ESTABLISHED 1873.

The Weekly Monitor

IS PUBLISHED

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H. S. PIPER,
Editor and Proprietor.

Weekly Monitor.

SALUS POPULI SUPREMA LEX EST.

VOL. 12. BRIDGETOWN, N. S., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1884. NO. 38.

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Clarence, Nov. 3rd, '84. 3m.

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Notary Public, Real Estate Agent.
United States Consul Agent.
Annapolis, Oct. 4th, 1883—1y

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STIPENDIARY MAGISTRATE, DISTRICT NO. 2
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LOCKETT'S BUILDING, BRIDGETOWN.
Office hours, from 2 to 5 p. m.
April 2nd, 84. 51tf

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—AND—
ADVERTISING AGENCY
—FOR—
The selling of Farms and Real Estate in Annapolis Valley.

IN THE
1ST PAID DECEMBER,
I shall advertise 100 FARMS I have for sale in the
Toronto Globe,
Toronto, and will continue to advertise in that and other papers abroad once a month, until next April. All farms on my Registry will appear in the list without charge to those Registered. Parties wishing to take advantage of advertising abroad must send in description of their Farms or Property as soon previous to the
15TH OF NOVEMBER.
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—ON—
Loans Negotiated.

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3.—120 acres
4.—220 acres
5.—150 acres
6.—Is a large farm
7.—100 acres
8.—300
9.—4 acres
10.—22
11.—50
12.—200 acres.
13.—100
14.—150
15.—75 acres
16.—200
17.—50
18.—150
20.—83
21.—104
22.—140
23.—175
24.—300
25.—150
ton.
26.—150
27.—40
28.—200

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CHIEF SOCIETY
—IN—
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This is the only Benefit Society that is Purely Mutual.

While the Rates of Assessment Societies charge as high as mortuary Assessment than is first charged by other societies, in addition, and in addition, this society assesses only for the amount needed and pays the cost of collection from the entrance fees and annual dues.

An advantage each assessment is required from each member to pay a loss when it is so much less as approved.

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THOMAS B. CROSBY, Secretary.

Fairn,
Lawrencetown,
For Annapolis, Kings and Lunenburg Co.
Oct. 1884.

Bridgetown, Sept, 15th, 1884.
To the Directors of the Nova Scotia Relief Society.
We hereby acknowledge with thanks one thousand dollars be-ing in full of indemnity securing to us, as beneficiary named in Bond 587, payable in consequence of the death of Amelia Ray Parker.
CHARLES W. PARKER.

A SPECIAL AGENT for enlarged edition of "Lyra" by C. H. SPURGEON, London, also, "Life among the Lowly," fully illustrated. A grand chance for right man. D. L. GUERNSEY, Boston, Mass. 4t37

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Beg to notify the inhabitants of
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That a Complete Line of
SAMPLES OF CLOTHS,
—FOR—
GENTLEMEN'S, YOUTHS' AND BOYS' CUSTOM MADE CLOTHING,
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Where orders will be taken, and Goods delivered at the SAME PRICES as we charge in HALIFAX.
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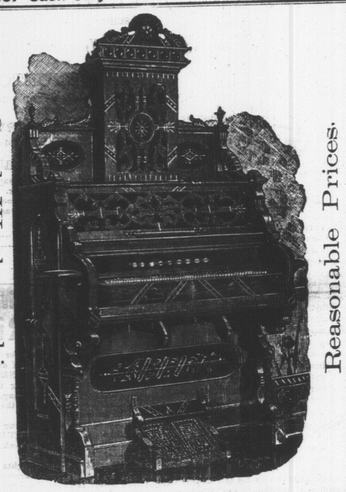
TERMS.—Cash Only.



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NOTICE!

WE the undersigned, Tanners, having for some time felt the need of a closer examination in the purchasing of Ox, Steer and Cow Hides, and knowing we have lost by the Hides being cut across the throat, on almost every hide, the whole pate having to be thrown away, or sold at a loss, and knowing there is no need of more than stabbing the animal, and also a further loss by the hind shanks being cut wrong or taken off,

We would therefore notify Farmers and Butchers, hereafter hides badly cut across the throat, will be subject to 25c, discount, each hide, and the tare will be regulated as each hide may need in our judgment, to go from 6 lbs. and upwards on each 100 lbs. of hides.

