Listowel Standard.

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DEATH OF GEORGE ELIOT.

She Passes Quietly Away.

Brief Notice of Her Life and Labors.

LONDON, Dec. 23.—Mrs. Cross (George Eliot), the distinguished novelist, died last night. Her death was quiet and almost painless. She was seized with a sudden chill, which attacked her in the larynx, on Sunday. Shortly before attacked, she received several friends, who left her apparently in good health and spirits. The attack did not give serious cause for alarm until six o'clock last evening, when her physician soon discovered that the pericardium was seriously affected, and pronounced her case almost hopeless. She passed away quietly. On the 6th of May last the deceased was married as Miss Marian Evans to John Walter Cross, a merchant here.

Marian Evans was born in Warwickshire, England, about the year 1820. She was widely known under the *nom de plume* of George Eliot. Her first work, Scenes of Clerical Life, was published in *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1857. It was followed by Adam Bede in 1859, which at once secured for its author a place among the first of English novelists, and formed the beginning of a series of works, each one of which has confirmed George Eliot in the high position which criticism has almost universally allotted to her. The Mill on the Floss appeared in 1860, Silas Marner in 1861, Romolo in 1863, Felix Holt in '66, and Middlemarch in '71. She translated Strauss' Life of Jesus (1846), and Feuerbach's Essence of Christianity (1854). Her poetical works were the Spanish Gipsy, in 1868, and the Legend of Jubal, in 1874. She was for a time associate editor of the Westminster Review. Among the highest characteristics of George Eliot as a writer of fiction was her remarkable power of delineation, not so much of character already formed as of its development. Almost unconsciously the reader follows every process in the growth of those strong individual types with which her novels are filled, and sees the logical influence of every circumstance and event brought to bear upon their lives. In all her works the physical and material difficulties to which her actors are subjected, and all those things which ordinarily constitute the plot of a romance, are, without losing their interest in any way, made completely subordinate to this leading design of picturing the development of the individual character under different conditions. Thus her novels form some of the best examples in the English language of the true carrying out of the highest purpose of fiction. Hardly less important characterizations were her skill in seizing and embodying thoroughly human types of mind and thought, so that each one of her characters became a living representative of some traits which every reader recognizes; and her powers of terse and almost epigrammatic expression, which places her works among that small number from which expressions pass into popular and current quotation.

In breadth of genius George Elliot leaves no equal in the literary world of England, and in this respect never had an equal among the female writers of the English language. In rushing passion Charlotte Broute surpassed her; in intensity of insight Mrs. Browning was perhaps her superior, but both of them had narrower natures than hers. Critics will differ as to which is her most charming work, but they will be generally agreed, we think, that her Romolo displays the greatest mental power, and is the most perfect sample of her artistic treatment. Among modern works of fiction Henry Esmond is alone to be compared with it. She approached more nearly the Shakespearian faculty than any of our great literary workers except Fielding and Thackeray. Her death will be very deeply regretted in literary circles, for the charm of her manner was equal to the charm of her literary art. It is but a year ago that we heard an admiring friend say of her that she was "blooming like a rose, and appeared to have many years of splendid work in her yet." The suddenness of her death will add to the sorrow which it will be the cause of.

SHIPWRECK AND DEATH.

Terrible Sufferings of a Ship's Crew at Anticosti.

