A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

In the field with their flooks abiding, They lay on the dewy ground; And patient under the sturlight The sheep lay white around; When the light of the Lord streamed o'er them, nd lot from the beaven above An angel lexued from the glory And sang this song of love:

> He sang, that first sweet Christmas The song that shall never cease. "Glory to God in the highest On earth good will and peace."

"To you in the city of David A Sayfour is born to-day!" And suidenly a boat of the heavenly ones Plashed forth to join in the lay! (th never hath ameeter measage Thrilled home to the souls of men And the beavens themselves had never beard A gladder choir till then,

For they sang that Christmas Carol That never on earth shall cease: "Obry to find in the highest On earth good will and peace."

And the shetcherds came to the matter And the shepherds came to the mar And gazed on the Holy Child, And nalmly o'er that cradle rude The Virgin Mother smiled; And the sky, in the star lit silence, Seemed full of the angel lay; "To you, in the city of David, A Saviour is born to day."

Oh they sang—and I ween that never The Carol on earth shall cease— "Glory to God in the highest On earth great will and peace."

THE ECCENTRICITIES OF BULLETS. At the battle of Peach Orchard when McClellan was making a change of base, a Michigan infantryman fell to the ground as if shot stone dead, and was left lying in a heap as the regiment changed position. The ball which hit him first struck the barrel of his gun, glanced and struck a button off his cost, tore the watch out of his vest pocket, and then struck the man just over the heart, and was stopped there by a song book in his shirt pocket. He was unconscious for three quarters of an hour, and it was a full month before the black and blue spot disappeared. Pittsburg Landing, a member of the Twelfth Michigan Regiment of Infantry stooped to give a wounded men a drink from his cauteen. While in the act, a bullet aimed at his breast, struck the canteen, turned aside, passed through the body of a man and buried itself in the leg of a horse. The canteen was split open, and dropped to the ground in halves. At the second battle of Bull Run, as a New York infantryman was passing his plug of tobacco to a comrade, a bullet struck the plug, glanced off, and uried itself in a knapsack. The tobacco was rolled up-like a ball of shavings, and carried a hundred feet away. Directly in the line of the bullet was the head of a heutenant, and had not the bullet been deflected, he would certainly have received it. As it was he had both eyes filled with tobacco dust, and had to be led to the rear. At Brandy Station one of Custer's troopers had his left stirrup-strap out away by a grape-shot, which passed between his leg and the horse, blistering his skin as if a red-hot from had been used. He dismounted to ascertain the extent of his injuries, and as he bent over, a bullet knocked off his hat and killed his horse. In the same fight was a trooper who had suffered several days with a toothache. In a hand-to hand light he received a pistol ball in his right cheek. It knocked off his aching double tooth and passed out of the left-hand corner of his mouth taking along a part of an upper tooth. The joy of being rid of the toothache was so great that the trooper could not be made to go to the rear to have his wound dressed. An ob-ject, however trilling, will turn the bullet from its true course. This was shown one day at the remount camp in Pleasant Valley. They had a "bull pen" there, in which about 500 bounty jumpers and other hard cases were under guard. Once in a while one of these men would make a break for liberty. Every sentinel in position would open fire, and it did not matter in the least if the man ran toward the crowded camp. On this occasion the prisoner made for the camp and as many as six shots were fired at him without effect. One of the bullets entered the tent of a captain in the Twelfth Pennsylvania into elegant Latin in one night, the address of cavalry. He was lying down, and the course of the Bishops at the Pan-Anglican Council, was, the bullet would have buried it in his chest. Fortunately for him a candle by which he was reading sat on a stand between him and where the builtet entered. This was struck and cut square in two, and the lighted end dropped to the floor without being snuffed out. The ball was deflected and buried in the pillow under the officer's head, passed out of that and through his tent into the one behind it, passed between two and brought up against a camp kettle. There is in Detroit, Mich., a man who was wounded five times in less than ten minutes, at Fair Oaks. The first bullet entered his left arm : the second gave him a scalp wound; the third hit him in the foot; the fourth buried itself in his shoulder; the fifth entered his right leg. While he was being carried to the rear, the first two men who took him were killed. While his wounds were being dressed, an exploded shell almost buried him under an avalanche of dirt. In being removed further to the rear, a runaway ambulance horse carried him half a mile and dumped him out, and yet he is seemingly hale and hearty and walks without a limp, ... Phreno. logical Journal (New York).

under the Christmas snow.

The wild, black night stoops down without a star,
Above the Tyrol's snows —
Down from the icy lands of night afar
The angry north wind blows;
Behind the storm the Christmas moon is shining.
Beyond the night the berald angels sing.
But not a whisper of that far sweet carol
The revine night winds bring.

