

POOR DOCUMENT

CHRISTMAS POETRY.

Santa Claus' Visit.

'Twas the night before Christmas, when all thro' the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas soon would be there.
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And mamma in her kerchief and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap.
When out on the lawn there rose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter:
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash—
The moon, on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below;
When, what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and ten tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be St. Nick.
And he whistled and shouted, and called some by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Comet! on, Dunder and Blitzen!"
To the top of the porch, to the top of the wall!
Now dash away, dash away, dash away all!
As they leave that before the wild hurricane fly,
When they meet with an obstacle mount to the sky,
So up to the housetops the couriers they flew,
With a slight fall of snow—St. Nicholas, too,
And then in a twinkling I heard on the roof
The prancing and pawing of each little hoof.
As I drew in my head, and was turning around,
Down the chimney St. Nicholas came with a bound,
And his clothes were all tarnished with soot and ash;
A bundle of toys he had slung on his back,
And he looked like a peddler just opening his pack;
His eyes, how they twinkled! his dimples how merry!
His cheeks were like roses, his nose like a cherry;
His droll little mouth was drawn up like a bow,
And the beard on his chin was as white as the snow.
The stump of a pipe he held tight in his teeth,
And the smoke, it exhaled, his head like a wreath!
He had a broad face, and a little round belly,
That shook, when he laughed, like a bowl full of jelly.
He was chubby and plump—a right jolly old elf,
And I laughed when I saw him, in spite of myself.
A wink of his eye and a twist of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had nothing to dread.
He spoke just a word, but went straight to his work,
And filled all the stockings; then turned with a jerk,
And laying his finger aside of his nose,
And giving a nod, up the chimney he rose.
He sprang to his sleigh, to his team gave a whistle,
And away they all flew like the down of a thistle;
But I heard him exclaim, ere he drove out of sight:
"Merry Christmas to all, and to all a good night!"

CHRISTMAS STORY.

WHAT A DOLLAR DID.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

"Well, Mary, did Mrs. Thompson pay for the sewing?" asked Mrs. Morris, a delicate-looking woman, wasted with sickness and care, yet scrupulously neat, as was everything in her humble apartment.
"Yes, mamma," answered an intelligent bright-eyed child, of a strangely mature expression of countenance, "at first she said to call again, but I said you were sick and wanted some medicine, so she gave it to me; but see what a worn, crumpled and dirty bill it is."
"Thank God, I can now get some syrup for my cough. I slept little last night, and I did so want to be up on Christmas day. It grieves me, darling, that I cannot get you and little Freddy the presents you used to have before papa died. Go, dear, to the store and get the medicine; it will soothe my cough, and I will do my best to make your Christmas, if not a merry one, as happy as I can."
"Oh, never mind, mamma, dear; it will be just splendid, and I will make a rag doll for Freddy and he will think it ever so fine," and the affectionate child hurried off to the store of the little village, where were kept a miscellaneous assortment of dry goods, groceries, hardware, and a few of the more common remedies for the numerous ills that flesh is heir to.
Wistfully the little girl eyed the brilliant dolls and toys and trinkets that more happy parents than hers were purchasing to gladden bright eyes on the morrow, as with shouts of glee the well-filled stockings would be emptied almost before they could see them. But she bravely turned away, crushing down the longing in her heart, and purchased the soothing anodyne, and a few, alas! too few, of the bare necessities of life—with precious worldly wisdom making her worn and tattered dollar bill pay for as many articles as possible. Then, with a hoarded penny, buying a candy toy for brother Fred, she hastened home through the wintry streets with more of real satisfaction in her little heart than many a pampered child of luxury who, surfeited with gifts, knows not the superior joy of giving.
Unnoticed in the throng of customers that nearly filled the store, stood the little son of the village shoemaker, his feet exhibiting the proverbially wretched covering of the children of disciples of St. Crispin. As the store-keeper received the dollar from the hands of Mary Morrison, the widow's child, little Tom Needham repeated his request—"Please sir, father wants the money for mending the boots."
"I'm too busy just now, my boy," said the bustling store keeper, while weighing a pound of tea. But as the little fellow turned disappointed away, for he knew that his own chance of a Christmas dinner depended on being paid for the work, the busy salesman exclaimed: "Stay, here you are. This is just it," and he handed him the tattered bill. With a glad "Hurrah!" Tom burst into his father's squalid little shop; smelling strongly of leather and wax, and littered up with shreds and patches, and a disreputable-looking collection of old shoes. For Mr. Needham was rather a mender than a maker of these useful articles,

now that almost everybody bought them at the store ready-made from the great factory in the city.

