"'TISS ME DOOD-NIGHT."

Kate Thyson Marr.

"Pease, mamma, pease, tiss me dood-night,"
My blue-eyed love with sunny curls
Stood pleading 'tween her sobs and tears.
I said, "I can't kiss naughty girls."

I led her to her snowy cot,
"Pease, mamma, pease," she sobbed again,
"I won't be naughty any more."
I left her, all her pleadings vain.

I had been reared in Spartan school,
And deemed it duty to control
With rigid rule nor never knew
That love with love should sway the soul.

I heard her sob, my mother heart
With yearning filled, to soothe and cheer,
Yet I refrained, and in her sleep
My baby still lay sobbing there.

'Twas midnight, when I felt a touch—
A fever'd hand lay on my brow;
My white-robed baby pleaded still,
"Pease, mamma, pease, I tan't s'eep now."

All through that agonizing night
Delirious she moaned in pain,
The little broken heart still plead
For kisses that I gave in vain.

At dawn the angels hovered near;
She nestled close, and smiled, and said:
"I won't be naughty any more,"
And in my arms my babe lay—dead.

And I am old; the passing years
Have brought no comfort in their flight;
My heart still hears that sobbing cry,
"Pease, mamma, pease, tiss me dood-night."

WISE SAYINGS.

Talk of the Children.

A certain teacher of a class in a mission Sunday school has a difficulty task imparting scraps of religious instruction to her young charges, and often amusing answers are unconsciously returned to questions which she asks. On one occasion she asked her pupils:

"What do the high priests do?"

And received the reply:

"They burn insects before the people."

But one of the funniest experiences, which well shows the queer ideas which the children receive in their lessons, was given when, after a discussion of shipwreck which followed a lesson three or four weeks previously on the well known story of Jonah and the whale, she happened to ask:

"Suppose a big storm arose at sea, and it looked as though you were going to be drowned, what would you do?"

"I would throw a man overboard for the whale to swallow," was the reply.

An inspector of schools was one day examining a class of village school children and he asked them what was meant by a pilgrim. A boy answered, "A man what travels from one place to another." The inspector with elaborate patience, hoping to elucidate intelligence, said: "Well, but I am a man who travels from one place to another. Am I a pilgrim?" Whereupon the boy promptly exclaimed, "Oh! but please sir, I meant a good man."

"Now, Johnny," said Miss Spriggins, the school mistress, as she poised the gad above the bad boy's back for a moment, "I want you to remember that when I whip you, it is not because I enjoy bestowing punishment on you, but because I honestly desire to do you good."

"Huh!" retorted Johnny Squanch, in the weary tone of a blase man of the world; "that is what comes of a teller's allowin' a woman to git dead stuck on him."

Sunday School Superintendent—Can any of you tell me why Sunday is called a day of rest? Little Dick (holding up his hand)—I kin. It's 'cause we get up early and hurry through breakfas' so's to dress in time for Sunday school, and then hurry to Sunday school, so we won't be late, and then skip inter church 'fore the bell stops ringin', and then go home to dinner and get fixed up for afternoon service, an' then get supper an' go to bed so pa and ma can get ready for evening service. That's all we do.

Amiable Mother—Here, Tommy, is some nice castor oil, with orange in it.

Doctor (playfully)—Now, remember, don't give it all to Tommy; leave some for me.

Tommy (who has had some before)—Doctor's a nice man, ma; give it all to the doctor.

BY. L. E. CHITTENDEN.

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It was the night before Christmas that it happened.

Mary was sleeping soundly, for she was her father's housekeeper, and she, that day, in addition to her other duties, had washed and ironed, though she was so tiny she had to stand on a box to reach her tubs.

Beside that, she had to look after Tim and Pete.

Tim was her brother and he was a slight, pale little chap, who walked with a crutch.

Pete was a large, sullen-looking bulldog. Tim's inseperable companion.

He had come limping to the cabin, some months before this, lamed by a cruel blow, and Tim, with a feeling of pitiful sympathy, had fed him and washed his wound.

Pete responded to this with a love and devotion that showed itself in every wag of his ridiculous bunchy tail.

Mary had interceded with her father on Pete's behalf.

"Let him keep him, father do," she begged. "It'll save me a sight of worry, for Tim to have a dog to go round the woods with him and he can eat the scraps."

"But he looks like an ugly customer," said her father, looking the dog over.

"O, father, he's got a lovely disposition," said Tim. "Look at his eyes, just!"

And the father, after looking in Pete's pathetic eyes, said, "well, chap, keep him if you want."

