

The Poet's Corner.

A Canadian Christmas Carol.

BY CHIEF JUSTICE HAGARTY.

No shepherd in the field tonight, no flock upon the fold. Thro' the shivering forest branches moans the north blast fierce and cold. But glorious the white stars gleam as on that holy even. When the herald angels chorused swelled through the soft Judean heaven. Oh earth! the white shroud wraps thee now, in death's cold clasp thou art. Thy tears, thy music bound alike in the ice-chain on thy heart: So long the dark'd world of sin when the angels spread abroad The glorious tale of the Virgin-Born—the birth of Incarnate God! Melt, melt, oh cold and stony heart! even as the ice bonds shiver. When Spring breathes soft on the frozen wood when warm winds loose the river. The Angel-vision sheds on thee its glory's softening ray— The Angel-song is for thine ear, "A Saviour's born today. Morn on the sparkling wilds of snow, morn on the frozen west. The holy chimps float musical o'er the deep wood's solemn breast; And the winter sun plays cheerily on the wealth of bright green wreaths When thro' the lowly forest shrine a spring- like freshness breathes. Frail! frail! your verdure speaks all eloquently bright. Of a lacustrous summer morn to break on life's long wintry night— Of the waving palms—the crystal streams—the everlasting flowers, Beyond the Jasper battlements, by the Golden City's towers! Let the wild wind sweep the snow without— within be joy and mirth. Let happy households cheerily meet around the Christmas hearth! One welcome pledge must circle round—"Be happy hearts and smiles To all who live in the forest land! to all in our parent isles!" The Christmas hearth! Ah pleasant spot where joyful kindred meet. Kind eyes with love and gladness lit, scarce mark the vacant seat; And if too faithfully memory turn to mourn the loved, the fair, Look up—the shepherd's star's in heaven—the lost one waits there. Wake thy ten thousand voices, Earth! pour thy floods of praise— Up to the crystal fates of morn the deep hosanna praise! Till heavenward wafted, seraph-winged they pierce the illumined zone. Where the Church triumphant's anthem floats round the Everlasting Throne.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

'Twill find it a wild walk, mistress, this bitter evening, 'across moor'—such had been the greeting of the lone wayfarer whom I met upon the lonely path into which I had struck on quitting the hard, firm road. The wind had risen as the sun went down behind the rocky Tors to the westward, and the piercing gale that now blew thought with it such snow as only, I think, does fall on Dartmoor in midwinter. Chilled, in spite of the warm shawl I wore, by the biting blasts, and dazzled by the thick flakes that whirled and glittered as they swept by, I pressed on, quickening my pace homeward. I had lingered too long in the village street, whither I had gone to make some few final purchases needed for our merry Christmas dinner, and now the moorland storm had set in with all its fury, and the homeward walk to the farm would be difficult, and might even be dangerous. One hesitating look I threw back at the lights of the village far behind, and then, remembering that I should be anxiously expected at home, pushed resolutely on across the snowy moor, the darkness appearing to thicken at every instant. Faster and faster fell the snow, clinging to my wet hair, dancing before my bewildered eyes, and almost obliterating the cart ruts which alone indicated the rough road that I had to traverse. Often had I listened by the fireside to stories of belated travelers lost upon the moor. Should I once stray from the track, I might wander over the boundless waste until my strength failed me, as theirs had done, and, as they had done, lie down exhausted to die. As it was, by the time I had walked two miles through the storm, I began to grow feeble, my steps were slow, and the light basket I carried on my arm seemed to have grown strangely heavy. Buffeted by the raging wind, I tottered wearily on through the snow-leaps. The farm, to the best of my belief, was but about half a mile off; but I began to doubt, bennamed as I was by the intensity of the cold, and spent with the toil of struggling with the tempest, whether I should ever reach it. I felt a heavy drowsiness oppress me, and longed to lie down and rest; but for a few minutes, before resuming the battle with the wild weather. But rest in such a case means sleep; and sleep, death. Something of the instinct which makes a hunted animal strain every nerve to die at home urged me on, and I continued to press forward. As I did so, a cry reached my ear—the cry of a child in distress! It was repeated, and I turned toward the quarter from whence came the sound, and then, hesitated. Well I knew that if I expended the last dregs of my strength in plodding through the drifts, the chance of my reaching the farm was small indeed. And then it might not be a child that uttered that cry, but merely the bleating of a stray sheep. Prudence warned me to hurry on homeward. No, no, no! I dared not hearken to