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Oct., 28th, 84. 3m.

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The superior stock of
CHRISTMAS CARDS,
—AND—
Fancy Goods
For Presents, at
J. W. Whitman's
Newest styles, Men's and Boys'
HATS & CAPS,
at bottom prices. Finest lines Long, Lase and Congress.
BOOTS & LARRAGANS,
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GROCERIES
Fruits, Biscuits & Confectionery, for Xmas trade.
Rugs, Robes and Quilts,
very cheap.
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Executor's Notice.

ALL persons having any legal demands against the estate of WILLIAM JACKSON, late of Clarence, in the County of Annapolis, farmer, deceased, are requested to render their accounts against said estate, duly attested, within three months from date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate, are requested to make immediate payment to

S. N. JACKSON, } Executors.
G. H. JACKSON, }
Clarence, Dec. 13, '84. 31t36.

BROWN'S MILLS,
Lawrencetown.
Sawing,
Grinding,
Threshing.
Lumber sawn to order,
Grain ground to order,
Grain threshed to order.

HAVING a first-class Gray's full power Threshing machine capable of threshing ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY BUSHELS PER HOUR, we shall be ready to fill orders in this department with extra promptness and despatch. Grain, when in at condition, will be ground immediately on being threshed if required.

IN STOCK,
Long and Short Shingles, Boards, Staves &c.
Best fresh ground Cornmeal, Graham, Buckwheat, Middlings, Flour, MIXED FEED, &c., &c., &c.
Logs and grain bought at market rates.
All orders filled promptly, at short notic and at Bottom prices!
Terms,—Cash.
J. A. BROWN & CO.
Lawrencetown, August 1884.

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Subscriptions will be taken at this office. Payments are made very easy and extend over a period of five or six years, enabling a person of very moderate means to secure this invaluable work.

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Has the Newest Patterns in
Worsted OVERCOATINGS
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TWEEDS, WORSTED SUITINGS, BROAD CLOTHS, ETC., IN ALL SHADES AND PATTERNS.
Call and inspect.
JOHN H. FISHER.

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General Agent for Kings, Annapolis, Digby and Yarmouth Counties.
A good, reliable, live man wanted to canvas Digby County. 8tf

NOTICE!
The subscriber having met with a heavy loss by fire, will esteem it a favor for those who are indebted to him to call and settle their accounts.
W. A. CRAIG.

Poetry.

'The Poor are Always With You.'

Who hungers is not always lowly born,
Nor base of mind that begs a crust of bread,
Hath not the sacred Bard of Israel said,
'The poor are always with you?' Let not scorn
Live in your heart for him that is forlorn—
Ye dream not how his wronged heart hath bled,
Nor from what height decended—him ye feel
May have a soul of Shakespeare's lineage born.

Who hungers shames his manhood not, if he
Makes known his want to who hath much and spares;
The gift of one faircdeed of charity
Counts more in heaven than twenty thousand prayers,
And ye, in that torn garb of beggary
May entertain an angel unawares.

Select Literature.

Judge Rockwoods Christmas Visitor.

(Concluded.)

'Wait a minute, sir, I will open it.'

Had the little ghost come with him? The same wee voice, the slender figure, the waving gold hair. But the little face was rosy and dimpled; besides ghosts do not glide about on skates or wear shabby cloaks and red hoods. He guessed at once, and rightly too, that this was his son's child, his own little granddaughter, and his heart beat with a glad quick throb as stepping inside the now opened gate he bent down and peered into this living face just as he had into the pictured one that morning. And how like each was to the other. A puzzled look was creeping into this one and she drew back a little as the judge touched the silky hair. He did not notice the movement, for he was thinking of the comfort and happiness he had been losing, of all he had been putting away from him these many years.

