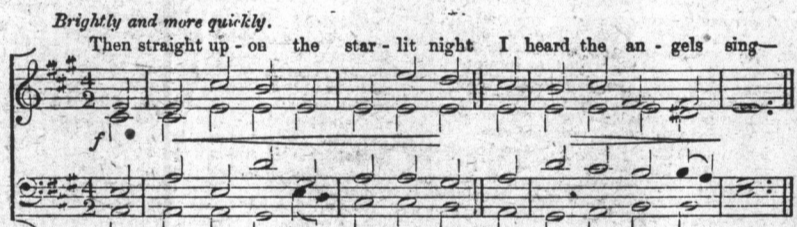
IT is well to be of a cultured intelligence, but in time of trouble the weak human mind returns to the creed it sucked in at the breast, and if that creed be not a pretty one trouble follows.—*Mutiny of the Mavericks.*

STRAIGHTWAY answered the Colonel's son, "Do good to bird and beast."—*Ballad of East and West.*

THE old lost stars wheel back, dear lass, that blaze in the velvet blue. They're God's own guides on the Long Trail—the trail that is always new.—*L'Envoi.*



I looked on earth as she pursued
With thrifty husbandry
Her faithful toil, but she too seemed
Indifferent to me.



Dear Christ of God, pure Child of
heaven,
To Thy rude manger-bed,
As if by magic sympathy
The souls of men are led.

Oh lay Thy quickening touch on us,
That living we may be;
Shine Thou on us, that we may shine
With light that comes from Thee.

And ever let us know the love
That Christmastide doth bring,
That taught by love our hearts may
learn
The music of our King. Amen.

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