the whispers of selfishness; dared not save my conscience with the plausible idea that the cry which I had heard was not a human one. I could not shut my ears to the plaintive appeal that had reached me, and, praying to God that I might find mercy for the sake of the dear ones at home, I turned toward the tiny suppliant. Yes, sure enough, there were the prints of little feet, already half-blotted out in the snow; and following on the track, I came at last to a high bank, and a deep, fleecy drift, where in the white hollow crouched some score of sheep huddled together, and amongst them, apparently asleep or dead, a little child, her pale face pillowed on one of her woolly companions. And then I knew her—my own, my only one, my little three year old darling, our Rosie, that I thought so safe and warm at home; and I staggered forward, and knelt and took her to my bosom, and chafed her cold hands, and wrapped my shawl around her, and then—and then, all grew dark.

How long the lethargy brought on by extreme cold may have, in my case, endured, I never knew. But I remember that I heard a rough, kind voice call out, "Keep Carstone back! Don't let him look—they're both dead, poor things!" And then the swoon came on again. But when I came back to life it seemed like a foretaste of heaven, so gay and cheerful was the look of the warm, cozy homeplace, with its glowing fire of crimson peat and blazing wood; and wherever my wondering eyes turned, was some kind neighborly face with which I was well acquainted. I lay on a bed that had been drawn close to the blaze, wrapped in cloaks and blankets, while near me knelt a strong man, Frank Carstone—dear, good Frank—my own brave, kind young husband, to whom I had been married but four short years, since first he brought me to the moorland farm. And there was Rosie, darling, blue-eyed Rosie, no longer, as when last I saw her, lying like a dead white lamb among the sheep and drifted snow, well and strong, and with her dear blue eyes fixed lovingly on 'poor mamma's' pale face. Then I must have fainted again, but it was with surprise, not pain; and soon I could speak and stir, and be as one of the waking world again.

We had a merry Christmas dinner next day after, the merriest I ever knew, with Rosie's tiny chair drawn close to mine—I could not bear to be away from her—and Frank beside me, blithe and loving, and thankful too, for the wife and child that had been spared to him. Rosie had wandered out, it seemed, following the strayed sheep of one of those very neighbors who had joined with Frank in seeking for the truant; but had I not come up when I did, the child could scarcely have survived till rescue came. That happened years ago. Happy Christmases have come and gone since then, but never can I think without a shudder of that Christmas Eve upon Dartmoor.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.

Gems of Sentiment Gathered Here and There.

Christmas is a happy season when Christian and ante-Christian feelings blend in a pure sense, when the Christian youth kisses the Christian maiden under the Pagan mistletoe, and when Christian observance of the happy season mingles with Pagan rite.

Christmas! Tenderly, lovingly, we linger on the word; no cyclopedias, no dictionary, no book of any form is necessary to define it for us.—[Gertie May.]

Christmas is a jolly good thing, and don't you forget it. And whoever it is who enjoys his Christmas properly, thoroughly, wouldn't do a mean thing for a fortnight after—I know he wouldn't—and a course of Christmas gatherings would cure him altogether.—[George J. Wilson.]

Who loves not Christmas, who joins not in the heartiness, cordiality, mirth, and good cheer of this consecrated festival, can scarce be human.

Here is a prophecy:—Behold a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son; and his name shall be called Emmanuel.—Isa., vii., 14. And here the fulfillment of that prophecy:—For this day is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David.—Luke, ii., 11.

Christ was born when Augustus was in the fortieth year of his reign; the 29th from the battle of Antium; about 4,000 years, or a little more, from the creation of the world; about 2,500 years from the flood; almost 2,000 from the vocation of Abraham, and a little over 1,000 from the foundation of the temple of Solomon.

The tradition that an ass and an ox were in the cave when Christ was born is very generally accepted; though it is maintained by some that the idea arose from Isaiah i., 3, and Habakkuk iii., 2. Several paintings and sculptures of the fourth century, or earlier, represent the ass and ox present.

National Pills act promptly upon the liver, regulate the bowels and as a purgative are mild and thorough.

Comfort in the Dark Hour.

