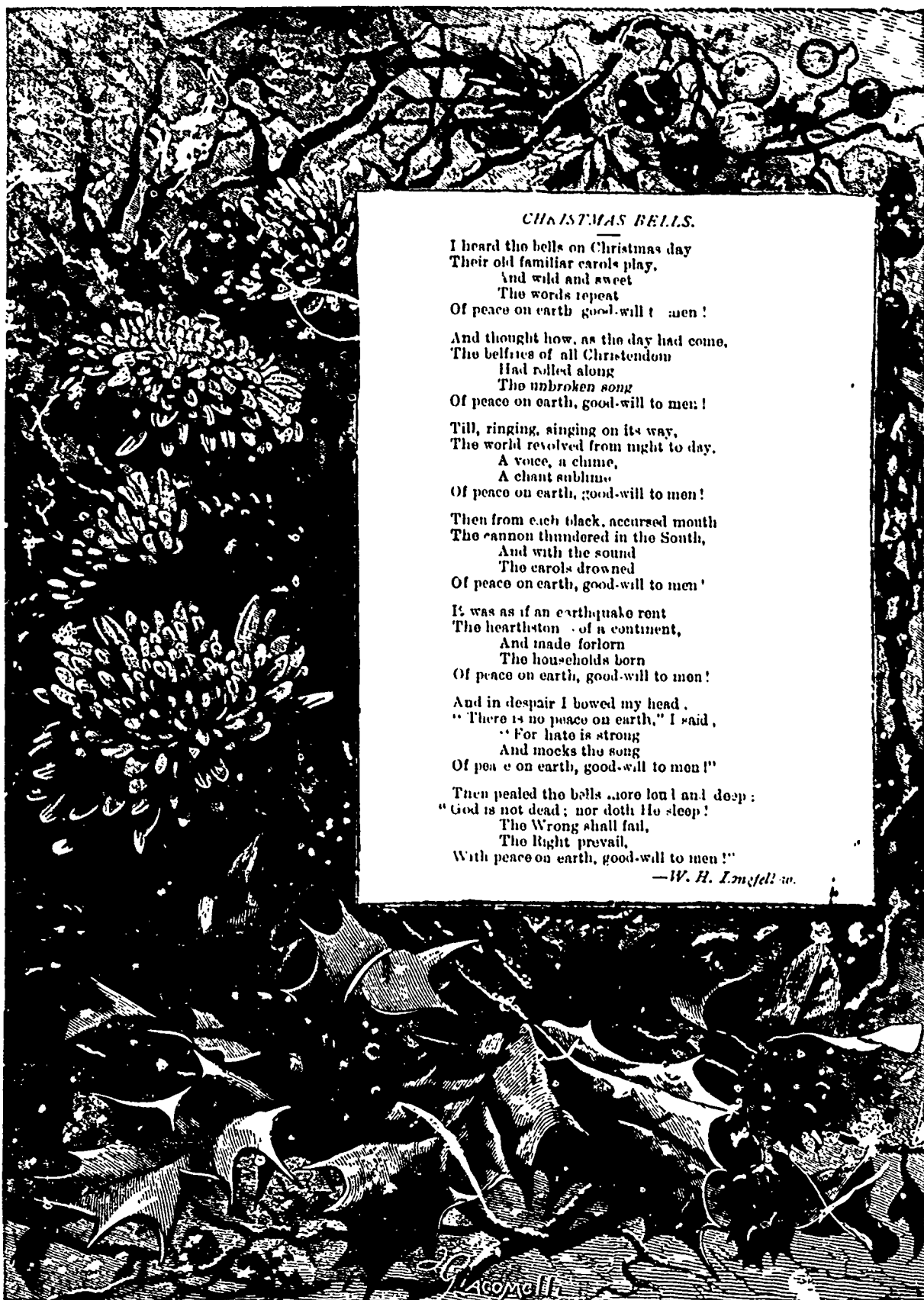


A Merry Christmas,

and a Happy New Year.



CHRISTMAS BELLS.

I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old familiar carols play,
And wild and sweet
The words repeat
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And thought how, as the day had come,
The belfries of all Christendom
Had rolled along
The unbroken song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Till, ringing, singing on its way,
The world revolved from night to day,
A voice, a chime,
A chant sublime,
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstone of a continent,
And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

And in despair I bowed my head:
"There is no peace on earth," I said,
"For hate is strong
And mocks the song
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Then pealed the bells more loud and deep:
"God is not dead; nor doth He sleep!
The Wrong shall fail,
The Right prevail,
With peace on earth, good-will to men!"

—W. H. Longfellow.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE BOUGHS.

Holly and mistletoe make the Merry Christmas in England and France, where the memory of the old Druids dwell and linger by cromlech and barrow and the time-honoured oak. We have no devotion to the mistletoe here, and, though some sickly specimens come across to be sold at their weight in gold, it is no essential to our Christmas festivities. But its season comes to cheer old and young, and the extremes of life meet in gladness in these happy days, which seem to bring all men into closer brotherhood. The rich open their hearts and their treasures, the poor lay aside their cares; in cot and in prison there is gladness, and even in the hospitals, where physical agony fetters the afflicted with bonds of pain, the glad refrain of Christmas seems to lull for a time the acuteness of suffering, and anthems of praise to God are heard on every side.

SIX LITTLE TURKEYS.

Six little turkeys, and all in a row!
Now what they were hatched for, they didn't know:
Our grandmama did, but she could not tell,
She watered and fed them every day well,
But not one of the six heard her once say,
She was fattening them all for Christmas day.

Six little turkeys! From morning till night
They would run away and hide out of sight.
Grandmama's sun bonnet scarcely at all
Found time to hang on its peg on the wall:
For they kept her all summer watching about
The byways and hedges, calling them out.

Six large, fat turkeys and all in a row
On Christmas morning! And one was to go
To Sam, one to Tom, another to Lu
(Dear little grandchildren loving and true);
One was to be sent to poor Widow Gray,
With six helpless children to feed that day:

Our Betty cooked one for lame little Joe—
His mother is sick and feeble, you know.
Grandmama was so happy, she didn't mind
Running all summer the turkeys to find.
For she knew when Christmas day came round,
The very best place for each would be found.

—New York Evangelist.

FEMALE SOCIETY.

What is it that makes all those men who associate habitually with women superior to others who do not? What makes that woman who is accustomed to and at ease in the society of men superior to her sex in general? Solely because they are in the habit of free, graceful, continued conversations with the other sex.

Women in this way lose all undue frivolity, their faculties awaken, their delicacies and peculiarities unfold all their beauty and captivation in the spirit of intellectual rivalry.

And the men lose their pedantic, rude, declamatory, or sullen manner. The coin of the understanding and heart changes continually. Their asperities are rubbed off, and their richness, like gold, is brought into finer workmanship by the fingers of woman than it ever could be by those of men.