QUEBEC, Dec. 21.—A portion of the crew of the bark Bristolian, which was wrecked on Anticosti on the 22nd ult., arrived up here last night, and tell a fearful tale of hardship connected with the wreck. The vessel left port on Saturday, 19th November, and everything went well until the next day. Shortly after the pilot left the vessel at Bic, nasty weather set in, with rain, snow and sleet, accompanied by a terrific gale of wind. This lasted until the evening of the 22nd, by which time the vessel had become a complete iceberg. The ropes were frozen in the blocks and the sails would not bend, so that the ship became unmanageable. A fearful gale was blowing from the north-west when at about 9 p. m, the vessel struck ground. Prior to this time, at about 8 p. m., one of the seamen, Thomas Smith, aged about 19 years, had been washed overboard and lost. As soon as the vessel struck the rest of the crew made themselves fast to the rigging, where they remained, expecting every moment to be their last, wet through and benumbed with cold. There was no fire on board, nor any means of making one, the vessel having previously had her decks swept and the galley and cook-house shifted out of their position. At about 11 p. m. the vessel's stern commenced to break up, and the men with difficulty managed to take up a position in the forward part of the ship, where they stowed themselves for the remainder of the night in their wet clothes, exposed to the terrors of the night. During the interval John Evans, of Carnarvon, Thomas Anderson, aged 22, Scotch, and D. McQuilken, a young lad of 15, succumbed to the cold and were frozen to death. Nearly all the remainder of the crew were more or less frost-bitten, but they managed to weather out the night. When day broke next morning it was found that the vessel was some two miles from land about half way between Beacie River and English Bay, and the weather still being rough and intensely cold their position was a most terrible one to contemplate. It was at one time fancied that the smoke of an approaching steamer was discernible coming in their direction, but it was not so, and the party afterwards became considerably discouraged. It was now about eleven o'clock, and they set about launching the only boat they had remaining, all the others having been carried away by the heavy sea. In this they were successful, but unfortunately the boat filled with water. They all, however, managed to get in and bailed out the boat as they rowed ashore. On landing they were in a terribly exhausted condition, and knew not what to do or where to go. Having noticed a man's footsteps on the ground they followed his tracks, as they imagined, for about six miles. Evan Evans, the cook, now showed signs of exhaustion, and died at the foot of the stump of an old tree. He was a married man forty-two years of age, his wife and family living in Liverpool. The remainder of the crew then resumed their journey, and shortly afterwards, with what feelings can be better imagined than described, they sighted the dwelling of Mr. Gamache, where they were hospitably received and their needs most kindly attended to. They remained here for ten days, and speak in loud praise of their host for his unwearied kindness in attending to all their wants. At the end of that time, having gained considerable strength, they started out to walk for Ellisboy, eighteen miles distant. Capt. Clements, however, was too ill to walk, and was hauled along on a hand sleigh. His feet and hands are badly frozen. At Ellisboy they embarked on board the schooner Wasp for Gaspe. Three of the crew named H. Cogley, William Dunn and William Calcott, being too badly frozen, were left on the island, but they were in a fair way of recovery, and it is anticipated that they have by this time completely recovered. Captain Clements remains at Gaspe, where he will stay until he has fully recovered, towards which he is now in a fair way. The names of those who have arrived here are Andrew Neblock, mate; John Jamieson, carpenter, and Geo. Nash, Robert Blackall and John Brown, able seamen. They were taken charge of by the shipping office and sent to Mrs Doherty's boarding-house in Champlain street.

STILL MISSING.

BRANTFORD, Ont., Dec 23.—As yet no tidings have been found of J B. Sage, who has been missing since Tuesday evening. He was a school trustee, and came to the city on Tuesday and drew over $400 for school purposes, and it is supposed that he had some more money with him, amounting in all to nearly $600 During the day he had indulged a little, a thing he has not done for some time past. His relatives and a large number of friends have been searching all day for him, but without any trace whatever.

AROUND THE WORLD.

—June 1, 1882, is the official date fixed upon for the inauguration of the St. Gothard tunnel.

—Cardinal Manning lately lost his brother. Their father was Governor of the Bank of England.

—Lord Beaconsfield has received 130 offers to translate "Endymion" into French—94 from ladies and 39 from gentlemen.

—Out of a total of 130,000 railway employes in Great Britain and Ireland 4,000 are either killed or injured every year.

—"The white race is greatly overrated," aid a speaker in a Boston meeting of negroes elative to the Cadet Whittaker case.

—Bernhardt rode about Boston in a showy carriage drawn by four horses, and attracted as much attention as a circus procession.

—The work of improving the port of Genoa, based on the magnificent donation of the late Duke Galliera, is nearly completed.

—A thief at St. Louis was chased out upon the great bridge by a policeman, and, rather than be arrested, dropped ninety feet and was drowned.

—A family never becomes extinct in Japan. If there are no male descendants, a young son of another family is adopted, and takes the amily name.

—The newspapers of Cincinnati are running races with each other in the item of extras and triple sheets; and the town still calls itself the "Paris of America."

—The *St. James' Gazette* asserts that Siberia is a far richer country than Canada, and enjoys a climate neither warmer in summer nor colder in winter.

—A Cincinnati man turned his blind daughter into the street, though amply able to support her, because she refused to commit suicide with the poison which he provided.

—W. Barnet Le Van read a paper before the Franklin Institute, at Philadelphia, in which he held that ninety miles an hour was a safely attainable speed on straight and level railroads.

—At the request of Thomas Hughes, Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee, will make the new Rugby settlement his official and private home, and will build a residence in the spring.

—Ex Queen Isabella of Spain takes a deep interest in M. de Lesseps's Panama canal scheme, and was one of the first to subscribe to the stock. "Money placed in it will reap fortunes," she tells her friends.

—Gen. Garibaldi's health has been entirely restored by his residence on the Genoese coast. He frequently visits the villages along the coast in a canoe or small boat. His friends believe that he will live ten years longer at least.

—A firm at Winnipeg have received instructions from their London agency to make preparations for the reception of sixteen Irish families, to be sent out, with a good farming outfit by the Duchess of Marlborough, in the spring.

—A haunch of mutton was lately sent anonymously to a gentleman in England, who invited some friends to eat. A slight bitterness in some of the meat excited suspicion, and it was found to be impregnated with quantities of strychnine.

—Mlle. Grevy, daughter of the President, walks and rides alone with an independence very rare among French young ladies. On being accosted by a too gallant countryman, lately, she is said to have remonstrated with him quietly on his impertinence.

