

modestly put up her hands and murmur "please don't." "We will be married on New Year's day," he bravely resumed, "and before next Christmas—eh? Dolly?" (Here Dolly blushed a violent rosy red.) "At all events I invite all here present to the christening. Keep your mugs going my friends." With this splendid piece of oratory Squire Freeman sat down amid ringing cheers, but it was observed that all the women, without exception, looked glum, and threw spiteful glances at Dolly Deering.

When his astonishment had subsided, Giles felt it incumbent on him as a parent to think this new lord of Burleigh for his matrimonial intentions towards the village maid. After mopping his head with a turkey-red handkerchief, he slowly rose and stared wildly around until his moistened gaze fell on the man who wanted to make Dolly the lady of the land. In a hesitating, and sepulchral tone of voice he managed to stammer out: "I say, Sam—mean to say, New Squire—my feelings as a father—O dang it!" and the worthy man fell into his seat with a flop that caused the chair to utter a complaining groan. After the first shock, surprise faded into jollity, all round.

What a merry Christmas was that! How the young folks danced and played kiss-in-the-corner, and how the old folks danced too, and how Giles Deering in "the Hay-makers' jig" took standing leaps of such amazing attitude that when he lit again he nearly knocked the house down, and how the whole night passed quickly in harmless mirth, and how the function concluded with Sir Roger de Coverley by the whole strength of the company, just as the morning sun of December 26th ruddied the eastern sky, what need to tell?

The Squire's wedding took place, as announced, on New Year's day; and I as a faithful chronicler, can lay my hand on my heart and say that the future of that constant couple may be best described in the words of that charming old French love story "Aucassin and Nicolette":

Many years this loving pair,  
Lived a life of fond delight,  
Samuel had his full share,  
Dolly she was happy quite,  
So my simple story ends just so,  
—That's all I know.

FROM DUSK TO DAWN.

When snows have shut the world, and night goes by  
Sandalled with loitering sleep, musing nor sad  
Beside my embers through the twilight hours  
I keep a holy solitude for thought;  
Then smile to leave so fair a dream, and go  
Where climbs my winding stair up through the  
dusk,  
To see the great red sun make all my room  
One ruddy corner in the halls of dawn.

BLISS CARMAN.

Frederickton, N. B.

## THE ACTOR'S CHILD.

BY JOHN L. CARLETON.

It was Christmas Eve, 1849. I remember it well, indeed I shall never forget it. Snow had fallen all the previous night and all that day, and had "drifted through the forest, round the village." It was still falling when at seven in the evening I passed hurriedly along the crowded streets and by-ways to my lodgings. The lighted windows with their innumerable attractions which the frost vainly tried to hide from view, the pleasant greetings of meeting friends, the chirpy call of the newsboy as he announced his paper wares, the exclamations of the children as they gazed upon some coveted toy had no interest for me; in truth they grated harshly on my overtaxed and at that moment over sensitive feelings. Footsore, fatigued, disheartened, I sought my apartments, removed my outer garments, dropped into a chair and commenced a detailed review of my life.

Here I was, John Barrington, at the age of thirty; a physician of five years standing without reputation. Oh, yes, I had lots of patients, but not three of them able to pay for the services they required and these three not wanting me often enough to keep the wolf from the door. My landlady, good old soul, had hinted at dinner time that my last quarters' rent was long overdue, creditors had favored me with very threatening letters, and duns innumerable visited me daily—which was the more provoking from the fact that the amounts due were trifling. With an empty pocket-book it is as hard to pay one dollar as it is ten. At any rate this was my philosophy at the time. My clothes were seedy, my laboratory small, and my library insufficient. What was I to do? I had no one to whom I could turn for assistance. My father, after giving me a good education and advising me to settle here, took suddenly ill and died leaving his widow with an income barely large enough to support her, and me to paddle my own canoe.

How long I remained in this meditative mood I cannot tell for sleep, "nature's soft nurse" stole o'er me and I was soon oblivious of all wrongs and hardships.

A ring at the bell! A quick, sharp, sudden ring awoke me. Cold and benumbed I arose to my feet. I had had no fire in the room for two days for my credit was no longer good with the dealer. Another ring! Surely it could not be a constable with a civil process at that hour and on that day? Oh, no, it could not be. Timidly I approached the door and opened it. A lady, comfortably clad in furs, entered.

