#### CHRISTMAS CAROL

There's a story olden, golden Laden with the sweetest peace Of a stranger in a manger, Couched on autumn's rich increase Robed not in sable, for a stable, With its rude and dust clad walls, Formed a shelter, where did swelter Cattle in their stifled stalls.

Then from heaven's azure riven, Blazed a star of radiance bright: Glorious, victorious, It paled the other stars of night. it glimmered, gleamed and shimmered, O'er the town of Bethlehem; And brighter, nearer, richer, clearer, Burned the star of glory then.



Above the stable's pointed gables Did that star of heaven stand: While adoring, wealth outpouring, Knelt the men from Judah's land. Softly saying, 'mid their praying, While their eyes with tears were dim, From afar we've seen his star, And have come to worship him !

Then came winging, sweetly singing Hosts on hosts of cherubim, "Glory, glory, hear the story!

Peace on earth, good will to men!"

# MOTHER'S MENAGERIE.

#### BY OLIVE HARPER.

Some sixty years ago Madison street in New York was one of the most aristocratic streets in the city, and on both sides it was built with stately stone mansions, with wide halls, immense parlors and largo handsome rooms, and each had a garden in the rear. Now the wealthy old Quaker families who once inhabited them are gone and the whole street has degenerated until it is known as a "tenement house district," and these old houses are full of ragged, half starved children; pale, wretched women, and a generally honest but rough class of men. Every house has a family in every room, where they eat, work and sleep, and even where there is the most sobriety there is still enough of noise, unhealthiness and misery. In most of them men's drunken curses and women and children's shrill screams are heard almost hourly.

In the attic room of one of the handsomes of these old houses there lived a widow with her two children, Ruth and Robert. No words can picture the bare desolation of that room, but in spite of the bitter poverty so apparent it was neat and clean. The young mother was born in this house, as had been her father, and though she now owned nothing on earth but the wretched furniture about her, and she could barely pay the rent of this cheerless attic, her heart clung to the old house and here she staid. Her father had died suddenly, as had his father before him, and Abby, his only child, had married a man who was unworthy his trust and in a short time he had dissipated every dollar they possessed and then had died, mercifully for his wife and little chiklren. Abby Hicks had tried to earn a living since then, but with delicate health and two helpless babies she could not do much. Like the great majority of women, she had no resource but her needle, and she found employ in a shirt factory, and by slaving night and day as long as her poor little hands could hold the work, she managed to keep her children and herself alive. Their clothes were the last of those of better days, and were almost falling off them from sheer age, though the patient little fingers had patched and darned them over and over, and her heart sank as she wondered where she could get more. Her grandfather nad been a thrifty old man, and everybody had supposed him rich; but when he died it was found that this house and a few thousand dollars, which was at interest, was all he had, and it was never quite understood: but no amount of searching in papers or banks brought to light anything more and the search was finally dropped, though the question was often discussed. It grew too dark to sew and not quite dark enough to light the lamp, and this hour the little mother usually took to run out and do her marketing for the next day; and so telling the children to lie still in bed, for it was bitterly cold up there so near the roof, she took her threadbare shawl, and throwing it around her started out.

even so much as a bit of candy, for stern necessity had laid too strong a hand upon this desolate little family for the spending even of one penny on anything but food, fuel and rent. Choking back the unruly sobs that would mount up the little woman at last 8 200L reached the butcher's shop where she dealt, when she had anything to buy with, and here 12351 she bought a soup bone for ten cents, a carrot, a turnip and two potatoes for five cents, and then as the fat butcher's fatter wife put apples from a barrel and two big red onions, and the butcher being busy just then selling

a fine turkey to the proprietor of a boarding house did not see it. "For the babbies, ma'am, with my lovo,"

more.' Abby Hicks stood a moment irresolute, with the red spots of shame burning in her cheeks, for never before had she accepted a gift, and yet her heart was glad for her thy which she felt had actuated this meager

gilt. "Thank you," was all she could trust herself to say, and she hurried away, and from there she went to the little corner grocery where her wants were supplied when accompanied by cash. Here she bought a five cent oaf and a pail of coal.