—It is whispered in Vatican circles that Leo XIII. intends to resume quietly and by degrees the State ceremonies of the Pontifical Court as they were celebrated eleven years ago, even to going down into St. Peter's and reviving the splendid ceremonies in that famous basilica.

—In a letter to the Paris *Intransiaeant*, Garibaldi frankly admits that the emigrants from Italy to this country are, as a class, undesirable, both physically and morally. The cause of this he finds in the fact that the picked men of Italy are in the army, the civil service, and the religious orders.

—The German navy now includes seven ironclad frigates, five ironclad corvettes, eleven covered corvettes, five so-called flat deck corvettes and four more in course of construction, nine gunboats, with a variety of vessels for coast defence, dispatch boats, transports, training ships, tugs, pilot boats, etc.

—A marriage is to take place between Lord Wentworth, Byron's grandson, and a daughter of Mr. James Stewart Wortley. Lord Wentworth is a widower. He was engaged about two years ago to a young American lady, Miss "Dudu" Fletcher who wrote "Kismet," and was thought to have jilted her.

—The resumption of specie payments in Italy is opposed by capitalists and speculators in gold; yet a forced currency is no longer needed, as the country is peaceful and advancing in manufactures, and last year there was an excess of $42,291,000 in receipts over expenses in the budget. Parliament has voted to adopt a resumption policy.

—A school girl saw a play performed at San Luis, Cal., in which the heroine died by poison, after suffering very much from unrequited love. The girl had an unhappy love affair of her own, and the performance on the stage impressed her so deeply that she bought arsenic on the way home and committed suicide.

—A Chicago tenant informed the owner of the house he occupied that the drainage was defective, and demanded repairs, which were not made. His daughter was barely saved from death by diphtheria, and the physician declared that she was poisoned by sewer gas. A suit of $1,000 damages has been brought against the landlord.

—A woman at Lodi, Pa., deliberately starved herself to death. The process required six weeks of total abstinence from food, though she drank sparingly of water. She had long been eccentric, and the death of her mother destroyed her reason. Thereupon she went to bed with the avowed intention of dying, and never ate again.

—A girl of 14 years of age has been compelled by a machinist, in England, to work for him for thirty-seven hours at a stretch with only an interval of one hour and a half for rest "The most inhuman case," said the Government inspector, "that has ever come under my notice." The machinest was fined $12.50.

—The little city of Weimar, where Goethe resided, is ordinarily as quiet as a country village. Pianoforte playing, however, is universal, and the noise of persons practising on that instrument is something intolerable. The authorities have therefore passed an ordinance that no piano shall be played in a room, the windows of which are open, under penalty of a fine.

—About six miles west of Beowawe station, on the Central Pacific road, there is a true geyser on the side of a mountain, or rather forty of them. The one which throws the highest stream is only about an inch and a-half in diameter, but at intervals of thirty minutes it casts up boiling water to a height of twenty-five feet. A lot of others gush up in the vicinity over about forty acres of ground.

—Russian musical circles were, at last accounts, awaiting with some curiosity the publication this winter of a series of Siberian airs. The Russian Government commissioned, two years ago, two musicians to travel through the villages of Siberia and make a collection of national melodies. Out of the large number collected thirty are entirely novel to European ears.

—The past thirty years have witnessed more improvements in and around London than in any previous period. A bill will be introduced next year to enable the Metropolitan Board of works and any vestry or parochial authority to purchase open spaces within the limits of the metropolis, to devote them to public recreation, and to apply funds, rates, or revenue to their purchase.

—In all German towns of any consequence occasional exhibitions are held where new foreign inventions and products, which are in any way affiliated to the local manufactures, are exhibited and permitted to be minutely examined by artisans and factory operatives. Any excellence in the foreign article is quickly detected and imitated by the local workmen.

—The *Aurora*, the Pope's organ, announces that two hundred yards outside the gate of San Pancrazio a priest has just discovered a new catacomb, with various galleries, and containing twelve chapels, the greater part of which are adorned with paintings admirably preserved. The new catacomb extends from San Pancrazio to the villa Pamfily-Doria.

—France has a fresh grievance agains Germany. Hippolyte Tissot, Alsacian by birth, a sous-lieutenant in the Forty-first Regiment of the French territorial army, has just been condemned at Strasburg by a German court martial to three years' detention in a fortress for having instigated one Debaisieux to find out all he could about the fortifications of Thionville.

—At a ball at Schwarzenburg, Saxony, a young man entered, having what appeared to be a cigar in his mouth. He went to the chandelier as if to light it, and a terrible explosion ensued. The lights were extinguished the walls partly gave way, some of the dancers were covered with blood, and the young man was blown to pieces. He had killed himself by means of a dynamite cartridge.

—The German Minister and Mr. Goschen have earned the unanimous gratitude of Europe for the patience, good temper, and unchanging purpose with which they carried the negotiations through at the Porte. It is stated that a peerage will be conferred on Mr. Goschen, thus creating a vacancy in the representation of Ripon. Altogether the creation of three peerages is contemplated, exclusive of Lord Odo Russell.