"I desire to see Doctor Barrington," she said.

"I am at your service, madame."

"Then hasten at once to this address," handing me a card. "Do all you can for the person. My name is also on the card."

Taking a bill from her portmanteau she tendered it to me but from some odd notion, pride I suppose, I at first refused to accept it.

"Oh, yes; take it," she continued, "I am a stranger to you; it will recompense you for your trouble until we meet again; which will be shortly."

With this remark, she bowed herself out with a queenly grace, and I stood dumb founded at the sight of the first five dollars I had seen in a month. Hastily depositing it in my safest pocket, I moved closer under the light to discover the name of my friendly visitor, as well as the place where evidently I was to find a sufferer awaiting my service.

too poor to pay for the benefit of the knowledge even if they have it.

Of course I guessed what this unexpected visit and still more unexpected fee meant. Mrs. Fitzallen was one of those few persons who in their plentitude do not forget their less fortunate fellow beings, and in the very slums to which her charity led her she had found an object worthy of her kindly attention.

But I had no time to moralize. The message was urgent. I buttoned up my overcoat, with its fringed sleeves and pockets and polished surface, closely around my throat, and for the second time that night faced the storm.

In a miserable attic room, used as a kitchen, dining, and bed room, of the five story building, No. 29 Parkhouse Lane, I found the object of my mission. She was lying on a mattress tossing and moaning with pain. It required no skill and very

around the neck of the mother, call her the most endearing names, kiss her, and end it all in a wild, heartrending scene of tears and grief.

During the few hours I remained in the place I heard from the woman the history of her life. It was the old story of the maiden's love incurring the censure of an obstinate parent. When eighteen years of age, she, the daughter of a rich English country gentleman, had married a good looking young actor whose acquaintance she had formed in her native place. Disowned and disinherited was the penalty. Together they went to Australia, where their only child was born, and where they spent ten very happy years. Bidding adieu to the land of the Southern Cross, they started for the American Eldorado, where the husband hoped his art would secure for him permanent and profitable employment; but his pre-disposed constitution succumbed to an attack of ship fever

the sun high up in the heavens was dancing merrily over the streets decked in a robe of white, as if to perpetuate and remind one of the immaculate babe once born in a stable, when accompanied by my little charge I again reached my lodgings. My landlady scowled and looked glum when I presented the girl with the information that I intended to keep her for a few days until I could succeed in getting her into a nice family; but her features relaxed when out of my vest pocket I produced my much cherished five dollar bill and handed it to her as a gift. Dear old body; I could not blame her; my account was already large enough in all conscience. During the succeeding few hours I had time to carefully examine my ward and consider what I should do with her. She was twelve years of age; of good size and well proportioned; a tender, shrinking disposition; clear cut, intelligent features; large lustrous eyes, with long lashes, and a wreath

## USEFUL CHRISTMAS PRESENTS —FOR— LADIES.

- A Black or Colored Silk Dress;
- A Fur-Lined Cloak, a Seal Sacque;
- A Set of Fine Furs;
- A Muff, Boa or Collarette;
- A Reliable Waterproof Cloak;
- A Good Umbrella.

## Manchester, Robertson, & Allison,

Offer their entire stock of DRESS SILKS and FURS at reduced prices for

## December only.

GROS ROYALE, in Black and Colors—the Silk of the season;

FAILLE FRANCAIS, in Blk. and Colors. This fabric has a soft, heavy, lustrous cord and will not cut in wear;

The MASCOT, SANS EGAL and BENGALINE SILKS are among the most fashionable Silks made; the new colors for evening wear;

BENGALINE, SATIN SURAH, PONGEE and FEY SILKS; CRAPE SABLE in White, Cream and Pink;

The NEW RUSSIAN and CAVENTISH FUR-LINED CLOAKS, Seal Walking Jackets and Sacques;

MUFFS, BOAS, COLLARETTES, in New Shapes and leading Furs.

