

The Young Folks.

**CHRISTMAS WITH MY OLD MOTHER**

Oh! I never feel so happy as on last Christmas night.

Coming over the little home where mother lies,

The family seemed of boyhood and the window's light.

And the joyous time gives

Kager fingers tingled gladly as I opened the gate.

And the feet, impatient, hurried to the door.

But the old, simple, footed, and her love remained well;

"On the threshold mother met me as she was

to make it, "she said.

Oh! I clasped her by the bosom, as she used to

clasp her boy.

With her tears and loving kisses answered mine,

Then whaled me to the table, where the good things kept for me were

Were waiting with the chair of solid lang

avocados.

The festival begins with Christmas Eve

and closes with Candlemas Day. The

great customs of decorating the house-

hold have been carried on for many

centuries. It probably originated with the Saturnalia of the old Romans. They adorned their houses and dwellings with the green boughs. The favorite decorations were holly, rosemary, bay, laurel, and cypress. Holly has continued to remain the favorite Christmas green through the course of ages. In the year 600 its use was forbidden by the church council, because of its paganistic origin. Whether the decree was neither enforced nor obeyed, for it is estimated that over a million dollars are spent annually in Europe and America for Christmas holly.

As she mentioned everything I liked, and how to make it,

Herrings, for they thought my place was still a child;

Cakes and jellies, home-made candy and every sweet thing.

Household items with care and the smile.

Oh! I assured a very boy again, as we sat talking there,

"And she told me how she'd thought of, prayed for me."

How I'd had a joy and comfort to her all her widow life;

And her spirit, like an angel's, I could see,

How in every whistling boy I passed along,

She had love-waited for me all the years;

Then, rising from the table, she would stand羞羞答答地

as she recited a blessing on me a blessing through her tears.

When I went to bed she came to me and tucked the covers round,

In the dear old way that only mothers know,

Oh! I'm so blessed, peaceful, and so full of rest,

That all silent come my glad hearts overflow,

Happy, grateful, joyful tears I shed; eyes closed myself to sleep.

Dreamed in a heavenly dreamland free from care,

In my boyhood home and bed again, the covers tucked around,

Hesitated by my dear old mother's prayers.

**THE CHRISTMAS GOOSE.**

"Good morning, boys and girls," said the Christmas goose, as she looked upon a spot of green grass in a sheltered corner of the garden. "It seems good to find a little patch of ground out here in the cold."

I wonder if anybody is going to give me a Christmas present, for your father came out here yesterday and pointed to me and said I was the best one of the flock. I hope they're going to give me something good—a half pack of corn, or a tender, juicy little green frog."

The children did not quite understand good language but they knew from the tone of the goose's voice that she was feeling quite cheerful that morning. They knew that their father had talked of killing her for Christmas dinner, and this made Mary feel sick.

"She's such a good old goose," said Mary. "It seems a pity when everybody else is getting presents that she's got to be killed."

"Good for nothing but to eat," said the hard-hearted John.

"Hush!" said the old goose, looking toward John. "I hope he's mean enough, I'll make him sick some day, see if I don't." And I wish I could give Mary a nice Christmas present."

So, though the good old goose was sent up for Christmas, and she did make John sick for a week or two, the tender hearted that he was sick all night, and also made Mary a nice present, for her crop they found the peafowl safe—all safely served, which Mary had lost the week before.

**BIT OF PATHOS AT CHRISTMAS-TIDE.**

There is a little girl of six who has proved herself one of the ministering children not in name only. A few weeks after the baby of the family died, the children as well as the mother had looked forward to hanging up the baby's stocking at Christmas with a great deal of pleasure. But the loss of the baby brought such anguish to the mother that she decided to have no Christmas celebration of any kind. On Christmas Eve as the family sat in partial darkness, regarding their loss with all its dire consequences, a tender little voice pierced the gloom:

"Mamma, isn't there any Christmas in heaven?"

"Yes, darling," answered the weeping mother, "it is always Christmas there."

"Then, why don't you keep it here?" persisted the little girl. "You make believe baby isn't dead, and hang up her stocking," mamma, an't he all have Christmas just the same and be happy like she is."

