RY LORD LYTTON.

There is up death! The stars go down To rise upon some fairer shore, And bright in Heaven's jeweled crown They shine forever more.

There is no death! The dost we tread Shall change beneath the summer showers To golden grain, or mellow fruit, Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize, And feed the hungry moss they bear; The forest leaves drink daily life From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall, And flowers may fade and pass away-They only wait through wintry hours The coming of May day.

There is no death! An angel form Walks o'er the earth with silent tread And bears our best-loved things away, And then we call them "dead!"

He leaves our hearts all desolate, He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers; Transplanted into bliss, they now Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice whose Joyous tones Make glad these scenes of sin and strife, Bings now an everlasting song Around the tree of life.

Where'er he sees a smile too bright, Or beart too pure for taint and vice. He bears it to that world of light, To dwell in Paradise.

Born unto that undying life, They leave us but to come again; With joy we welcome them the same, Except their sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen, The dear, immortal spirits tread; For all the boundless universe Is life-THERE IS NO DEATH!

### HIS TURN.

It was the afternoon of the 24th of December, and John wrapped up in his new overcoat, was going down town, with a hop and a jump to spend ent. He was six years old, and as he went along he tried to whistle "Shoo Fly," like the big boys, and wondered to himself why Christmas didn't come more than once a year, and if heads peeping out of newspaper parcels, and fathers with a fat turkey by over their poultry, and workmen car- ry the baker's loaves for him.' rying green Christmas trees, and stopped to look into gay shop-windows said the urchin ruefully. and at the crowd of good-humored . It ain't mean to take Christmas and early twilight and the jostling, hurrying crowd bewildered him, and he struck out, by mistake, into a narrow alley, where he stopped, attracted by a ragged urchin, who was gazing chin. wistfully in at a bakers's holiday display of smoking loaves and tarts.

'I say, don't you almost taste 'em?' said the urchin, capering first on one chatting before the bakery window, bimself warm. 'They ain't anything to my moth-

ing the pantry at home. 'You ain't hungry, I'll bet?'

'No, but I'm going home to supper.' 'Wish I was!'

'Why don't you go then?' 'Cause there ain't any to go to.'

'No supper! Why, everybody has know! 'Christmas Eve? What's that?'

'Why, don't you know?' The night before Christmas,

When all through the house Not a creature was stirring, Not even a mouse.

quoted John, laughingly. 'When you hang up your stocking and Santa Claus comes riding over the housetops, when you are asleep, and puts presents in it! Christmas Eve, when the bells all ring, when-when-

night, All seated on the ground, The angel of the Lord came down, And glory shone around.

Why, you know it, of course. Every body knows it. It's in the papers rights. It's been ever since-ever since-I was born. Last year I had a top, and a drum, and a horn of candy !'

'I say, where'd you get 'em?' asked the other eagerly. What did he bring you?'

He's the chap for my money !'

'mong the icebergs and things.'

brought him a guinea pig onct.' is?' laughed John, not quite clear in and it is stated absolutely, without his own mind about the matter, but fear of contradiction that the force anxious to enlighten the darkened generated from a quart of water is sufmind of his neighbor, 'He isn't my ficient to propel an ocean steamer. uncle any more than he's yours or any Nor can it be limited except by the body's.'

said the other. 'I ain't never put eyes erated and applied." on him.'

'Neither have I,' said John. 'Noand the lamps are out and nobody's manity. It is the educator of the eve, doesn't he?"

there-but holes.'

ing?' cried John, 'Perhaps you didn't and human happiness. hang it up in the right place.'

' Never hung it up at all.' 'Oh! couldn't you reach? Why For several days, recently, he could didn't you get your mother to do it for not gout of his house, but 'he is bet-

' I ain't got any mother. Nothing but a Granny Patch-who ain't no Granny of mine neither-where I sleep in the garret.'

