



FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS



It was Christmas eve and past Billy's regular bed time, but he lingered before the sitting-room fire, talking with Mother about Santa Claus and the many visits that he would have to make. Mother said that Billy had been a good boy so Santa Claus would surely bring him his new train.

"I hope he got my letter," said Billy as he thought of the happiness that Christmas would bring him. Then he began to think about his little friends Tom and Louise, and he felt troubled about them, for they both had said that Santa Claus could not come to them this year. They were his little neighbors and playmates; he liked them and he knew that they, too, had been good.

Billy sat thinking for a few minutes, then he jumped up and ran to his room and took his little bank from the top bureau drawer and shook out his savings. He had \$2.50 and he slipped it into his pocket, hurriedly put on his overcoat and mittens, and, cap in hand, ran back to the sitting-room. "Mother," he said, "let's play Santa Claus! Let's go to the big toy shop and buy a present for Tom and one for Louise. I have some money of

my own to spend!" Mother was surprised at his plan, but she was glad to join in the fun, so, together they were soon hurrying down the street to the big toy shop. There Billy bought a beautiful doll for Louise and a toy automobile for Tom. On one package he wrote, "To Louise from Santa Claus," and on the other, "To Tom from Santa Claus."

How happy Billy and Mother felt as they went along the street to Louise's home. There was a light in the kitchen and they could see Louise's mother working there, so while Mother waited outside, Billy slipped quietly in by the front door. From the sitting-room mantle hung Louise's empty stocking! Billy put the new doll in the top of it and in his hurry to get out before he was discovered, he tipped over a chair! "Is that you, Louise?" called her mother. But Billy was soon safely outside of the house and heard no more.

Then Billy rejoined Mother and they went around the corner to Tom's home—the tiniest cottage in the neighborhood. As he did not care to risk being discovered at Tom's he did not attempt to enter, but slipped quietly around the cottage to Tom's bed-room window. It was open! Billy was just

about to climb in when Tom's dog barked and somebody stirred in bed, so Billy put the toy on a chair near the window and ran back to Mother who was waiting on the corner.

When they reached their own home they found that Father had finished trimming the beautiful Christmas tree. They all admired it, each one put on a few finishing touches and then Billy hung up his stockings and went upstairs to bed. Mother came and tucked him in snugly for the night and, fancying that he could hear the jingle of bells and the beat of tiny reindeer hoofs, he soon fell asleep.

When he awoke in the morning he found Mother bending over him. "Billy," she said, "I have thought of a Christmas plan almost as nice as yours. How would you like to have our Christmas tree this afternoon and invite Tom and Louise?"

Billy clapped his hands and shouted, "I would love to invite them, Mother, and may I be Santa Claus?"

In the afternoon Billy's friends arrived to enjoy his Christmas tree. What happy faces they had! What merry laughter was heard! And no one was happier than Billy, who, dressed like Santa Claus, handed out the gifts.

The Land of Christmas

Once upon a time there was a poor little lame boy who had no toys. Tom knew this was true, for one day, at the little boy's house, Tom asked him to bring out his toys, and the little boy answered, "I haven't any toys." Tom could hardly believe that there was anybody in the world without even one toy, so he went home and told Little Sister about it, and together they planned to bring the little boy a toy from the beautiful Land of Christmas.

Mother was willing for them to go, so hand in hand, on the day before Christmas went Tom and Little Sister. They did not know the way, so they asked a feathery snowflake which came and lighted saucily on the end of Tom's finger;

"Pretty snowflake while you linger On the tip of my warm finger, Tell me, where's the Land of Christmas?"

And it answered, oh, so softly; "Little boy and girl, politely Ask you tree that shines so brightly If you seek the Land of Christmas." The children continued their journey, and at last they arrived at the great tree, all shining brightly across the white snow. When the children asked the way to Christmas Land, thus the shining tree responded:

"Step into my trunk so hollow. Take the Magic Wand, and follow The Shining Path to Christmas Land."

So they stepped into the hollow



trunk, where they found magic wands. Tom chose a silver wand with a star at the end of it, and Little Sister a golden one, with a white dove at its end.