They lived half a mile up the river, from the little town where were the lumber mills, in which their father was night watchman.

For a few days past, Mary and Tim had noticed an unusually worried look on their father's face.

"What worries thee, father?" said Tim that evening, after supper, as he sat on a stool, at his father's knee, while the father smoked his pipe.

Sometimes Tim remembered that his mother, who died when he was a very little chap, indeed, had said "thee" and "thou," and had worn a garb of quaker gray, and when he felt a great rush of tenderness toward his big sturdy father, he liked to use his mother's words.

It always brought a tender touch from his father's hand, on his head.

"Nothing, little chap, that I need worry you about," answered his father, his hand lingering on his son's head.

"Is it that you're feared the mills will shut down again?" asked Mary, from her dish washing.

"No, not that exactly," said her father, frowning at the fire, "but ther's a feeling of trouble brewing. They's a Canadian Frenchman, by the name of Pierre, been hired lately, an' he's tryin' fur all he's worth to stir up the men 'gainst the young boss. They's 38,000,000 feet o. lumber stacked in the yards, an' ef they should git a troublin' an' that git afire or anythin' it ud be a bad day fur us all."

"Why don't the young boss send off the bad man?" asked Tim.

"'Cause he's so good and trustin' like. Now, his father's gone away, they's only him, an' they ought to be more watchmen put on, but the young boss goes 'long, easy like, till by 'me' by he gets his back up, an' then he's business."

"Hadn't you better take Pete along with you?" said Tim.

"No, I reckon not," said his father, laughing, as he rose to go. "Well, good night, children, I'll be back soon's can, an' don't you worry. I don't know what made me say anything about it to you. 'Taint likely anything'll happen. You're old father is always worrying 'bout something."

A NIGHT WATCH.

After he had gone, Mary brought her mending to the fire, and they sat and talked a little about the trouble.

"But I think it will be all right, 'cause they all like the young boss so well," said Mary, as she rolled up her work and fixed the fire for the night.

"If I was him I'd turn off the fellow," said Tim.

And in fact that was just what the young boss had just done.

Stepping briskly up behind, where a small group of men stood listening to Pierre, he touched the man on the shoulder and asked him to go to the office. As the man turned to go, the young boss looked quietly and keenly at the knot of men, who, thoroughly ashamed of themselves, slunk away in various directions.

The young boss then walked to the office, and straight to the safe, and taking out a week's wages, handed it to the sullen looking fellow, saying, "You are discharged."

TIM'S DISCOVERY.

The fellow attempted bluster, but the young boss silenced him.

"Go at once, and do not be seen around here again. I want no mischief makers about here. Because it is Christmas eve, and you have a wife, I have given you a week's wages that you have not earned. Now go." And Pierre, with an evil look on his face, turned on his heel and went.

Now, Tim, that Christmas eve, had made great preparations to lie awake that he might see Santa Claus.

Christmas had never been made much of in that little family, partly because the Quaker mother had not believed in it, and partly because of the poverty that had prevented it.

But the pretty wife of the young boss had been much interested in Tim, and had taught him many things, and lately told him of Christmas and Santa Claus.

So Tim lay with wide open eyes, long after tired Mary was sleeping soundly.

"I'll ask him to give Mary a new dress, and father a new pipe, an' if they's anything left, I'd like to have Pete a collar, an' a lot of books for me; an', if it ain't too much trouble, I'd like not to ache so much in my leg, an' get strong like father'd like," he thought.

THE FIRE.

When the clock struck twelve Tim got up and stole to the door with Pete at his heels. His heart stood still and then thumped wildly as he looked toward the mills, for over the lumber yards there was a red light that meant fire.

Where, thought Tim, was his father? Then, obeying a sudden impulse, he hurried softly and quickly into his clothes and started toward the mills with Pete close at his heels.

"You see, Pete," he said, as they went, "if I was to wake Mary up more'n likely she'd think I couldn't go, an' Pete, I want to help my father myself, if I can, cause you know yourself, old fellow, it must be hard for father only to have one boy an' him no account."

Something blurred his eyes then and stopped his talking and Pete licked his hand in anxious sympathy.

It was a hard walk for the slight little chap on his crutches, but the sight of the leaping flame in the yard, and the thought of his father, gave him new strength, and on he went, until he reached the office door, and from the threshold he saw his father bound and gagged on the floor while a man, with a strip of black cloth over his face was working with desperate hurry trying to open the safe.

