

V4-4

PINK PARODY

*I think that we shall never see
Beside our hearth a Christmas
tree,
A tree, so-called, of plastic
pine
With limbs arranged in metered
line,
And sprayed withal in dreadful
hues
Of pastel pink and bilious hues.
Fragrant spruce will suffice me
For only God can make a tree.*

BY WILMA COUTTS

Denis Dalton

Another time for poetry

The Yule season is another of those special times of the year that seem to bring out the poet in us. Teen-agers are no exception, as the following lines about Christmas Day show:

Christmas Day is once a year
To fill our hearts with loving cheer,
We celebrate it now, I will say,
To remind us Jesus was born this
happy day.
And when they laid him in the
stable,
No clothes had he to wear;
And when the kings followed the
star,
They saw him laying there.
Frankincense, myrrh, and gold,
They offered to the King;
And at that happy moment,
They heard the angels sing.
The bells in the heavens
Rang the town with Christmas joy;
And everyone came to see
That wonderful baby boy.
And so I hope you see
What Christmas really is;
Not only toys and laughter,
But Jesus, our Savior, and our King.

This was written last year by a Saskatchewan teen-age girl who was then 14 years old.

It arrived too late to use last year, and anyway had a pen name, year, and anyway had a pen name, Merry Christmas to young Canada. Watch for the annual special Christmas issue next week.

Jessie Thompson
—PATHFINDER IN CHIEF

MOMENT OF BIRTH

*The streets lie silent;
Distant hills look down
And cast their stillness
On the sleeping town.*

*Only the Star moves,
Burnishing with light
The dove-grey houses
In a silver night.*

*Silence now whispers;
Whiteness glows to flame;
While trembles on the air
A name . . . the Name.*

BY LILLIAN C. GRAY

Mary Cassidy

I AM A CALENDAR . . .

the symbol of time

*Take time to think, it is the source of power;
Take time to play, it is the secret of perpetual youth;
Take time to read, it is the fountain of wisdom;
Take time to love and be loved, it is a God-given privilege;
Take time to be friendly, it is the road to happiness;
Take time to laugh, it is the music of the soul;
Take time to give, it is too short a day to be selfish;
Take time to work, it is the price of success!*

Jane Riley