"There never was such an affliction as mine," said a poor sufferer, restlessly tossing about in her bed in one of the wards of a city hospital. "I don't think there was ever such a racking pain."

"Once," was faintly uttered from the next bed.

The first speaker paused a moment, and in a still more impatient tone resumed her complaint.

"Nobody knows what I pass through. Nobody ever suffered more pain. I take it you mean yourself, poor soul, but—"

"O, not myself! not me!" exclaimed the other, and her pale face flushed up to the temples, as if some wrong had been offered not to herself but to another.

She spoke with such earnestness that her restless companion lay still for several seconds and gazed intently on her face. The cheeks were now now and sunken, and the parched lips were drawn back from the mouth as if in pain. Yet there dwelt an extraordinary sweetness in the clear gray eyes, and a refinement on that placid brow, such as can only be imparted by a heart-acquaintance with him who is full of grace and truth.

"O, not myself! not me!" she repeated. There was a short pause, and the following words, uttered in the same low tone, slowly and solemnly broke the midnight silence of the place:

"And when they had plaited a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand; and they bowed the knee before him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! And they spat upon him, and took the reed and smote him on the head. . . . And they that passed by reviled him, wagging their heads. . . . And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?"

The voice ceased, and for several minutes not a syllable was spoken. The night nurse rose from her chair by the fire and mechanically handed a cup of barley water, flavoured with lemon-juice and sugar, to the lips of both sufferers.

"Thank you, nurse," said the last speaker. "They gave Him gall for His meat; and in his thimble they gave Him vinegar to drink."

"She is talking about Jesus Christ," said the other woman, already beginning to toss restlessly from side to side. "But," added she, "talking about His sufferings can't mend ours, at least not mine."

"But it lightens hers," said the nurse. "I wonder how."

"Hush!" And the gentle voice again took up the strain:

"He hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows. . . . He was wounded for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed."

The following day, as some ladies visiting the hospital, passed by the cots, they handed to each a few fragrant flowers.

The gentle voice was heard again: "If God so clothe the grass of the field which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

A few days passed away, when on a bright Sabbath morning, as the sun was rising, the nurse noticed the lips of the sufferer moving, and leaning over her, she heard these words:

"Going home! I have fought the good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

Her eyes closed, and the nurse knew that the hand of death was grasping the cords of life. A moment more and all was over. The soul had gone.—[Sword and Trowel.]

Too Literal.

"Pa do you belong to the Fire Department?" "No, Johnnie, I never did." "Well, don't the torchlight processions go to the fires?" "Only fires of oratory, I guess. What makes you ask such a question?" "Oh, 'cause ma said this morning that whenever you went out to a torchlight procession you always come home full of fire-water."

Compelled to Yield.

Obstinate skin diseases, humors of the blood, eruptions and old sores are cured by Burdock Blood Bitters, which purify and regulate all the secretions.

Lord Chief Justice Coleridge is said to have first obtained notice as a lawyer by the adroit application by the going out and relighting of a candle in the jury box in a trial for murder, showing that human life once sacrificed to the law could not be revived like the candle. The illustration is older than the Chief Justice. Othello says, Act V., scene II.: "If I quench thee, thou flaming minister, I can again thy former light restore. Should I repent me: but once put out thy light, Thou cunning'st pattern of excellent nature, I know not where is the Promethean heat. That can thy light relume."

MONEY TO BE MADE.

It is said that dull times are not known by the agents for the great publishing house of George Stinson & Co., of Portland, Maine. The reason of this exceptional success is found in the fact that they always give the public that which is keenly appreciated and at prices that all can afford. At present we understand, their agents are doing wonderfully well on several new lines. They need many more agents in all parts of the country. Those who need profitable work should apply at once. Women do as well as men. Experience is not necessary, for Messrs. Stinson & Co. undertake to show all who are willing to work, not hard but earnestly, the path to large success. It should be remembered that an agent can do a handsome business without being away from home over night. Another advantage—it costs nothing to give the business a trial, and an agent can devote all his time, or only his spare moments to it. Stinson & Co. guarantee grand success, all who engage and follow simple and plain directions that they give. We have not space to explain all here, but full particulars will be sent free to those who address the firm; their full address is given above.

