Huron Signal.

"The Greatest Possible Good to the Greatest Possible Number."

VOL. XXVII. NO. 48. GODERICH, ONTARIO, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 16. 1874. WHOLE NO. 1452.

The Huron Signal,

(ESTABLISHED 1848,)

One of the Largest Paper published in Canada, printed and published at Goderich, Ontario, every

WEDNESDAY MORNING,

at the Office, Montreal Street, adjoining the Market Square, by

ALLAN & DICKSON

PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

TERMS—$1.50 per annum, in advance, $2 if credit is given. No paper discontinued till all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

Eight cents per line for the first insertion, and two cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

Business cards not exceeding 6 lines, $4 per annum, from 6 to 10 lines $5.

The number of lines to be reckoned by the space occupied measured by a scale of solid Nonpareil.

Advertisements without specific directions, will be inserted until forbid, and charged accordingly.

Special contracts for definite terms are made at low rates.

☞ The above rates will in all cases be strictly adhered to.

Advertisements intended for insertion in any particular issue should reach the office by noon on Tuesday.

The large circulation of the SIGNAL makes it an unsurpassed advertising medium.

JOB WORK OF ALL KINDS

Executed with neatness and despatch. Bills printed while you wait. Orders by mail punctually attended to.

Business Directory.

M. NICHOLSON,
SURGEON DENTIST.
Office and residence, West Street. Three doors below Bank of Montreal, Goderich. 1311-1y

C. CARTWRIGHT, L. D. S.,
SURGEON DENTIST,
GODERICH, ONT.
Office,—Market Square West street over the Express office.
Teeth with Extra-ed Nerves, can be treated without pain. Fills with Gold, and made as good as new if ones. Teeth Inserted in the most improved style. All operations performed with Ease and Skill. 1444 1y

John Campbell, M.D., C.M.,
Graduate of McGill University, Montreal),
SEAFORTH.
OFFICE and residence—One door south of Ross' hotel, Main street, and opposite McCallum's hotel.
Seaforth, April 23rd, 1873. 1267

G. C. Shannon M.D.
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c &c., Goderich, Ont. 1240-1y

DR. McLEAN,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, CORONER, &c. Office and Residence third door east of Central School

Dr. Cassady,
McGill College
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, &c., Office, Hamilton Street, Goderich, Ontario. sw102

HOMŒOPATHY.
DR. CAMPBELL,
PRESIDENT of the late Homœopathic Medical Board, now receives his patients between 10 a. m. and 1 p. m. Other hours by special appointment.
112 BAY STREET, TORONTO. 1440

IRA LEWIS
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, AND Solicitor-in-Chancery, County Crown Attorney, Goderich, Ont. Office in Court House.

Cameron & McFadden.
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, &c Office, Market Square, Goderich.
M. C. CAMERON W. H. MCFADDEN.

B. L. DOYLE,
BARRISTER AND ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR in-Chancery, &c., Goderich and Seaforth, Ont. 1357

ELLIOTT & WATSON
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOLICITORS, IN Chancery, Conveyancers, &c. Crabb's Block, Goderich.
MONEY TO LEND. 1378

Sinclair & Seager
BARRISTERS, &c., Goderich.
J. S. SINCLAIR CHAS. SEAGER, Jr
Goderich, Dec. 1st, 1871. 1y.

W. R. SQUIRE,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, SOLICITOR in Chancery, &c. Goderich, Ont.
Office, Acheson's Block, West Street, Goderich. 1358

GARROW & WALKER
BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, SOLICITORS IN Chancery, &c. Office on West St. opposite the Post Office.
J. T. GARROW. F. F. WALKER.

G. CAMPAIGNE
LAW CHANCERY AND CONVEYANCING. Office at Dixie Watson's, Official Assignee.
sw7-tf Goderich, Ont.

S. Malcomson,
BARRISTER, ATTORNEY, SOLICITOR, &c. &c. Clinton, Ont. w38

MONEY TO LEND.
CHAS. J. WILSON,
BAYFIELD, ONT.
COMMISSION AGENT AND ACCOUNTANT. Any commissions promptly attended to. 1443-1y

REV. C. FLETCHER,
ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES.
Office, West side St. Andrew's Street, Goderich 1432-1y

JAMES SMAILL,
ARCHITECT, &c., Plans and Specifications drawn correctly. Carpenters, "Plasterers" and Masons' work measured and valued. Office over F. Jordan's Drug Store, Goderich. 1307-1y.

Buchanan, Lawson & Robinson
HAVE on hand all kinds of Sashes, Doors, Blinds, Mouldings, and Dressed Lumber, at the Goderich Planing Mill. 1309.