—During the Czar's recent journey from Livadia, it is said that ten peasants and two soldiers were stationed as watchmen along each verst of the entire distance from Sebastapool, making a total of 36,000 men on foot, with 1,700 mounted. These were on guard two days and a night, therefore it must be supposed that half were reliefs. The cost of the watchmen, including the journey to Livadia in the summer, is estimated to have been £15,000.

—One of the advantages pertaining to the new method of engraving by electricity—an electric spark pen having been invented for the purpose in Paris—is that the artist does all parts of his work, and with no more trouble than in working with an ordinary pencil, and can even operate in a dark room, without any other light than the glare from the induction spark. If a sheet of thin paper be attached to a plate of copper or zinc, it is said that an engraving may be made with extraordinary facility by this device.

—When a man wants to enlist in the army of China his courage is subjected to a very unusual test. The recruiting officer places the candidate in a chair and proceeds to extract a tooth, and the conduct of the patient under this ordeal is said to decide the question as to his fitness for the military service of the empire. If he howls and jumps up and down he is pronounced unfit; but if he smiles and exhibits generally a feeling of satisfaction he secures a prominent place in the ranks.

—Prof. T. Sterry Hunt, estimating the production of pig iron in the United States during the past year at 4,000,000 tons, expresses the belief that the full realization of the country's possibilities in iron manufacture will not be attained until iron shall be found side by side with the coal and limestone needed for its manufacture. From his experience in the valley of the Hocking, in Ohio, he is of the opinion that that section will be the main place of supply of both pig iron and steel, the ore, coal and lime being found there in close proximity.

—Some of the washing waters of Paris, which were formerly run into the city sewers, are now collected in casks, and, the suds being subjected to chemical treatment, the fatty matters are manufactured into toilet soap, made fragrant by the addition of oil of roses. According to this process a little sulphuric acid is added to the soap water obtained from washing linen, the whole is then stirred up, and the fatty matter is allowed to stand for a few hours, when on its collecting upon the surface of the liquid, it is gathered in casks.

—Mr. Seebohm, a recent traveler in Siberia, says that "birds go the Arctic regions to breed, not by thousands, but by millions! And he tells us that the cause of this migration is the search after food, which is there provided for them with lavish prodigality. "Seed or fruit eating birds find an immediate and abundant supply of cranberries, crowberries and other ground fruit, which have remained frozen during the long winter, and are accessible the moment the snow has melted; while insect-eating birds have only to open their mouths to fill them with mosquitoes."

—An American gentleman, largely interested in flour mills in the Western States, according to the London *Times*, has been inspecting the Hungarian mills with a view to adopting the machinery and system of working in his own country. The Hungarians use a large number of rollers—between thirty and forty—made of chilled iron and porcelain, in place of the buhr stones used in other countries. The Hungarian plant and manufacture are more extensive than in America; but the former gets 80 per cent of flour from the wheat, while in the United States the average yield is only about 69 per cent. The Hungarians have also sent a commission to America to study the operations there, so as to enable them if possible, to resist American competition in Austrian markets.

—A law reducing the fine for public intoxication to $1 for each offense has been in force a year in Massachusetts, and is an acknowledged failure. The idea was that the lightness of the penalty would cause it to be inflicted in every case, and thus drunkenness would be reduced. The period of imprisonment was lengthened to thirty days or more, with a view of incarcerating habitual drunkards. The Springfield *Republican* says: "The state has lost about $250,000 fines and costs which would otherwise have been paid by the drunkards. This would have been no loss, perhaps, if the offenders had been put in the way of restraint, but, if it is, little remedial influence has been derived from the law."

—Ooshak, a large village of artisans, about six-days' journey due east from Smyrna, is the headquarters of the manufacture of carpets known for generations as "Turkey carpets." The patterns are Turkish, or rather Arabesque. A carpet between seven and eight yards long will employ eight women at once, working side by side. Their wages are about eight piastres a week, which, it is calculated, comes to about 43 cents for each yard of carpet woven. The wool used comes from the villages round about, and is bought for about a halfpenny a pound in its uncleaned state. When washed and bleached it loses at least one-third of its weight. The foundation of the carpet is made of an inferior wool, and the whole material of the fabric may cost about 67 cents a yard. This does not include the dyeing which is managed by the men, and forms the chief item of cost. The colors are produced for the most part with madder, cochineal, and indigo.

THE SHADOW GAME.

A very nice way of children obtaining candies and such like things at Christmas, and affording some innocent pleasure for the holidays is to play the shadow game. A sheet is stretched upon a frame made for the purpose, and set across the room. When there are double parlors, it is a good plan to open the folding doors and hang the sheet in their place, on one side of the screen, while the children occupy the other as a stage. The children now disguise themselves as best they can with shawls, hats, bonnets and such like belonging to the grown people. The lights are all put out, except one good lamp set on the floor, or on a box, at the back of the screen. When all is ready, the children pass one by one between the light and the screen. The audience in turn must guess from the shadow on the screen who it is that is passing behind it, and every time they make a mistake they must pay a forfeit. What with odd garments, umbrellas, canes, limping and the like, the children succeed in making lots of fun and getting lots of forfeits.