That is daily bringing joy to the homes of thousands by saving many of their dear ones from an early grave. Truly is Dr. King's new Discovery for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Bronchitis, Hay Fever, Loss of Voice, Tickling in the Throat, Pain in Side and Chest, or any disease of the Throat and Lungs, a positive cure. Guaranteed. Trial Bot tles free at J. Wilson's Drug Store. Large size \$1.00.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

May 15th, 1880. GENTLEMEN—Having long suffered for a long time from nervous prostration and general debility, I was advised to try Hop Bitters. I have taken one bottle, and I have been rapidly getting better ever since, and I think it the best medicine I ever used. I am now gaining strength and appetite, which was all gone, and I was in despair until I tried your Bitters. I am now well, able to go about and do my own work. Before taking it I was completely prostrated. MRS. MARY STUART.

Thousands Say So. T. W. Aitkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known, and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at 50 cts. a bottle by J. Wilson. [3]

Well Rewarded. A liberal reward will be paid to any party who will produce a case of Liver, Kidney or Stomach complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure. Bring them along, it will cost you nothing for the medicine if it fails to cure, and you will be well rewarded for your pains besides. All Blood diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, and general debility are quickly cured. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price only fifty cents per bottle. For sale by J. Wilson. [5]

These are Solid Facts.

The best blood purifier and system regulator ever placed within the reach of suffering humanity, truly is Electric Bitters. Inactivity of the Liver, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Weak Kidneys, or any disease of the urinary organs, or who ever requires an appetizer, tonic or mild stimulant, will always find Electric Bitters the best and only certain cure known. They act surely and quickly, every bottle guaranteed to give entire satisfaction or money refunded. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by J. Wilson. [4]

New Life for Feeble and Weakened by Disease.

The Great German Invigorator is the only specific for impotency, nervous debility, universal lassitude, forgetfulness, pain in the back or sides, no matter how shattered the system may be from excess of any kind, the Great German Remedy will restore the lost functions and secure health and happiness. \$1.00 per box, six boxes for \$5.00. Sold by all druggists. Sent on receipt of price, postage paid, by F. J. Cheney, Toledo, Ohio, sole agent for United States. Circulars and testimonials sent free. Sold by Geo. Rynas, sole agent for Goderich 3m.

A Remarkable Escape.

Mrs. Mary A. Dailey, of Tunkhannock, Pa., was afflicted for six years with Asthma and Bronchitis, during which time the best physicians gave her no relief. Her life was despaired of, until in last October she procured a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, when immediate relief was felt, and by continuing its use for a short time she was completely cured, gaining in flesh 50 lbs. in a few months.

To the Medical Profession, and all whom it may concern.

Phosphatine, or Nerve Food, a Phosphate Element based upon Scientific Facts, Formulated by Professor Austin, M. D. of Boston, Mass., cures Pulmonary Consumption, Sick Headache, Nervous Attacks, Vertigo and Neuralgia and all wasting diseases of the human system. Phosphatine is not a Medicine, but a Nutrient, because it contains no Vegetable or Mineral Poisons, Opium, Narcotics, and no Stimulants, but simply the Phosphate and Glyceric Elements found in our daily food. A single bottle is sufficient to convince. All Druggists sell it. \$1.00 per bottle. LOWEN & Co., sole agents for the Dominion, 55 Front Street East Toronto

National Pills are unsurpassed as a safe, mild, yet thorough, purgative, acting upon the biliary organs promptly and effectually.

A CHIVING EVIL.—Children are often fretful and ill when worms are the cause. Dr. Low's Worm Syrup safely expels all worms.

National Pills are the favorite purgative and anti-bilious medicine; they are mild and thorough.

GREAT EXCITEMENT At the Big Furniture Emporium of A.B. CORNELL HAMILTON STREET, WHERE YOU WILL FIND THE Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Furniture AND UNDERTAKERS' FURNISHINGS IN GODERICH. Don't forget his prices are the lowest for Cash. He also keeps the Celebrated Knowledge Waver Wire Bed Bottom. A large variety of BEDROOM SETS on hand to choose from. Don't Forget the Cheapest House in Town. Picture Framing a Specialty. Funerals Furnished Neatly, Cheaply, & with a Good Hearse. ALSO THE OFFICE FOR The Celebrated Singer Sewing Machine Which beats the world. All orders left here will receive prompt attention from the agent; Goderich, Sept. 25th. 1884. 1902.

