



**"Silent Night! Holy Night!"**

### **The Battle Was Won**

The battle was won in a little house  
 Where a mother sang when her boy had gone,  
 And the dad went out in the afternoon,  
 And carefully cut and trimmed the lawn,  
 Whistling a bit, so his wife could hear,  
 Hiding his heartache when she was near.

In a lonely kitchen with sunny walls,  
 In the stately splendor of palace halls,  
 In a ditch, a furrow, the deck of a ship—  
 A steady smile on a trembling lip—  
 Wherever a kindly deed was done,  
 There, my heart, was the battle won.

*Toronto Daily Star*

EDNA JACQUES.