'We have some fine turkeys and cranberries: picked; raisins, apples, jellies, celery-nothing at all?

"No, thank you," said Abby, hurrying away.

The coal had taken her last cent. She got out again into the street on her way back and hurried onward, only anxious to get back to where she could weep her heart out in her woe, for where is an agony keener for a mother than to deprive her children of the joy that is rightfully theirs on Christmas day? Dear little Robbie! He would hear the other children blowing their tin trumpets and beating their drums, and his sturdy little heart had always desired one and the other by turns. And good, gentle Ruthiel How her motherly soul had longed for a real Not the old rag doll, but a real one, with fair hair and blue eyes. And this mother had promised long ago that she would write a long letter to Santa Claus and tell him what good little children they were, and now they would grieve over his neglect What should she do? She had nothing to sell that they could by any possibility spare. Everything had been sold long ago that could bring anything at all; and now, to add to her despair, a huckster's wagon, loaded with cheap toys, stopped just in front of her, and the strong lunged hucksters began crying out their wares. Again she quickened her pace, and went on blindly up the stairs to her miserable home, all the while her heart nearly bursting with its agony as memory pictured this home as it had been only ten short years ago. Yes, on this very anniversary, and she dressed in white satin, with pearls and beautiful laces, was the envied beauty of the great ball. Where now were



All were gone, and she left alone to battle

this poor little woman could buy nothing, not Robbie would not allow a single one of his precious "ammuls" to be sacrificed, and at last he became so obstreperous that his mother was obliged to punish him by shutting him into a good sized closet which had always stood between the chimney and the gable window. Robbie did not enjoy his imprisonment and kicked and cried until he made the very rafters ring, but suddenly after a rather more violent outbreak than usual there was a silence, and his mother waited a while, surprised at this new freak, them in a paper bag she slyly added two rosy and then she opened the door and looked in. There on the floor sat Robbie, with a piece of the baseboard lying flat, and disclosing a hole within which was a tin box. This he was trying to pull out, but it seemed too heavy for him to move, and soon Mrs. Hicks said the jolly woman, "and I wish it was had it out and was examining it. When she had wiped off the dust she found painted upon it in white lecters "Owen Hardcastle." It needed no more to take every bit of strength she had and make her sink white and suffocating on the chair. This was her children and lighter for the womanly sympa- grandfather's name! What if this box contained the money he was supposed to have hidden somewhere? It was heavy enough A moment's reflection convinced her that, as she was the only living member of all the family, this box and its contents were hers,

and so with a knife and piece of wood she pried it open and found even as she had hoped. The box was full of gold, and also "Nothing else?" asked the grocer's clerk. contained several valuable diamonds, so that this woman, who had the night before been chickens, too, first rate Philadelphia dry on the verge of despair from poverty, and who had had to make a travesty of her meager dinner to give her fatherless babies a little of the joy that Christmas brings, was lifted above want again.

But, though she had found this treasure, and she knew it was her own in all right, she was too sensible a little woman to bruit the news about, and so they sat down to their Christmas dinner of soup made out of a whole menagerie, and up to this day, though she lives in a different way now, the lawyers never got wind of her inheritance nor share in it. Robbio and Ruthie have pretty toys, but probably none of them have ever been quite as dear to their little hearts as the strange animals their mother's breaking heart wrought out for their pleasure.

## A CALIFORNIA CHRISTMAS, 1852.

#### BY KATE VAN NORMA GIBSON.

We reached California late in the fall of 1852, and before we knew it could be winter in a country where the grass was freshly sprouting and the trees bright and green, Christmas was upon us, and no turkey in the state. The children held a solemn conclave and concluded that Santa Claus could never get so far, besides there was no snow for his eigh to travel on.