He was on his knees, pouring powder into his hand, when Tim cried out, "Sic' him, Pete," and Pete sprang at him with such force that the fellow fell forward on his face, where he lay, not daring to stir, with Pete's fine bass growl in his ear.

"You 'tend to him, Pete, and keep him still, while I untie father. But, first, father, shall I ring the bell;" for his father's eyes seemed to tell him so.

Then as his father nooded his head, he sprang to the bell rope, and clanged the bell in the midnight air, until he heard an answering cry of "Fire! Fire!" and the hurrying feet of the men, as they sprang for the buckets and hose.

TIM'S REWARD.

After a while the young boss came in, blackened with smoke, and there he found little lame Tim, chafing his father's numbed hands and legs, while Pete, with his upper lip raised, in a most suggestive fashion, was sitting on Canadian Pierre's back.

"Has the lumber gone?" asked Tim's father, hoarsely, for the gag had cruelly hurt his mouth.

"No," said the young boss, "only a little damage, comparatively, has been done. The fellow yonder blundered. He started the fire at the wrong end of the yard, for the wind, and the lumber was fresh at that end, too."

"Thank God," said Tim's father, devoutly; then he said, "I was making my rounds a bit frequenter than usual, 'cause I'so afraid he'd be up to mischief. Something all to wonst hit me on the back of the head—sand bag likely—an' next I knowed I was in here, an' that boy of mine come with his dog, an' they done all the rest."

The pride in the father's voice as he told of his boy thrilled Tim's heart with joy.

Just then Mary, pale and frightened, came running in, for she had awakened at last, and missing Tim, and hearing the fire bells, had followed him with a great fear in her heart. Then she had to hear it all also.

"O, Tim," she cried, "You are a brave little fellow, but you should have called me."

But Tim didn't feel like talking.

He called Pete away, so the men could secure Pierre, for Pete's blood was up and he had many minds to challenge the whole force—and then he cuddled his head on the young boss' shoulder, who insisted on carrying him home, and who asked him a few questions on the way, and kissed him good night, as he laid him in his father's arms at the door with a "God bless you," and a pat for Pete before he went off into the night.

By good right Tim ought to have been sick the next day, but he was not, and when the young boss came over toward evening to take him over to the hall for his Christmas he was as good as new.

The mill hands were all there, and Tim, and Pete—the latter a bundle of amiability—were the heroes of the occasion.

There was a Santa Claus that satisfied Tim's hungry soul, and a wonderful tree, that bore on its branches the dress for Mary, the pipe for his father and the most gorgeous collar for Pete, that could be conceived, and books and books for Tim, and a check from the young boss and the mill operatives to send Tim to a great doctor to be cured.

"Made like other boys, father," said Tim in his father's ear.

"For your sake I hope so," said his father "But you suit me all right as you are, my son."

And Tim cuddled his head down on his father's shoulder with a happy sigh.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

The Greatest Happiness Will Come from Giving Happiness to Others.

"We must not allow ourselves to forget the true meaning of the Christmas spirit," writes Edward Bok in the December Ladies' Home Journal. "It will bring happiness to us just in proportion as we bring happiness to others. To some the day will this year bring other than happy thoughts or memories. Sorrows are harder to bear on festal days than at any other time. But no sorrow should crush the Christmas spirit from our hearts. It is not in the amount that we do, or are able to do, that we shall find happiness for ourselves and for others. The simplest pleasures and acts ofttimes make the hearts of others overflowing with happiness. To fail to do something because you feel that you cannot do much is wrong. What seems ever so trifling to you may make some little heart sing all day long, which but for you might pass the day without a note of happiness. Don't grow impatient of the Christmas myth or legend. Keep it alive. God knows that we have few enough ideals in these investigating days of ours. Let us not disturb the Christmas traditions. It is a duty to ourselves to keep this day as unlike any other. And we can only do this by fanning into flame the smouldering embers of the Christmas spirit which is in every one of us. God implanted it there. It was good that we should have it, or He would not have given it to us. In childhood the fire burned brightly enough within us; in old age the light of Christmas will reflect in our faces and our natures. But in the meantime we must keep the spirit alive so that it may glow the warmer and softer in old age. Let us have an old-time merry Christmas this year; a real, old-fashioned, happy one. Let us make everybody forget that there is anything in the world but good fellowship and happy laughter. To the sick let us bring forgetfulness of pain; to the sorrowful, the sweet balm of a happy smile; to the aged, loving thoughts of consideration; to the poor, a suggestion of the greater material blessings which are ours. Then, as we bring light to other eyes, color to other cheeks, happiness to other hearts, we shall be happy ourselves. The Christmas spirit will keep alive within us. Our years must be spanned, not with a Christmas at either end, but with an unbroken bow of happy Yuletides, the center brighter even than the beginning and the end. Living memories must intertwine and link together the golden curl and the snowy lock. Then we will live in the full richness of the Christmas that lies between: the Yuletide of the present, the Christ day that is now and here."