—A London paper says that since the days of Henry V. no English prince has been as popular in France as the Prince of Wales, who visits Paris several times a year.

HOW IT ALL HAPPENED.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

It was a small room, with nothing in it but a bed, two chairs and a big chest. A few little gowns hung on the wall, and the only picture was the wintry sky, sparkling with stars, framed by the uncurtained window. But the moon, pausing to peep, saw something pretty and heard something pleasant. Two heads in little round night-caps lay on one pillow, two pairs of wide-awake blue eyes stared up at the night, and two tongues were going like mill clappers.

"I'm so glad we got our shirts done in time! It seemed as if we never should, and I don't think six cents is half enough for a great red flannel thing with three button-holes—do you?" said one little voice, rather wearily.

"No; but then we each made four, and fifty cents is a good deal of money. Are you sorry we didn't keep our quarters for ourselves?" asked the other voice, with a sudden tone of regret in it.

"Yes, I am, till I think how pleased the children will be with our tree, for they don't expect anything, and will be so surprised. I wish we had more toys to put on it, for it looks so small and mean with only three or four things."

"It won't hold any more, so I wouldn't worry about it. The toys are very red and yellow, and I guess the babies won't know how cheap they are, but like them as much as if they cost heaps of money."

This was a cheery voice, and as it spoke the four blue eyes turned toward the chest under the window, and the kind moon did her best to light up the tiny tree standing there. A very pitiful little tree it was—only a branch of hemlock in an old flower-pot, propped up with bits of coal, and hung with a few penny toys earned by the patient fingers of the elder sisters, that the little ones should not be disappointed.

But in spite of the magical moonlight the broken branch, with its scanty supply of fruit looked pathetically poor, and one pair of eyes filled slowly with tears, while the other pair lost their happy look, as if a cloud had come over the sunshine.

"Are you crying, Dolly?"

"Not much, Polly."

"What makes you, dear?"

"I didn't know how poor we were till I saw the tree, and then I couldn't help it," sobbed the elder sister, for at twelve she already knew something of the cares of poverty, and missed the happiness that seemed to vanish out of all their lives when father died.

"It's dreadful. I never thought we'd have to earn our tree, and only be able to get a broken branch, after all, with nothing on it but three sticks of candy, two squeaking dogs, a red cow and an ugly bird with one feather in its tail;" and overcome by a sudden sense of destitution, Polly sobbed even more dispairingly than Dolly.

"Hush, dear; we must cry softly or mother will hear, and come up, and then we shall have to tell. You know we said we wouldn't seem to mind not having any Christmas, she felt so sorry about it."

"I must cry, but I'll be quiet."

So the two heads went under the pillow for a few minutes and not a sound betrayed them as the little sisters cried softly in one another's arms, lest mother should discover that they were no longer careless children, but brave young creatures trying to bear their share of the burden cheerfully.

When the shower was over, the faces came out shining like roses after rain, and the voices went on again as before.

"Don't you wish there really was a Santa Claus, who knew what we wanted, and would come and put a silver half-dollars in our stockings, so we could go and see Puss in Boots at the Museum to-morrow afternoon?"

"Yes, indeed; but we didn't hang up any stockings, you know, because mother had nothing to put in them. It does seem as if rich people might think of poor people now and then. Some little bits of things would make us happy, and it couldn't be much trouble to take two small girls to the play, and give them candy now and then."

"I shall when I'm rich, like Mr. Chrome and Miss Kent. I shall go round every Christmas with a big basket of goodies, and give all the poor children some."

"P'raps if we sew ever so many flannel shirts we may be rich by-and by. I should give mother a new bonnet first of all, for I heard Miss Kent say no lady would wear such a shabby one. Mrs. Smith said fine bonnets didn't make real ladies. I like her best, but I do want a locket like Miss Kent's."

"I should give mother some new rubbers, and then I should buy a white apron, with frills like Miss Kent's, and bring home nice bunches of grapes and good things to eat, as Mr. Chrome does. I often smell them, but he never gives me any; but only says, 'Hullo, chick!' and I'd rather have oranges any time."

"It will take us a long while to get rich, I'm afraid. It makes me tired to think of it. I guess we'd better go to sleep now, dear."

"Good-night, Dolly."

"Good-night, Polly."

Two soft kisses were heard, a nestling sound followed, and presently the little sisters lay fast asleep, cheek against cheek, on the pillow wet with their tears, never dreaming what was going to happen to them to-morrow.