As I said, there was probably not one turkey in the whole state, and though there were a few chickens, no one would have con sented for a moment to kill them when eggs were worth \$1 apiece. So our hopes for an old fashioned Christmas fell far below zero and in spite of our best endeavors we felt a little blue and homesick. all those brilliant lights, the flowers, the ser-

There was plenty of the poor Spanish beef to be obtained, and also veal, but a sucking pig would have beeu an impossibility, and there was absolutely no fruit in the country except such as grew wild, and, of course there was none at this season, but the genius of women for making something out of nothing is proverbial, and the men of the family thought the women would pull through some how, though how was that to be without fruit eggs, milk or cream, or, indeed, anything except bayou beans, Spanish beef and a very few potatoes, and no onions to season any thing with, nor knives? This was in what is Oakland now, but at that time there were but three wooden houses and a few tents there. The two women put their heads together and finally decided that they could at least make a plum pudding, but in the little "store" there were no raisins, nothing but dried apples. They bought six eggs, paying \$8 for them, considering the season, and took some dried apples. These were put to soak over night and on Christmas morning they were chopped into small bits, and with the eggs and a plentiful supply of molasses, flour and suet, a big pudding was put into a bag

and over the fire to boil. This success stimu lated the women to try an apple pie or so. In the meantime a big rib of beef was du f was duly

#### A DIFFICULT PROBLEM.



"Santa Claus would be puzzled to get anything into my stocking; 'cause why I haven't got any."

# ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK.

CHRISTMAS DAY, 1862. Ey John R. Paxton, Private, Company G, 140th

Pennsylvania Volunteers There was my old comrade, Sergt. Nelson, who had gathered somewhat of evil in the army, whose Christian virtues were not highly polished, and who, on occasion, dropped into profanity as Wegg did into poetry. Now I wonder which Nelson God will keep, and which Nelson he will throw away-the rough soldier, or the man at Cold Harbor who said, "Boys, do you hear Bebout and Stone calling our names and begging for water?" We left them at the foot of the hill wounded that afternoon when we charged and were repulsed. "Boys, its mighty risky. There is no truce to-night, and them rebs shoot about as fine by starlight as by day. But I'm going out to them. You see if you and I were lying over there with a hole through us and we called for water and no one come, though you heard us, we would curse you all. Who will go with me?" "I, sergeant." "And I." They went, and two of them were killed. I wonder which Nelson God will keep, which throw away-the Nelson who was no saint, or the Nelson who died for man, like Jesus Christ?

I wonder which man is me and which will come to the front and be on top at judgment his me in the study here, with an open Bible before him, who flatly contradicts the other me, who shivered with cold on the Rappa hannock twenty-five years ago. It is such a funny world! You and I load

our friends down with our aches and misfor tunes and troubles, but when a rich old uncle dies and leaves us half a million, we do not load that on them. Oh, no. But here am I preaching, so strong is habit. Yet which is me-this gentle, meek, apologetic clergyman, or that other me of a quarter of a century ago? that other me who wore that faded blue roundabout hanging on my study wall, with lieutenant's shoulder straps on it, who wore hat sword and belt there before my eyes? Which is me-this man acquainted with neekness and piety and alms and grief, or that me of the sword and brass buttoned jacket on the wall, who was acquainted with war, deviltries, death, reckless daring, love's young dream? Here a happy thought strikes me: to try on that soldier's jacket and buckle on again that sword. I am going to get into that jacket, so faded, so small for me now; I am going to buckle on that sword, if it does compel crowding, bad language, rebel lion, pains, and being carried off the field wooning, as some ladics are betimes, because of the uproar and rage of the incommoded guests within. Well, it happened on this wise that I found myself shivering on the banks of the Rappahannock on Christmas Day, 1862, enlisted for three years or during the