NOTICE. Toronto Weekly News AND THE HURON SIGNAL FOR \$2.00 A YEAR. THE TORONTO WEEKLY NEWS is an Illustrated Paper, unsurpassed in all the features of enterprising journalism. It stands conspicuous among the best journals of Canada as a complete newspaper, which will be interesting to every member of the family. The children will like the pictures, the young folks the stories and the funny sketches, the more mature will be delighted with the editorials and news matter, which in every issue will be found spicy, incisive, and entertaining. In the matter of telegraphic service, having the advantage of connection with THE TORONTO DAILY NEWS, it has its command all the dispatches of the Associated Press, besides the specials from NEWS correspondents in every section of Ontario for which the daily paper is so famous. As a newspaper it has no superior. It is independent in politics, presenting all political news free from party bias or coloring, and is absolutely without fear or favor as to parties. The parliamentary reports are written in a humorous vein, and deal with men and measures without gloves, and having regard only to brevity, justice, and truth. It is in the fullest sense a family newspaper. Each issue contains a verbatim report of Rev. Dr. Talmage's latest sermon in Brooklyn Tabernacle, Clara Belle's New York fashion letter, "The Man-About-Town," sketches of people and places, a serial story of absorbing interest, a political cartoon, and a rich variety of condensed notes on Fashions, Art, Industries, Literature, etc., etc. Its market quotations are complete and to be relied upon. It is just the paper for the young folks, and the old folks will like it just as well. Our special clubbing terms bring it within reach of all. Specimen copies may be had at this office. Send your subscription to this office.

Gibson's English Candies, A LARGE STOCK OF TWENTY DIFFERENT FLAVORS. F. JORDAN, Medical Hall, Goderich. Keeps constantly on hand a Select Stock of Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Sponges, Dye Stuffs, Perfumery, &c., &c. Toilet articles in great variety. Physicians Prescriptions a specialty.

FARMERS! Why use poor OIL on your Reapers and Mowers, when you can get McCOLL'S LARDINE OIL So Cheap. It has no equal. Try it and you will use no other. McCOLL BROS. & Co., TORONTO. R. W. MCKENZIE, GODERICH

CIGARS. CIGARS. IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC THE BEST ASSORTMENT IN TOWN A full line of all the Leading Patent Medicines always kept on hand (Physicians Prescriptions a Specialty.) GEORGE RYNAS, BLAKE'S BLOCK, THE SQUARE

ART DESIGNS in WALL PAPER Now is the time, if you wish one or two nice rooms at home, to see Butler's room paper. He has over 20,000 Rolls of the Latest Designs Beautiful colors, and at prices less than very much inferior goods. Call and see them. They are the best value in town, and must be sold. The Latest Spring Bazaar Patterns and Fashions, AT BUTLER'S

Jim Wai night. Hi York from ten to his her two d spend the old New B Jim was mother, th sisters, Fan favorite in; lage which, to begin th natural liki had been c days when; and althoug down as a year old, C fondness fo ed his wish became a boys, Jim w and his fatn many perils capital at spi the long wi scenes of da of shipwreck voyages in a food grew a most failed l always mov and horrors sailor's life. beat quicker told of peri mother's ey chair closer she might la to assure her "And after a sometimes a great brawne instead of an And he d when halting a huge tree t the men to h upon him, an survived the ters was crus his peaceful l Jim was th was a fine, u years he wor on the farm. to sea grow could not res tine of a fa nearly eighte father, captai New York i Eastern port give him e navigation a Then Jim det It was a home. His be cheerful f keep back the by was said. it is true, queer, shrewd kee character there was of man, who h since Jim was devoted to th not poor. Th theirs for sev and producti had invested dence. So must decide away with a l It was hard, mother, and soon pass; he and come bac And now h very night l in her arms a trembling wri house was tri ing moss, an were lighted dows. The red as the b and roared; t tery cold, th Uncle Ab meet Jim at two miles a sisters, now made, sat w listening for They would i Waitley's had mechani in her lap, their books. ed at the gre ly it never ti Was th trai accident? round, and i Deliberately, age, and wi sound of tu clock began hark! On t tinkle of mer horses is hea sleigh turns i stops at the j and sisters thrown open The warn