'No mother! How do you get along?" gasped John. 'Who tucks you into bed and hears your prayers, and puts out the light for you, and gets your Sunday clothes out of the drawer, and makes the Christmas pudding?" 'I guess nobody makes any pud-

ding for me, and I ain't got any other clothes in the drawer.' 'My!' said John beginning to doubt his ears. 'But you have the wishbone,

don't you?' brightening. 'The what?'

'The wishbone out of the Christmas turkey. Don't you know?'

'Don't have any turkey. I reckon Christmas ain't any different from most any other day down in this alley. Dunno nothing about it.'

'How awful!' said John. 'I'm dreadful sorry. I thought there was enough Christmas to go all round .-Perhaps,' thoughtfully-'perhaps I've The very sky took a softer blue, the sunbeam a radiance tender; had more'n my share. I didn't mean

A boy with no mother, and no other clothes, who don't hang up his stocking, nor have any Christmas dinner, nor any golden dream of Santa Claus, nor any Christmas promiseshow did he contrive to live?

' But you are going to hang up your stocking to-night, ain't you?' a-ked John, not fully pursuaded that he understood his own ears.

"Twouldn't be no use, unless they

was wet,' said the urchin. 'Anyway, you'll have a cake and some walnuts to-morrow. Everybody does, 'cause its Christmas, you know.' 'I guess Christmas don't come down this way. I'm going to help the baker carry home his beans and bread to-morrow, though; and he's going to give me a loaf, and maybe he'll throw in one of those tarts. Who knows?

his last coppers for a Christmas pres- I say, I wish 'twas to-morrow now.' ' And you ain't going to have any Christmas, but a loaf of bread? And no turkey, nor wishbone, and nothing in your stocking, and you're going to before he was born as he dodged the tell you what I'll do! You shall have Through wizard realms, where night and day in light and shade were blending W. H. MCCREERY. mothers hurrying home with dolls' a Christmas. I've had lots of 'em, and I guess it is your turn now. You shall go and have my Christmas, and the legs, and market women haggling I'll stay here and have yours, and car-

'Oh! I wouldn't be so durned mean!'

buyers and sellers. He was bound for presents, I tell you. Here, you just the silversmith's himself, to buy his put on my overcoat-'cause there ain't mother a real silver thimble, to save any other overcont at home; and you her gold one, and because he had run up to my home-you'll know it smelted the other in the shovel over by the fountain that doesn't the dining-room fire, in order to turn splash any more in the yard; and It into plowshares and pruning-hooks, you walk in at the end door-'cause with the aid of a bowl of cold water, may be your feet will be snowy-I do; thinking she didn't need two thim- and tell my mother you're going to bles and a sewing machine. He was have your turn, and you're going to going to put his purchase into her be me till after Christmas, and I'm stocking; and when she waked up in going to be you;' taking the silver the morning wouldn't she be surpris- thimble out of his pocket gingerly, ed and laugh to find another silver perhaps you had better say I sent thimble there, just where her toe this. But then it wouldn't be all your ought to be! After he had bought Christmas, would it? No, you may his present, the confusion street lamps give it to her your own self, and I'll carry the baker's loaves, and-'

' I'm afraid it will seem wuss a-coming back afterward,' sighed the ur-

And just then John's father and mother, who had just begun to miss him and to worry because he staid so late, suddenly pounced upon the two foot, and then on the other, to keep and carried them home to keep Christmas. And the urchin's turn had come indeed; and he never failed of a er's tarts,' answered John, remember- holiday after that, though he once said it seemed as if every day was Christmas since his turn had come.'-Inpendent.

## Church and State.

The Church must be content with being protected in its worship, and in supper. It's Christmas Eve, you the enjoyment of its own opinion: but it must be taught to beware how it attempts to interfere with the proper functions of the State. If it seeks to become a political party, it must expect to be treated as a partisan; and any political party which is willing to use the sectaman zeal of a particular church to promote its political power, becomes justly obnoxious to the suspicion of all other churches, if not to their opposition. The Democratic party, at the present time, lies under that imputation. If that party "When Shepherds watched their flocks by and the Catholic Church have conspired to acquire and share political power, they cannot complain that other sects or any other parties are becoming jealous of their

