

THE TRAGEDIES OF CHILDHOOD.

I am a little boy twelve years old, but I think I can tell you something of my own experience. Last fall my mother concluded it would be best for us to leave the country home and move to town, so that my children could have all the school advantages. I thought I would like the change from the country to town. I had enjoyed country life. I could ride back, drive and do lots of things that I can not do in town. But I want to tell you of the greatest sacrifice I had to make. I had a nice wagon and a big white goat and harness, to fit him. It was a pretty turnout, loved my goat like he was folk. I didn't think about leaving him or leaving him, if I moved to town. So, when I was told that I could not take him along with me, my heart just gave a lump, lump, and my throat almost choked. I was so full of grief. When I found I would have to sell him, a neighbor boy said he would buy him, and I told him to come for him a certain day. I did not want to be at home when he came for him, so I hid him in the garden and went away. I could not bear to see my goat being sold to some one else. My heart was troubled, I can tell you, for I really loved my big white goat, and my God and my: If I knew what it was to be him up. Kenner Bowen George.

SHIR MORE ME COMPANY.

I was the shabbiest girl at the office. It was no one's fault and no one's shame that we were poor. I had intelligence enough to know that I knew, too, what a sacrifice mother had made to pay for my tuition at business school. Still the knowledge of my shabby clothes forced itself upon me, particularly my old black skirt.

Oh, if you knew how I hated that skirt! Mother had cleaned it and pressed it, pressed it and cleaned it, but it seemed "hated" with age, and all the office girls looked at me with pity in their trim business suits.

I imagined all the first morning that they were pitying me and felt them looking at my shabbiness, and during noon hour I was so miserable. But when I went back that morning I noticed that one of the girls had on nearly as old clothes as I did, and she was so nice to me I fancied she must have come from a poor family. I had come because of our mutual poverty. Not until after I earned enough money to buy some suitable, nice clothes did I realize that the "poor girl," as I thought her, had drifted back into the prettier, more tasteful clothes worn by any of the girls. She had only borne me company at a most trying time, and she knew, because her fellow workers all admired her, that the little object lesson would keep them from hurting my feelings.

AMONG STRANGERS.

She was so old and so evidently very poor and uneducated that the representative of a Christian association approached her with the question: "Were you expecting some one to meet you?"

Henry's mother produced from a pocket an old envelope with an address in pencil.

"Would you like me to go with you to find it?" asked the girl.

"Thank you, lady. I didn't look for no such kindness in the West. I'm Southern." The girl smiled, and they took the car together.

Henry's mother proudly insisted on paying the fare for both. It was after she had done so that her tongue was loosened.

"No, lady, I didn't mean I was expecting to meet my son. You misunderstand me. Henry went west for his health, no' more than a year ago. I had lost my hair and five children with the same disease, and when Henry took down, it looked lak' I couldn't see him die without trying the West. But the West didn't help him none—he died here."

"Then, lady, I had a letter from the lodging house woman, asking if I hadn't have no money and couldn't borrow it. Henry was left to be buried by the county."

"No, lady, I can't take him home, I only want to move his body. None of our folks ever had in that kin' of a grave before!"

The Western girl remained with her in her distress till the lodging-house was found, and its mistress answered their summons to her parlor, a dingy place enough, in a house with a "Furnished Rooms" sign.

"And this is Henry's mother?" said the lodging-house keeper, giving the old woman a chair.

"You see," she resumed, "we took a liking to Henry. Nursing him so long, a boy like Henry, a person couldn't well help it. And when he finally passed away, I said to Mrs. Higgins, 'We never had a child of our own, and when we were younger, it wasn't so we could adopt one.' But I feel to Henry like a mother—and we've buried him as if he had been our own, and put up a little stone just last week. As soon as I can get my things in, I'll take the lady and let her see."

And so it was that Henry's mother visited his grave, and went away comforted, leaving him where love had laid him.—M. Gauss.

Mrs. Newlywed—before we were married, you said that my slightest wish should be your law.

Mr. Newlywed—Exactly, my love; but you have so many vigorous and well-developed wishes that I am as yet unable to decide as to which is the slightest.

Peace on Earth, Goodwill to Men.



NO WAR or battle's sound / Was heard the world around; / The idle spear and shield were high up- / hung; / The hooked chariot stood, / Unstain'd with hostile blood; / The trumpet spake not to the armed / throng; / An Angel sat still with awful eye, / As if they surely knew their sovran / Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night, / Wherein the Prince of Light, / His reign of peace upon the earth be- / gan."

Peace reigned throughout the world on the starlit, wintry night, two thousand years ago, when the herald angels sang of the fulfillment of the promise of the ages, the coming of a Saviour, Christ the Lord, born in a manger in Bethlehem, but a Prince, nevertheless, a Prince of Peace, the only and well-beloved Son of the King of Kings. Peace and joy mingled with awe in the hearts of the humble shepherds, who, hearing the song of the angelic host, left their flocks and hastened, never doubting, to pay homage to the long hoped for Messiah. Peace and joy in hope fulfilled compensated the Wise Men for the toil and weariness of the long journey over deserts and mountains as they knelt in adoration by the infant King and poured their treasures at His feet. Peace and joy filled the virgin mother who pondered all these things in her heart. And each recurring Christmas season through all the centuries has brought peace and good will anew to the hearts of men, good-will in the smile on the lips and the friendly greetings; peace in the fact that the joyous season is no time for the bitterness that rankles, the unpleasant by-gones. Armies engaged in battle have ceased for a little their warfare and as brothers, the bitter foes have raised together their voices in a Christmas hymn of praise. Once a year, at least, there is an approach to the true brotherhood of man. The air is electric with all earth's riches, who is incapable of feeling the thrill of Christmas, the thrill of companionship in a common heritage with the whole world, the thrill of mystery that surrounds gift-giving and gift-receiving, the thrill that comes through adding a little to the sum total of the world's happiness, of adding immeasurably to the joy in the season of some one individual or individual.

