With a cherry "hello! unky," and a twinkle in his There's a quietness expressive in the shadow of the That has settled in each corner of my quiet little

I came to him a stranger and he welcomed me to The little boy who lies to-night beneath the gaslight And he never stopped to question whether I was good or no. His heart so full of pureness deemed that strangers' Never asked me if my living was to circumspect in

And the little boy who used to greet me on the hall

He has gone away and left us and I'll never see him With his bonnie eyes and roguish cheeks behind the hallway door.

BY ARCHIE MACK.

"Hark the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King !"

Grandly the music rolled from under the fingers of the practised organist of one of our city churches, and the voices of the choir swelled with exultation, as the inspiring words again reverberated through the stately edifice and cleaving their way, sought and found a more extended sphere—the calm night air of the great outside.

of the singers.

Once more the words rang out, jubilantly, exultingly, and the tones, carried on the still night air, pierced the slight protection of a small dwelling not far from the church, and caused one of its occupants, a feeble old woman, to move uneasily on her miserable pallet, and inquire,

"What is it, James? Singing, or am I dreaming?" The old man addressed as "James," bent

tenderly over the emaciated form of her he called wife, and answered soothingly, "It is from St. John's church. They are practising for to-morrow, Mary." "Why for to-morrow?" she queried ab-

sently. "It will be Christmas Day, dear." "Christmas Day! Ah, yes, now I know the very words they are singing, James. But how cold it is, and-have you had supper?" as if a sudden thought had struck

The old man moved uneasily, and hastily going to the grate stirred the little pieces of wood, that were supposed to warm the ed from the right path !"

"Put more wood on," she said faintly. He turned his back to her and the tears rose unbidden in his eyes, and when she repeated the command, he said sadly, "I have not got any, Mary."

She lay silent for a moment or so, then asked again,

"Had you supper, James?" Unwillingly he confessed he had not, nor had he anything to make supper off. "Old, sick, hungry, and cold," she said

bitterly, "no relief except in death !" "Hush, dear. He knows best, and will send us help in His own good time." A short silence ensued.

feebly.

He drew a rickety stool to the bedside, and sitting down, gently drew her hand towards him. A smile lighted up the wan, old face as she said, "You make me think of our courting days, James. Those days, how fair and bright they were, and-we loved each other

end of our journey. God willing, we will his attitude betokened the deepest woe. love each other to the end."

ling lips, and then silence settled down on the old couple, and he gently carressed the hand that lay in his, and listened to the bursts of melody that ever and enon floated out from the House of God in his vicinity.

to him, do you remember when we used to brave and handsome he looked! Our little practise for Christmas? Christmas Eve comes to me always as a reminder of the time you first told me of your love, and ask. home a happy bride, carrying with her her me to share your life, for weal or woe. You remember, don't you, the little old church to us in a strange handwriting, and on openand the practises; Jennie Hayes was organist and leader as well. And that one Christmas Eve, when coming home, you spoke words that made me the happiest of girls. Oh, James, how I loved you!"

The old man stooped and kissed the face so near him, and her voice went on, "Yes, I loved you. And just a year from that night we were married," and a smile lit up the pallid face at the recollection. "I remember it all so well. I was of his heroism, our sun had set, never to dressed in white, and we were married in rise again. When May came to us and begthe old farm-house sitting-room. Mother was crying, all the girls laughing, and I was so happy, so happy, James, for nevermore were we to be parted, till, as the minister said, 'death shall ye part,' and someway I think it is going to do it soon," she added dreamily.

· closer to his wife's side stroking her hand gently.

our little house, you remember, it James, all covered with roses and honeysuckle, small but cosy, and we were so happy in it and care seemed a thing never to be thought of. it were, on some object in the distance, but How we enjoyed life! And then our little ones came to us, like angels lent from Heaven."

The weak voice stopped, and a tear or two welled slowly from the dim, aged eyes and rolled over the furrowed cheeks.

