

Northern Messenger

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The Quest.

[For the 'Messenger']

Where is the Christ-child, where?
We have come to the happy day,
After long weeks they say
We should see the Prince so fair.
Where is the Christ-child, where?
Say, is the Christ-child here?
We have sought to the holy book,
On its words the readers look,
And tell us the Prince is near
Say, is the Christ-child here?

Let us the Christ-child greet.
We have brought Him what gifts we could,
Wealth and our homage good,
Patience that made pain sweet.
Let us the Christ-child greet.

See, how the Christ-child smiles
We have come from afar for this,
And still shall for our bliss,
After long days and miles
See how the Christ-child smiles!

ANSTANCE REDE.

yield. To-night Philip, with his wife and children, sit in the warmth and shelter of the old home, while she and her little child are homeless wanderers out in the street. The widow and the orphan of one who has gone to a drunkard's grave.

'Ah, me,' she sighed, while the tears rolled silently over her cold cheeks, and dropped on the bundle she carried—the bundle which contained all of her worldly possessions. Ah, me! William might have been a noble man to-day, living and happy; blest in all that makes life truly desirable; but for Philip's sneers at his "lack of manhood," as he termed it, on our wedding eve.

Philip Winters, who had been the means of William Ellis's ruin, by urging him to drink on his wedding eve, and thus arousing a craving appetite for more; an appetite which could never after be appeased or satisfied, was the first to advise his sister to leave him to his fate. But she, knowing his warm, true heart, knowing his temptations, and the power of the chains which bound him, refused to leave him, and those who had once been nearest and dearest to her, disowned her. Had her mother lived she would have been sure of a loving, welcome home at any time she chose to return, and she felt certain that her father's mind had been prejudiced against her, for in the olden days she had been his pet and idol.

Within was warmth and food; were happy children who knew, and claimed their right to all the comforts and luxuries that home afforded. Without stood the homeless outcasts, hungry and cold, uncertain and hesitating, viewing that scene with longing eyes, but not daring to enter.

By the glowing grate, in his easy chair, sat an aged man, with his head bowed thoughtfully on his chest, and a troubled expression on his face.

'What makes you so sad on Christmas eve, grandpa?' asked a youthful voice at his elbow. 'I thought that everybody was happy on Christmas eve.'

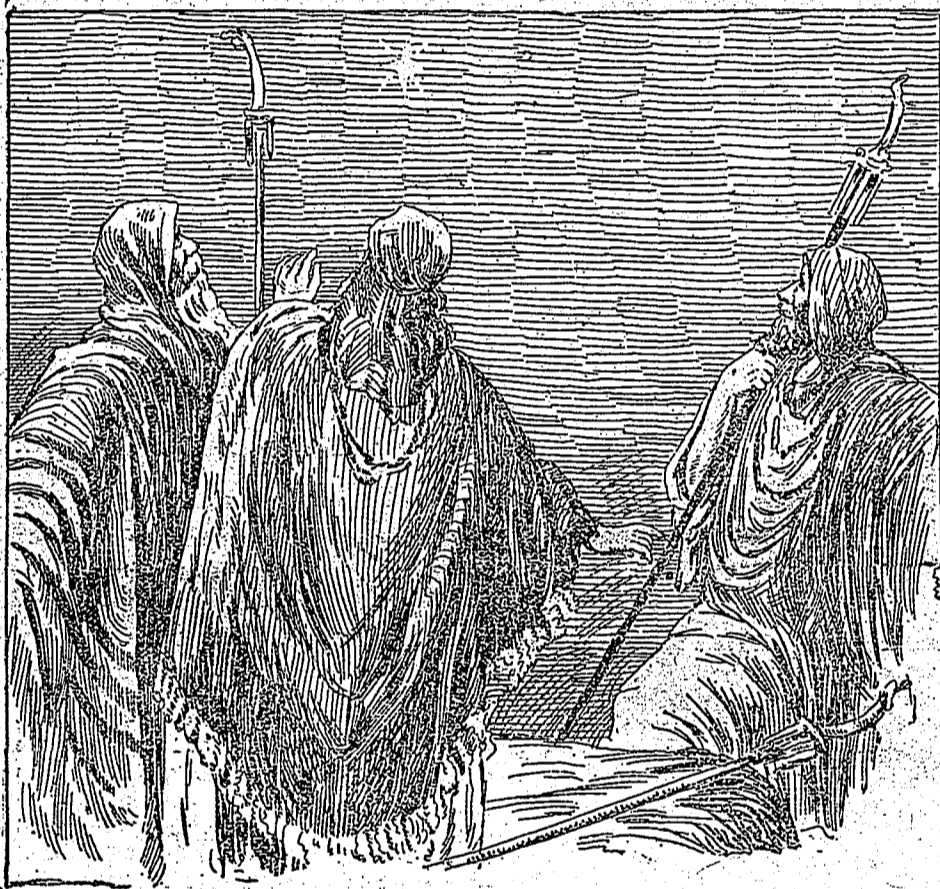
'I'm thinking of your Aunt Elsie, Charlie,' he answered, 'and I wish that she was with us to-night.'