J. T. DUNCAN, V. S.
GRADUATE OF ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE.
OFFICE, STABLES & RESIDENCE,
St. Andrew's Street, back of D. Ferguson's Store, and directly opposite the residence of Horace Horton, Esq., M. P.
N. B.—Horses examined as to soundness. 1313

GEORGE LEMON,
VETERINARY SURGEON, GODERICH,
Of 19 years practice,
GRADUATE of the Colleges of Lexington, Kentucky, and York, has opened an Office at Elijah Marsh's Colborne Hotel, where he can at all times be consulted, night or day, on all diseases of Horses and Cattle. 1444 1y

BLAIKIE & ALEXANDER
WILLIAM ALEXANDER. JOHN STARK.
MEMBERS of the Stock Exchange, Stock Brokers and Estate Agents, Stocks, Bonds, and Debentures Bought and Sold.

Money Loaned on Mortgage.
NO COMMISSION CHARGED.
Existing Mortgages purchased on reasonable terms. Orders by letter or telegraph will receive prompt attention.
10 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO. 1440

PATENTS
For Inventors expeditiously and properly secured in Canada, the United States and Europe.
PATENT guaranteed or no charge. Send for printed instructions. Agency in operation ten years.
HENRY GRIST,
Ottawa, Canada.
Mechanical Engineer, Solicitor of Patents and Draughtsman.
Feb, 11th 1871. w4-1y—

MUSIC.
MISS SKIMMINGS WILL RESUME her tuition in Music on Monday 24th September. Terms as usual in advance.
Stanley Street,
Goderich, 19th Aug., 1874.

$20,000.
PRIVATE FUNDS to lend on Farm and Town property at lowest interest, Mortgages purchased, no Commission charged, conveyancing fees reasonable.
N. B.—Borrowers can obtain money in one day if title satisfactory.
DAVISON & JOHNSON,
Barristers, &c.
1441-1y Goderich.

RESTAURANT.
JAMES VIVIAN
HAS REMOVED HIS RESTAURANT TO Acheson's New Block, West Street, where he will be glad to see all his customers and the public generally.
FRUITS, VEGETABLES, OYSTERS, &c., &c. in their season.
HOT AND COLD MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

Meetings.

GODERICH LODGE NO. 33
G. R. C., A. F. A. M.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION is held on the first Wednesday of each month at 7.30 p. m. Visiting brethren cordially invited.
W. DICKSON, Sec.
Goderich, 4th May, 1871. sw72-1y

Money to Lend.

$25,000
TO Loan on Farm or Town property at 7 per cent. Apply to
G. CAMPAIGNE, Solicitor, &c.,
Oct. 30th, 1871 41tf Goderich.

MONEY TO LOAN
AT LOW RATES OF INTEREST.
FREEHOLD Permanent Building and Savings Society of Toronto.
For particulars apply to
A. M. ROSS, Agent at Goderich.
Secretary and Treasurer,
CHAS. ROBERTSON,
Toronto. 1343.

MONEY TO LEND
At Greatly reduced Rates of Interest
THE undersigned has any amount of money to loan from two to fifteen years, at a low rate of interest and favourable terms of repayment, payable by yearly instalments; rate of expenses will defy competition.
HORACE HORTON
Appraiser for the Canada Permanent Building & Savings Society, of Toronto.

INSURANCE CARD.
The Subscriber is agent for the following first-class Insurance Companies,
PHŒNIX of London, England.
HARTFORD of Hartford.
PROVINCIAL of Toronto.
BRITISH AMERICA, of Toronto.
Fire & Marine business done at the lowest possible rates
HORACE HORTON
Office Market Square, Goderich.
Oct. 20th 1870. w56-1y.

Insurance.

THE LIVERPOOL & LONDON
And Globe Insurance Company.
Available Assets, $27,000,000.
Losses paid in the course of Thirty-five years exceed
FORTY MILLIONS OF DOLLARS!
Claims by CHICAGO FIRE estimated at nearly $3,000,000, are being liquidated as fast as adjusted WITHOUT DEDUCTION.
Security, Prompt Payment, and Liberality in adjustment of its losses are the prominent features of this wealthy company.
FIRE and LIFE POLICIES issued with very liberal conditions.
Head Office, Canada Branch, Montreal.
G. F. C. SMITH, Resident Secretary, MONTREAL
A. M. ROSS, Agent for Goderich

ANCHOR LINE.
STEAMERS FROM NEW YORK EVERY SATURDAY.
Passenger Accomodation Unsurpassed.
Rates of passage from Sun. Bridge or Buffalo To Glasgow, Liverpool, Londonderry, Queenstown or Belfast:
Cabin $55 to $80 gold, according to accommodation.
Return tickets issued at reduced rates.
Intermediate and Steerage as low as any other line.
For passage or further information apply to Henderson Brothers, 7 Bowling Green, New York, Or their Agent MRS. E. WARNOCK,
1415 Goderich.