The old man's head had sunk lower and lower as she proceeded, but now he raised it, and in a husky voice, said, "Don't distress yourself, dear, it was all for the best, God knows it was for the best," and the carres-

wife's sorrow. Again she resumed : "I see them all so

plainly. Jennie, and Willie, and Helen, Rob, Harry, and baby May, and they were such dear children! Then Jennie sickened and died. We strewed the coffin with white daisies, our girlie's pet flowers, and when I heard the clods fall on the coffin lid, I thought all the brightness and sunshine was gone from my life. Oh, how dark it seem-

The quivering voice died away in silence, the old man rubbed his eyes with his hand to brush away the tears that rose at memory of the loss of their firstborn, but presently and gently fondling it. she resumed, "Then bonnie Rob was carried home a crushed and crippled little lad, from that dreadful horse race, carried home to linger, suffer, and die. Oh, my God, what agony I suffered, as I saw, day by by the grand rolling music of, "Praise God day, the bonnie, childish face grow pinched from whom all blessings flow," as the choir with suffering, and listened night after night was closing their practise, and at the same to the moans of pain there was no easing! time the city clocks chimed the half after night an' took de money, an' if she doan' At last death eased our darling, and a second eleven. A cold chill struck to his heart, as time we trod the wine-press of sorrow, hand he gazed at the hand he held, and felt how Never asked me if I nurtured aught of evil in my in hand; a second time we listened to the cold and stiff it had grown. dull fall of the earth as it was heaped above a loved one, little dreaming that the day "Dood ev'nin' unky," as he went to say his childish | would come when we would bless God for having taken home the wee ones to himself." in the cry, but still no answer, no move to

The pathos in the trembling voice was heart breaking, and the poor old man broke down completely, and cried like a child. Their tears were mingled in utter desolation and heartsickness, he clasping her hand, she of peace was on the aged face, a look it had with the other resting on his lowered head. been a stranger to, for many a long weary At last he spoke : "Don't, Mary," he said | year. huskily, "I cannot bear to think of it, don't

review the past any more." wistfully. "I must speak out what I feel still holding that cold hand, but no longer to-night, my whole life is passing in review tenderly chafing it. Hours passed and he before me."

"Well dear," he answered soothingly, "if it does you good, I will listen," and he bent and kissed the withered cheek.

"Dear James," and she was silent awhile, but not for long, again she took up the thread of her narrative. . "After that we had a few years of peace, and happiness came back to us once more, Willie, Helen, Harry, and May, grew up like fair flowers in It was Christmas Eve, and the practise our home, and if we did not lay by money, was for the morrow. Youth, health, and at least we had every want supplied. Those good spirits were depicted on every face, were blessed, restful days after the fierce and even the sanctity of the place and struggle we had gone through. Then again words could not wholly control the bound- the storm burst over us. Our lovely Helen! ing, mirthful spirits of the more thoughtless I see her now as she went out from us that night, her brown eyes bright with expectation, her auburn hair clustering in countless, wayward curls over the proud little head-Oh, Heaven, why, why didn't she die as she stood there in her girlish innocence !" wailed the poor woman with a rain of tears. Controlling herself she again went on :

"It was years ere we saw her again, but you." often heard of what her career was prov-We then learned that Death was a welcome visitor compared to disgrace, and gladly would we have carried our erring one to her grave, could it but restore her the innocence she had flung away. After long day evening to make ready for the regular of unmitigated delight it was. Early on the years she crept back, like a hunted creature, to the old home to die. A pitiable wreck was all that was left of our bright, wilful girl, but even that was accepted with thanksgiving by us, and we did our best to cheer the few months she was spared to us. When she was carried to the little churchyard, bowed and broken we followed, and some were cruel enough to wonder why we wept over her. As if the love we gave her could be withdrawn, because she had stray-

in its stillness than the wildest weeping. They then knocked a plaster bust of Wash-With an effort she went on once more: "When Helen left us, it seemed as if the disgrace drove Willie to madness. He spilled a pint of milk over some manuscripts plunged into all kinds of dissipation, and relating to the Glacial Epoch. They then when we tried to reason with him, left home in his wayward passion. Once and a while Brother Gardner's desk, and would doubtless we would hear of him, but always the same, always the same, drinking and bad company. At last the end came. In one of his wild excesses he used the money entrusted to him by his employer, and when reason came back, he wakened to find himself a The only thing which may furnish a clue is felon to the law of his country. Home the fact that two white men were seen in came our wayward boy, and remorse coupl-"Give me your hand, James," she said ed with his debauch laid him on his death- them was noticed to have a limp in his gait. bed. When the officers of justice arrived | The club will pay \$50 for the arrest of every to take him prisoner, they only found the lifeless body of him they sought. With \$100 if he is convicted of this dastardly generous kindness they left us alone with destruction. our dead, and the public never knew of that dark shadow on Willie's career."