'What is your name, my dear?' he managed to say, knowing that the answer would be just what it was:—

'Rose Rockwood. I am named for my little aunt, who has gone to live with the angels, and pa says I am just like her.'

'Yes, very like, very like,' muttered the judge.

The sharp little ears caught the words.

'Did you ever see her, sir?'

'Yes, child, yes'—absently—for the judge was still thinking of all he had lost and how he would make up for it in the future.

'How glad I am. You will tell me all about her, for it makes dear papa very sad to talk about her or his old home, or my grandfather, I wonder why,' and the puzzled look deepened in the blue eyes.

She had never been told. She had been taught to love and respect the grandfather she had never seen. It never occurs to the judge that the mother's influence may have had something to do with this; nay, that mother is still a 'thorn in the flesh' to the judge, but he has made up his mind to 'endure' her with as good a grace as possible for his son's sake.

All this time the bright blue eyes of the little Rose had been searching the judge's face as closely as the gathering darkness will permit, and now she bursts out excitedly;

'What makes you look so funny, and why do the tears keep coming in your eyes? You look glad and sorry together, and you're something like the picture of grandpa come at last?'

'Yes, little Rose, I am your grandfather are you glad to see me?' said the judge wistfully, almost pleadingly.

No need of words an answer; before he ceased speaking the child has sprung into his arms. Oh, the clasp of baby arms about his neck, the soft little cheek against his own, the touch of the pure sweet lips! For a moment the judge forgot everything even his son, in his joy over the lovely, dainty little maiden, his newly found treasure.

Little Rose was the first to recover herself.

'You must come straight into the house,' she said, 'but,' with a thoughtfulness beyond her years, 'please be very quiet and not startle papa. Poor papa, he is so sick. Just help me off with my skates, and then I will tell mama that you are here.'

While the skates were being removed, Rose prattled on telling the judge how glad she was that he had happened to come this day of all the rest for they had had a very sad Christmas; that she should not have had a 'single bit of a present' if it had not been for her cousin Will who had given her these very skates; that mama had said they could not have presents for it took all their money to get what poor sick papa needed; that she had the "very best brother in the world, named for you grandpa, and he has got a place in a store, and goes to school evenings, and he says he is going to be a lawyer some day and may be a judge like you, grandpa!'

Was he going to have it all yet? All that his love and ambition had longed for? Should he live to see another Judge Robert Rockwood, his son's son, standing in the same old place? 'God is too good to me,' he thought gratefully.

By this time skates were off and Rose led the way up the steps and into a dingy little entry.

'Go in there,' she said, pointing to a door at the right, 'and I'll go find mama.'

Away she flew up-stairs, and the judge opening the door, stood face to face with a very pretty, but very angry young lady. Her dark eyes were swollen with weeping and the round cheeks were flushed

'Pardon me,' said the judge, feeling a little awkward, 'my granddaughter told me to come in here. Then seeing the surprise and perplexity in the young lady's face he added:

'I am Judge Rockwood.'

On leaving his uncle's house, Will Weston had turned his face, as we are all prone to do in the time of trouble, toward those he loved and who loved him. In other words he took the first train which would bear him to the city where his cousin Philip had made for himself and family a home. Here, notwithstanding the story he had to tell, he received a hearty welcome and was praised and petted and made much of by Mrs. Philip and his pretty betrothed, Dolly Mason. It was thought best by all three to keep this new trouble a secret from Philip, at least for a while. In fact he was in no condition to be told anything, for after reading his father's letter he had given up all hope of a reconciliation, and the loss of this hope had seriously affected him.

Mrs. Philip was very sad and very anxious for her husband Dolly was sad and anxious too, and very, very indignant at the author of their woes, and at that very time Judge Rockwood was fumbling at the rickety gate she sat in the small parlor with her young lover, her bright eyes flashing through angry tears, and angry words rolling from her sharp little tongue to the astonishment and dismay of Will Weston, who had fondly imagined that perfection and Dolly Mason were one and the same.

'He is a bad wicked man, no better than a murderer, and he ought to be hung!' she insisted indignantly and vehemently.