ALLAN LINE
STEAM TO
Liverpool, Londonderry and Glasgow
EVERY SATURDAY from PORTLAND during winter and from QUEBEC in summer.
NOTICE TO PERSONS WISHING TO SEND FOR THEIR FRIENDS.
PERSONS wishing to send for their friends can obtain Passage Certificates at lowest rates. The tickets are good for one year and the amount is refunded, less a small deduction, if not used.
REMEMBER.
Passengers by the ALLAN LINE are landed direct from the Steamships on to the Grand Trunk Wharves at South Quebec and Portland, and are forwarded on at once to destination. By this arrangement passengers avoid all incidental expenses and moving of Baggage.
The first Steamer for Quebec will leave Liverpool on 16th April.
For Tickets and every information apply to
P. H. CARTER,
1414 3m Grand Trunk Station, Goderich.

GODERICH AGENCY
OF THE
Trust & Loan Company of Canada.
Incorporated by Royal Charter.
CAPITAL—ONE MILLION POUNDS STERLING.
Funds for Investment.
LOANS made on the Security of approved Farm or City or Town Property for periods of Five years or to suit the convenience of Borrowers, and either repayable at expiry of time or by annual instalments. Payments in reduction of Loans will be accepted at any time on favorable terms.
☞ Approved Mortgages purchased.
G. M. TRUEMAN,
Agent
1317 Market Square, Goderich.

THE ACADEMY
FOR YOUNG LADIES UNDER THE direction of the SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH will be re-opened on
Monday, August 17th 1874.
TERMS
Tuition per quarter, ... $3 00
Music, Instrumental, ... 7 00
" Vocal, ... 5 00
Guitar, ... 5 00
French, ... 2 00
Drawing, ... 4 00
Payment quarterly and in advance. Plain and ornamental needle-work do not form extra charges to pupils.
Aug. 11th, 1874. 1434

STOCK'S EXTRA
MACHINE OIL
Has been in general use for the past two years and giving the utmost satisfaction, as may be seen by testimonials of many of the leading houses in Ontario. It will not congeal in the coldest weather, it is therefore suitable for the lightest and fastest, as well as the heaviest machines in use.
TESTIMONIAL
From the Joseph Machine Works, Goderich.
I consider Stock's Extra Machine Oil cheaper at $1.00 per gallon than olive oil at $1.50 per gallon. Yours respectfully,
F. W. GLEN, President
Sole agent for the Dominion
G. H. PARSONS & CO., Hardware Merchants, Goderich.
SOLE AGENTS,
1312.

The Confessions of an Invalid.
Published as a warning and for the benefit of Young Men and others who suffer from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOSS OF MANHOOD, etc., supplying the means of Self-Cure. Written by one who cured himself after undergoing considerable quackery, and sent free of charge. Sufferers who feel invited to address, post paid, the author.
NATHANIEL MAY,
P. O. Box 158, Brooklyn, New York
14363m

Furs! Furs! Furs!
To the Ladies of Goderich and Vicinity.
THE undersigned is prepared to clean or make in the latest style all kinds of fur goods made to order. All kinds of fur trimmings on hand. Highest price paid for raw furs.
R. MAY, Hat, Cap and Fur Emporium, West Street, Goderich.
October 12th, 1874. 1443

ARE YOU SICK?
If such is the case call on
J. BOND
PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST, of 27 years Practice, where thousands have been relieved of various diseases incidental to the constitution.
NOTED FOR PURE DRUGS,
EAST SIDE MARKET SQUARE,
SIGN OF THE RED MORTAR,
GODERICH.
Where you can get Pure Drugs and Chemicals compounded by a first class Chemist. Only proprietor of
Bond's Renowned Pulmonic Syrup
that cures Colds, Coughs, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness, Bronchitis, &c. &c., never fails a certain and speedy remedy. It has cured thousands when all other remedies has failed, also
BONDS CELEBRATED TONIC BITTERS
which is superior to any ever introduced to the public for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Indigestion, Palpitation of the Heart, Billious Diseases and General Debility one of the best remedies in connection with Bond's Pulmonic Syrup for Chest and Lung Diseases known. Try it, it has no rival; marvelous in its effects to restoration.
Just received a large and assorted stock of English, French and American Perfumes, Hair Oils, &c. &c. Also one gross of the best Hair Brushes, Tooth and Nail do. in any quantity. All the most popular Patent Medicines constantly on hand.
Bonnyfit Blood Purifier for Horses and Cattle, Condition Powders &c. a large stock on hand.
A Calls respectfully solicited.
LARGE STOCK OF DYE STUFFS. 1439-1yr

Autumn and Winter GOODS.
H. DUNLOP
Merchant Tailor,
WEST STREET,
GODERICH,
BEGS to direct attention to his very full stock of
AUTUMN AND WINTER GOODS,
which he is prepared to make up in the most fashionable style and at the lowest rates.
Gents' Furnishings
of all kinds kept on hand as usual.
Goderich, 28th Oct., 1874.