Once more the weak voice faltered, and stopped. The old man kept on gently chaf-"And do yet, Mary, though nearing the ling the withered hand that lay in his, but The fire had almost burned out, the room "Amen!" fell reverently from the tremb. | was getting bitterly cold, but still he sat there. Again the weak voice resumed, but this time it was evident that exhaustion was fast overcoming the great sufferer. "None were left but Harry and baby May-Harry left the neighborhood and went sailing. He "James," and the aged face was turned would come to see us occasionally, and how snowflake, May, was courted and won by Fred Horace of the city, and went to his parents' blessing. One day a letter came ing it, it seemed as if the very sun was blotted from the heavens, so dark, so utterly dark was the cloud it threw over our lives. Our Harry was dead! But he died as brave man dies in trying to rescue another from drowning, but even that thought did not make the blow less bitter. The man he gave his life for was saved, but our boy was gone! Little comfort was there for us in the fact that the country rang with praises ged us to come and live near her, we complied. We sold the few things we hadthe great bulk of our property had gone to repay 'Willie's 'employer, for, James, you scorned to keep one cent till he was paid in full,-and moved in here. At that time it was a nice cosy little building, and May The old man shivered and drew a little helped deck it for her parents. But in a few months we were doomed to stand beside her dying bed, and to carry to the grave the After a short silence, she resumed: "And lifeless body of our last child, with her little babe dead on her bosom !"

A great sob burst from the old man, but the mother lay still with her eyes fixed as her face was drawn with the agony called forth by the recital. After a time both be-

above a whisper, she went on. "Old, poor, and childless, we returned to been properly encouraged in this country?" our home. It went from bad to worse. My reported through its Chairman as follows: health broke down, often you could not find "Dis committee didn't jump on dat query work, but we managed to live. Little by wil boaf feet all to once. We went slow. little our comforts were taken from us, and We looked into two city directories an'

what it will bring ?"

than spoke. her cheek as he did so.

every word was a caress. "I think-I will," she said feebly. "God him." bless-you-James!" and the poor old face turned toward the wall, but still the faith-

Time passed slowly. The old man was Time passed slowly. The old man was cold himself, et on gwine to bed at night, an' he wakes up quantity makes two large puddings, and chilled to the bone, and so cold himself, et on gwine to bed at night, an' he wakes up quantity makes two large puddings, and that he did not notice how cold the hand he was holding was growing. He was roused

"Mary!" he whispered huskily, but no answer came from the still figure. " Mary !" This time a heart's agony was

show it was heard. He rose unsteadily, and leaned over the bed so he could see the face of his wife. Cold, white as marble it gleamed, but a look

"Oh, God!" he gasped, falling back upon the rickety stool, and then his head sank "I can't help it, dear," she answered down on his chest, and he sat there, silent, sat there still, in the same attitude. Daywindow, but he never moved; midday was manner that it must go off and hurt somerung from the city clocks, but he sat there one if another attempt was made. Other

> In the afternoon, some kind Samaritan, found his way to the house, intent on helping the aged inmates to a few comforts. He knocked at the door, no answer. He knocked again, still no answer, so he opened it and stepped inside. What a sight met | p. m. his gaze !