A MODEL DINNER.

A Christmas Feast All the Family Will Endorse.

MENU.

Oysters on the Shell.
Chicken Gumbo a la Creole.
Salmon a la Genoise.
Roast Turkey with Chestnuts.
Cranberries. Celery.
Vegetables.
Pineapple Sherbet.
Salmi of Duck. Grape Fruit. Salad.
Nesselrode Pudding.
Coffee. Fruit. Nuts.
Sauterne. Burgundy. Champagne.

For all dinners, especially the formal one, the raw oysters is generally the beginning of the feast. They should be small, fat, and not exceed six on a plate, laid in their own shells, and on the deeper side of the shell in a bed of ice, decorated with a slice or two of lemon.

THE GUMBO.

For a Christmas dinner there is nothing better than a chicken gumbo a la Creole. To make a sufficient quantity for eight persons on which basis all the recipes are given: Cut a small fowl into pieces and cover with two quarts of cold water. Add to it half a can of corn, half a can of tomatoes, a slice of lean ham, cut into bits, and a generous teaspoonful of salt. Let it boil slowly for five hours, then strain and when cool remove all fat. Return to the fire and add one dozen orke-pods, cut in slices. Boil until the orka is thoroughly cooked, then add the meat of two fat crabs and let simmer for a few moments. At the time of serving throw in one pint of oysters, drained of their liquor, and let scald once.

SALMON A LA GENOISE.

Salmon being in good condition, no better fish can be found. Boil four pounds in salted water. When cooked place it on a dish and remove the skin; then cover with Genoise sauce and garnish with boiled shrimps and parsley.

To make the sauce, cut one slice of ham, one carrot, two stalks of celery, one onion, a sprig of parsley and half a dozen mushrooms into bits. Place them in a stew pan with one tablespoonful of butter, a bit of thyme, one bay leaf, one blade of mace, two cloves. Fry a golden brown, then moistened with half a bottle of claret. Boil the whole for five minutes. Have ready a small quantity of brown sauce and some clear consomme. Add a small cupful of each to the sauce, then stir until it boils. Then set back on the stove, skim carefully and strain through a fine sieve. At the time of serving add a piece of butter, size of an egg, a spoonful of chopped parsley, a dash of grated nutmeg and a little lemon juice.

ROAST TURKEY WITH CHESTNUTS.

Turkey being the accepted dish for Christmas day, it remains only to find the most toothsome method of serving. To prepare with chestnuts, select a fresh young hen turkey, about fifteen pounds, draw and singe it, roast two quarts of large chestnuts, when done remove the shells, then mash. Put one-half of the quantity in a bowl, add two tablespoonfuls of butter, two teaspoonfuls of salt, and a dash of pepper. Mix and fill the space from which the crop was taken, also the body, then sew and truss carefully.

Lard the breast very quickly with good salt pork, place in a baking pan. Add a cupful of water and a teaspoonful of salt. Roast in a quick oven for fifteen minutes to each pound, basting every ten minutes. When done, remove the strings and skewers and garnish with parsley. Put the remaining part of the chestnuts into the pan in which the turkey was roasted, mix well, add one pint of stock and stir until it boils, season with salt and pepper. Serve in a sauce boat.

A SORBET.

Pineapple Sherget—An ice is always refreshing between courses. It clears the palate, and so makes way for fresh flavors. Pare one large pineapple with a silver knife and remove all the eyes. Hold the fruit in the left hand and with the fork tear or shred the pulp, leaving the hard core. Put the shredded pulp in a dish, covering each layer with powdered sugar. Place on ice and let stand for twenty-four hours. When quite soft mash and strain through a fine sieve. To the juice add that of three oranges and one and one-half lemons.

Boil one quart and one pint of water with two pounds of sugar until a syrup is formed. Strain and add the fruit juice. When cold, freeze. Serve in glasses.

SALMI OF WILD DUCK.