Now Miss Kent's room was next to theirs, and as she sat sewing she could hear the children's talk, for they soon forgot to whisper. At first she smiled, then she looked sober, and when the prattle ceased she said to herself, as she glanced about her pleasant chamber:

"Poor little things! they think I'm rich and envy me, when I'm only a milliner earning my living. I ought to have taken more notice of them, for their mother has a hard time, I fancy, but never complains. I'm sorry they heard what I said, and if I knew how to do it without offending her, I'd trim a nice bonnet for a Christmas gift, for she is a lady, in spite of her old clothes. I can give the children some of the things they want anyhow, and I will. The idea of those mites making a fortune out of shirts at six cents apiece!"

Miss Kent laughed at the innocent allusion but sympathized with her little neighbors, for she knew all about hard times. She had good wages now, but spent them on herself, and liked to be fine rather than neat. Still, she was a good-hearted girl, and what she had overheard set her to thinking soberly, then to acting kindly, as we shall see.

"If I hadn't spent all my money on my dress for the party to-morrow night, I'd give each of them a half-dollar. As I can not, I'll hunt up the other things they wanted, for it's a shame they shouldn't have a bit of Christmas, when they tried so hard to please the little ones."

As she spoke she stirred about her room, and soon had a white apron, an old carnelian heart on a fresh blue ribbon, and two papers of bon-bons ready. As no stockings were hung up, she laid a clean towel on the floor before the door, and spread forth the small gifts to look at their best.

Miss Kent was so busy that she did not hear a step come quietly up the stairs, and Mr. Chrome, the artist, peeped at her through the balusters, wondering what she was about. He soon saw, and watched her with pleasure thinking that she never looked prettier than now.

Presently she caught him at it, and hastened to explain, telling what she had heard, and how she was trying to atone for her past neglect of these young neighbors. Then she said good-night, and both went into their rooms, she to sleep happily, and he to smoke as usual.

But his eye kept turning to some of the "nice little bundles" that lay on his table, as if the story he had heard suggested how he might follow Miss Kent's example. I rather think he would not have disturbed himself if he had not heard the story told in such a soft voice, with a pair of bright eyes full of pity looking into his, for little girls were not particularly interesting to him, and he was usually too tired to notice the industrious creatures toiling up and down stairs on various errands, or sewing at the long red seams.

Now that he knew something of their small troubles, he felt as if it would please Miss Kent, and be a good joke, to do his share of the pretty work she had begun.

So presently he jumped up, and, opening his parcels, took out two oranges and two bunches of grapes, then he looked up two silver half-dollars, and stealing into the hall, laid the fruit upon the towel, and the money atop of the oranges. This addition improved the display very much, and Mr. Chrome was stealing back, well pleased, when his eye fell on Miss Kent's door, and he said to himself, "She too shall have a little surprise, for she is a dear kind-hearted soul."

In his room was a pretty painted plate, and this he filled with green and purple grapes, tucked a sentimental note underneath, and leaving it on her threshold, crept away as stealthily as a burglar.

The house was very quiet when Mrs. Smith, the landlady, came up to turn off the gas. "Well, upon my word, here's fine doings, to be sure!" she said, when she saw the state of the upper hall. "Now I wouldn't have thought it of Miss Kent, she is such a giddy girl, nor of Mr. Chrome, he is so busy with his own affairs. I meant to give those children each a cake to-morrow, they are [illegible] things. I'll run down and [illegible] my contribution to this [illegible]."

Away trotted Mrs. Smith to her pantry, and picked out a couple of tempting cakes shaped like hearts and full of plums. There was a goodly array of pies on the shelves, and she took two of them, saying, as she climbed the stairs again, "They remembered the children, so I'll remember them, and have my share of the fun."

So up went the pies, for Mrs. Smith had not much to give, and her spirit was generous, though her pastry was not of the best. It looked very droll to see pies sitting about on the threshold of the closed doors, but the cakes were quite elegant, and filled up the corners of the towel handsomely, for the apron lay in the middle, with the oranges right and left, like two sentinels in yellow uniforms.

It was very late when the flicker of a candle came up stairs, and a pale lady, with a sweet sad face, appeared, bringing a pair of red and a pair of blue mittens for her daughters Dolly and Polly. Poor Mrs. Blake did have a hard time, for she stood all day in a great store that she might earn bread for the poor children who staid home and took care of one another. Her heart was very heavy that night, because it was the first Christmas she had known without gifts and festivity of some sort. But Petkin, the youngest child, had been ill, times were very hard, the little mouths gaped for food like the bills of hungry birds, and there was no tender mate to help fill them.

If any elves had been hovering about the dingy hall just then, they would have seen the mother's tired face brighten beautifully when she discovered the gifts, and found that her little girls had been so kindly remembered. Something more brilliant than the mock diamonds in Miss Kent's best ear-rings fell and glittered on the dusty floor as Mrs. Blake added the mittens to the things, and went to her lonely room again, smiling as she thought how she could thank them all in a sweet and and simple way.

Her windows were full of flowers, for the delicate tastes of the poor lady found great comfort in their beauty. "I have nothing else to give, and these will show how grateful I am," she said, as she rejoiced that the scarlet geraniums were so full of gay clusters, the white chrysanthemum stars were all out, and the pink roses at their loveliest.