"Well, Tom, have you got it?" asked the rather dirty-looking craftsman, as he looked up wearily from his bench, pushing back his spectacles and revealing a brow furrowed by care, and a stubby beard of a week's growth. The good man found the maintenance of a large family, with his decreasing business, year by year a more difficult task.

"Yes, father, here it is," shouted the light-hearted boy, not yet feeling the burden of poverty.

"Well, it is a seedy specimen," said the shoemaker, taking the soiled bill by the corner as if afraid of soiling it still more with his grimy fingers. "But it will make mother and the girls a good Christmas dinner, anyway, won't it, Tom?" and the toll-worn father went forth with loving thoughts to provide for the wants of his family. Though not much given to moralizing, he felt his lowly calling dignified and ennobled by his care for those who were, by God's providence, committed to his keeping.

The village butcher's stall was a sight to behold, with its noble roasts of beef and fat sheep and plump turkeys. But all these were too aristocratic for the shoemaker's purse; so he selected a more plebeian goose, and wended his way home with the apology for his unwonted extravagance.

"Christmas comes but once a year, and when it comes it brings good cheer." "Here Tompkins," said the jolly butcher, as fat as one of his own prize sheep, to a meagre-looking man, who was selecting a cheap joint for his Christmas dinner, "here's a beef's shank that will make a good pot of soup for your young kids at home; and here's that dollar I owe you for cutting wood. I don't like to go into Christmas owing anything, you know," and he handed him the bill he had just received from the shoemaker.

"Neither do I, Mr. Burroughs," said the meagre little man, with joyful alacrity. "This will help me to pay my rent to Squire Bilton to-night. I shall eat my Christmas dinner, plain as it may be, with better relish when I don't owe for the roof over my head," and with a load of care lifted off his mind he started for the Squire's Hall to pay his rent.

At the end of an avenue of spiry spruces which shivered in the wintry winds, stood the hospitable Hall. The warm light streamed from its curtained windows upon the frozen fountain and the arbor, dismantled of its summer covering of vines; and rich strains of music floated forth on the icy air as the Squire's young folks sang with merry glee a joyous Christmas carol. A twinge of envy and discontent wrung the heart of the poor man as he thought of his own humble home and the scanty enjoyment of his children.

"Ah, Tompkins, is that you?" was the hearty greeting of the Squire—"Come for your Christmas box, have you yet?" "I came to pay my rent, sir," he replied, with a feeling of manly independence that made him feel at least an inch taller, as he produced the shabby bill, with others almost as bad, from his well-worn, but scantily filled purse.

"That's right, Tompkins, always pay as you go and keep out of debt. That's how I got along; but go into the kitchen. My wife has been putting up a basket of Christmas fixings for your youngsters. I always enjoy my own Christmas dinner better for knowing that my tenants are enjoying theirs. Somehow the thoughts of God's good gifts to us, kind of mellow, and warms one's heart to everyone."

And the Squire's round, kindly face was wreathed with smiles that might have become Father Christmas himself.

As Tompkins left the house with a well-filled basket on his arm, his heart felt a good deal lighter, notwithstanding his heavy load. Not a particle of envy lingered in his bosom, but instead of murmuring at the allotments of Providence, he called to himself, "The Squire is a real good landlord, and deserves all the prosperity he enjoys. I wish there were more like him," to which he heartily responded "Amen!"