A Merry Christmas.

"Christmas comes but once a year," we are wont to say, Christmas with its merriment and good cheer, its hallowing for the children, its surprises for old and young, and above all, Christmas when grouches and grievances are laid aside; when ailments are overlooked and times found to be pleasant, really pleasant to those we love the most, to the friends who have borne with us, to the next door neighbors and the neighbors down the street, to the people we meet in business or professional life, to the butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker and even to the stranger we meet in the street. This is the very essence of Christmas; not the dinner we eat, nor the value of the gifts we give or receive, but just this spirit of good-will and true courtesy. But we are a hustling, bustling, strenuous people, every one of us, young and old. We are busy with our toys, busy with our school, busy with the preparation for life, busy debutantes caught in a social whirl; busy matrons keeping up with the pace; busy housewives oppressed with many cares, busy ministers, doctors, lawyers, busy capitalists, day-laborers, drummers, busy heads of firms, busy office boys who find life one long hustle. Perhaps we are only busy spending our money, devising means of reducing our flesh, of adding to our avoirdupois, or even busy killing time, but everyone of us is busy, busy, busy. Too busy are we as we awake in the morning to say to ourselves, "A Merry Day," and having said it, to set steadily about making it the best kind of a day possible, let come what will. At breakfast time we are shadowed by the tasks, the cares and the worries of the coming hours. We forget that God has given us another beautiful, new, clean, white page, and instead of writing the introduction with golden words and smiles, we blot it with our churlishness. There is no time to gladden the maid with a gift of smiles, to cheer the cook with words of commendation; no time to send husband, sons and daughters forth to the battle of life equipped with pleasant memories; no time to start little children to school with their birthright of happiness; no time for the little thoughtfulness that will make brighter all the day for the ones who remain at home.

Once a year we have a kindly greeting for all whom we meet, for the employer, the bookkeeper, the office boy. Once a year we have a smile for all who serve us and for all whom we serve, for those who jostle us in the highways, who crowd us in the street cars. Once a year we take out our Christmas spirit, shake out the creases, dust it, and the marvel is that we wear it so gracefully. We don it for the great occasion, for a few we kiss previous, and, perchance, if our digressions are in good repair, for a few days after, then we fold it up with moth balls and label it, "To be handled with care, not warranted to wear." Perhaps we toss it on the topmost shelf, or store it in the attic with other lumber that has seen more gracious days. Passing strange it is that it comes out each year sweet and fresh and guaranteed to fit. What a blessed old world it would be if the Christmas spirit could be donned for each and every day of the year; if the song of the angels, "Peace on earth, goodwill to men," found an echo in every heart, not only day in three hundred and sixty-five, but each and every day in all the year!

Ring Out the Old, Ring in the New.

Past upon the heels of Christmas comes the baby new year, a bundle of possibilities. Few and far between are the individuals who do not snatch at least a little time for mental stock taking from the closing days of the old year.



Illustration of the hourglass.

Have you failed in your purpose during the year that is quickly passing into eternity? Have you been disappointed, bereaved? Sorrow and suffering have but opened the door upon a broader view. Only when the darkness of night has fallen do the myriads of star-jewels reveal the infinity of the universe. Have the three hundred and sixty-five days of 1910 been paved with broken purposes and shattered hopes? Even these may be transformed into "stepping stones to higher things." Do the chains of a degrading habit bind you more closely than a year ago? The little new year comes eagerly, a smile on its lips to greet you, tiny hands extended to give you a new confidence, a new hold upon yourself and upon life. Has 1910 been a happy year, a year of striving and achieving, a year of approach to the ideal, which, like "the vision with the beckoning hand, still allures and still eludes," receding to a higher plane just as it seems within the grasp?

If such has been your lot, you have laid a splendid foundation upon which to build a greater success in the days that are to come. To everyone in the world, great or humble, learned or illiterate, rich or poor, old or young, wise or simple, is given this gift of 1911, a book in which each and everyone must write deeds great and small. Some will scarcely reach the end of the first chapter, others will write "Finitis" at the end of twelve. Balance your accounts, take a little time from the festivities, the rush and worry of these closing days



THE LATE W. H. STOREY
Founder W. H. Storey & Son, Limited, Glove Manufacturers.

W. H. STOREY & SON
LIMITED
Canada's Oldest Glovers
ACTON, ONTARIO

Advertisement for gloves showing various styles of gloves (men's, women's, children's) and the text: "Manufacturers of GLOVES THAT FIT YOU, PLEASE YOU AND PROFIT YOU".

The Widow's Mrs

of the year to know yourself, to take leave of the old before entering on the new.

When at midnight the bells "ring out the old, ring in the new," may they truly ring out the "prief that saps the mind," the bitterness, the spirit of forgiving, of doubt, of meanness, of worry, of cherished wrongs. Carry over into the new only that which has been worthy in the old.

May the bells ring in only peace and joy in hopes renewed and the will to dare and to achieve.

If you have a task to perform, a habit to break, an enemy to forgive, or a friend to make, begin it:

"Low this day loitering." "I will be the same story." "To-morrow and the next more history." True intention brings its own delays. And days are lost lamenting over days. Are you in earnest? Seize the very minute; What you can do, or think you can, begin it; Boldness has genius, power, and magic in it. Only begin it, and the mind grows heated; Begin it and the work will be completed.

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.
Anxiety and worry are like echoes; they do not exist until we call for them, and the louder we call the louder is their response. —Horace Fletcher.
It does not take long to learn that the good excludes the bad; that the higher always shuts out the lower.—Marden