

OUR CHRISTMAS.

BY JULIA WALCOTT.

We didn't have much of a Christmas,
 My papa and Rosie and me,
 For mamma'd gone out to the prison
 To trim up the poor pris'ner's tree
 And Ethel, my big grown up sister,
 Was down at the 'sylum all day
 To help at the great turkey dinner,
 And teach games for the orphans to play.
 She belongs to a club of young ladies
 With a "beautiful objick" they say,
 'Tis to go among poor lonesome children
 And make all their sad hearts more gay.

And Auntie, you don't know my Auntie?
 She's my own papa's half sister Kate,
 She was 'bliged to be round at the chapel
 'Till 'twas,—Oh, something dreadfully late,
 For she pities the poor worn-out curate :
 His burdens, she says, are so great,
 So she 'ranges the flowers and the music
 And he goes home around by our gate.
 I should think this way must be the longest,
 But then, I suppose he knows best,
 Aunt Kate says he intones most splendid,
 And his name is Vane Algernon West.

My papa had bought a big turkey
 And had it sent home Christmas Eve ;
 But there wasn't a soul here to cook it,
 You see Bridget had threatened to leave
 If she couldn't go off with her cousin,
 (He doesn't look like her one bit)
 She says she belongs to a "union"
 And the union won't let her "submit,"
 So we ate bread and milk for our dinner,
 And some raisins and candy, and then
 Rose and me went down stairs to the pantry
 To look at the turkey again.

Papa said he would take us out riding—
 Then he thought that he didn't quite dare
 For Rosie'd got cold and kept coughing ;
 There was dampness and chills in the air.
 Oh, the day was so long and so lonesome,
 And our papa was lonesome as we ;
 And the parlor was dreary—no sunshine,
 And all the sweet roses,—the tea,
 And the red ones, and ferns and carnations
 That have made our bay window so bright,
 Mamma'd picked for the men at the prison ;
 To make their bad hearts pure and white.

And we all sat up close to the window,
 Rose and me on our papa's two knees,
 And we counted the dear little birdies
 That were hopping about on the trees,
 Rosie wanted to be a brown sparrow ;
 But I thought I would rather, by far,
 Be a robin that flies away winters
 Where the sunshine and gay blossoms are.
 And papa wished he was a gao! bird,
 'Cause he thought that they fared the best :

But we all were real glad we weren't turkeys
 For then we'd been killed with the rest.

That night I put into my prayers—
 "Dear God, we've been lonesome to-day
 For Mamma, Aunt Ethel and Bridget—
 Every one of them all went away.—
 Won't you please make a club, or society,
 'Fore it's time for next Christmas to be,
 To take care of philanthropists families,
 Like papa and Rosie and me ?"
 And I think that my papa's grown pious,
 For he listened. as still as a mouse,
 Till I got to Amen :—then he said it
 So it sounded all over the house.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

AND THE WORLD'S PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

BY REV. JAMES GORTON.

Of either of the themes we can say
 but lit le of what might be said. The
 city of New York has celebrated the
 four-hundredth anniversary of the dis-
 covery of America by Columbus.
 During last week the same event was
 celebrated in Chicago in connection
 with the dedication of the World's Fair
 buildings. The clergy of the land
 were requested to make last Sunday a
 time for saying fitting words of Co-
 lumbus, of this four-hundredth anni-
 versary, of this international exposition,
 and of the wonderful unfolding of
 human history and march of human
 progress during these years.

What theme could be more fitting,
 inspiring and instructive? Of Colum-
 bus, we can say but few things ; to
 those who desire a fuller and more de-
 tailed history of this illustrious man, we
 refer them to Irving's life of Columbus,
 to the more modern work of Dr. Ed-
 ward Everett Hale, to the article on
 Columbus in the *Encyclopædia Brit-
 annica*, and to a very finely written and
 beautifully illustrated article in the
 November number of *Demorest's Maga-
 zine* by the Spaniard Gaetous Verdi.

Columbus was born at Genoa about
 1435 ; this was one hundred and thirty
 years before the birth of Galileo. No
 one then believed that the earth was
 round like an orange and that it turned
 on its axis every twenty-four hours.