Shortly after, the kindly Squire, well-muffled, walked down to the village store, on charitable thoughts intent. While ordering a hamper of toys and trinkets for his own family and the minister's children (he had previously ordered a parcel of books for their fathers) he did not forget the wants of his tenants and poorer neighbors, including the family of the sick widow, Mrs. Morrison, whom he had known in better days. Having given directions to deliver the parcels that night: as he paid for the toys and picture books for the widow's children, the store-keeper exclaimed: "Why, here is the identical dollar little Mary Morrison brought me this very night. I wonder where it has been since. It must have brought me luck, for I never did a better night's business. Here, Mrs. Flaningham, I'll make you a present of it," handing it to the Irish washerwoman, who had been waiting some time for her Christmas box.

"The blessings of the Holy Virgin and all the saints attend ye; and long life and a merry Christmas, and many curtesies. What became of the tattered bill further, we know not. We think it was left at the village baker's, and is perhaps going its rounds on its mission of mercy yet, bringing joy and gladness to many a home.
The Christmas morning rose bright and

clear. Little Freddy Morrison, for once, was up early, and soon roused the house by his tumultuous excitement. "Merry Christmas, mamma! Santa Claus did come after all, although you were afraid he wouldn't," and he emptied his well-filled stockings on his mother's bed. "And here is a book for Mary, too. I prayed God last night to send Santa Claus just as he used to when papa was alive; and so he has, you see."

"God has not forgotten us," said the widow, with her eyes glistening through her tears, as she clasped her children to her arms and covered them with kisses. "I will try and not forget His promises, that He will be a husband to the widow and a father to the fatherless."

It would have done one's heart good to see how the little Neeshams enjoyed their savory Christmas goose; and the young Tompkins their rich beef broth and the Christmas cheer from the Hall: and Mrs. Flaningham and her children, their Christmas dinner, humble though it was. As the Squire sat down to his well-filled board, his rubicund face fairly shone with good nature, and he thanked God for Christmas with its tender and sacred memories and the kindly feelings it kindles in every heart.

And the agent by which all this happiness was communicated—that spoiled and worn, and crumpled bill—was it not an angel in disguise? an angel of mercy scattering blessings on every hand, and bringing gladness to every heart? And how great is the crime of those who, from thoughtlessness, or avarice, or neglect, prevent these messengers of joy from their blessed ministrations, by withholding the wages of the poor when it is due. The dollar, which to the rich man is a trifle, and to the poor man a matter of the greatest moment. The merciful All-Father, who ever remembereth with compassion His great family of the poor, hath given special injunction in His Word, that the wages of him that is hired shall not abide by thee till morning. "Say not unto thy neighbor, says Solomon, 'Go and come again, and tomorrow I will give; when thou hast it by thee.' And in stern denunciation writes St. James, 'Behold the hire of the laborers, which of you is kept by fraud, crieth, and the cries are entered into the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth.'"

THE GOOSE-BONE.

ON DECK, AS USUAL, WITH WEATHER PROSPECTS.