The old man still sat on the stool, holding his wife's hand, but both were dead, and had been for hours. For them all cold, and hunger, and sorrow had passed away for-

Their last Christmas Eve had ushered them into the most glorious joys, they had entered the company of saints and angels. Let us reverently drop the curtain and

pass out, but, let us also never forget, that ' the poor and needy ye have always with

THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

When the janitor of the Lime-Kiln Club opened the doors of Paradise Hall on Saturweekly meeting he found evidences of another attempt on the part of unknown scoundrels to wreck and destroy the headquarters of the club. This is the thirteenth attempt a huge roast of beef, a roast pig, with crisp, in six years to wipe out Paradise Hall, and in no case has any clue been found to lead to the guilty wretches. In the present instance oped in its blue flame, always seemed to me it appeared that they effected entrance by like an apparition from a fairy tale, and I one of the alley windows in the library. With a spite born of a lifetime of degradation, the fiends tore up and destroyed 285 almanacs of the date of 1880, and twenty-Another silence followed, more pathetic two annual reports of as many State prisons. ington into the middle of last week, broke the sacred sword of Bunker Hill in two, and entered the main hall, poured kerosene over have started a conflagration had not some alarm driven them off.

The janitor had both bear traps and two spring-guns set, but the fellows seemed to know where danger lurked and avoided it the alley the evening previous, and one of white man in the country who limps, and

POOR CRITTERS.

"When you come to size mankind up in all de details, de result am sumthin' to make you feel miserable," said Brother Gardner, as the meeting was called to order.

"In my time I has known a poet whose varses brought tears to my eyes an' made de has a very charming effect at night. heart bulge out, an' yet dat poet left the snow on his sidewalk fur de public to wade frew, an' he sot cross-legged on de street kyar an' spit terbacker all ober the floo'. "I has know a philanthropist to send off his check to an orfan asylum, an' send coal an' flour to desarvin' but destitoot fam'lies, an' on dat same day he would giv his hired

man twelve cents fur a shillin' an' charge de

hired gal fur breakin' a tea-cup. "I has known a statesman whose influence could make or unmake a party-whose speeches war' read an' re-read-whose dignity in public was dat of an iceberg-I has known sich a man to climb up on de alley fence an' wrangle wid an ash peddler who had taken two bushels and a half of ashes and wanted to pay fur only two bushels. "I hev read the writin's of a author who

seemed to feel a sympathy fur de hull world, an' yit I seen dat same purson threaten de arrest of a seben-y'ar ole boy on de street who axed him for alms.

"I hev read de writin's of a man who claimed to sit on de high pedestal of complacency an' look down upon de turmoils of the world widout a shade of annoyance. hev met dat same pusson in de alleys at night wid a lighted candle in hand to look fur a nickel which his child lost, an' de way he took on ahout dat trifle was 'nuff to bust de biler of a twenty hoss-power engine.

"We am all hypocrites. We am all twosided. We hav got one face fur de public an' anoder fur private life. To sum us all up an' bile us down, we am all poo' critters an' a mighty long ways off from anythin' like perfeckshun. Let us now purceed to our reg'lar purceedin's."

AGRICULTURAL.

The Committee on Agriculture, to whom came more composed, and in a voice scarce was submitted the inquiry from the Secretarv of State of Illinois: "Has the turnip

"to-morrow is Christmas Day, who knows States. He has, indeed, bin 'lowed to separately, and laid on afterwards. Ex-States. He has, indeed, bit in de liveliest not get too dry; and if necessary hat it will bring?"

to hustle de squash about in de liveliest not get too dry; and if necessary, add more of the gravy. manner. Fur a wegetable which contains of the gravy. He bent and kissed her, a tear falling on minety per cent. water and ten per cent. of lum, de turnip has got along for better "Try and sleep, Mary," he said, and dan could be expected by de man grafted a cucumber to a beet

JUDICIARY. The Committee on Judiciary reported in ful husband sat holding the hand of his wife, favor of a new section to the law regarding piece of butter the size of an orange; about burglary the section to read as follows:

"In case a husband has \$1.60 in his pockin de mawnin' to find all but ten cents may be kept a month. Steam slices as it is gone, while de house shows no evidence of a forcible entry, an' de ole woman begins to talk about buyin' a welwet sacque, the presumpshun shall be dat de wife got up in de hand it ober de sentence shall be ninety days in de cooler."

The Rev. Penstock objected to the report being accepted, asserting that it was a slur on the honesty of the female sex.