DANIEL GORDON,
CABINET MAKER,
UPHOLSTERER,
AND UNDERTAKER.
HAS now on Hand a large and complete stock of Furniture such as
BEDROOM,
DINING ROOM,
AND PARLOR SETTS.
All of which he will sell cheap for Cash. Picture framing a specialty.
Has always on hand a complete assortment of coffins, shrouds, caps and Hearses to hire.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS ARRANGED WITH Wholesale dealers and Manufacturers, so that he can supply Canadian, American and English Cottage Pianos from $225 upward. Also the new celebrated Cassidy Organ Co. and American Cabinet organ at lowest price.
Terms to suit purchasers payable monthly, quarterly, or a liberal discount for cash.
Parties purchasing would do well to give me a call.
1440 DANIEL GORDON.

Something New

ALL KINDS OF
SEWING MACHINES
repaired and put in good running order before taken from the shop or no charge. Remember the place, McIntosh's Gunshop, in rear of F. Jordan's Drugstore.
Goderich, Aug. 18, 1874. 1435

Extensive New Premises
AND
Splendid New Stock.
C. Barry & Bro.
Cabinet Makers, Undertakers & Wood Turners,
HAMILTON ST.
Have removed across the street to the store next door to W. Acheson's Harness Shop, where will be found
A GOOD ASSORTMENT!
of Kitchen, Bedroom, Diningroom, and Parlor Furniture, such as
TABLES,
CHAIRS hair, cane and wood seated)
CUPBOARDS
BEDSTEADS,
WASH STANDS?
MATTRESSES,
LOUNGES,
SOFAS.
WHATNOTS, LOOKING GLASSES
GILT FRAMING.
☞ C. B. & Bro are prepared to sell everything in their line
Cheap for Cash.
N. B. A complete assortment of Coffins and Shrouds always on hand and a Hearse to hire; all on reasonable terms.
A CALL SOLICITED.
Goderich, 15 Aug 1870

PUMPS, PUMPS,
PUMPS.
THE SUBSCRIBERS HAVING commenced the manufacture of Pumps are prepared to furnish any kind, at short notice, and on reasonable terms. Having had 9 years experience with Mr. Dodd they can promise satisfaction. Give us a call.
Place of business—Corner of Cedar and Maple streets, near the Huron Road.
JAMES MARTIN & CO.
Goderich, June 19th, 1874. 1427

TO $20 PER DAY.—Agents Wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, can make more money at work for us in their own localities during the time, than at anything else in the world. Particulars and costly outfit free. Post card to us costs nothing. Address, G. STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. 1447-1yr

THE PROMISE OF THE DAWN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

A winter's evening. Do you know how that comes here among the edges of the mountains that fence in the great Mississippi valley? The sea breath in the New England States thins the air and bleaches the sky, sucks the vitality out of Nature, I fancy, to put it into the brains of the people; but here, the earth every day in the year pushes out through hill or prairie or creek a full, untamed animal life,—shakes off the snow too early in spring, in order to put forth untimed and useless blossoms, wasteful of her infinite strength. So when this winter's evening came to a lazy town bedded in the hills that skirt Western Virginia close by the Ohio, it found that the December air, fiercely as it blew the snow-clouds about the hill tops, was instinct with a vigorous, freely life, and that the sky above the clouds was not cold and washed out, but farther North, but massive, holding yet a sensuous yellow languor, the glow of unforgotten autumn days.

The very sun, quite certain of where he would soonest meet with gratitude, gave his kindliest good-night smile to the great valley of the West, asleep under the snow; very kind to-night, just as calm and loving, though he knew the most plentiful harvest which the States had yielded that year was one of murdered men, as he gave to the young, unbaptized world, two thousand years ago, when God blessed it, and saw that it was good. Because, you see, this was the eve of a more helpful, God-sent day than that, in spite of all the dead: Christmas Eve. To-morrow Christ was coming,—whatever He may be to you,—Christ. The sun knew that, and glowed as cheerily, steadily, on blood as water. Why, God had the world! Let them fret, and cut each other's throats, if they would. God had them; and Christ was coming. But one faithful child of the earth, not quite so secure in the infinite Love that held her, had learned to doubt, in her six thousand years of hunger, and heard the tidings with a thrill of relief. Was the helper coming? Was it the true helper? The very hope even, gave meaning to the tender rose-blush on the peaks of snow, to the childish sparkle on the grim rivers. They heard and understood. The whole world answered.