They slept now, dreaming of a sunny morrow as they sat safely sheltered from the bitter cold. But that night was their last, for a gentle hand cut them all, and soon three pretty nosegays stood in a glass, waiting for dawn, to be laid at three doors, with a few grateful words which would surprise and delight the receivers, for flowers were rare in those hard-working lives, and kind deeds often came back to the givers in fairer shapes than they go.

Now one would think that there had been gifts enough, and no more could possibly arrive, since all had added his or her mite except Betsey, the maid, who was off on a holiday, and the babies fast asleep in their trundle-bed, with nothing to give but love and kisses. Nobody dreamed that the old cat would take it into her head that her kittens were in danger, because Mrs. Smith had said she thought they were nearly old enough to be given away. But she must have understood, for when all was dark and still the anxious mother went patting upstairs to the children's door, meaning to hide her babies under their bed, sure they would save them from destruction. Mrs. Blake had shut the door, however, so poor Puss was disappointed; but finding a soft, clean spot among a variety of curious articles, she laid her kits there, and kept them warm all night, with her head pillowed on the blue mittens.

In the cold morning Dolly and Polly got up and scrambling into their clothes, not with joyful haste to see what their stockings held for they had none, but because they had the little ones to dress while mother got the breakfast.

Dolly opened the door, and started back with a cry of astonishment at the lovely spectacle before her. The other people had taken in their gifts, so nothing destroyed the magnificent effect of the treasures so curiously collected in the night. Puss had left her kits asleep, and gone down to get her own breakfast, and there, in the middle of the ruffled apron, as if in a dainty cradle, lay the two maltese darlings, with white bibs and boots on, and white tips to the tiny tails curled around their little noses in the sweetest way.

Polly and Dolly could only clasp their hands and look in rapturous silence for a minute; then they went down on their knees and reveled in the unexpected richness before them.

"I do believe there is a Santa Claus, and that he heard us, for here is everything we wanted," said Dolly, holding the carnelian heart in one hand and the plummy one in the other.

"It must have been some kind of a fairy, for we didn't mention kittens, but we wanted one, and here are two darlings," cried Polly, almost purring with delight as the downy bunches unrolled and gaped till their bits of pink tongues were visible.

"Mrs. Smith was one fairy, I guess, and Miss Kent was another, for that is her apron. I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Chrome gave us the oranges and the money; men always have lots, and his name is on this bit of paper," said Dolly.

"Oh, I'm so glad! Now we shall have a Christmas like other people, and I'll never say again that rich folks don't remember poor folks. Come and show all our treasures to mother and the babies; they must have some," answered Polly, feeling that the world was all right, and life not half as hard as she thought it last night.

Shrieks of delight greeted the sisters, and all that morning there was joy and feasting in Mrs. Blake's room, and in the afternoon Dolly and Polly went to the Museum, and actually saw Puss in Boots; for their mother insisted on their going, having discovered how the hard-earned quarters had been spent. This was such unhoped-for bliss that they could hardly believe it, and kept smiling at one another so brightly that people wondered who the happy little girls in shabby cloaks could be who clapped their new mittens so heartily, and laughed till it was better than music to hear them.

This was a very remarkable Christmas day, and they long remembered it; for while they were absorbed in the fortunes of the Marquis of Carabas and the funny cat, who tucked his tail in his belt, washed his face so awkwardly, and didn't know how to purr strange things were happening at home, and more surprises were in store for our little friends. You see, when people once begin to do kindness, it is so easy and pleasant they find it hard to leave off; and sometimes it beautifies them so that they find they love one another very much—as Mr. Chrome and Miss Kent did, though we have nothing to do with that except to tell how they made the poor little tree grow and blossom.

They were very jolly at dinner, and talked a good deal about the Blakes, who ate in their own rooms. Miss Kent told what the children said, and it touched the soft spot in all their hearts to hear about the red shirts, though they laughed at Polly's lament over the bird with only one feather in its tail.

"I'd give them a better tree if I had any place to put it, and knew how to trim it up," said Mr. Chrome, with a sudden burst of generosity, which so pleased Miss Kent that her eyes shone like Christmas candles and she said:

"Put it in the back parlor. All the Browns are away for a week, and we'll help you trim it—won't we, my dear?" cried Mrs. Smith, warmly; for she saw that he was in a sociable mood, and thought it a pity that the Blakes should not profit by it.

"Yes, indeed; I should like it of all things, and it needn't cost much, for I have some still in trimmings as you know." And Miss Kent looked so gay and pretty as she spoke that Mr. Chrome made up his mind that millinery must be a delightful occupation.

"Come on then, ladies, and we'll have a little frolic. I'm a lonely old bachelor, with nowhere to go to-day, and I'd like some fun."

They had it, I assure you; for they all fell to work as busy as bees, flying and buzzing about with much laughter as they worked their pleasant miracle. Mr. Chrome acted more like the father of a large family than a crusty bachelor, Miss Kent's skilful fingers flew as they never did before, and Mrs. Smith trotted up and down as briskly as if she were thirty instead of being a stout woman of sixty.