'Oh, no, my darling, not so bad as that,' said Will gently. 'He is a very good man, very kind, very benevolent, very—'

'I should say so,' interrupted Dolly, for she could not wait for him to finish, 'very kind and very benevolent, and let's his own son die for want of what he can give, and never miss; die with his last wish ungratified too, though why he should want to see any one who has treated him so unkindly, I cannot understand.'

'But my dearest girl, he loved his father very much; they were all and all to each other before the trouble came, and Dolly you don't quite understand my uncle; he is neither wicked nor hard hearted; he thinks he is right, and that justice demands the course he has taken.

'Oh, I dare say, and who is he pray, to set himself up to measure out justice. Did he never do wrong, I'd like to know? I wish I could have the settling of his case; he wouldn't get forgiven in a hurry.

'Dolly,' said Will, speaking very earnestly, 'I can't bear to see you so angry and hear you say such harsh things. Don't you see, dear, you are developing the same unforgiving spirit uncle has shown, and—'

'Now you are going to turn against me, just because I stand up for you and yours; how ungrateful men are! There, don't say another word; if you think I am harhearted and unforgiving and revenged ful— and— and a *murderer*, and of course you don't want to marry me, so!'

'But Dolly, I did not say so; I only said—'

'I knew what you said, and it means just the same thing—there—Marion is calling you, so go quick, perhaps Philip has roused up and wants to see you,' and Will snatched a kiss and went just as the hall door opened and Judge Rockwood appeared before this very much disturbed young lady;

She was slightly taken aback by the announcement 'I am Judge Rockwood,' but Dolly was a brave young soul and loyal to the core to her sister and to him who had given her a brother's love and care; she never dreamed that this man had come with anything but an evil purpose, and was ready to do battle accordingly.

'So you are Judge Rockwood,' she said, 'and what do you want here?'

'I came to see my son,' he answered coldly.

Dolly's lips curled scornfully, as she pertly replied:—

'I was not aware you had any son. If you mean Mr. Philip Rockwood, he is very ill, and must not be disturbed by—*Strangers*.'

Here was a poser. This was something upon which the Judge had not calculated He had thought to be received in open arms; that he had only to stretch out his hand and the whole family would fall at his feet. Who was this young woman who had no respect for his money or position, who called him a stranger, and refused him admission to his son? What if she had the right, and should persist in her refusal?

'You are not my son's wife?' he said inquiringly and rather absurdly, considering that pretty Dolly was just eighteen. But the judge was a little excited.

Dolly laughed in spite of herself, and Dolly was very, very pretty when she laughed. The judge could not help remarking it—to himself of course.

'No, I am not Mrs. Philip Rockwood, I am her sister, Dolly Mason. I know very well that you hate us both—that—that—'

All the anger had died out of the pretty, piquant face; an appealing look very becoming to them had come into the dark, bright eyes; the judge drew a little nearer, smiling kindly. He and pretty Dolly were very near making friends when a new-comer appeared upon the scene.

'Here is my sister,' said Dolly, much relieved, 'Marion, this is Judge Rockwood;' and Dolly hurried away leaving the judge for the first time in his life, with his son's wife—the actress, the vagabond, against whom he had nursed such hard and bitter feelings. A grave, quiet face with dark, true eyes; 'eyes that reflected back the eyes which searched them.' Impurity or disgrace could not be associated even in thought with this woman, and the judge breathed a sigh of relief from—he knew not what—a sort of dread of what she *might* be. She invited the judge to sit down and took a chair herself. The judge did not know what to say or how to say it. He began to think he did not understand women very well. There was an awkward pause and then the lady said;

'You must excuse me, sir, but after your letter I think there is no need of anything further. We quite understand it. Indeed, but for my husband's wish to tell you how much he wanted to see your face once more, I should never have consented to his writing to you again He has borne all he could bear; you surely have not come to hurt him more.'