For this dish redheads or mallards will be found equally good. They should not be plucked until the morning of the day they are to be served. Draw, clean, two good-sized ducks. Place them in a baking pan and put a thin slice of bacon over each breast. Add a half a supful of water to the pan and bake in a quick oven for thirty minutes. Take from the fire and carve them, making eight pieces of each duck—the wings, legs and second joints together; two pieces of the breast and two of the back. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and stir until a dark brown, then add the flour and mix until smooth. Stir in one pint of stock and continue stirring until it boils, then add one tablespoonful of onion juice, one tablespoonful of mushroom catsup, one tablespoonful lemon juice, one bay leaf, salt and pepper to taste and five mushrooms chopped fine. Add to this the ducks and all the gravy from the dish on which you carved them; cover and simmer gently for ten minutes. Take from the fire, add half a gill of sherry and serve on a heated dish with a border of toasted bread cut in triangles.

GRAPE FRUIT SALAD.

Select fresh young lettuce and use only the tender leaves. Lay them in the salad bowl and add two grape fruit, cut in thin slices, quartered and free of seeds. Around the edge arrange perfect halves of English walnuts, and at the moment of serving pour a French dressing over the whole. Rub a small bowl and a spoon well with a clove of garlic, put into the bowl six tablespoonfuls of olive oil, one teaspoonful of salt and half a teaspoonful of black pepper. Rub and mix until the salt is thoroughly dissolved. Then add by degrees two tablespoonfuls of vinegar. Stir continually for one minute and pour over the lettuce and fruit.

THE SWEETS.

Nesselrode Pudding—No dinner is complete without an ice cream, or at least is so regarded by the average American mind. The nesselrode pudding is perhaps the most delicious of all varieties known. Boil three dozen chestnuts in water and when done peel, pound and rut them through a sieve. Rut the pulp into a stew pan with the yolks of eight eggs, a pint of cream, two sticks of vanilla, pounded, half a pint of pineapple syrup and a pinch of salt. Stir these ingredients over the fire until they form a custard, then rut the whole through a fine sieve into a bowl. Cut four ounces of green citron, six ounces of pineapple, which has previously been stewed until tender in the syrup into small bits and place them in a deep dish with six ounces of dried cherries and four ounces of Smyrna raisins. To these add two wineglasses of Maraschino and allow the fruit to steep for several hours. Place the chestnut cream in a freezing can and freeze in the usual manner. When nearly stiff add half a pint of whipped cream and the fruit, wine and continue working until thoroughly set. Then pack in the mould, cover and immerse into ice, and salt until needed.

MRS. OLIVER BELL BUNCE.

CHRISTMAS DECORATION.

A Scheme for Beautifying the House on the Festive Occasion.

While the rich green of hemlock and holly and the bright red berries of the latter fill the body of the church with cheery warmth, says Harper's Bazar, household decoration should be entirely different in character, and a great mistake is made when evergreens are thrust into every available corner and lavishly wreathed about chandeliers and pictures.

The mistletoe bough is allowable on Christmas eve, and where there are little people the time-honored Christmas tree in one corner is a pretty sight; but while the whole house should be at its freshest and brightest and exhale the very atmosphere of good cheer and hospitality, it is not desirable to hang it with wreaths and ropes of green like a public hall.

The Christmas dinner table should be the central point of decoration, and this can be carried out with a very moderate amount of trouble and expense. On the fine damask table cover should be laid a central strip of sash-curtain silk in scarlet or old red, extending from end to end, and bordered all around with guipure lace. A strip of any other material in rich coloring may be substituted for the silk, only heavy lace would be appropriate, and a narrow fringe could be used instead of lace.

The central ornament of flowers is placed on this strip, and great white chrysanthemums, brightened with holly berries and leaves, are particularly in harmony with the season. The shy Christmas rose, which is really more of an anemone than a rose, can sometimes be found, but it is not prolific, and its delicate beauty is lost when mixed with other flowers.

A ruby-tinted, long-stemmed glass with a spreading top displays this shy blossom to the best advantage, and the only foliage used should be the daintiest of ferns or the delicate tendrils of the graceful maurandia. Such a decoration on either side of the chrysanthemums and holly berries would please the eye with a sense of harmony.

Or a crystal bowl of crimson roses would also be appropriate and a wreath of holly leaves about the edge of it might be used effectively. Glass candlesticks at each corner of the cloth would be pretty with red candles, the receptacles being wreathed with smilax.

This delicate vine should also drape the holly berries arranged so that the smilax will look as though caught up here and there with careless grace.

A red rose with tiny ferns for each lady, and holly and mistletoe for the gentlemen would make appropriate boutonnieres.