war, food for villainous saltpeter. 04

tial music; gorgeous brigadiers in blue and

gold; tall young men in line, shining in brass. War meant to me tumultuous memories of Bunker Hill, Cæsar's Tenth legion, the charge of the Six Hundred-anything but this. Pshaw! I wish I were home. Let me see. Home? God's country. A tear?-yes, it is a tear. What are they doing at home? This is Christmas Day, 1862. Home? Well, stockings on the wall, candy, turkey, fun, merry Christmas, and the face of the girl I left be-hind. Another tear? Yes, I couldn't help it; I was only 18, and there was such a contrast between Christmas, 1862, on the Rappahan-nock, and other Christmases. Yes, there was a girl, too-such sweet eyes; such long lashes; such a low, tender voice! "Come, move quicker! Who goes there!" Shift the rifle from one aching shoulder to the other.

"Hello, Johnny, what are you up to?" The river was narrow, but deep and swift. It was a wet cold, not a freezing cold. There was no ice-too swift for that. "Hello, Johnny, what you coughing so

for?" "Yank, with no overcoat, shoes full of holes, nothing to eat but parched corn and tobacco, and with the derned Yankce snow a foot deep there is nothin' left-nothin' but to get up a cough by way of protestin' against this infernal treatment of the body. We uns, Yank, all have a cough over here, and there's no sayin' which will run us to hole first, the cough or your bullets."

The snow still fell; the keen wind, raw and weather in God's forlornest, bleakest spot of ground, that Christmas day of '62 on the Rappahannock, a half mile below the town of Fredericksburg. But come, pick up your prostrate pluck, you shivering private. Surely there is enough dampness around out adding to it your tears. with

"Let's laugh, boys."

"Hello, Johnny!" "Hello yourself, Yank!"

"Merry Christmas, Johnny!" "Same to you, Yank!" "Say, Johnny, got anything to trade?" "Parched corn and tobacco-the size of our

Christmas, Yank."



"All right; you shall have some of our coffee and sugar and pork. Boys, find the boats.

Such boats! I see the children sailing them on the small lakes in our Central Park. Some Yankee, desperately hungry for tobacco, invented them for trading with the Johnnies. They were hid away under the banks of the river for successive relays of pickets.

We got out the boats. An old handkerchief answered for a sail. We loaded them with coffee, sugar, pork, and set the sail, and watched them slowly creep to the other shore. And the Johnnies! To see them crowd the bank, and push and scramble to be first to seize the boats, going into the water, and stretching out their long arms! Then when they pulled the boats ashore, and stood in a group over the cargo, and to hear their ex-clamations: "Hurrah for hog!" "Say, that's not roasted rye, but genuine coffee. Smell it, you uns." "And sugar, too." Then they divided the consignment. They hughed and 'Reckon you un uns this Christmas Day, Yanks." Then they put parched corn, tobacco, ripe persimmons, into the boats, and sent them back to us. And we chowed the parched corn, smoked real Virginia leaf, ate persimmons, which, if they weren't very filling, at least contracted our stomachs to the size of our Christmas dinner. And so the day passed. We should, "Merry Christmas, Johnny." They shouted 'Same to you, Yank." And we forgot the biting wind, the chilling cold; we forgot thoso men over there were our enemies, whom it might be our duty to shoot before evening. We had bridged the river-spanned the bloody chasm. We were brothers, not focs, waving salutations of good will in the name of the Babe of Bethlehem, on Christmas Day, in '62. At the very front of the opposing armies the Christ Child struck a truce for us -broke down the wall of partition, became our peace. We exchanged gifts. We should greetings back and forth. We kept Christmas, and our hearts were lighter for it and our shivering bodies were not quite so cold. Go thou and do likewise; push no poor debtor, prosecute no quarrel, bear no grudge, at Christmas time; forgive your enemies, remember your mercies and do not brood over your misfortunes, at Christmas time. If the times are hard do not let the children know it, or Lazarus on your doorstep become aware of it, at Christmas time, to his deeper despair. Cannot you be cheerful and brave by your firesides, as we soldiers were on the Rappahannock on Christmas Day in '02, shouting good wills to rebels on the opposite Let us all shake hands on Christmas shore?

ease, let wrath be forgotten, let quarrels be reconciled.