'I have come,' replied the judge, majestically with a wave of his hand, and feeling very magnanimous, 'I have come to or—er—a—forgive, my son,'

'Forgive him? for what?' asked Mrs. Philip; then with a slight flush rising on her cheek she added. 'For making me his wife? I hardly think he looks on that as an offence; for following the dictates of his judgment in making use of the talent God gave him? I don't think he calls that an offence either. For his angry and disrespectful words, for his impatience and disobedience in other ways, he begged your pardon long ago, and will be glad to have it granted. His heart aches to see you once more, to die at peace with you. We want nothing more.'

A dangerous light was coming into the dark eyes. This woman was not one to be frightened or coaxed. She must be met fairly and frankly, and her own and her husband's rights must be fully recognized. Looking into the grave, sweet face, realizing instinctively the true worth and pure soul of her he had held so long in scorn and bitterness, the judge saw for the first time that there was another side to the story. Somebody to be forgiven besides his son. There was one last struggle and the evil imp was conquered. Springing from his chair the judge held out both hands appealingly. I have been an old fool,' he said, frankly, 'come now my daughter, if you like this any better, I have come here to ask my son's pardon and yours, too,'

But Marion was too truly generous to allow this. No, no,' she cried' we have all been wrong; let there be no questions as to who or how much. It is Christ's birthday. Let us love one another.'

Three Years After.

(BY THE CAT.)

It is Christmas eve again It is three years since that Christmas eve when the Judge and Master Will had that dreadful quarrel. I have not seen my master since that Christmas morning for he went away that very day, and soon after the house was all shut up except the housekeeper's rooms, and have been ever since. For a long time I did not know where my master was or what it all meant but by keeping my ears open and picking up little bits here and there I have found out all about it. It seems that my master went to see his son that Christmas day and after all the fuss made friends with him, and then he took the whole family away off somewhere. Mrs. Philip's sister went too, and is a great favorite of my master's, they say. Master Will stayed behind and finished his law studies and was admitted to the bar, which they all seem to consider a great affair, but as for me I don't think much of bars. Master Philip got well and has painted a beautiful picture, and his father has forgotten all about how mad he was because he wouldn't be a lawyer, and swells around and talks about 'my son the artist.' Well, well, folks are queer as well as cats. As for Mrs Philip, my master treats her as if she were a queen, so they say, and the boy, who is called Robert, for his grandfather, is having a grand education and takes to law as naturally as cats take to mice hunting, and the judge is pleased enough.

But the little girl—she who was named Rose after the little girl in the picture—I hear Mrs. Grim say that she didn't doubt but the judge would lie right down and let the child walk right over him. Why she should want to walk over him, and what harm would it do from a bit of a thing like her, is more than I can understand, but there are things, deep things, that a cat is not expected to see through.

Well they are all coming home to-night. For weeks the house has been upset getting ready for the great event. Little Miss Rose's picture was taken away and when it came back it was in a bran new frame made of some dark, shiny, hard stuff and it has a carving all round it, oh, so beautifully done, of holly and ivy, and over the top and amongst the leaves and berries is carved: 'Oh earth peace good will to man.' Everybody who has seen it says it is an elegant affair but 'so queer.' I think so too, but I don't know what any of us can do about it.

The house is all in order at last and trimmed with the Christmas greens; a great dinner is spread in the dining room, and the family are expected every minute. I have got a new cushion and a new ribbon on my neck; when Mrs. Grim tied it she said:

'There, puss, you'll soon have a dear little mistress; how she will squeeze you.' Dear me as if I wanted to be squeezed; but I have always noticed that young ladies seem to think that cats enjoy squeezing more than anything else. Perhaps it is because they like it themselves. They take me up very gently and stroke me carefully at first, and then all at once they say—'Oh, you cunning, soft thing,' and give me such a squeeze that it almost takes my breath away, and I feel such a queer suffocating feeling in my throat that I have to swallow and run out my tongue two or three times before I can feel natural again. Then the young lady will say: 'Oh, just see her run out her dear little tongue when I hug her; she likes it. The idea! Talk about cats, indeed. What do girls know, let me ask! There they've come. What a noise and confusion. How my heart beats; but I'll not run. I'll stand my ground.