"If de female sex doan' want to be slurred dey mus' let our pockets alone," said Brother Gardner. "I has bin a frequent wictim to sich mysterious transactions, an I believe de time has arrove when a pa'r o' pantaloons hung across a bedroom cha'r at night should be held as sacred as de knobs on a church doah. De report will be accepted an' de amendment forwarded to de nex' Legislachur to be atced upon."

A VIGILANCE COMMITTEE.

Giveadam Jones then brought up the of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of salt, matter of the hall having been broken into, two or three tart apples. Peel and slice the and suggested that 1,000 pounds of dynamlight struggled in through the miserable ite be purchased and spread about in such a usual manner and stir the sliced apples in it. suggestions were made and discussed, but the matter was finally decided by the appointment of a vigilance committee, which will watch the hall for the next month and open fire from the horse-pistol on everything moving in the alley after 7 o'clock

The meeting then adjourned.

HOUSEHOLD.

Christmas Din'ng.

I have still a savory remembrance of the Christmas dinners, which were also family reunions, at. the "old homestead," when I was a child. For days previous the preparations had been going on. Oysters were pickled, mince, pun p in, pple pies and tarts were made; tongues and hams boiled; crullers, doughnuts and fruit-cake were fried and baked, and a barrel of cider made ready to be broached.

Being a favorite grandchild, I often spent this week in the dear old house, and a week morning of the eventful day, the smell of savory cooking filled the house. The dinner itself was a banquet-turkeys, chicken pies, tawny crackling, and vegetables and sweets innumerable. The plum pudding, envelhalf expected to hear grandma murmuring words of incantation over it.

Dining, however, has changed with the times, and the old-fashioned Christmas dinner is almost a thing of the past. A description of a dinner given in Cooper's "Pioneers," shows us the art of dining as it was understood nearly two hundred years ago, and despite its rude lavishness, has no unappetizing sound. To-day we unite French skill and refinement with Canadian wealth of resources, and produce a gastronomic whole not to be equaled in any other coun-

Raw oysters, or tiny little clams are a pleasant beginning to a feast of this kind, but may be dispensed with. If they are served, let them be on the shell, and very cold, with quarters of lemon and wafers, or very tiny squares of buttered brown-bread (Boston brown-bread). A very pretty fancy, where it can be carried out, is to serve them in a block of ice. Take a ten-pound piece and melt with a hot flat-iron a cavity in the top to hold the oysters, season them, place them in the ice, and let them remain in a cold place until wanted. The ice should be so shaped at the base that it will stand on a large platter, on which should be placed a folded napkin. Decorated with smilax, and a row of quarters of lemon at the base, it

If soup is served at all, let it be a very little bouillon, consomme, or amber soup. As amber soup is served at so many company dinners, I will give the recipe.

Take an old chicken, or the carcass of one or more roasted ones, break it in pieces, add a ten cent soup bone, and three quarts of water. Cook slowly for four hours, then add an onion fried in a little hot fat, with six cloves stuck into it, half a small carrot, parsley, and three stalks of celery, and cook used as a "pocket clock." The earliest another hour. The stock should have been known use of the modern name occurs in the reduced by boiling to two quarts. Strain record of 1552, which mentions that Edinto a large cake bowl, and the next day re- ward VI. had "one larm or watch of iron, move the cake of fat; take out the jellied the case being likewise of iron gilt, with stock, avoiding the settlings, which will do two plummets of lead." The first watch for some sauce or gravy; let it heat, and mix may readily be supposed to be of rude execuinto it the beaten white and shell of an egg; tion. The first great improvement—the skim off carefully, and strain through a fine substitution of springs for weights—was in strainer. It may then be heated when 1560. The earliest springs were not coiled, wanted, and a tablespoonful of caramel add- but only straight pieces of steel. Early ed for a richer coloring.