Let charity dispense bounty. Let the rich man love the poor. Let the lap of childhood be filled with plenty. Let all Rappahannocks of estrangement, separation, bitter ness, unequal lots, opposing interests, be bridged by the Babe of Bethlehem on Christmas Day of '87. And "be ye kind one to another, tender hearted, forgiving one another even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you." There, I am preaching again, in a secular journal of civilization. Yet I can't secular journal of civilization. help it. This Christ born me has thrown of and left behind the other me, the old me, who followed Grant and Hancock to Richmond in the wild, mad days of turbulent youth. I have taken off that faded blue jacket, and can stretch my arms; I have unbuckled that worn belt, and can breathe freely. Come, jacket; come, sword-hang again on the wall. You are my old me; but the present, real me is a man of peace and acquainted with grief; not so happy as a saint as he was as a soldier, but still trying to do his work, since God didn't send for him at Gettysburg .- Harper's Weekly.

### IN KENTUCKY AND TENNESSEE.

How Christmas Day is Celebrated in Those States.

Christmas day is not only the most widely and universally observed holiday in the Christian calendar, but it, is also susceptible fierce, cut to the bone. It was God's worst of a greater variety of observance than perhaps any other holiday. Santa Claus and the Christmas tree are known and loved of all children. In Kentucky and other southern states the day is ushered in with a gunpowder accompaniment. In the north the Fourth of July is made horrible by the booming of cannon and the rattle of firecrackers. In the south these are reserved for Christ mas morning. Among the country and village population Christmas is the occasion of a general turnout in fields and woods with guns and dogs. On that day of all days do the rabbits, squirrels and quail find them selves pursued by about every man and boy, both white and colored, who ov, ns or can borrow an old shotgun, blunderbuss or shooting iron of any kind, and the fields and woods resound from morn till night with the echoes of exploding gunpowder as the hunters stalk up the hapless game. The dogs lend their quota to the day's noise and excitement, baying on the trail of frightened

> In Tennessee the wise men who made the 'aws in the early days of the state's existence recognized the merit of markmanship, and to encourage this accomplishment enacted a law exempting wagers on marksmanship from the general penalties against other species of gambling. So that the men of a village or farm community may congregate and put up money, a quarter of beef turkey, as the prize to be carried off by the best shot. The target is often the top of a paper cap box about as large in diameter as a silver quarter, and the distance ranges from twenty-five to 100 steps. The guns used are long single barrel muzzle loading rifles. If the match is to be shot off hand (resting the gun against the shoulder without a rest) the distance is seldom greater than twenty-five paces, and even at that distance the bullets are often bunched from a dozen rifles into a space which can be covered with a silver dollar.

foxes and rabbits.

These rifle shooting matches are now largely reserved for the Christmas day, and are looked forward to all the year round. On these occasions all the young men who boast of their ability to "cut the bull's eye three times out of five" gather to banter and take the conceit out of such as think themselves crack shots.

Christmas night is largely given up to fiddlin' and dancin' " in the homes of the hospitable backwoods southrons, and even in the towns and villages it is a very common custom to have a dance on Christmas night

She Spoke Not for Herself.





The snow was falling in great soil Babe and lay thick upon the pavement, and she bent before the wind as she made what hasts she could. As she walked along she wondered for a moment at the holiday aspect of the street, and then she suddenly remembered, with a great pang, that it was Christman Eve, and two sudden tears rolled from her eyes and trickled slowly down her cold checks. Everybody she met, even in that poor location, seemed to have something in their hands -toys, cheap and tawdry, it is true, but still something to bring joy to a child's heart-but

with such a hard world. Had it not been for those two little children up stairs the icy river would have soon closed her book of sor-She reached her room. The children were

fast asleep, and she lighted the lamp and sat down by the little stove. "If we starve," she said, "I cannot work

to-night." By and by mechanically she went about and put the little room to rights, and hung the children's worn clothing over the chairback, and took the meat for the next day's dinner and suppen from its bag. The vegetables lay upon the table, with the apples. wiped softly and then sat down These she again, looking at them in a dream. Suddenly she gave a nervous little laugh, saying: "I will. It will amuse them at any rate. Then she took a knife and piece of kindling and in a little while cut it in small sticks, and these she counted until she had the number she needed, and set to work.