I have just settled down for a nap, but I must tell you a little more. My new mistress is very sweet and gentle and very like the picture of the first Miss Rose. She took me into dinner with her and I sat between her chair and my master's. How different it all seemed from that last Christmas eve dinner. No angry words; no big fist crashing down on the table; no fear of a big foot coming down on an innocent little cat. They were all jolly and happy and all so fond of one another. After dinner I had a fine romp with my little mistress, and then she went away to bed and and I curled up on my cushion to think it all over. After a long time the house grew still and I thought everybody had gone to bed, but just as I was falling asleep my-self I heard steps and voices and presently Master Will and Miss Dolly came in and stood before the picture.

'What a queer frame,' said Miss Dolly. Whatever made your uncle have those words Put on a portrait?'

'I don't know,' says Master Will,' but I think Dolly, there is some connection, somehow, between that picture and those words, and the fact that we are all here together to-night. I firmly believe something happened that Christmas eve, that made a wonderful change in my uncle. Perhaps sometime he will tell us, but whether he does or not he has made us all very happy and we like him now, just a little, don't we Dolly?'

Master Will looked very smiling and mischievous as he said this, and Miss Dolly seeming a little confused, but after a bit she lifted her bonny, bright eyes to his and answered:

'I love him very, much. He is like a dear father to me, and Will, I want to tell you now that I hope I have changed a little since last Christmas day three years ago. I hope that I am more forbearing, more forgiving, not so hasty in my judgments, that I am learning that must be patient with others' faults, even as I should wish others to be patient with mine.'

Then, (instead of answering her in a sensible manner and like a dignified lawyer), Master Will just put his arms around her and hugged her, and it did not seem to suffocate her, either, as it does me. What is the reason, I wonder, that girls can stand such an amount of hugging and never flinch? And the nonsense he talked to her? Told her she had no faults for others to be patient with that she was simply 'perfect,' and he wouldn't have her changed in the very least,' and all such trash as that. They said good night at last, and went away and presently there were more voices, and Mr. and Mrs. Philip came in and they two stood before the picture, and talked softly and reverently as if they were in some sacred place, and after a little went quietly away.

Now I do hope I can get a nap, thought I, but no; another step; I know it well; it was my master, the judge. He came in and sat down before the picture, just as he did three years ago, and he said the strangest thing:

'I have kept my promise, little Rose.'

Just then I happened to look toward the door, and I saw a little figure all in white, coming noiselessly over the soft carpet For a minute I was scared; I thought it was a ghost, and then I saw it was Miss Rose, in her white nightdress and little bare feet. She came across the floor and stood right by her grandfather's shoulder, and then she stopped looked round sort of bewildered and then cried out in a shrill little voice.

'Papa,'

My master started and turned round, but though he looked straight at her he did not speak, and there was a strange, faraway look in his eyes. When he saw who it was Miss Rose said coaxingly,

'Please hold me a little while grandfather. I woke up and was frightened and came down here to find somebody. I thought it was papa, when I first saw you.'

The judge patted and stroked her silky hair, but his face still wore that absent look and he did not speak till his little granddaughter said timidly:

'What is the matter grandpa, don't you want me here?'

Then my master roused up and laughed, kissing her fondly as he replied:

'Yes, my blessing, grandpa always wants you. I was thinking that is all. Three years ago to-night I had a strange little visitor here in this very room, and when I saw you standing by my side I almost thought, for a moment, that she had come back to me again. She brought me a great blessing, little Rose; when you are older and can understand it, I will tell you all about the visit. Now sing me one of your Christmas songs and go to sleep.'

She nestled down in his arms—I can't tell any more, I'm 'most asleep myself. Goodnight.

Purr—purr-er-er.

So we leave them once more. The cat asleep upon the cushion, the old judge sitting in his easy chair. But not alone this time, for loving arms are about his neck, a dear little golden head rests upon his broad breast, a sweet child's voice sings to him,' 'On earth peace, good will to man.' May this Christmas time bring to us all the peace of Him who hath said: 'Love one another.'