A game pie is a very nice thing to have on wound twice a day, they could not be exhand at Christmas; and, unless it is a very pected to keep the time nearer than fifteen large one, is not likely to stay on hand long. or twenty minutes in twelve hours. The It may be made from pheasants, partridges, dials were of silver and brass; the cases had grouse, or quail, but is better if made of no crystals, but opened at the back and two or more kinds of game. Clean the front, and were four or five inches in dibirds; cut the largest ones in four pieces, ameter. The plain watch cost \$1,500, and and the quails in two. Trim off all the in- after one was ordered it took a year to make ferior portions, necks, and lower ribs, and | it. put them, with the giblets, into a saucepan, with a pint and a half of water; stew for an hour; meantime make a good paste and line the bottom and sides of a large, deep pudding-dish with it. Lay the pieces of birds in, and cover with tiny slices of salt pork; season each layer well, and make a forcemeat with a little finely-minced salt pork,

the livers of the birds-which will be tender by this time, sweet marjoram, thyme, minced paraley, and a half cup of bread- the Bromo volcano in Java takes place the crumbs, the whole slightly warm milk. Spread a land cup of bread- the Bromo volcano in Java takes in the hot natives kindle their firewood by the hot warm milk. Spread a layer of this force- lava as it flows down the mountain, and lava as it flows down the mountain, Should meat over each layer of pieces of birds, and keep the fire thus obtained for years. Should when the dish is people full when the dish is nearly full, strain the it go out, through neglect or accident, they gravy, season with mit melt and strain the it go out, through neglect or matches, but gravy, season with salt, pepper, and a glass never kindle it anew from matches, but of wine, and nour into the contract of a glass. of wine, and pour into the pie. Put on the they get a light from their nearest neighbor, upper crust, cut a hole in the light from the light from the light from the years have glided away and find us to-night where histories, an' we talked wid seberal without a bite to eat in the house, or a stick farmers who knew de turnin from his in the house, or a stick farmer his his in the house, or a stick farmer his in the house his in the his in the house his in the without a bite to eat in the house, or a stick farmers who knew de turnip from his into keep us warm. James, it is more than I fancy up to ole aige. It am our conclusions sing touch of the hand once more stilled the wife's sorrow.

It is more than I fancy up to ole aige. It am our conclushun, with a piece of white paper if it threatens bursts, in the native cooking places, were based upon pashient investigation, dat do not be sold upon pashient investigation. based upon pashient investigation, dat de turnip has had a far show in de United to brown too fast. Ornament the top of the all obtained from the Bromo eruption of all obtained from the Bromo eruption of all obtained from the Bromo eruption of the state of the stat "Mary, dear," said the old man gently, turnip has had a far show in de United pie with fleaves cut from the pastry, baked 1832.

REGLISH CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDENG. Two pounds of mining, two pounds of currants, one-fourth pound of citron or lemon. peel, one tea-cup of sugar, two thick slices of bread crumbled fine, seven eggs, a teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nut. meg grated; two pounds of beef suet, a two pounds of flour. Mix it all with milk or water and boil four hours in a bag. This wanted, and eat with a sauce.

Christmas Receipts.

Doughwurs.—One pint of dough, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two eggs, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one-half teaspoon of soda, nutmeg to flavor. Mix thoroughly and place near the fire to rise, Fry in hot lard.

FRUIT CAKE [by request] .- One pound of sugar, one pound of flour, one pound of butter, nine eggs, three pounds of currants, two pounds of raisins, ten ounces of citron, one ounce of mace, one ounce of nutmeg, one and a half ounces of cinnamon, one teaspoonful of cloves, one teaspoonful of ginger, one and a half wine-glasses of brandy.

APPLE FLAPJACKS.—Two cups of sweet milk, two cups of flour, three eggs, one tablespoon of melted butter, one teaspoon apples very thin. Make the batter in the Fry in hot lard and butter the full size of the spider. Pile on a plate as fried, spreading butter and sugar flavored with nutmeg, between them and on top. Serve hot, cut as pie.

A HOLIDAY PUDDING.—One pound of the best butter, one pound of suet, carefully freed from strings or skins, chopped fine. one pound of sugar, two and one-half pounds of flour, two pounds of raisins, seeded. chopped and well dredged with sifted flour, two pounds of currants, well washed, one. fourth pound of citron cut fine, twelve eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one pint of milk, one cupful of brandy, half an ounce of cloves, half an ounce of mace, two grated nutmegs. Beat the butter and sugar to a cream, beat in the well-whipped volks. next stir in the flour alternately with the beaten whites, then spice, and the brandy and milk. Dredge the fruit well with flour and mix it all thoroughly. Boil five hours.