The raving sight-winds bring.

Under their snow-fringed eaves, far down the valley.

The window panes shine ruddy through the storm And everywhere the little roay faces. Crowd in the firelight warm—

By every hearth some voice is softly telling. How, in the midnight, far and far away,

The angels sang, and Christ the Child of Mary,
Was born on Christmas Day.

The wind aweeps rosing round the rocking belfry.

The bells awake and sing:
Each iron tongue takes up the glad old story
Of Christ, the Child—of Christ, the Lord of Glory—
Of peace on earth they ring!
At the high Altar all the priests are chanting:
Like yellow stars the Christmas candles flare:
The dim blue smoke-wreaths from the swinging

censers
Float faiet and sweet along the frosty air;
There in the little craffe lies the Babe,
By kneeling peasants worshiped, as of old
The Three Wise Kings from out the morning-lands
Unto a manger brought, with reverent hands.
The myrrh and spice and gold.

But up above, among the roaring pines.
The drifted depths of anow.
No censers swing, no yellow taper shines.
No lighted altars glow:
And, pale, with blood-drops aprinkled, from His Cross.
As from His throne on high. As from His throne on nigh.
Watches above the world of night and storm
The Christ of Calvary.

There at the wayside Rood one woman, lying,
Like Magdalene of old,
Hears the storm's angry voices sweeping, dying.
Far up the mountain-peak's eternal cold.
Warm on her, breast a little hand is creeping:
She feels it sir and thrill—
And on the soft lips of the baby sleeping
A breath of Summer still.

The weary, uphill road lies dark behind her, Traveled in toil and pain, And down the valley slopes the chimes seem calling Her hast feet home again. She hears them faintly on the night-wind swinging, So far and sweet and low-She bears the echo of the choral singing Borce on the gusts of show-Gloria in Excelsis—Immine !"

Theria in Excellin-Domine?
The dying lips take up the angels song:
"Hear me, Lord Christ, from out Thy home in glory,
And lift me—Thou art strong!
Nay, nay: not me! Oh, Jesu of the manger,
Bethlehem and Calvary—
Oh, Holy Child, whom once Thy mother cradled,
Take up my child to Thee!

is so cold! The snow is drifting-drifting-"It is so could! The snow is drifting—drifting—
My feet sink deep—so deep!
Stoop down, dear Lord! My arms are weary lifting
The little lamb asleep!
Think arms are strong, and death will never reach her.
Once on Thy wounded breast—
Lift her, oh, Lord! and let the snowdrift take me—
And let me—rest!"

The night lies dark on her eyelids, The night lies dark on her eyelids,

The snowfiskes choke her breath;
But she lifts the child like a glowing rose

From her chilled bosom's death;
And lo' from the high Cross icosened,
Two nailed-pierced Hands reach down,
And ail the night is flooded

With light from a thorny crown.
And the storm dies away in atlence,
And the storm dies away in atlence,
And the hosts of earth and heaven

Take up the old, old strain—
Joy after aim forgiven,
And Peace for Pain;

And Peace for Pain!

The wild, black night stoops down without a star,

The earth lies dead and cold—
And cold above the mother and the child.

The wast, white drifts are rolled. And the pale Form upon the way-ide cross
Looks worn and weary down—
The blood-drops of the passion on His side,
The sharp therus for His crown;
But, high above the death of Calvary,
The risen Unrist stands mid—

At His dear feet in peace the mother has And on His breast, the child! Behind the splintered ice peaks slowly burning. The day rolls up its fire;
Along the eternal snow fleids walks the morning.
And, high in heaven, and higher.
The crimson glory floods the dying blue.

The crimson glory ficeds the dying blue.

The white stars one by one.

Go back to heaven, and the night is done—

The long world sidarkness metts to light away.

Out of the East has men the Eteroal Sun,

And Christ brings Christmas Day!

VARIETIES.

The late Bishop of Lichfield, who was alike remarkable for wit and learning the translated not long before his death travelling in a railway carriage in England, when a blustering man ex claimed, "I should like to meet that Bishop of Lichfield; I'd put a question to him that would puzzie him." "Very welk," said a valor our of another corner; "now is your time for I am the Bishop." The man was rather startled, but presently said, "Well, my ford, can you tell me the way to heaven?" "Nothing easier," answered the Bishop; "you have only to turn to the right, and gostraight forward."