The children were so full of the play, and telling all about it, that they forgot their tree till after supper; but when they went to look for it they found it gone, and in its place a great paper hand with one finger pointing down stairs, and on it these mysterious words in red ink.

"Look in the Browns' back parlor!"

At the door of that interesting apartment they found their mother with Will and Petkin, for another hand had suddenly appeared to them pointing up. The door flew open quite as if it was a fairy play; and they went in to find a pretty tree planted in a red box on the centre table, lighted with candles, hung with guilded nuts, red apples, gay bonbons, and a gift for each.

Mr. Chrome was hidden behind one folding-door, and fat Mrs Smith squeezed behind the other, and they both thought it a great improvement upon the old-fashioned Santa Claus to have Miss Kent, in the white dress she made for the party, with Mrs. Blake's roses in her hair, step forward and as the children gazed in silent rapture, and with a few sweet words welcome them to the little surprised friends had made.

There were many Christmas trees in the city that night, but none which gave such hearty pleasure as the one which so magically took the place of the broken branch and its few poor toys. They were all there, however, and Dolly and Polly were immensely pleased to see that of all her gifts Petkin chose the forlorn bird to carry to bed with her, the one yellow feather being just to her taste.

Mrs. Blake put on her neat bonnet, and was so gratified that Miss Kent thought it the most successful one she ever trimmed.

She was well paid for it by the thanks of one neighbor and the admiration of another; for when she went to her party Mr. Chrome went with her, and said something on the way which made her heart dance more lightly than her feet that night.

Good Mrs. Smith felt that her house had covered itself with glory by this event, and Dolly and Polly declared that it was the most perfect and delightful surprise party ever seen.

It was all over by nine o'clock, and with good-night kisses for every one the little girls climbed up to bed laden with treasures too happy for many words. But as they tied their round caps on Dolly said, thoughtfully,

"On the whole I think it's rather nice to be poor when people are kind to you."

"Well, I'd rather be rich; but if I can't be, it is very good fun to have Christmas trees like this one," answered truthful Polly, never guessing that they had planted the seed from which the little pine tree grew so quickly and beautifully.

When the moon came to look in at the window on her nightly round two smiling faces lay on the pillow, which was no longer wet with tears, but rather knobby with the mine of riches hidden underneath—first-fruits of the neighborly friendship which flourished in that house until another and a merrier Christmas came.—*Harper's Young People.*

MATERIALISM IN THE FUTURE.

As the years roll by, the term "materialist" will lose more and more of its evil connotation; for it will be more and more seen and acknowledged that the true spiritual nature of man is bound up with his material condition. Wholesome food, pure air, cleanliness—hard work if you will, but also fair rest and recreation—these are necessary not only to physical but to spiritual well-being. The seed of the spirit is cast in vain amid stones and thorns, and thus your best utterances become idle words when addressed to the acclimatized inhabitants of our slums and alleys. Drunkenness ruins the substratum of resolution. The physics of the drunkard's brain are incompatible with moral strength. Here your first care ought to be to cleanse and improve the organ. Break the sot's associations; change his environment; alter his nutrition; displace his imaginations by thoughts drawn from the purer sources which we seek to render accessible to him. For two centuries, I am told, the Scottish clergy have proclaimed walking on Sunday to be an act of "Heaven-daring profaneness—an impious encroachment on the inalienable prerogative of the Lord God." Such language is now out of date. If we could establish Sunday tramways between our dens of filth and iniquity and the nearest green fields we should, in so doing, be preaching a true gospel. And not only the denizens of our slums, but the proprietors of our factories and counting-houses, might perhaps be none the worse for an occasional excursion in the company of those whom they employ. A most blessed influence would also be shed upon the clergy if they were enabled from time to time to change their "cloth urbane" for healthy action on heath or mountain. Baxter was well aware of the soothing influence of fields, and countries, and walks, and gardens on a fretted brain. Jeremy Taylor showed a profound knowledge of human nature when he wrote thus: "It is certain that all which can innocently make a man cheerful, does also make him charitable.—*From "The Sabbath," by Professor Tyndall, in Popular Science Monthly for January.*

WHAT MANITOBA WANTS.

WINNIPEG, Dec. 22.—In view of the proposed enlargement of the province and the increase of expenditures necessarily entailed upon the Government, the Ministry have introduced the following resolutions for the readjustment of the subsidy to the province:

"1. That the Province of Manitoba shall receive from the Government of Canada by half-yearly payments in advance, interest at the rate of five per cent. per annum on a sum of money equal to $32.43 per head on the population, as shall be ascertained by the census of 1881.

"2. That the sum of sixty thousand dollars shall be paid yearly by the Government of Canada to the Province of Manitoba for the support of its Government, and an annual grant in aid of the said province shall be made equal to eighty cents per head of the population, as shall be ascertained by the census of 1881, and such grant of eighty cents per head shall