One man, at least, fancied so: Adam Craig, hobbling down the frozen streets of a old-fashioned town. He thought, rubbing his bony hands together, that even the wind knew that Christmas was coming, the day that Christ was born; it went shouting boisterously through the great mountain gorges, its very uncouth soul shaken with gladness. The city itself, he fancied, had caught a new and curious beauty: this winter its mills were stopped, and it had time to clothe the steep streets in spotless snow and icicles; its windows glittered red and cheery out into the early night: it looked just as if the old burgh had done its work, and sat down, like one of its own mill-men, to enjoy the evening, with not the cleanest face in the world, to be sure, but with an honest, jolly old heart under all, beating rough and glad and full. That was Adam Craig's fancy; but his head was full of queer fancies under the rusty old brown wig: queer, maybe, yet as pure and child-like as the prophet John's: coming, you know, from the same kinship. Adam had kept his fancies to himself these forty years. A lame old chap, cobbling shoes day by day, fighting the wolf desperately from the door for the sake of orphan brothers and sisters, has not much time to put the meanings God and Nature have for his ignorant soul into words, has he? But the fancies had found utterance for themselves, somehow; in his hatchet-shaped face, even, with its scraggy gray whiskers; in the quick, shrewd smile; in the eyes, keen eyes, but childlike, too. In the very shop out there on the creek-bank you could trace them. Adam had cobbled there these twenty year, chewing tobacco and taking snuff, (his mother's habit, that,) but the little shop was pure, people with brains behind their eyes would know that a clean and delicate soul lived there; they might have known it in other ways too, if they chose; in his gruff, sharp talk, even, full of slang and oaths; for Adam, invoke the Devil often as he might, never took the name of Christ or a woman in vain. So his foolish fancies, as he called them, cropped out. It must be so, you know; put on what creed you may, call yourself chevalier or Sambo, the speech your soul has held with God and the Devil will tell itself in every turn of your head, and jangle of your laugh; you cannot help that.

But it was Christmas eve. Adam took that in with keener enjoyment, in every frosty breath he drew. Different from any Christmas eve before; pulling off his scuffed cap to feel the full strength of the "nor'rer." Whew! how it blew! straight from the ice fields of the Pole, he thought. So few people there were up there to be glad Christ was coming! But those hithly little dwarfs up there needed Him all the same; every man of them had a fiend tugging at his soul, like us, was lonely, wanted a God to help him, and—a wife to love him. Adam stopped short here a minute, something choking in his throat. "Jinny!" he said, under his breath, turning to some new hope in his heart, with as tender, awe-struck a touch as one lays upon a new-born infant. "Jinny!" praying silently with blurred eyes. I think Christ that moment came very near to the woman who was so greatly loved, and took her in His arms, and blessed her. Adam jogged on, trying to begin a whistle, but it ended in a miserable grunt; his heart was throbbing under his smoke-dried skin, silly as a woman's, so light it was, and full.

"Get along, Old Dot, and carry one!" shouted the boys, sledding down the icy sidewalk.

"Yip! you young devils, you!" stopping to give them a helping shove and a cheer: loving little children always, but never as to-day.

Surely there never was such a Christmas eve before! The frozen air glistened grayly up into heaven itself, he thought; the snow-covered streets were alive, noisy,—glad into their very cellars and shanties; the sun way sorry to go away. No wonder. His heartiest ruby-gleam lingered about the white Virginia heights behind town, and across the river quite glorified the pale stretch of the Ohio hills. Free and slave. (Adam was an Abolitionist.) Well, let that be. God's hand of power, like His sunlight, held the master and the slave in loving company. To-morrow was the sign.

The cobbler stopped on the little swinging foot-bridge that crosses the creek in the centre of the city. The faint saffron sunset swept from the west over the distant wooded hills, the river, the stone bridge below him, whose broad gray piers painted perpetual arches on the sluggish, sea-colored water. The smoke from one or two far-off foundries hung just above it, motionless in the gray, in tattered drifts, dyed by the sun, clear drab and violet. A still picture. A bit of Venice, poor Adam thought, who never had been fifty miles out of Wheeling. The quaint Austrian town was his world; he brought the world into it. There were relics of old Indian forts and mounds, the old times and the new. The people, too, though the cobbler only dimly saw that, were as much the deposit and accretion of all dead ages as was the coal that lay bedded in the fencing hills. Irish, Dutch, whites, blacks, Mound-builder, Jack Bell himself; you could find the dregs of every day in the year poured out through hill or prairie or creek a full, untamed animal life,—shakes off the snow too early in spring, in order to put forth untimed and useless blossoms, wasteful of her infinite strength. So when this winter's evening came to a lazy town bedded in the hills that skirt Western Virginia close by the Ohio, it found that the December air, fiercely as it blew the snow-clouds about the hill tops, was instinct with a vigorous, freely life, and that the sky above the clouds was not cold and washed out, but farther North, but massive, holding yet a sensuous yellow languor, the glow of unforgotten autumn days.