THE RING IN MARBIAGE. -- The objection to the use of a ring in the marriage ceremony was telt by Puritans generally, in England as well as here, even by those who had no scruples about the solemmization of the rite by a minister. The main ground of this objection was the common idea that the ring was symbolical in such a sense as to imply the sacramental character of marriage. The ring was used in espousals by the ancient Greeks and Romans, but was not used by them as a part of the marriage ceremony. In the church it continued to be used in bethrothal, as a symbol of the tie which has and south, passin' close by the camp and side the edge.

been formed; but in the marriage rite itself it was probably not used until about the tenth century. The introduction of the marriage-ring was probably derived from the custom of giving the ring, with the staff to bishops at their consecration. Whether correctly or not, the ceremony of placing the ring on the bride's finger was held to indicate the symbolic and Sacramental nature of marriage itself. The couples of Puritan descent who go through the form of bestowing and receiving the ring, at the present day, certainly have no such dogmatic association with what they regard as a harmless and pleasing custom. But there is no ground for flinging stones at their Puritan ancestors who were in the thick of the battle with Romish theology, and who felt called upon to scrutinize the usages which had come down from times when Christianity was taught in a perverted form, and the rights of the laity were absorbed by the clerical body. -PROF. J. P. FISHER.

DAN WHEELER'S BEAR STORY.

AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.

Bears don't never show fight unless there Wal, p'raps you know a good deal, young man, and p'raps again you aint altogether a Solomon.

Wal, yes, I reckon I hev' seen a bear turn on a feller promiscuous like, and what's more the feller was just the party you're speaking to, and he don't want another slice off the same cake, vou bet.

Want to hear the story. Wal, I suppose, 'Tan't much of a story, that's so. kind of a curious experience, as them book making fellers call it. I told it to one of them sort a while ago, a civil spoken chap enough, tho' I allow he was a poor shot. Seemed awful anxious to get a bear though, and we got him one amongst as that he thinks he shot to this day. Yes, he said he calculated to fix this 'ere yarn I'm agoin' to tell you up in one of them magazines I think it was, but I never heard no more of it sence

Wal, about that bear. It was quite a while ago, somewhere about fifty years, I should judge. How old am I now! Wal boss, I reckon you'll hey to take your own bearings and strike an average. Anyways I was a youngster then, 'way back on Red River. It was pretty rough work living up around there, you can believe, but the huntin' was first rate, and we had a pretty lively crowd, mostly young fellers like myself, and we figured out to have tol'ble good times, and make money too most o' the while, for furs were plenty and the Company paid up fair and square.

I remember the particler day, I'm telling you about same as if it was yesterday. One of the half-breeds, "Skinny Pete" as he was known in camp, come in late one night all excited like bout the trill of a large hear that the large hear that the second in the trail of a large bear that he had struck on the outskirts of the blueberry swamp, that lay about a mile and a half to the north of our camping ground. "Him big as buffalo," declared the Indian." "Plenty fine hunt tomorrow, plenty bear-meat; Pete plenty like bear," and he rubbed his bread basket affection-

ate like, thinking o' what was goin' into it.

The boys mostly took Pete's yarns jest for what they was worth, and we concluded he was probably tayin' it on extra thick in the matter o' size. Still he war'nt likely to be much out where a bear's trail was consarned, and we turned in early, so's to be about fust thing next mornin' after the durned critter.

Wal, maybe turnin' in is sunthin' of a large word, seein' as how we on'ly had to roll ourselves up in our buffalos and court the embraces Murphy, as young Doctor Weston, the scholar of our party used to call it. He was a smart feller, that doctor, knowed most everything, and could write out a Laten prescription most as straight as he could shoot, and that was straight-ish, you can bet your boots.
Old Phoebus Pollo (that's the sun, on'ly

tother seems kinder more poetical) did nt get in a great deal shead of us next mornin'. started right out, soon as it was light. Pete brought his dogs along, a mighty ornery crowd to look at, you can believe, but "good uns to It's a queer thing, boys, that the uglier a cur is, often times the better bear dog he seems to make. Kind o' law of nature maybe. Every dog's good for sunthin' I suppose, same as every felier, though there's crowds of 'em (fellers I mean not dogs) seems as though they was made by mistake somehow. But dogs is useful mostly for one thing or another, and when you get a cur, as ugly as sin, and seemin'ly 'thout a good p'int about him anywheres, just you try him on bear, and it's a hundred chances to one if you don't maybe just strike his vo-cation, right

Wal, we started as 1 said, Pete leadin' with the dogs 'a following him, p'raps a half a dozen in all, and the rest of us, five altogether, or six maybe, in Indian file, sneakin' along thro' the cracklin' branches and dead leaves, as quiet as field mice, and never a word spoke among us. It was just about the commencement of the fall. and there was a heap o' leaves and dead bush that made it thunderin' hard work to travel quiet like.