'And so she might have been,' spoke Philip Winters from his easy chair across the hearth. 'She would have been with us to-night if she had listened to my advice; but she preferred that drunken husband of hers to all that we could offer.'

'Ah, Philip,' answered the old man sadly, 'I fear that our judgment of her motives and actions has not been a righteous one. Don't you remember what a strictly temperance man William Ellis was before he married Elsie? He would never touch or taste of any intoxicating drink. We all thought him unpleasantly radical in his ideas.'

'And so he was,' answered Philip, 'and when he took to drink he went to extremes the other way. One would have thought that a wife would have had some influence over him, and he would have tried to be respectable for her sake! Bah! I've no patience with such men.'

'I've heard,' said Mr. Winters, 'that his ancestors were nearly all drunkards. If it was so, that accounts for his fear of having anything to do with it. Knowing his family history as he probably did, it is a wonder that he yielded to temptation. There



THE MAGI.

Inside and Outside.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

'Are we almost there, mamma? and will grandpa be glad to see us?' asked a little child as he crept closer to his mother's side to shield himself from the bitter night winds, as the early twilight shadows settled down upon the snow-clad earth one cold December day.

'It is only a little farther,' answered the woman, catching her breath in a quick, pained way, as she glanced down the long, familiar street, and thought of the time when her joyous feet had tripped lightly over its pavement, and her happy heart had been a stranger to want and sorrow.

Her face, as the light from the street lamp fell upon it, seemed gentle and refined; her voice was low and sweet. In spite of cold and hunger, of tattered garments and utter destitution, she appeared a lady still.

'This is grandpa's home,' she said at length, as they came to a handsome residence, which was all aglow with light, and voices of merriment came floating out with a pleasant sound.

They paused beside a window through

which they caught glimpses of a Christmas tree loaded with tops and bon-bons which a group of happy children were admiring.

For the first time the child seemed to realize the difference between those children's life and his, and a shadow fell upon his eager face, as he exclaimed with a sob:

'Oh, mamma, we can't ever go in there, you an' I. We ain't fit,' and he glanced at his tattered garments in dismay. 'They're all so beautiful, an' so nice, they'd never let us in, 'cause they'd be so 'shamed of us. But oh, mamma, it's just like heaven in there, and—and it's so awfully cold out here.'

Her only answer was a weary sigh, as her eyes wandered about the luxuriously furnished apartment in search of a familiar face. Yes, there sat her brother Philip, older, and more consequential in his bearing, but the same brother Philip whose hand had been the means of ruining all her hopes of earthly happiness.

Her wedding eve. How well she remembered it. 'Twas then that Philip offered the 'cup of death' to her new-made husband. How firmly, almost indignantly, he had refused at first; but Philip's sneers and words of sarcasm had caused him to