The very sun, quite certain of where he would soonest meet with gratitude, gave his kindliest good-night smile to the great valley of the West, asleep under the snow; very kind to-night, just as calm and loving, though he knew the most plentiful harvest which the States had yielded that year was one of murdered men, as he gave to the young, unbaptized world, two thousand years ago, when God blessed it, and saw that it was good. Because, you see, this was the eve of a more helpful, God-sent day than that, in spite of all the dead: Christmas Eve. To-morrow Christ was coming,—whatever He may be to you,—Christ. The sun knew that, and glowed as cheerily, steadily, on blood as water. Why, God had the world! Let them fret, and cut each other's throats, if they would. God had them; and Christ was coming. But one faithful child of the earth, not quite so secure in the infinite Love that held her, had learned to doubt, in her six thousand years of hunger, and heard the tidings with a thrill of relief. Was the helper coming? Was it the true helper? The very hope even, gave meaning to the tender rose-blush on the peaks of snow, to the childish sparkle on the grim rivers. They heard and understood. The whole world answered.

One man, at least, fancied so: Adam Craig, hobbling down the frozen streets of a old-fashioned town. He thought, rubbing his bony hands together, that even the wind knew that Christmas was coming, the day that Christ was born; it went shouting boisterously through the great mountain gorges, its very uncouth soul shaken with gladness. The city itself, he fancied, had caught a new and curious beauty: this winter its mills were stopped, and it had time to clothe the steep streets in spotless snow and icicles; its windows glittered red and cheery out into the early night: it looked just as if the old burgh had done its work, and sat down, like one of its own mill-men, to enjoy the evening, with not the cleanest face in the world, to be sure, but with an honest, jolly old heart under all, beating rough and glad and full. That was Adam Craig's fancy; but his head was full of queer fancies under the rusty old brown wig: queer, maybe, yet as pure and child-like as the prophet John's: coming, you know, from the same kinship. Adam had kept his fancies to himself these forty years. A lame old chap, cobbling shoes day by day, fighting the wolf desperately from the door for the sake of orphan brothers and sisters, has not much time to put the meanings God and Nature have for his ignorant soul into words, has he? But the fancies had found utterance for themselves, somehow; in his hatchet-shaped face, even, with its scraggy gray whiskers; in the quick, shrewd smile; in the eyes, keen eyes, but childlike, too. In the very shop out there on the creek-bank you could trace them. Adam had cobbled there these twenty year, chewing tobacco and taking snuff, (his mother's habit, that,) but the little shop was pure, people with brains behind their eyes would know that a clean and delicate soul lived there; they might have known it in other ways too, if they chose; in his gruff, sharp talk, even, full of slang and oaths; for Adam, invoke the Devil often as he might, never took the name of Christ or a woman in vain. So his foolish fancies, as he called them, cropped out. It must be so, you know; put on what creed you may, call yourself chevalier or Sambo, the speech your soul has held with God and the Devil will tell itself in every turn of your head, and jangle of your laugh; you cannot help that.

But it was Christmas eve. Adam took that in with keener enjoyment, in every frosty breath he drew. Different from any Christmas eve before; pulling off his scuffed cap to feel the full strength of the "nor'rer." Whew! how it blew! straight from the ice fields of the Pole, he thought. So few people there were up there to be glad Christ was coming! But those hithly little dwarfs up there needed Him all the same; every man of them had a fiend tugging at his soul, like us, was lonely, wanted a God to help him, and—a wife to love him. Adam stopped short here a minute, something choking in his throat. "Jinny!" he said, under his breath, turning to some new hope in his heart, with as tender, awe-struck a touch as one lays upon a new-born infant. "Jinny!" praying silently with blurred eyes. I think Christ that moment came very near to the woman who was so greatly loved, and took her in His arms, and blessed her. Adam jogged on, trying to begin a whistle, but it ended in a miserable grunt; his heart was throbbing under his smoke-dried skin, silly as a woman's, so light it was, and full.

"Get along, Old Dot, and carry one!" shouted the boys, sledding down the icy sidewalk.

"Yip! you young devils, you!" stopping to give them a helping shove and a cheer: loving little children always, but never as to-day.

Surely there never was such a Christmas eve before! The frozen air glistened grayly up into heaven itself, he thought; the snow-covered streets were alive, noisy,—glad into their very cellars and shanties; the sun way sorry to go away. No wonder. His heartiest ruby-gleam lingered about the white Virginia heights behind town, and across the river quite glorified the pale stretch of the Ohio hills. Free and slave. (Adam was an Abolitionist.) Well, let that be. God's hand of power, like His sunlight, held the master and the slave in loving company. To-morrow was the sign.

