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Poetry. CHRISTMAS CAROL. They are ringing, they are ringing, Our merry Christmas bells,

Be our ways of life so varied, Be our fortunes poor or bright, Hand in hand with all our brothers, We are one at least to-night.

Not the noble in his mansion, Nor the sovereign on her throne, Nor the beggar in his hovel Will enjoy themselves alone.

We all seek the kindly greeting Of some dear, familiar face; We all know that hermit feeling For to-night is out of place.

But one night! Why not for ever, Should we bind the golden chain That shows man his poorest fellow Was not sent to earth in vain?

That each sorrow hath a purpose, That each gift hath an alloy, That ever finely balanced Are the scales of grief and joy.

Spare a little, then, ye rich ones, From your laden coffers now; Bring to poverty a sun-ray, Bring a smile to sorrow's brow.

Take it gratefully, ye toilers, Toiler's up earth's weary hill; 'Tis a green spot in your desert, 'Tis a good spring 'mid your ill.

Yes, be rich and poor united, 'Tis most grand in Heaven's sight, And a blessing, not earth's blessing, Is on all the world to-night!

Literature. THE SALTWYND ROCKS, OR LEILA READE'S LESSON.

"It's the loveliest sight I ever beheld!" exclaimed Leila Reade, the long, dark lashes drooping over her blue, thoughtful eyes, from which

And Leila was right—it was indeed a bright picture, framed in the gold of the cloudless horizon, the great sea floating like a floor of diamonds, beneath wreaths and columns of rainbow-tinted mist,

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"My dear! when have you been asked to deny yourself lately? I think the denial has all been on the other side," said Mrs. Ellis, with grave reproach in her tones.

"O, I know you consider Philip a perfect paragon!" said Leila pointing a little.

"I consider him the best and most indulgent of husbands to a spoiled and capricious wife," said Mrs. Ellis. "Indeed, my love, I sometimes question whether a little more restraint would not better suit your peculiar character, than—"

"Anny! what an idea! It is a husband's business to indulge and amuse his wife, and if Mr. Philip prefers to remain sulking at home, and enact the role of interesting invalid, why I dare say Charles Grey or young St John will escort me in his stead!"

"Leila!" said her aunt warningly, but Leila bounded away down stairs, with a laugh that was half defiant.

"Where's Reade?" surely he is not going to desert our party?" said Hervey St. John.

"I don't know, I'm sure," returned Leila.

"Allow me to be your cavalier pro tempore, fair lady," said St. John gallantly.

Leila allowed him to carry her white parasol, and rested her hand lightly on his arm, but she looked round uneasily for her husband, nevertheless. As the party passed out into the piazza, Philip Reade joined them.

"I supposed you were not coming!" said Leila, in reply to his inquiring glance. But she never came to his side, or beckoned him to join her—the momentary pique had not yet passed away.

The sun hung a broad shield of living fire just above the margin of the sea, trailing its long ribbon of gold across the ripple and sparkle of the waves, and the group of pleasure-seekers, their tiny baskets filled with withered sea-mosses and shells and rainbow pebbles, were slowly returning, under the shadow of Saltwynd Rocks, a mass of white, overhanging stone, whose vine-draped crests hung over the beach like a canopy, and in the clefts and crevices of which gleamed seaweeds and silvery ridges of sand, left there day after day by the waves which swept its base at high tide.

Why, Leila, what have you done with that lovely pink shell?"

"Oh, here is Mrs. Reade," said one of the group, a gay young girl with the rings of her chestnut brown hair blown all about her rosy face by the salt touch of the brisk sea-breeze.

"My dearest Leila, have you forgotten all about our expedition for shells and sea-anemones? Get your bonnet and parasol this minute, for we cannot possibly organize the ramble without you!"

"Is it time to start? oh, my treacherous memory! laughed Leila, clasping her hands in mock despair. "But indeed, Minnie, I won't keep you waiting five minutes. Come, Philip."