Christmas Ballad.

The storm is up on the lonely moor. The wind is wailing and low: My father hastened to fasten the door, To keep out the blinding snow.

He fasten sit well with bolt and lock, He shuts it with might and main; As if there were never to be a knock To-night at the door again.

My mother sits knitting with earnest zeal; So swiftly her fingers go, The stocking has almost reached the heel: But my heart is weary and low. I know in the village below just now,

They are ringing the Christmas chime; That the youths bring in the misletoe bough, And the maidens are singing the rhyme. I care not for all their music and mirth, I care not for all their glee;

There is one who sits by the lonely hearth, And all for the love of me. The flames flash up in their airy play, Sunning the cottage wall;

My father sits in his own arm chair, His handkerchief over his head. My mother looks up as the spiteful clock,

But my heart is over the moor away,

With none to answer its call.

It is almost time for bed. O mother, blest with such loving years, O father—placid in sleep; Little ye knew of the blinding tears,

That my full heart cannot keep.

Well may I sit in the shadow and grieve, For I passed him in scorn and pride; When he asked me to be on this Christmas ere, His plighted and chosen bride.

The storm hurried on more fierce and high,

The snow fills the topmost pane; My latest hope is just passing by— Will he never come back again? But listen! I hear the gate's quick swing-

A step on the snowy track; The bounding feet and the hurried spring My throbbing heart, go back. I see his face in the ruddy lgiht,

O maidens wish me a Christmas bright-

I hear his welcome cheer;

A new and happy year!

The First Watch.

At first the watch was about the size of a dessert plate. It had weights, and was watches had only one hand, and, being

A tramp got on the Air Line Railroad track near Simcoe, waved his hands, and stopped an express train. When asked by the conductor why he had stopped the train he replied that he had done it for a joke. He was arrested, tried, and given three months to work out the joke to its. legitimate conclusion.

It is said that whenever an eruption of

" And such is hu It glimmers like Yet is the tale, br And full, methi As any that the w As any of old, in To minstrel har

i wheat 65 to

It was Christn I remember well with a mantle of which had set in ended in a heavy of the evergreen Elliott mansion of the fleecy cov laden, while the in icicles on the winter had strip so the great droc and the weeping hung with crysta in the morning s the prismatic col tiful is the only will express the f artistic had Jac window panes an the home of the with fantastic sha bery with crysta like some fairy l The little snow

its reality had co Shakespeare says " Icicles hang And Dick, the sh And Tom bring And milk comes

their hiding place

the air in whirli

Old James, the in cheerful mood, his broad snow-sh snow-fall of the se lar nor'easter and vious night had badly, but the bi jor, evidently the the drifts and ro them glorious fun amusement and a of his friend old J mas morning. It was easy to s city were heavily

along on their way but cheerily singi merry tinkle of th Brightly the ch distance, whilst t ward from a thou a great city just the gladdest day It was indeed a that the observer

vendors with the

The mansion q the most pretent private residence Avenue, one of t the beautiful city for then the pala knight and magn Pacific Railway The stranger v up his mind that

and refinement w characteristics of Avenue, and the trade and comme and to whose sta no stranger, for said by any dist stranger and ye Such is the sc none more char But let the rea

a summer visit great docks and with ocean ves flying the penar Let him calcu of several conver its crowded busi its trade and est value its miles u streets, its mag through the b slopes, dotted ev residences of its

walk through it

tories, visit its l

tions, and estima

they represent,

describes the gr the Dominion. The night bef happy Christma The family cons whose long a whitened by winters, whose spent in mer industry, intelli and stock farm and established we now find it. the estate and training was a j in extensive adjacent city. sonification of a thrifty housewi the home, and enjoyed the lov

household. The children; Pero ten summers, calling "Dewd him that his litt Hair," a sweet descended from and had been morning half h garden.

On this Chis ness in the tow store for papa turn home tog than usual the of customers tl ing their holid arranged that at home for stories while n "Now, Gr children all al put them in th