When the children stepped out of the tree, they were surprised to find themselves grow very small indeed. And this they noticed—if the magic wands were held aloft, the children remained small, but if the wands were lowered, the children grew large again.

The children knew that in the Land of Magic they must obey all the great commands, so they started down the Shining Path, holding their magic wands high in the air. They journeyed on and on and at last they reached a great wall, and when they looked up they saw beautiful lights which spelled the words "Christmas Land" over the tiny gateway!

Tom reached up and pulled the bell-rope, and out upon the frosty air rang the sweetest chimes you ever heard. Soon the tiny gates opened and Tom and Little Sister were glad that they were small enough to slip through! And oh, such a beautiful land as it was! Every tree was a Christmas tree all laden with Christmas gifts. The music boxes were playing, the horns were tooting, the dolls were saying "Mamma" and "Papa," the Jacks-in-the-box were jumping out and then hiding again, and everything seemed to be saying, "Take me! Take me!" It was hard for the children to select just one toy for their little friend.

They skipped about for a long time, examining the toys. Finally, on the top branch of one of the tallest trees, there hung a box tied with a big red bow. On one side were printed the words "Magic Lantern."

"The very thing!" said Tom; but how could he bring down the box from the top of a tree so tall—for, as you remember, the children were very small. Just then a little breeze whispered in Tom's ear:

"Little fairies, tell me why I see you sit so still, and sigh; I will get the box for you!"

Then the little breeze blew into a strong breeze and flew into the top of the tree. There he tugged and pulled and puffed, until at last the string had to let go and down fell the

Let us put away the idea that Christmas is only for children. The real child is in our hearts, be we young or old, and we are blest in proportion as we can give ourselves wholly to Christmas and all its symbols. The saying, "Here comes a fool, let us be serious," is never more witty or true than on this wonderful day of excitement and delight; of unopened packages and the long stocking bulging mightily with gifts. others also. We cannot

box, red bow and all, into a soft bank of snow. The children were overjoyed when the box containing the magic lantern was safe in their hands!

Then they went back along the Shining Path, and very soon reached the great Shining Tree. Into its hollow trunk they went, and left the magic wands, and as soon as they stepped out into the daylight again, they found themselves as large as ever. They ran on and on, until they finally reached the little boy's window. The setting sun was painting everything red and orange and gold, and when they peeped in, there lay the poor boy on his little cot, and his empty stocking hung from the back of a chair.

The chair stood near the window, and on the note that was pinned to the stocking Tom read the words: "Dear Santa Claus; If you should happen to have just one toy to spare for me, won't you please leave me a magic lantern?"

Tom softly opened the window and placed the box with its precious toy on the chair near the empty stocking. Then the children slipped away to their home, where they told Mother their secret.

And all would have gone well, if the lantern had not been a magic lantern, for in some way it had taken a picture of Tom, and another of Little Sister. So the next morning the happy little boy sat in his chair opposite the screen which his poor, hard-working mother had put up. Together they watched eagerly for the first picture. And would you believe it, that tell-tale machine showed, first, Tom's smiling face, and then Little Sister's dimpled one!

In making your Christmas caramels, it is well to remember that a pinch of yeast powder put into caramels after they have begun to boil will make them smoother and more creamy.



A Carol

To Bethlehem beneath the Star
The Wise men from the outlands far
Came clad in silk and vair;
Christ Jesus in His Mother's hold
Stared at the jewels and the gold
The three made wondrous fair.

Then first the swarthy Baltasar,
Whose glance was like a scimitar,
Stood forth before the rest;
Although he bore the fragrant myrrh,
Christ Jesus turned from him to her
And hid within her breast.

Behind him was the youth Gaspar
Who held a shining crystal jar,
His face was merry and red;
Although he bore the frankincense
And was of debonair presence
Christ Jesus turned His head.

The third was haughty Melchior,
Dark with the spoil of mart and war,
He bore the crusted gold;
Christ Jesus gave a cry of pain
And looked not on them once again,
But nestled in His fold.

For they had brought Him treasure-trove,
But had not any little love
For one they thought a King;
Christ Jesus gave to Mary then
His first mild message unto men,
Love is the precious thing.

—Duncan Campbell Scott.



A Polish Folk Song.