"I thought you had decided not to go out to-day love," said Mr. Reade, with a slight shadow of disappointment on his brow. "My head aches a little, and—"

"O, nonsense—I am afraid you are getting hypochondriacal, Philip. This delicious air is invigorating in itself, and you'll feel all the better for an animating walk," said Leila, gayly, as she tripped away to her room.

Mrs. Ellis, her quiet, undemonstrative aunt, was sitting reading by the window; she looked up in some surprise as Leila caught her gipsy hat from the bed.

"Are you going out this morning, Leila?"

"Yes, aunty."

"But I thought, my dear, persisted the old lady, that Philip would feel rather more like staying at home. I do not think he is very well to-day—those headaches, you know, that he is subject to—"

"Philip is a dear good fellow, aunty, but rather whimsical—in fact, he has never entirely got over some of his old bachelor notions," said Leila, laughing, as she drew the white barge shawl round her shoulders, and fastened it with a spray of pearls—one of her bridal gifts. "And of course, I can't be expected to deny myself every pleasure on his account."

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Why, Leila, what have you done with that lovely pink shell?"

exclaimed one of the ladies. "I do not see it in your basket!"

"My shell—I must have lost it!" said Leila. "Oh, what a pity! No, I remember now, I had it upon that little point of land where the chestnut trees grew. I remember laying it down with my parasol, and when I took up the parasol I forgot all about the shell."

"Shall I go back after it," said St. John.

"No—my husband will go, Philip—you know where I laid it down."

Philip Reade smiled and nodded, swung himself lightly round the edge of the rocks and was gone before Leila could consider the thoughtlessness of her demand.

"Why, he won't overtake us until we are home!" said St. John.

"Do you think not?" said Leila rather anxiously, shading her eyes with her hand, a moment. Then recovering her gaiety of demeanor, she took St. John's arm again, and resumed the conversation which had been interrupted by the discovery of the loss of the shell.

Sunset had faded into the orange glow of twilight—the evening star rode high above the glimmering sea and Philip Reade had not yet returned. Leila, unwilling to acknowledge even to herself how uneasy she was at his protracted delay, was standing on the balcony which opened from her own room, straining her eyes for a glimpse of his coming figure, when voices on the piazza below attracted her attention.

"Three hours ago," said an old fisherman, who was in the habit of lounging about the hotel, "and he would have been here long since if he had taken the path over the hill. But he never would be wild enough to return by the Saltwynd Rocks."

"Why not?" said Vernon Hart, a gentleman who had been of the party that day.

"The tides—Saltwynd Rocks are impassable after sunset—the water comes up like a deluge."

"But I am sorry to say that we were none of us aware of there being any other route than that at the foot of the Saltwynd Rocks," said Vernon, "and I very much fear—"

"Good Heavens!" ejaculated the old man, suddenly starting to his feet, "it can't be possible—he couldn't have been insane enough to attempt crossing on those slippery rocks, with the tide rushing in like a whirlpool! It's just the way young Etherege was lost, there, just three years ago, come next midsummer—as fine a young man as I ever set eyes on, and bold as a lion—but—"

Leila Reade heard no more—she had rushed wildly down stairs and confronted the old man, catching at his arm with gasping, incoherent questions.

"My husband—tell me—"

"We have already sent out some men with a boat, Mrs. Reade," said Vernon, with a strange prophetic pity in his eyes. "Nothing more can possibly be done until we hear farther tidings. Try to compose yourself Madam—let us hope for the best!"

She threw off the kind hand which he had laid on hers, with passionate anger.

"He is dying—he is perishing, without a soul to aid him—my husband, and you stand here and bid me compose myself!"

She turned away from him with a face that was whiter than death, and began tying on her bonnet with trembling hands.

"Where are you going, Leila? My dearest, what strange fancy has possessed you now?" said her aunt, who had joined the group, with cheeks nearly as pale as Leila's own.

"To seek Philip—do not detain me!"

"My dear love, do not be so rash, so wild. We shall hear news, ere long."

"He is my husband—my other life! I tell you I will not stand here, idle!"

