

them said to Delancy, ' Well, why don't you kiss her ?'

" Thanks," he answered, " I will,"
And he did.

The next afternoon as Delancy was leaving for the railway station on his way to his mother, he said to Mr. Van Hasset, " May I tell my mother that you have forgiven her ?"

" You may tell her any thing you like. I never thought so much of Elizabeth

Polk as I did the morning she ran off with your father preferring love to property. But you must tell her in particular that she has got to come to the wedding and stop with us if I have to drive down to New York to get her. And say, my boy, just tell her that we'll have a real old fashioned dance after the wedding and that I'm counting on her to lead it off with me."

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY CHARLES GORDON ROGERS.

A blaze of lights ; a tread of eager feet
Where hundreds jostle in a harmless war ;
A wave of happy faces, and a score
Of prattling girlish voices, gay and sweet.
And in between, the silver sleigh bells beat
Their rhythmic music to the mimic roar ;
While snow-flake ghosts of seasons gone before
Fall soft and silent over all the street.

Broad windows, blazoned with such things as woo
The eager eyes of children; and that we
One time, when we were little children, too,
Deemed never out of Fairyland might be ;
But only on the trees of elfins grew,
Plucked by old Santa Claus for you and me!

Aye, blithest of all dawns—Christmas Eve !
Small need hath Fortune, with her genial cry
And cheek of health to thus proclaim thee nigh,
Thou jocund morn! 'Tis writ on ragged sleeve;
'Tis branded on thin coats o'er breasts that heave
In dark despair; and in the hollow eye
Of those who hunger. Flaming to the sky,
These cry the joys the morrow doth achieve.

These outcasts stand for Christ. And the sweet morn
Will usher in Christ's birthday. Will ye not—
Ye who will sing the glory of Christ born,
Ye whom this tender Christ hath ne'er forgot
To store with presents—will ye not adorn
With gifts these poor, and cheer their cheerless lot ?