The child's wisdom prevailed against the unfeeling sorrow of the mother, and the little ones are happy and busy filling the stocking of the baby who will keep Christmas in heaven."

**CHRISTMAS.**

"Bound, trumpet! Strike alarm drums!" Room for the Holiday King! Hail for Christmas! MDCCXCV!

Let the people go to him to sacrifice and ascend—make (temperate) libations before him. Lay thyself and the flesh of sheep upon his altar, and let the royal oil burn in his honor accorded in presenting wreaths therefrom, and let the sacred remembrance availed by his presence. See the dazzling gifts brought by his First Lord of the Bedchamber, the holy Saint Nicholas, who not only beautified Childhood's Dreamland with fairer pastures than Queen Mab ever fashioned out of air, but actually fulfills the visions of the night with the treasures of toydom's modeling.

Laugh, girls and boys—laugh and shout! The ideal Christmas is found not in the land of flowers, but in the snowbound, rugged country of the north. Without frosty air, long stretches of hills and meadows covered with snow, ponds and lakes encrusted with ice, within, roaring fire of history wood, halls ringing with the shouts of children and tables loaded high with the good things of life—these are the essentials which seem essential to the complete enjoyment of the great feast of the church.—New York Herald.

**CHRISTMAS BELLS.**

"Oh, Christmas, merry Christmas! It is really come again, With its promises and greetings. With its joy and its pain?" There's a mist in the air, And a shadow in the light, And a spray of cypress twining With the holly wreath-to-night.

And the holly is never broken By lambs' light and low And lambs' low in the starlight To the "lauds across the snow."

—Hansel.

**CHRISTMAS LORE.**

The custom of burning the yule log has been transmitted to various parts of the world. During the feudal times many a ponderous block of yule has been dragged to the spacious hearth in noble halls. All wayfarers bowed their heads in reverence as the great log was triumphantly borne into the forest. Its entrance was hallowed with anointing.

"Come, bring with a noise,

My merry, merry joys,

The Christians must be bringin'.

—Wise old dame, she,

Hide ye all be true,

And drink to your hearts' desiring!"

The yule or Christmas candle lent cheer to this festive occasion. Sometimes after half the log had been burned the remaining half was extinguished with a sprig of holly, rosemary, or bay, to prevent fire and misfortune. It was considered an evil omen if a squatting or a barefoot person happened in the room while the log was burning, and the presence of a flat-footed woman foreboded great loss and sorrow.

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**NOTES HERE AND THERE.**

Items of General Interest to Friends.

Health in Six Hours.

-Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "Great South American" Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its remarkable properties in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, and every part of the urinary passage in man and female. It relieves indigestion, water and pain, in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief send for this in your remedy. Sold by J. V. KANNANIN, Actor.

The Golden Rule of housework is make an extra work; have a system of living, and every thing for everything and to every thing in its place.

Mr. Galateo, Chemist, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parke's Pill according to directions under the heading of Dyspepsia or Indigestion. One box entirely cured me. I now eat anything I choose, without distressing my bowels in the least." These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

It God had intended the human stomach for whiskey, He would have lined it with

an all following.

Consumption follows neglected colds.

Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, asthma, sore throat, bronchitis and lung troubles. Price 25c and 50c.

Some men are so stingy they take very long breaths to keep from wearing out their lungs.

Oh! What a Cough!

Will you heed the warning? The signal perhaps is the sure approach of that most terrible disease Consumption. Ask your selves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50c, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Hillock's Cure will cure your cough. It never fails. Sold by J. V. Kannanin.

BURDOCK PILLS act gently yet thoroughly on the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

Mr. Johnson comes home from school 3:30 P.M. "Yes, sir?" "Have you seen him?" "No, sir." "Then how do you know he's home?" "Cause he's under the stove, son."

What Part?

Burdock Blood Bitters purifies and regulates the system, thus curing Dyspepsia, Constipation, Sore Throat, Headache, Coughs, etc.

Used Externally, It Cures Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Sprains, Fractured Limbs, Frostbite, etc.

Used Internally, It Cures Coughs, Bronchitis, Croup, Coughs, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Dropsey, &c.

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