She impatiently disengaged herself from Mrs. Ellis's restraining hand, and tottered a few steps forward—then threw up her hands with a wild cry of despair.

"My feet refuse to carry me—my head swims! Oh, must I indeed remain here, to die of this sick, terrible suspense?"

Mrs. Ellis folded the agonised young creature tenderly in her arms, whispering words of comfort and encouragement. Leila turned despairingly from their very sound.

"It was my fault, it was all my mad folly! but oh! I never thought to be punished thus terribly. Oh, aunt, if Philip were but safe beside me once more, I never, never would cease to thank Heaven for its mercy!"

Mrs. Ellis was too judicious a nurse to attempt by word or action to check the burst of anguish, which alone could relieve the overburdened brain and heart she accompanied Leila to her room, and laid her gently on the bed, bathing the throbbing brow with fragrant cologne, and smoothing back the heavy golden masses of hair that had fallen from the amber comb.

Only once Leila spoke; it was to say, in accents of the deepest grief:

"It is useless, dearest Aunt—I cannot sleep—yet if my rashness has indeed murdered my noble-hearted, unselfish husband, I could wish to sleep and never wake again. I never knew—I never dreamed before, how unworthy I was of his priceless love!"

"We can only trust in Heaven," Leila, said Mrs. Ellis, with soft impressiveness.

"But I have brought down Heaven's anger upon myself!" wailed the girl. "O, aunt, the punishment is greater than I can bear."

"O, the unworded agony—the fluctuating hopes and fears of that awful night, as Leila alternately closed her eyes to see ghastly visions of drowning men and great waves sweeping dead corpses away as if they had been mere sprays of floating sea-weed, and opened them to ask eager questions which all met with the same discouraging reply—"

No tidings—no tidings of him who was dearer to her than all the living breathing world beside, and yet the stary constellations climbed the blue-black sky, and the sweet night winds stirred the clustering roses at the casement, as calmly as if their sight and sound made no discord with the anguished throbbings of a breaking heart!

"Is it nearly morning, aunt?"

"Past ten, my love."

"And—and the boats have not returned?"

"Not yet."

Leila turned her face to the wall with a low groan.

Try to sleep, Leila; this anxiety will wear you out. Remember that it is not time to expect any news yet."

"How shall I bear it when it does come?" she asked, in a hollow, unnatural voice, "how shall I endure to look upon his dead face, and remember who sent him to his death?"

"Leila! this is wrong!" She said no more—yet Mrs. Ellis knew that the dreadful phantasy yet haunted her brain.

Towards day-break, however, exhausted nature rebelled against this tax on her over-wearied powers and Leila fell into a deep, though feverish slumber. How long it lasted she had no means of knowing, but when she woke, the crimson sunrise was irradiating her room. Beside the table, apparently absorbed in the pages of some book, sat a figure which at first she deemed to be in some way connected with the dreams which yet swarmed through her fancy, but, unlike them, it did not vanish into thin air.

"Philip?"

"My dear little wife?"

He was at her side, with his arm round her neck—his dark, damp hair sweeping her pale cheek—no spectral ghost from the recesses of some deep-sea cave, but Philip's very self!

"Were you, indeed, so terribly frightened, my little, trembling dove? Surely you could not, for an instant, suppose that I would be rash enough to venture on returning through those stormy rising tides. No; when I saw the masses of foam dashing up against the rocks, I turned back and walked on to the next village—where I found an honest fisherman, who brought me round in his boat at the turn of the tide. I have been sitting here rather more than half an hour, wondering if you ever would wake up to bid me welcome. And by the way, love, here is the pink shell, it lay just where it you had dropped

it, looking like a rose-petal in the grass.

But Leila put it aside, shuddering; "Take it away Philip! hide it out of my sight! To think that your life was risked for a trifle like that!"

She clung in a sort of sick terror to his breast.

"Philip, will you take me home to-day?"

"Home, dearest? Certainly, if you wish it; but why?"