The readings of the goose-bone indicate a mokey winter. There will be a good deal of snow and a few cold days, but no protracted cold weather. In the month of December there will be no very cold weather. During the last of the month there will be a few days when fires will be cheerful and an overcoat comfortable. It will be an exceedingly disagreeable month for out-door work, with snow or rain every day or two. The probabilities are for a wet, gloomy Christmas. This kind of weather will continue on through January, with a few cold days sandwiched between rain and snow. About the middle of January there will be a few clear, cold days, when the mercury will go down below zero. The 15th and 16th of January will be as cold days as any experienced in this latitude. The latter part of the month will be wet and gloomy. There will be muggy, gurgling winter weather crowded into the little month of February than in December and January, but there will, however, be an intense cold. With the exception of the few days about the middle of January, it is not likely that the mercury will go far below zero. The goose-bone has long been an honored weather prophet. In some of the back counties in Kentucky the farmers make all their arrangements in accordance with the predictions of the goose-bone. In some localities the goose-bone is laid aside, labeled with the year, and it is said that one old farmer in Breathitt county has the bones extending back for more than forty years, and in all that time it is asserted that the bone has never been mistaken as to the weather. To read correctly to the winter of any year, take the largest bone of a goose hatched during the preceding spring. The bone is translucent, and it will be found to be colored and spotted. The dark color and heavy spots, indicate cold. If the spots are of a light shade, and transparent, wet weather, rain or snow, may be looked for. There are a good many people all over the country who pin their faith to the goose-bone. Of all the weather prophets it is the most honored. The little ground-hog disgraced himself long ago, and now very few people ever watch Candlemas day, and hogs' mells are no longer trusted in. A few years ago, when Tice and all human weather prophets predicted the most severe winter ever known, the goose-bone told a mild open winter. The future unfolded just as the bone said it would, and poor old Tice had to change his predictions every day. The goose-bone never changes and never fails. The reporter has examined three bones, one from Southeastern Kentucky, one from Jefferson County and one from Laporte, Ind. They are identical to one another, and the reading here given will be found the same on the breast bone of any goose hatched last spring. Cut this out, lay it aside for reference, and as you crowd up close to the fire on the 15th of January, you will be convinced of the great unknown power of the goose-bone. Louisville Post.

CITY DIRECTORY.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

FREDERICTON RAILWAY.—Trains for St. John leave the Station, on York street, daily at 7 A. M., and 2.15 P. M.; and arrive from St. John at 11.45 A. M. and 7.45 P. M., daily, Sunday excepted.

Trains for Fredericton Junction, Saint Stephen, Bangor, and all points West, leave Fredericton at 9.15 A. M., and arrive from the same points at 4.40 P. M., daily, Sundays excepted.

NEW BRUNSWICK RAILWAY.—Trains leave Gibson daily (Sundays excepted) at 7.45 A. M. for Woodstock, Aroostook, Carleton, Grand Falls, and Edmundston; and arrive from those points at 4.30 P. M. Passengers to Grand Falls remain over night at Aroostook.

INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.—The Halifax express leaves St. John at 8 A. M. daily (Sunday excepted); and arrives at St. John at 8.25 P. M.

The Halifax and Quebec express leaves St. John at 7.30 P. M.; and arrives at 7.35 A. M. daily, Sundays excepted.

THE POST OFFICE.

The Post Office is situated in the Square on the corner of Queen and Carleton streets. The General Delivery, Stamp, and Registry Offices are open from 7 A. M. until 8.30 P. M. daily (Sundays excepted). Boxholders have access to their boxes until 9.30 P. M. The Money Order Office is open from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M. Letter Boxes are located as follows:—Near the corner of Waterloo Row and Squire's streets, at the Auditor General's Office, the Queen Hotel, the Barker House, the W. U. Telegraph Office, the Brayley House, and Long's Hotel. These boxes are served as follows:—At 9.30 A. M., and in the afternoon, Waterloo Row box at 12.20; the Auditor's office box at 12.30; Queen Hotel 12.35; Barker House 12.40; Brayley House 12.50; Long's Hotel 12.55; W. U. Telegraph Office 1.00.

The mail for England, via New York, is made up on Tuesday of each week at 8.20 A. M., and via Halifax on every Friday at 1.40 P. M.

THE CITY OFFICES.

are on the ground floor of the City Hall. They are open daily (Sunday excepted) from 10 A. M. until 4 P. M.

THE COUNTY OFFICES.

The Office of the Registrar of Deeds is on the corner of King and St. John streets. Office hours 10 A. M. to 4 P. M.

The Secretary-Treasurer of York County is on Carleton street, near Queen.

The Clerk of the Peace on Queen street, opposite Phoenix Square.

The Sheriff on Queen street, near St. John.

SOCIETIES.

Church of England Temperance Society.—Patron, His Lordship the Metropolitan; President, Rev. G. G. Roberts; Secretary, G. Douglas Haas.

St. Ann's Lodge, U. T. A. No. 168.—Geo. J. Bliss, President; G. D. Haas, Secretary. Meets every second Thursday in the Reform Club Rooms, Queen Street.