She found the two potatoes adapted to her plan, which was to make horses of them by sticking four legs, a tail and two cars into them. Treated the same way the two red onions made rather awkward but pretty colored cows, and the turnips became a tiger and the carrot an alligator.

These made quite a little menagerie when set upon the table in a position to attract the children's attention the first thing in the morning, and a red apple was thrust into each well darned stocking and they were hung upon the board which served for a mantelpiece.

Thus out of nothing mother love devised a bit of Christmas for her little ones, and when lighter and she blessed God for the inspiration and that she had her children and health, and thanked him while she lay down beside the two pretty if pale children.

The noise of drums, trumpets and children's shouts in streets and hall waked the children almost before daylight, and they began to ask each other and their mother what it was all about, and she told them that it was Christmas, and lying then for once idle during the daylight hours she told them all the sweet story and then they began to wonder if Santa Claus had been to them, and they bounced out of bed to see.

them, but the menagerie of wonderful animals surpassed anything they ever dreamed of, and as the motiver cold them:

"You see, dear , they are nicer than any wooden toy animals could be, for we can play that they are real, truly animals and we can kill them and dress them and cut them all up into little bits and cook them by and by just as the lattchers do,"

"Oh, yes!" said Ruthie in cestasy. "I don't want my ollumgater cut up," declared Robbic, stoutly. He was pacified, and the children played contentedly all the morning with their animals, though it required the constant service of maronia to replace broken legs, horns and tails, and the children did legt, norms and thus, and the set of the final ward of their play, with " -Tota Massen. After the set of the final ward of their play, with " -Tota Massen.

salted and peppered and surrounded with potatoes, and was made ready to put in the ven when Uncle Charlie, who was a mighty hunter, suddenly made his appearance with a big fat goose in one hand and a fine big turkoy, as we thought, in the other, both plucked and dressed, ready for the oven.

Some one was sent to buy an onion, as the grandmother said the goose really must have onion in the stuffing, and for that one little onion, no larger than an egg, we paid \$1 and were glad to get it at that price. Grandmother brought out her wonderful bag of herbs and a little of very precious sage, and summer savory was sifted into the dressing and the two fine birds were put down to cook and we all began to rejoice that even in far off California Christmas was not quite lost. The two birds now cooking had been shot early that morning. One was a honker geose and the other was an enormous sand hill crane, or, as they were then called, California turkey. These immense birds grow very fat and are really delicious eating, as we found at dinner time. And when the table was laid out with the finest linen and choice dishes that had followed the family fortunes "around the Horn," that dinner was voted a success, but the pudding, covered with blazing brandy, looked just as Christmas like as if it had been a real plum one, though it had a sprig of "live oak" instead of holly in it, and although it did not take quite as good.

After dinner we had games, and though the children missed the hanging up of the in the open weather a mile back of the Rapstockings, they went to bed happy in the hope, afterward fulfilled, that Santa Claus might get there by New Year's, seeing that they lived too far away for him to reach them on Christmas.

### THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

From the shelf I hang, suspended In the firelight's glow, distended that's good; I'm so full that it's a question

If I don't have indigestion-ver yet was I so stuffed with such peculiar food.

In my toe (ch. goodness gracious! I declare it is verations) The apples were very rare and beautiful to Some one's put a big potato and it makes me feel so strange: I wonder, now, what made them do it. Do you know that right next to it

They have just a lot of candy-something sweeter for a change?

Then a bank to save up money, And a man that dots so famny When you pall him sharply by his stringy hempen

tail; A picture book, some small tin fishes And a set of little didaes; Pair of mittens, popeera and a little wooden pall.