To carry out the scheme thoroughly the viands dispensed at the Christmas board should, as far as possible, represent the colors of the season. Thus soup might be spinach, asparagus or mock turtle, with plenty of the green coloring, while the blue points could be served on individual blocks of ice wreathed with smilax. The trencher containing the turkey should be wreathed with holly, and all sorts of pretty and appropriate dishes scattered about would help to make the table attractive.

Molds of cranberry jelly trimmed with little tufts of mistletoe; Spanish cream colored with pistache, and wearing a necklace of hollyberries; small glass corner dishes of strawberries made of almond paste, shaped and colored in exact imitation of the fruit; diminutive tarts, with green filling that proves to be of the same material, but colored with pistache, and the inevitable plum pudding decorated with a bright central cluster of holly—are all in character.

The hostess would look Christmasy and attractive in a gown of red silk, with much soft lace at the neck and sleeves. A soft white dress trimmed with green and brightened with red roses would be equally appropriate.

"From the far and frozen Nor'land with a whirling flight of snow—
From the Southland, fair and fragrant, on the merry morning ray—
From the East and from the West, o'er the ocean's heaving crest,
Turn the drifted children homeward, with the dawn of Christmas day.
Light the weary eyes with longing for the haunts of long ago,
Leap the heavy hearts in greeting to the old folks far away;
And the Yule-log, blithely burning, guides the wanderers returning,
When they speed their footsteps homeward, as they do on Christmas day!

"Bedeck the walls with greenery, the livery of Yule,
(And kiss me once, old wife o' mine, beneath the mistletoe);
The berries white and red, let them glitter overhead;
Is the pudding ripe and ready? Are the glasses all a-row?
For they're coming home—the children—from the world's ungentle school,
As they came in byegone Yuletides, ere our hair was scant and gray;
From the corners of the earth, to the home that gave them birth,
They are coming happy-hearted—coming home on Christmas day.

"There is Jack upon the ocean—and our wastrel aye was he!—
Yet I often think you love him something dearer than the rest,
See him stand beside the wheel, while the reeking funnels reel
In the terrors of the tempest, on the angry breakers' crest;
The icy winds are whistling as the good ship takes the sea,
But our Jack goes smiling ever, thro' the slapping of the spray;
For he knows that land is nearing—knows the port to which he's steering;
He is coming home, our sailor, from the sea, for Christmas day.

"O'er the rolling Western prairies, thro' the forest, thro' the farm,
Speeds an engine bearing Robin from the vineyard or the mine;
And our Harry, freed from care, flies the fetid city air,
Fast as fast express can bear him, o'er the old familiar line,
They are coming home, the children, just to feel the wondrous charm
Of their jocund youth's renewal—of the season's kindly sway;
And we'll greet them at the door, as we did in days of yore
When they kissed us 'Merry Christmas!'—coming home on Christmas day.

"Is the Christmas tree ablazing? Are the candles all in place?
For Nell, you know, is coming, with her rosy girls and boys;
And my spirit hankers after happy bursts of baby laughter,
And the merry madcap riot of the younkers with their toys.
There's a glory in your een, good wife, a glow upon your face;
Again the Past comes back to you—again our bairnies play—
What!—a tear! No time for tears, with the joybells in your ears,
And the children coming homeward on this blessed Christmas day.

"Hark to sleighbells on the roadway!—they are coming! They are here!
From the Nor'land, and the Southland—from the East and from the West;
We will scan each loving face, we will feel each warm embrace;
Our vagrom brood will meet again at peace within the nest.
So fling the doors wide open—let them see our Christmas cheer:
Then kiss me once again, old wife, for oh! my heart is gay;
And our broken voices raise, in a carol fraught with praise,
Unto Him that brings the children—brings them home on Christmas day."

THE CHRIST THAT IS TO BE.

Alfred Tennyson.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light;
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow,
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

With a steady increase in its production for the past 40 years, Cook's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne now takes the lead.

Suffering Women.

Alas! women do suffer. Why, we often cannot tell, but we know there is one great cause, and that is weakness. The headaches, the depressed feelings, the pains, the discouragements, indeed, almost all the misery has a common cause—weakness. At such times a woman always needs a friend that can be relied upon, and such a friend, for more than twenty years, has been that greatest of all remedies,

Warner's Safe Cure

By its purity and its power it furnishes a prompt relief for women in their hours of need, and if the grateful expressions which come up from the homes of the land about what SAFE CURE has done were printed, they would fill volumes. If you, reader, are a sufferer, can you not take hope from this suggestion?

Large bottle, or new style, smaller one, at your druggists.

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