

FOR YOUNG CANADA

[Canadian boys and girls are invited to make this corner their own. The editor of this department is anxious to come in touch with the young people from Victoria to Halifax. She would like them to write her brief accounts of their home life, on the prairie or in the big cities, among the mountains or down by the sea. Their letters will be published, and their questions answered in as far as possible.]

In the center of our page are the pictures of two little Toronto boys—Rex and Allan, or "Dalloo" as he insists on calling himself, and "Dalloo" he is to all his friends.

Rex is four years old, Dalloo two, and to Dalloo, Christmas is almost a new experience, so Rex has "splained" all about Santa Claus to him over and over again, and Dalloo never gets tired listening.

"We shall hang up our stockings down in the parlor from the mantelpiece, and go to bed early, early.

"Then Santa Claus will slide down the chimney just as quiet as a mouse, and fill them with lovely things; drums, and bugles, and candy, and everything; won't he, mamma?"

"And, Dalloo, we must be awful good till Christmas or we won't get anything, will we, mamma? Bertie Woods says once there was a bad, bad boy who didn't mind his mamma, and he just got a switch in his stocking—just think of that, Dalloo!"

"Bertie Woods is going to hang up his mother's stocking, but, Dalloo, we'll just hang up our own, for Santa might think they were for two big women and not leave anything for little boys at all; eh, mamma?"

And so they chatter all the day long. These two happy little faces will smile Cousin Maud's Christmas greetings to all her boy and girl friends who read the JOURNAL. She wishes one and all a Happy Christmas, and if they follow this little recipe they will surely have hearts full of happiness: *Do something to make as many as possible a little the happier for your being in the world this Christmas-time.* And remember it is the birthday of Him who taught us how much more blessed is giving than getting.

"In another land and clime,
Long ago and far away,
Was a little baby born
On the first glad Christmas Day
Little children did He love
With a tender love always,
So should little children be
Always glad on Christmas Day."

It was Christmas Eve. The days had been rather warm all week, not a bit like Christmas weather, but to-day it was colder, and now towards evening the wind began to feel quite frosty. Dark, heavy clouds seemed very near the earth. Presently a few feathery flakes scurried across the pavement, then the air was full of them.

"After all, we shall have snow for Christmas," said papa, shaking the little white stars from his fur cap, when he came home to tea.

"Snow for Christmas!" echoed little Jean, as she clapped her hands with glee. "Now Santa Claus can travel better—has he started yet, papa, do you think?"

"I dare say he has," answered her father,

"you know he has a long road to travel to-night."

Jack said nothing but listened quietly; he had a plan in his head and was afraid to speak lest some one should guess it.

Every Christmas for ten years had Santa Claus remembered Jack. Every Christmas eve for ten years had Jack gone to bed early to give him a chance to fill the stocking so carefully hung. Every Christmas Eve for the past three years had Jack gone to bed assuring himself there *was* a Santa Claus, in spite of the fact that several of his school-mates had declared that it was "just your father and mother!" To-night Jack was going to see for himself.

He went to bed at the same time as Jean, but not to sleep. How slowly the hours passed! Would midnight never come?

His father and mother looked in when they came upstairs for the night.

"How our Jack grows," said mother, as she tucked the blankets in close to his back.

"Yes, he is getting a big boy now, and not a bad boy, either." This was nearly a little too much for Jack, who felt like a hypo-

But he felt he must speak to him, come what may, so with his heart almost choking him he whispered, "Santa Claus!" When swish! and he was alone. Santa had disappeared far more quickly than he had come—Jack's voice had broken the spell and frightened him off, even before he had finished his work. Jack crept back to bed, cold and dissatisfied. In the morning Jean could not imagine why there was no candy or oranges among all the nice presents in their stockings, unless "Santa had run short before he got to their place," and Jack did not tell her the true reason.

And now, before I say good-bye for another month, I shall give you a favorite carol of mine. I found it among the St. Nicholas songs.

GOOD NEWS ON CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children dear!
For Christ, once born in Bethlehem,
Is living now and here.

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children sweet!
The way to find the Holy Child
Is lighted for your feet.

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children glad!
Rare gifts are yours to give the Lord
As ever wise men had.

Good news on Christmas morning,
Good news, O children fair!
Still doth the one Good Shepherd hold
The feeblest in his care.

Thank God on Christmas morning,
Thank God, O children dear!
That Christ, once born in Bethlehem,
Is living now and here.

A dear little maid who lives in St. John, New Brunswick, sends our first story—about a maple leaf.

Beatrice is just nine years, her mother says; but she writes so neatly and carefully that it is a pleasure to look at her letter. Here it is:

One day two little girls started out for a walk. They went on a little way and they thought that they might sit down under a large maple tree that was standing there. They were talking about different things, when they heard a voice that said:

"Don't you think that we had better be getting our dresses changed and getting ready to go to bed for the winter?" It was a maple leaf talking to one of its brothers.

"Yes, Father Wind will be here pretty soon, and we want to be wrapped in our warm, white blankets." Then they all cried out:

"It is getting late,
And we cannot wait,
For we will freeze.
So if you please,
Come, Father Wind,
And put us to bed."

Just then a gust of wind arose and the leaves tumbled down one by one. The next time the children were around that way, the tree was white with snow, and they often used to bring their sleds and coast down the road where they had heard the voices. —BEATRICE C. SKINNER, St. John, N.B.

COUSIN MAUD.

Port Sunlight, the manufacturing center of Lever Bros. Sunlight Soap, is one of the most interesting industrial villages in England. It is prettily situated near Birkenhead on the Mersey, and is occupied altogether by the operatives in the factories.

These factories were established only ten years ago, and during that time have been extended to double the original size.

The village occupies a site of 114 acres; of which the works, wharfage and siding cover 20; the remainder is occupied by cottages, church, school, and a fine dining and recreation hall which was formally opened by Hon. Mr. Gladstone three years ago, and is named Gladstone Hall.

Mr. W. H. Lever, the head of the firm is a philanthropist, a man of marvelous executive ability, and much beloved by his large staff of operatives.



crite, and was glad when they ned away. Soon all the lights were out, and he could barely see his window, but he jumped up and dressed himself as well as he could in the dark, and slipped down to the dining-room, where hung the two empty stockings from the mantel-shelf.

Jack settled himself down in a big chair and began to feel a little nervous. The house seemed so quiet; the clock ticked so loudly; he almost wished himself back in bed.

However, he braved it out and was soon so much himself that he began to feel sleepy. But it was not for long. "What merry jingling is this? What ringing of fairy bells?"

Nearer it came. Did Jack hear the tramp of tiny hoofs? or was he dreaming? He sat bolt upright, and watched the fireplace. He had not long to wait, for in a minute he heard a scratching in the chimney and down popped Santa. There he stood, as Jack had often seen his picture in books, white hair, white whiskers, blue eyes and happy smile. In a twinkling he was at the stockings, and Jack was too bewildered and frightened to notice what he put in them.