Also, just received for Xmas trade:

English and Scotch Reliable Waterproof Cloaks,

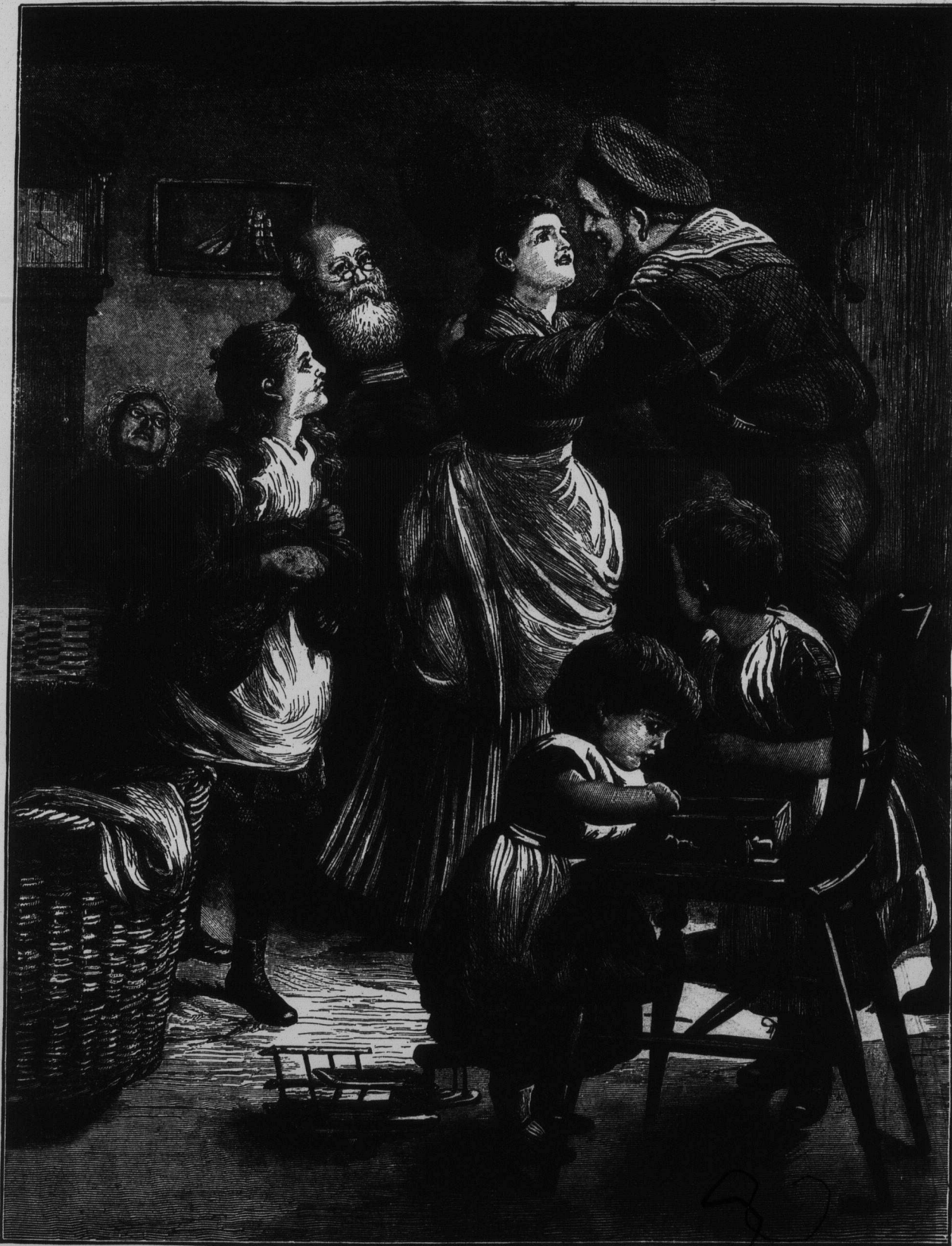
And a large variety of

LADIES' SILK UMBRELLAS,  
NOVELTY HANDLES.

Ah, you may laugh if you please, but the more and more I thought of it, the more convinced I became that somehow or another—by some unexplainable design of providence—my professional success and increasing pocket-book were due to her, mayhap an angel I was entertaining unaware. I cannot explain to you how in the short space of a few weeks that child had entwined herself around my heart, grown into my existence, and became almost a part of myself. My rooms, hitherto left to the carelessness of servants began to assume a new and cheery aspect; every ring at the bell was answered by her, and all visitors detained until I was at liberty to attend them. When at night I returned from my calls the fire was burning brightly, a cup of warm coffee awaited me, my slippers ready for immediate use, and my pipe filled. And her childish prattle—how it amused? nay, often instructed, for there is much wisdom in the mouths of babes and sucklings. Had she been a blood relative of mine she could not have thought as much of me or I more of her.