Women's Christian Temperance Union.—Mrs. A. F. Randolph, President; Mrs. Sampson, Secretary.

Meets every Wednesday at 4 P. M., at its rooms in Reform Club building.

St. Dunstan's Total Abstinence Society.—President, James E. Barry; Secretary, Seymour Nealis.

Meetings are held weekly in their Hall on Regent Street, on Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock.

York Division S. of T.—W. T., John Anderson; Blair, R. S., Samuel Mackey. Meetings are held weekly in the Temperance Hall, on York Street, on Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

Reform Club.—President, George J. Bliss; Secretary, Richard H. Phillips.

Meetings are held in their rooms on Queen Street, on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month.

Young Men's Christian Association.—President, G. F. Atherton; Cor. Secretary, G. E. Coulthard, M. D.

Meets every Tuesday evening at 7.30, and on Sunday evening at 8 o'clock.

Victoria Lodge, No. 13, I. O. O. F.—C. F. Moorhouse, N. S.; John Black, R. S.

Meets every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Lodge Room, Edgecombe's Block, York Street.

Royal Arcanum, Fredericton Council, No. 165.—G. W. Fenwick, Regent; G. E. Coulthard, Secretary.

Meets at the Y. M. C. A. Rooms the second and last Tuesday in each month, at 8 P. M. Limit of insurance, \$3,000.

American Legion of Honor.—Fredericton Council, No. 274.—Matthew Tennant, Commander; C. A. Sampson, Secretary. Meets in Fisher's Building, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month, at 8 P. M. Insures from \$500 to \$5,000.

Home Circle, Maple Leaf Council, No. 28.—John J. Weddall, Leader; G. E. Coulthard, Secretary.

Meets on the first and third Thursday in every month, in Y. M. C. A. Rooms. Insures from \$500 to \$5,000.

Alexandria Lodge, F. and A. M.—Daniel Doherty, W. M.; Edgar Hanson, Secretary. Meets first Tuesday in each month in Haine's Hall, St. Mary's Ferry.

Grand Lodge, L. O. A.—William Wilson, Grand Master, Fredericton.

Graham Lodge, L. O. A., No. 20.—W. Wilson, Master, Joseph Walker, Secretary. Meets in the Orange Hall, Queen Street, west end, on the first Tuesday in every month.

Walker Lodge, L. O. A., No. 35.—John B. Gieves, Master; H. S. Curman, Secretary. Meets in the Orange Hall on the first Monday in every month.

BOARD OF SCHOOL TRUSTEES.

A. F. Randolph, Chairman; C. A. Sampson, Secretary.

Meets at their room, on the Officer's Square, on the last Saturday of every month.

THE WEEKLY HERALD.

The Weekly Edition of the Herald will be issued on

EVERY SATURDAY,

at four o'clock in the afternoon. It will be a quarto, that is, an page eight paper, and will be printed upon a sheet 31x46 inches in size. It will be

LARGER THAN ANY OTHER SHEET PUBLISHED IN FREDERICTON, and the equal in size of any paper published in the Maritime Provinces. It will be emphatically

THE SATURDAY NIGHT FAMILY PAPER,

Something that every one, rich or poor, wants. It will give all the news of the week, both home and foreign, up to the hour of going to press, in fresh, readable style. To ensure this the services of competent correspondents have been secured who are to send any late news by telegram.

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Agricultural Department,

in which it will endeavor to give its country readers valuable information relating to the Farm. In this latter respect it will aim at being an agricultural newspaper.

New Features will be introduced which Experience may show are Desirable.

REMEMBER the HERALD is the only paper in Fredericton which has upon its staff

A CITY EDITOR, WHOSE TIME WILL BE EXCLUSIVELY DEVOTED TO

LOCAL NEWS.

It is the ONLY PAPER IN FREDERICTON having a CORPS OF CORRESPONDENTS who are

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All subscriptions before January 1st good until December 1st, 1882.

CHAS. H. LUIGRIN Editor and Proprietor.

Fredericton December 5 1881.