Lullaby, my little pearl,
Jesu, my darling!
Lullaby, my little pearl,
Dear Baby sleeping!
Lullaby, little one,
Jesu, my darling!
Mary is holding you,
Guarding and keeping.

Close your eyes, my little man,
Your tears to cover;
Close your eyes, my little man,
Heavy with crying;
Calm your lips, little one,
Where joy should hover;
Resting in Mary's arms,
Hush all your sighing.

Bring for the dear little man
Good things and pleasant;
Bring for the dear little man
Every sweet berry;
Into the garden go
Where all is pleasant;
Mary will quiet Him,
Keeping Him merry.

Lullaby, my little love,
Star kindly twinkling!
Lullaby, my little love,
Sun shining brightly!
Lullaby, little one,
Star kindly twinkling!
Mary is watching you,
O, Sweet and Sprightly!

Mistletoe Brains.

One of the most curious illustrations of the working of intelligence in plants is offered by the mistletoe, whose sticky berry, finding lodgment on a tree branch, throws out a tiny rootlet, which tries to pierce the bark and thus obtain a foothold. If the bark is too rough, the rootlet swings the berry over to a fresh spot, and makes another trial. In this way such a berry has been known to make five jumps in two nights and three days. On one occasion a number of them were discovered by a botanist in the act of vainly journeying along a telegraph wire, trying to find places to grow.

Begin 1922 With a Kindly Deed.

Amidst the stress and storms of life,
When you feel worn and weary
Just help a brother in the strife
And make his path more cheery.
For blessed is the one who lends
A hand to help a brother,
And God will bless you, though your friends
May leave you, for another.

Twice blessed is the kindly deed—
Flowing onward like a river;
Blessing those who, feel its need,
The receiver and the giver.

Better be silent than speak with ill-will.

Give me the hearthstone
with the glow that warms
the soul within:
I choose the gift of kindly
smiles, that wealth can
never win;
The laugh that ripples to
the lips from hearts
where peace sublime
Reigns in the fullness of
content to bless the
Christmas-time.

Christmas.

How tenderly the Peace-song
falls
On listening ears to-night—
The song that angels sang of old
In clouds of heavenly light.
O hear the voice, ye sons of men,
That speaks from out the
glory,
And tells the strange and mystic
birth—
That blessed, old-time story.
'Tis peace and love to all man-
kind
The angel choir is singing.

'Tis peace and love once more,
to-night
The Christmas bells are ring-
ing.
With humble shepherds we
would haste
The Bethlehem Babe to see,
And hail with thankful songs
again
His glad nativity.

University Women's Residences.

Women students at the University of Toronto have organized to raise funds for a residence building. For many years the pressing necessity for women's residences at the Provincial University has been apparent. Increasing numbers of young women from the rural districts, from the villages, towns, and cities of Ontario are coming to this great institution in quest of an education and they must be suitably and comfortably housed near the University. Of the several buildings which the University of Toronto so badly needs this one is the most urgent and it is to be hoped that the young women will be successful in their endeavor to arouse interest and to secure funds for the accomplishment of their purpose.

A good magazine or a good book is a fine Christmas present for the young folks, as well as the grown-ups.

Christmas-Time.

Jingle of the sleigh-bells,
Little feet astir,
Scarlet of the holly,
Green of pine and fir,
Gleam of gilt and silver
Where the candles glow,
Little trees aglitter,
Branches bending low!

Jingle of the sleigh-bells,
Starlight on the snow,
Stockings by the fireside,
Swinging to and fro,
Restless heads a-dreaming,
Loving faces near,
Now, as all the children know,
Christmas-time is here!

CHRISTMAS is the great occasion when we are all supposed to renew our allegiance to the Christ, to put the Christ teaching of the brotherhood of man in practice. Christmas ought to be a great heart-mellowing, affection-quickening, friendship-renewing occasion. It is the time of all others when we should realize that we are all brothers; that we are all members of the same great human family, children of the same great Father-Mother-God. It is the time, if ever, when we should recognize that though oceans and continents divide us, though we speak different tongues, may differ in race, color and creed, yet we are so closely related in thought and motive that our deepest, most vital interests are identical.