## The Keely Motor.

The Philadelphia Bulletin, editorially says: "We have just visited and 'Why, Santa Claus, he brought 'em. | seen the Keely motor in operation. The secrets and the workings of this 'Not a red! Where does he live? new engine, as well as the capacity of this new motive power or new force, 'Oh! he lives 'way off somewhere, have not been, and perhaps for some time will not be fully described. One 'Oh! I 'spose he's an uncle of yourn, thing, however, is certain.; the pow-Jim, in our alley, had an uncle who er used is cold vapor; it is generated without heat, without light or the use ' Don't you know who Santa Claus of chemicals, And it may be stated. strength of the materials composing 'He ain't nothing to me, no way,' the engine in which the force is gen-

The Republican party is the adbody sees him. He always comes af- vance guard of all reform, and of all ter dark, when the children are in bed great improvements that benefit hulooking. But he always puts some- people; this is apparent, from the thing into your stocking Christmas fact, that to-day all the measures it advocated fifteen years ago, nay, even 'I dunno. I never found anything ten years ago, are associated by the people, and admitted to based on those 'Neverfound anything in your stock- principles that underlie human justice

> Spurgeon is a sufferer from gout. ter now.'

### THE LEGEND OF THE MISTLETOE.

Old Santa Claus woke, one bright cold morn, In righteous indignation, And swore, in a way, we blush to say, Was shocking beyond relation, That he could not, would not, should not bear This state of things any longer; He'd soon find out, by his saintly beard, Which, he or Capid, were stronger!

Through star-rifts in his palace, And seen a sight that with reason might Enkindle a good saint's malice : Young Love had come from his tropic home, With flag and banners flying, To boldly reign in the Saint's domain, All right and might defying. The snow-drifts, catching his smile of light, with sunset hues were glowing; The brooklet, echoing his soft low laugh, from wintry chains was flowing The icicles shone on every tree with hues of prismatic splendor;

It seems that our Saint had earthward peeped

But worse than all-oh, far, far worse Than all this tribulation !-A dreadful spell on young folks fell In every clime and nation. The boy, whose hope in its farthest scope Was placed on his Christmas dollar, Now rhymed of doves, and sighed for loves, And sported a Byron collar; And girls-"Ah, the girls!" the good Saint groaned-

'Twas so altogether shocking: They dreamed of clothes and mustached beaux, Instead of a Christmas stocking! "All Cupid's work!" growled the irate Saint-"The graceless, gay young sinner: I'll lay my rod on that impish god Ere I eat my Christmas dinner. To beard me thus in my domain: The rogue is past redemption. I'll break his darts, I'll mend his hearts, Or I'll-" What, we need not mention. So Santa Claus donned the bear-skin coat Bequeathed him by Ursa Major,

And sniffed the north wind gladly; "Now," Santa Claus cried, "hurrah for a ride! These earth folks need me sadly." wear your every day clothes, and They skimmed the frozen polar sea, like a dart from cross-bow spinning; they'd ever get to coming oftener, and they've got-oh dear! I should hate O'er snow-clad plains they swiftly sped, like swallows southward winging;

Took something strong, for the way was long

His reindeer team shook their silver bells,

(Our Saint is a keen old stager).

Like flitting dream sped the reindeer team, The Saint cheering "Onward!" loudly, Till hoofs struck fire from tower and spire Where Cupid's flag floated proudly. Like summer rose glowed the saintly nose-The punch had been somewhat heady-His brow knit with ire, his eye flashed fire, He grasped his rod and made ready; Then, hiding his sleigh behind a cloud, And gathering his furs about him, With stately port into Love's own court

The Saint advanced to rout him.