The cobbler stopped on the little swinging foot-bridge that crosses the creek in the centre of the city. The faint saffron sunset swept from the west over the distant wooded hills, the river, the stone bridge below him, whose broad gray piers painted perpetual arches on the sluggish, sea-colored water. The smoke from one or two far-off foundries hung just above it, motionless in the gray, in tattered drifts, dyed by the sun, clear drab and violet. A still picture. A bit of Venice, poor Adam thought, who never had been fifty miles out of Wheeling. The quaint Austrian town was his world; he brought the world into it. There were relics of old Indian forts and mounds, the old times and the new. The people, too, though the cobbler only dimly saw that, were as much the deposit and accretion of all dead ages as was the coal that lay bedded in the fencing hills. Irish, Dutch, whites, blacks, Mound-builder, Jack Bell himself; you could find the dregs of every day of the world in any mill-town of the Ohio Valley. Adam had a dull perception of this. Christmas eve came to all the world, coming here.

Leaning on the iron wires, while the unsteady little bridge shook under him, he watched the stunned beams of the sun urging themselves through the smoke-clouds. He thought they were like "the voice of one crying in the wilderness. 'Prepare ye the way of the Lord; make His paths straight.'" It wakened something in the man's heavy heart, deeper even than the thought of the woman he had prayed for. A sudden vision that a great Peace held the world as did that glow of upper light; he rested in its calm. Up the street a few steps rose the walls of the old theatre, used as a prison now for captured Confederates: it was full now; he could see them looking out from behind the bars, grimy and tattered. Far to the north, on Mount Woods, the white grave-stones stood out clear in the darkening evening. His enemies, the hungry streets, the war itself, the bones and souls of the dead yonder,—the great Peace held them all. We might call them evil, but they were sent from God, and went back to God. All things were in Him.

I tell you, that when this one complete Truth got into this poor cobbler's brain,—in among its vulgar facts of North and South, and patched shoes, and to-morrow's turkey,—a great poet-in-sight looked out of his eyes for the minute. Saint John looked thus as he wrote that primitive natal work, "God is love." Cobblers, as well as Saint John, or the dying Herder, need great thoughts, and water from God to refresh them, believe me.

Trotting on, hardly needing his hickory stick, Adam could see the little brown shop yonder on the creek-bank. All dark: but did you ever see anything brighter than the way the light shone in the sitting room, behind the Turkey-red curtains! Such a taste that little woman had! Two years ago the cobbler finished his life-work, he thought: he had been mother and father both to the orphans left with him, faithful to them, choking down the hungry gnawing within for something nearer than brother or sister. Two years ago they had left him, and struck out into the world for themselves.

"Then, you see," Adam used say' "I was settlin' down in to an old man; dryin up, d' yesee! thinkin' the Lord had forgotten me, when He said to other men, 'Come, it's your turn now for home and lovin'.' Them young ones was dear enough, but a man has a cravin' for somethin' that 's his own. But it was too late, I thought. Bitter; despitin' the Lord's eyesight; thinkin' He didn't see or care what would keep me from hell. I believed in God, like most poor men do, thinkin Him cold-blooded, not hearin' when we cry out for work, or a wife, or child. I didn't cry. I never cry. I never prayed. But look there. Do you see—*here* Jinny?" It was to the young Baptist preacher Adam said this, when he came to make a pastoral visit to Adam's wife. "That 's what He did. I'm not ashamed to pray now. I ask Him every hour to give me a tight grip on her so that I kin follow her up, and to larn me some more of His ways. That's my religious 'xperience, Sir."

The young man coughed weakly, and began questioning old Craig as to his faith in immersion. The cobbler stumped about the kitchen a minute before answering, holding himself down. His face was blood-red when he did speak, quite savage, the young speaker said afterward.

"I don't go to church, Sir. My wife does. I don't say *now*, 'Damn the churches!' or that you, an' the likes of you, an' yer Master, all are shams and humbugs. I know him now. He's live to me. So now, when I see you belie Him, an' keep men from Him with yer hundreds o' wranglin' creeds, an' that there's as much honest love of truth outside the Church as in it, I don't put yer bigotry an' foulness on Him. I only think there's an awful mistake: just this; that the Church thinks it is Christ's body an' us uns is outsiders, an' we think so too, an' despise Him through you with yer stingy souls an' fights an' squabblins; not seein' that the Church is jes' an hospital, where some of the sickest of God's patients is tryin' to get cured."

The preacher never went back; spoke in a church-meeting soon after of the prevalence of Tom Paine's opinions among the lower classes. Half of our sham preachers take the vague name of "Paine" to cover all of Christ's opponents,—not ranking themselve there, of course.

Adam thought he had won a victory. "If you'd heard me flabbergast the parson!" he used to say, with a jealous anxiety to keep Christ out of the visible Church, to shut his eyes to the true purity in it, to the fact that the Physician was in His hospital. To-night some more infinite gospel had touched him. "Good evenin,, Mr. Pitts," he said, meeting the Baptist preacher. "Happy Christmas, sir!" catching a glance of his broken boots. "Danged of I don't send that feller a pair of shoes unbeknownst, to-morrow! He's workin' hard, an' it's not for money."