At last Mrs. Fitzallen came to take her away; she had secured a splendid home for her. Would I let her go? Yes; I had no right to detain her. True I had paid all my bills and had a few dollars left but hard times might soon come again and then I would suffer her misery as well as my own. No; no, I would not part with her; she was mine; I had promised her mother—well, not to keep her; but—but I must give her up. With a pain in my heart I called her into the room and explained what the kind lady had done for her. Looking from myself to Mrs. Fitzallen, and back again at me, her large sorrowful eyes rapidly filling with tears which in the next moment burst forth with the most passionate grief, was more than I could stand. No! I would not let her go! Thanking Mrs. Fitzallen for her kindness I claimed that I had a prior right and had determined to keep her. Hearing this, the child rushed upon me, threw her arms around my neck, and kissed me as if I were her own father. And such we then mutually determined should be our relationship thenceforth.

Three years of unalloyed prosperity and contentment during which my Beatrice grew larger, stronger, and more beautiful every day. Three years in which every succeeding day discovered to me new traits in my ward's character of the most admirable kind: devotion to myself, interest in everything good and noble, charitable to others. At first people talked about the quixotic notion of the young doctor adopting the pauper's child; but of this she did not know and I did not care. Even my dear old mother found out in some way her antecedents and wrote me a sharp letter condemning my action and praying that I



HOME FOR CHRISTMAS.

On one side of the card was neatly printed:

MRS. ARTHUR FITZALLEN.

I had heard the name often, she was the wife of a leading and wealthy broker. On the other side was scrawled in lead pencil:

MRS. MAUVILLE,  
29 Parkhouse Lane, 5th Story.

Parkhouse Lane was a place with which, in those days, most young physicians were well acquainted. It was a short, narrow street, situated in the lonely part of the city, near the water, and abounded with poverty, misery, crime; in a word, with the very class of people to whom the struggling professional man must look for work—the people are too ignorant to know the difference between mediocrity and talent, or

little discernment to tell that her Christmas would not be spent in this world. The only other occupant of the apartment was a little girl, who when I entered retired to the corner behind the stove and endeavored to warm herself over a fire that would not burn for want of a proper draught—for the charity that sent me thither also had sent fuel and nourishment. Gently as possible I imparted to the sufferer the knowledge that she would never see another sunrise. To the inevitable she submitted but the future of her child troubled her much.

"My child; my child," she would sob, in the midst of her most solemn vows of resignation to the divine decree, "what will become of you, my darling Beatrice, when your mother is no longer here to protect you from the cold, cruel, and selfish world?"

At this the little Beatrice would emerge from her hiding place, steal to the side of the dying woman, and throwing her arms

and there was one more widow to work and toil for one more orphan. From her father's family she had never heard. Now as she approached the moment of dissolution her one distracting thought was the future of her child. Fainter and fainter fell her voice, heavy and more labored became her breathing, weaker and weaker she grew, but every now and then she would muster strength enough to cry from out the very depths of anguish: "My God; my God! Spare me; spare me for the sake of my child!"

Touched by her simple story and to bring to her ease of mind I said: "Madam, do not distract yourself; have no fear; I will see that your child is provided for."

"Thank God!" She exclaimed rising on her elbow as if to pronounce a benediction. There was a pause, a struggle, a gasp, a fall, and the soul of Gertrude Mauville had gone out into the great unknown.

Christmas morning had opened brightly,

of golden tresses which fell down upon and over her shoulders—such a face that with a little more maturity a Raphael or Murillo might have envied for a Madonna. As yet she had not recovered from the sadness consequent upon her bereavement; indeed it was months before a smile chased away the clouds from her sad face.

That afternoon we buried her mother, but Beatrice did not return to her cold and cheerless home of the night before.

But this day was also memorable for me. An old gentleman of means going to church fell on the slippery sidewalk and broke his leg. I was called upon to attend him, for which I received my first large and adequate fee.

The next few days brought me more wealthy and influential patrons and a consequent enlargement of my exchequer. From the moment that the actors' child came under my protection propitious Fate seemed to shower gifts upon me. Was she a mascot?

Christmas morning had opened brightly,