The traitor's court was a crystal hall, Bedecked with wreaths and flowers: For Love had breathed o'er the sleeping earth And wakened the spring-time flowers, The holly twined round the gleaming dome, And hung o'er each lofty portal, While ivy leaves wreathed each taper bright, Like Love in its youth immortal. The youth and the maids of every age The traitorous god surrounding, Were hailing with joy the saucy boy-The tableau was quite confounding. Our good Saint muttered, in heart-felt wrath, An unsaintly exclamation; For Cupid, perched in a swinging wreath,

Was lord of the situation. "Why, who comes here?" quoth the laughing god. "Tis I," growled the Saint, with passion : "Tis Santa Claus, Christmas' long crowned king, Though now, it seems, out of fashion. Begone, young Sir: we've had quite enough Of your mad-cap court and revel; Now Santa Claus reigns in his own domains, And you may fly to the - !"

Our Saint here raised his threatening rod; The lad only laughed still bolder; Then leaping right from his garland bright, Came plump on the Saint's broad shoulder. "Most potent, grave, and reverend Sir (I quote a well-known poet), When I am, just let me know it.

Though I'm sometimes bought, I am never caught-You brought this rod to banish a god,', He cried, as he snatched it gayly; "And faith it stings; but I'm blessed with wings That save me from trouble daily.

Good father, your switch shall famous be: By way of retaliation, Old Santa Claus' rod I now declare My wand of administration. Each thorn to a verdant leaf shall grow,

Undying as Love's own bowers; Each snow-flake to berry waxen white As Hymen's festal flowers. The mistletoe bough, by Cupid's vow, Is spell-bound now and forever, And winter with icy touch shall ne'er The bloom from the branches sever; And under its shade each youth and maid Shall forfeit to Cupid's treasure The tax that he sips from rosy lips, And claims at his royal pleasure. So saying, he waved the mystic bough

Quite solemnly three times round him. What words can paint the wrath of our Saint He found that the spell had bound him. "You forget, Sir," cried the roguish god: "I gave you an honest warning. You'll find the kiss from each bright-eyed miss Most certainly not alarming."

In vain old Santa Claus stormed and swore:

What would have been maledictions Were lost 'mid the curls of threescore girls And changed into benedictions. They kissed him on lips, on cheek, on chin; His saintly old beard was bristling: They kissed, though he scowled - they kissed, he growled, Young Cupid in glee was whistling.

"Grace, grace!" at length roared the poor old Saint, In utter desperation; "Confound that bough! it would peril, I trow, St. Anthony's reputation."

"My arctic friend," cried the roguish boy, "I'm not so easily banished." Then flinging his rod at the laughing god, Our Saint up the chimney vanished.

## MORAL.

A moral is always-at least they tell me-The key of the archway, the pith of the tree, The dark, rugged root whence the bright blossoms grow, The strong, bitter suds whence the soap-bubbles blow: But not being much of a moralist's mind, It takes some hard thinking a moral to find. Our saint's sad experience just leads me to say, Young Love is a despot; so don't say him nav. Our wills are his plaything, our hearts are his throne: Since the rascal must rule us, why-let him alone.

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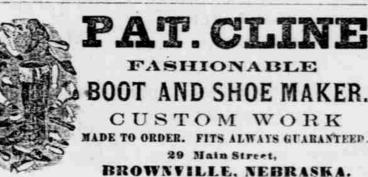
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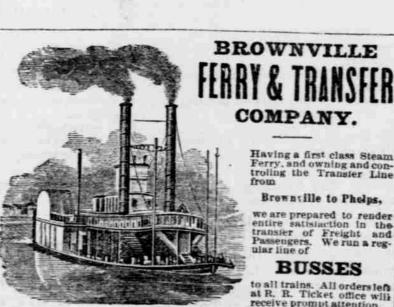
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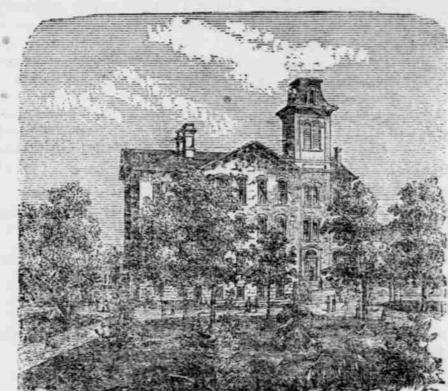
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