The great Peace held even its erring Church, as Adam dully saw. The streets were darkening, but full even yet of children crowding in and out of the shops. Not a child among them was more busy or important, or keener for a laugh than Adam, with his basket on his arm and his hand in his pocket clutching the money he had to lay out. The way he had worked for that! Over jobs, you know, done at night when Jinny and baby were asleep. It was carrying him through splendidly, though: the basket was quite piled up with bundles: as for the turkey, hadn't he been keeping that in the back-yard for weeks, stuffing it until it hardly could walk? That turkey, do you know, was the first Baby ever took any notice of, except the candle? Jinny was quite opposed to killing it, for that reason, and proposed they should have ducks instead; but as old Jim Farley and Granny Simpson were invited for dinner and had been told about the turkey, matters must stay as they were.

"Poor souls, they'll not taste turkey agin this many a day, I'm thinkin', Janet. When we give an entertainment, it's allus them-like we'll eat. That's the Master's biddin', ye know."

But the pudding was yet to buy. He had a dirty scrap paper on which Jinny had written down the amount. "The hand that woman writes!" He inspected it anxiously at every street lamp. Did you ever see anything finer than that tongue, full of its rich brown juices and golden fat? or the white, crumbly suet? Jinny said veal; such a saving little body she was, but we know what a pudding ought to be. Now for the pippins for it, yellow they are, holding summer yet. He stopped before the confectioner's: just a moment, to collect himself: for this was the crowning point, this. There they were, in the great, gleaming window below: the rich Malaga raisins, bedded in their cases, cold to the lips, but within all glowing sweetness and passion; and the cool, tart little currants. If Jinny could see that window! and baby. To be sure, Baby mightn't appreciate it, however. White frosted cakes, built up like fairy palaces, and mountains of golden oranges and the light trembling through delicate candles, purple and rose-color. "Let's have a look, boys!"—and Adam crowded into the swarm outside.

Over the shops there was a high brick building, a concert-hall. You could hear the soft, dreamy air floating down from it, made vocal into a wordless love and pathos. Adam forgot the splendors of the window, listening: his heart throbbed full under his thin coat. It ached with an infinite tenderness. The poor old cobbler's eyes filled with tears; he could have taken Jesus and the great world all into his arms then. How loving and pure it was, the world! Christ's footsteps were heard. The eternal start waited above; there was not a face in the crowd about him that was not clear and joyous. These delicate, pure women, flirting past him up into the lighted hall—it made his nerves thrill into pleasure to look at them. Jesus' world! His creatures.

He put his hand into the basket, and shyly took out a bunch of flowers he had bought,—real flowers, tender, sweet-smelling little things. Wouldn't Jinny wonder to find them on her bureau in the morning? There fragrance, as loving and innocent, filled the frosty air, like a breath of the purity of this Day coming. Just as he was going to put them back carefully, a hand out of the crowd caught hold of them, a dirty hand, with sores on it, and a woman thrust her face from under her blowzy bonnet into his; a young face deadly pale, on which some awful passion had cut the lines; lips dyed scarlet with rank blood, lips, you would think, that in hell itself would utter a coarse jest.

"Give 'em to me, old cub!" she said, pulling at them. "I want 'em for a better nor you."

"Go it, Lot!" shouted the boys.

He struck her. A woman? Yes: if it had been a slimy eel standing upright, it would have been less foul a thing than this.

"Damn you!" she muttered, chafing the hurt arm. Whatever words this girl spoke came from her teeth out,—seemed to have no meaning to her.

"Let's see, Lot."

She held out her arm, and the boy, a black one, plastered it with grime from the gutter. The others yelled with delight. Adam hurried off. A pure air? God help us! He threw the flowers into the gutter with a bitter loathing. Her fingers would be polluted, if they touched them now. He would not tell her of this; he would cut off his hand rather than tell to her of this,—let her know such things were in the world. So pure and saintly she was, his little wife! a homely little body, but with the clean est, most loving heart, doing her master's will humbly. The cobbler's own veins were full of Scotch blood, as pure, indignant as any knight's of the Holy Grail. He wiped his hand, as though a leper had tainted it.

Passing down Church street, the old bell rang out the hour. All day he had fancied its tone had gathered a lighter, more delicate sweetness with every chime. The Christ-child was coming; the world held up its hand adoring; all that was needed of men was to love Him, and rejoice. Its tone was different now; there was a brutal cry of pain in the ponderous voice that shook the air,—a voice passing something to God, unintelligible to him He thrust out the thought of that woman with a curse; he had so wanted to have a good day, to feel how great and glad the world was, and to come up close to Christ with Jinny and the baby! He did soon forget the vileness there behind, going down the streets, they were so cozy and friendly-hearted the parlor windows opening out on them so cheerfully, as is the custom in Southern and