Our camp was fixed in a little clearing protty nigh the top of a hill that sloped down gradual may be three parts of a mile or more towards the blueberry swamp I told you of. The river run clear through this hill pretty nigh north

comin' out on the plain 'bout a mile and a half to the south. It ran through a kind o' ravine, maybe a hundred feet or more of perpendicular rock hangin' right over it.

The whole hill was covered with a pretty thick bush, stretchin' away for miles to the north, and 'most impossible to push through 'thout usin' an axe.

Howsumdever, right along the edge o' the cliff the bush war pretty thin, and we used to use this for a path to and from the camp. There was a pretty large stretch of prairie 'way below, what we used to call our larder, for we were most sure of a deer there when we ran anyways short. You see the deer used to come down to water in the evenin, and stay in the open mostly all night, so's we could stalk 'em early in the mornin' from the broken ground at the end of the ravine, or lie in the edge of the bush,

and pot 'em as they come in.
Wal, boys, I aint anyways good on descriptions, but I had to wade in and try my level best to shew you the way things war fixed, so's you'd kinder understand what happened a while

We took the reg'lar way down along the edge o' the cliff, as I was a saying, and Weston, who was just a head of me, stopped 'bout half way down to look over into the river.

He give a look over, and whispered to me, "That 'ud be an ugly place for tumble, eh! Dan." "Wal, it would, that's a fact," sez l, "though its a mighty pretty sight too." And so it was, boys, the river tumblin' over them boulders 'way down below, all froth and foam. And the cliff, jest a perpendicular wall o' sand-stone, with little ledges projectin' here an' there where the rock was a piece harder, and the water couldn't wash it away, so the doctor told me. And most every one of them ledges hed a little saplin' or a bunch of grass or the like growin' on it. Jest as pretty as anything as I told you boys, but it gave me a shudder to think of tumblin' over them, and so I told

Wal, we marched along pretty quiet till we

got down to the open ground.

Then we held up awhile on the edge of the bush, and put our heads together to lay out our plans. The tracks Pete hed noticed when he cas comin' home was crossin' from the bush into the blueberry patch, and the way be come on 'em was by making a short cut, in his durned Indian fashion, up along the edge of the swamp to the camp, which lay pretty near in a line with it. Most like the old bear hed put in the night fillin' hisself with his favorite grub, and we calculated to find him still settin' in the

After a bit o' talk, we concluded to spread out along the edge of the prairie and send Pete on ahead with the dogs to strike the swamp on the far side, to see 'ef he couldn't drive that there bear to break on our side, so's we'd get a chance to tackle him in the open.

Course after bear got afoot, we were to shift for ourselves, best way we could.

I guess it was hardly five minutes after we got fixed that we heard one of the dogs give a yelp, and then another, and then Pete ahollerin' and cheerin' to 'em, and a minute after Charlie Thoms, -Charlie was standin' right on the corner o' the swamp-hollers out, "There he goes, boys." With that he runs forrard a few yards and fires his rifle, kind of a snap shot seemin'ly, and then 'thout stopping to load agin, tears

along the edge of the swamplike mad.
Weston and I was a bit further up towards the river, and could'nt see a thing on'y we heard crash, crash in the bush, as the old brute thundered along through the undergrowth. Doc" and the rest of the boys tumbled right in after him, jest where they happened be standin', but I thought I know'd a trick worth two o' that. The bear was making straight for the river, and, as I was telling you the bush was terrible thick right there. I was a piece behind the rest of the party, and not far from the bank we'd come along by, so I concluded to try back up the path and head the old critter off when her struck the top of the hill.

Wal, I put right straight up the path runnin' pretty smart. I could hear the bear and the dogs crashin' along, and once in a while I heard a stray cuss from some o' the boys, when they got stuck in the bush. He was makin right straight for the river, I could hear that plain enough, so I chuckled a piece at the id-o o' getting the fast chance at him away from the rest the fellers.

All on a sudden the cry to the dogs commenced to get fainter. I stopped and listened a spell. That was no mistaktn' it, the bear had turned off toward the other side of the bush,

way off beyond the camp.

You may believe I was riled.—I jest set down and cursed for quite a while. To think that I was clean out of it, the fust bear hunt of the season too, and a rattlin' fine bear at that, for I could tell by the way he crashed through the underbrush that he was a stunner and no mis-It was all my informal foolishness leavin' the dogs, to go cavortin' up the hill and get on the wrong track after all, Maybe the boys

wouldn't smile—durn 'em all.

After a spell I got through cussin' and concluded to make the best of a bad job. I reckoned I'd strike back to camp and get breakfast before the boys got in. I got my legs moving and started up the hill apiece, till I got most site where the Doctor and I had pro-spected over the ravine in the mornin'. Jest around here I thought I might as well light my pipe, so I fetched up sittin on a log that lay right along