Then on top a piece of paper, La't this a lunny cuter? Perhaps they want to burden me with some new fandled dish.

Let nie try my best to con it.



"A HAPPY THOUGHT STRIKES ME."

I started for Richmond in July, 1862, a lad 18 years old, a junior in college, and chafing to be at it-to double quick it after John Brown's soul, which, since it did not require a knapsack, or three day's rations, or a canteen, or a halt during the night for sleep, was always marching on. On the night be fore Christmas, 1862, I was a dejected young patriot, wishing I hadn't done it, shivering pahannock, on the reserve picket, and exosed to a wet snowstorm. There was not a

stick of wood within five miles of us; all cut down, even the roots of trees dug up and burned. We lay down on our rubber blankets, pulled our woolen blankets over us, spooned it as close as we could get, to steal warmth from our comrades, and tried not to cry.

Next morning the snow lay heavy and dcep, and the men, when I waked and looked Till my sides are almost split with everything about me, reminded me of a church grave yard in winter. The snow covered us all, and my comrades seemed as if a small cemetery-just like a graveyard and its mounds. "Fall in for picket daty! There, come, Moore, Melianus, Paxton, Perrine, Pollock; fall in!" We fell in, of course. No breakfast; chilled to the marrow; snow a foot We tightened our belts on our empty deep. stomachs, soizel our rifles, and merched to the river to take our six hours on duty.

It was Confidents Day, 1962. "And so this is war," togeth me said to binashi, while he paced in the wet snow his two hours on the river's briefs. "And I am out here to shoot that lean, lank, coughing, cadaverous looking batternut fellow over the river. So this is war; this is being a soldier; this is the genuine article; this is H. Greeley's 'On to Richmond.' Well, I wish he were only here in my place, running to keep warm; pounding his arms and breest to make the chilled blood Day. Let us all touch elbows and share with

circulate. So this is war, tramping up and down this river my fifty yards with wet feet, crupty stormelt, swollen man.



with tenrs and sorrow, and let joy be uncon-

but be transformed into love. Let anger

"Is you 'faid of Santa Claus, mamma? If ou is I will come in your bed."

CHRISTMAS IN OLDEN TIME.

Heap on more wood, the wind is chill; But let it whistle as it will: We'll keep our Christmas merry still. And well our Christian sires of old Loved, when the year its course had rolled, And brought blithe Christmas back again, With all its hospitable train. Domestic and religious rite Gave honor to the holy night On Christmas Eve the bells were rung: On Christmas Eve the mass was sung; That only night in all the year Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear. The danisel donned her kirtle sheen; The hall was dressed with holly green; Forth to the wood did merry men go To gather in the mistletoe. Then opened wide the baron's hall To vasal, tenant, serf and all: Power laid bis rod of rule aside. And Ceremony doffed his pride; The heir, with roses in his shoes That night might village partner choose; The lord underogating share The vulgar game of "post and pair." All hail with uncontrolled delight And general voice the happy night That to the cottage, as the crown. Brought tidings of salvation down. -Sir Walter Scott

#### CHRISTMAS THE HAPPIEST.

Among all our holidays Christmas is the happiest. Other days, like the Fourth of July and Decoration Day, have a patriolic association which is inspiring, and New Your's Day has an admostrative significance which is pathetic. But the tradition of Christman is more universal and ideal than that of other holidays, because it is the feast of fraternity, of human sympathy and helpfulness. Not only is its sentiment glory to God, but its distinctive gespel is peace on earth and good will to man. It is the one day in the year on which selfalmess is the most odious sin. Its peculiar observance is obvious, palpable, active thought of others. our neighbor who needs us most. Then make a truce with enemies, with care, with fears, and of doing wood. But this is the day on and of doing good. But this is the day on which we must bake sure that our light with tends and sorrow, and the post-to soften which we must state soften shines so that mere hall see our good works,-into merey. Let not have barden into woong. Harper's Weekly,