"I am weary of this gay whirl of folly; I can never bear to look upon the sea again. And hereafter, dear Philip, my husband's happiness shall be my sole study. I never dreamed how very much I loved you, dearest, until I fancied the cruel waves had torn you away from me forever. But oh, Philip, she added, with a shuddering shudder, "it was a terrible awakening from the idle dream of pleasure!"

"Terrible indeed, it had been; but Philip Reade, even while he soothed his wife's sobbing agitation with word and caress, could not entirely regret any occurrence that had revealed to him how deeply and tenderly he was beloved by Leila.

But she kept her word; and never, all her life long, forgot the slowly forgotten the slowly creeping hours of that terrible night when she deemed that Philip was drowned off the craggy rifts of Saltwynd Rocks!

GROWN PEOPLE'S TOYS.—We smile when children cram their little purses with shankless buttons, bits of earthenware, and the like, fancying the rubbish money. Our smile is kindly, but there is an air of pitying condescension about it, as much as to say, "poor little ignorant things, it does not take much to tickle them." But are they a whit more foolish than look-grown men and women? Look at the trumpery that tickles us. They can play in the dirt with their toys. Their fan is whole-souled, rollicking fun. They have no fear of their make-believe money being stolen or lost. No visions of breaking banks; no misgivings about risky investments keep them awake o' nights, or spoil their appetites by day. Silks and jewels give them no concern. When they play, they play with all their might, tumbling head over heels, perfectly oblivious of the rules of polite society and the exactments of etiquette. If the confectioner refuses to give them candy for their suppository coin, they pout a little, perhaps, but five minutes the disappointment is forgotten. We big folks, with our stocks and coupons, and bonds and mortgages, and cash in hand, have a thousand times the anxiety they have, and it is very doubtful if these evidences of wealth make us half as happy as the rudest playthings makes the children of the poor. The boy of ten who plays at hop-scotch, or pig-in-the-ring, on the side walk, might well be envied by the speculator, who gambles for a "golden chain or wooden leg," in the gold room or the stock market.

VARIETIES. Motto for a Hotel.—Boarders well bread here.

Good Residence for Trumpeters.—A cottage horry.

If a bee is stingy and a miser stingy, what is the difference?

Why are the curds like the opposite horse? Because they are over the whey.

A Truism for the Times.—The Ritualists ought to be Romanists by rites.

Why do we know that the first day was without sin? Because sin commenced at Eve.

People have ceased to talk about the moon being composed of green cheese, and now talk more of a honey moon.

What is the difference between a hearse and a still hear? One contains dead bodies and the other dead bodies contain.

What is the difference between a scolding wife and a young lady about to enter matrimony? One is always jawin' and the other is about to join.

"I give that girl a piece of mind," said a young fellow speaking of one who had jilted him. "I wouldn't," replied a bystander, "you've none to spare."

A dissipated and unmannerly nobleman, presuming upon his nobility, once asked Sir Walter Scott who sat opposite him at a dinner, what the difference was between Scott and sot. "Just the breadth of the table retorted Sir Walter.

Napoleon once entered a cathedral, and saw twelve statues. "What are these?" said the Emperor. "The twelve Apostles," was the reply. "Well," said he "take them down, melt them and coin them into money, and let them go about doing good, as their master did."

I wish you to be present, my dear, when the dentist comes, said Laura to her lord; "I desire that no one but you shall perceive my defects." "I cannot gratify you, my love, as I never can see any defects in one so perfect." That evening the dinner was remarkably well cooked.

An irrepressible boy of five years, who was compelled to keep very quiet on Sunday, having grown impossibly weary towards the close of a Sabbath day, frankly and honestly approached his excellent but overstrict father, and gravely said, "Pa, let's have a little spiritual fun."

"Sir," said one of two antagonists, with great dignity to the other, during a dispute which had not been confined to words, "you have called me a liar and a scoundrel, you have spit in my face, you have struck me twice. I hope you will not rouse the sleeping lion in my breast, for if you should, I cannot tell what may be the consequences!"