## MR. JOSEPH CHILBLUD

Mr. Chilblud – Mr. Joseph Chilblud you will understand, not John, the happy, good hearted ne'er do well—entered the breakfast-room on a chilly autumnal morning, and glanced critically at the table laid for the morning meal. Yes, it was arranged as it should be and ar Mr. Chilblud always expected to find it—spotless cloth and china the coffee urn bubbling and steaming; the little silver spirit stove boiling the wateready to receive the eggs, napkins properly folded, and finally the new paper ready cut and aired and spread across the arm of his easy chair. Everything being satisfactory, Mr. Chilblud crossed over to the fire, and his position on the hearth-rag causing him to front a mirror, he naturally glanced at his reflection therein. A long, broad face, with very neatly trimmed whishers, for moustache to hide the wide, thin lips, light, penetrating eyes, an aquiline nose, and carefully brushed cark flair, formed atout ensemble which, to one person at least, was altogether pleasing, and that person was Joseph Chilblud. It may be said with truth that Mr. Chilblud entertained a very high opinion of himself, both physically and morally, and it is equally true that he had grounds for doing so. Born in a some what humble position, he had, by steady perseverance and determination, raised himself gradually until he held, at the age of forty two, the post of Inspector of Elementary Schools, with a salary of between £400 and £500 per annum. And from boyhood to manhood his life had been exemplary, no temptations having had power to move him from the paths of virtue. Whether this was due to the coldness of his disposition or to the severe and extreme rectitude of his conduct, it is hard

the customary serenity of his aspect.

"Marian," he said, after a lengthened pause, "we shall have to be extremely careful with Ethel. The child is preternaturally puick, her havin content and accompanies. quick, her brain-power preponderates unduly over the fragility of her body. She must be kent back; as Sinclair says, nothing must be allowed to excite the activity of the mind, but every aid given to strengthen-ing the delicate little frame. How is her

ing the delicate little frame. How is her appetite now?'

"Wonderfully good; in fact, as a rule, she appears to be in very fair health. I sometimes wonder if the constant surveillance we exercise is not as harmful as allowing her to learn what she can by herself."

"My dear Marian, in a case of this description a medical man must be the judge; and my own opinion entively coincides with that expressed by Sinclair. We must not all we Ethel's intellect to be forced, or grave consequences may ensue. With Arthur it is entirely different. He is of a quiet, unexcit. Ethel's intellect to be forced, or grave consequences may ensue. With Arthur it is entirely different. He is of a quiet, unexcitable, somewhat phiegmatic temperament, and will plod steadily on without making a particularly brilliant show. I think the wisest collect we can take is to send Ethel into the country. It is, of course, impossible for me to leave London just now, so that we cannot remove the household; but we can send the child to your sister's. The place is extremely pleasant and healthy place is extremely pleasant and healthy, there are little ones near her own age, she would be out of doors the greater part of the day, and the food—fresh milk, eggs, and fruit—is highly desirable. What do

you say? Suppose you write to Mrs. Cole, and we can talk the matter over this even-"But, Joseph," interposed Mrs. Chilblud anxiously, "you do not think she is going to be ill?"

"Certainly not," answered her husband in his smooth, precise tone, "only I am a great believer in the old adage, 'Prevention is better than cure,' and with a child of Einel's calibre one cannot be too vigilant and careful. Now, my dear, we will have the children down: for I must go in ten minutea. I will try and see Sinclair later on to discuss our plans, in the meantime, let there be a truce to all lessons to-day; and could you not invite the little Howlands over, and let them all have a good romp together in the nursery? It would do Ethel good."

"Well?" said Miss Burton, in answer to the ap lifted hand.
"Please, teacher, Tommy Carter's asleep!"

"Please, teacher, Tommy Carter's asleep!"
Brought thus plainly under her notice, the teacher was compelled to see what she did not wish to observe at the moment.

"Tommy Carter, come here"; and at the sound of his name the boy sat up and rubbed his eyes. "Why, Tommy, what is the meaning of this?" said Miss Burton in a kind voice, for the boy was one of her brightest pupils, and she knew something about his home life. He was a tall boy for his age, a little under seven (all the children in Miss Burton's room were under seven), with a face that might have been any father's pride; such a handsome, open countenance, in spite of its griminess, and the thick locks of matted, unkempt hair which fell over his brow.

Please, teacher, I didn't mean to go to

"How is that?"
"I didn't go to bed till long past twelve
t night, and father he woke me at five to last night, and father he woke me at five to light the fire, 'cos mother 'couldn't get up, sos she ain't well."

"What kept you up so, late?"
"I had to mind the baby."

but replied quietly:

"It is very unusual. I had occasion to take a child away who felt iil, and I am sorry to see that the others have behaved badly during my absence."

"Hum! Perhaps it would have been better if you had sent a monitor, instead of leaving the room yourself. Kindly place the children; I wish to examine them. That is right. Now, children, attention! Wait! Do I see a boy asleep?"

"Miss Burton once more roused Tommy the aburd mock sentimentality that is so

Miss Burton once more roused Tommy Carter, at the same time endeavoring to explain sotto voce to the Inspector the reason of the little fellow's fatigue.

"Yes, yes," he said in his lofty but polite voice; "one hears so many of these kinds of stories—generally excuses for idleness, you know."

ness, you know."

'But I believe, I am almost positive, this boy's story is correct, for his parents are

both—"
"Pardon me, but I should never get
through my duties if I stayed to listen to all
the stories the children bring. The way
to do the work in a place of this kind is to
go straight on, regardless of obstacles, and
above everything, to discountenance chatter."

ter."
"But we are bound, in fairness, to listen to an reasons the children may have to account for their absence, late arrival, etc.," objected the teacher, with a shade of warmth, "otherwise! should have punished

warmth, "otherwise I should have punished a little girl just now for crying because she had had no food since yesterday."

"I am really afraid, Mis B arton," said Mr. Chilblud impressively, "that you are a little too sensitive for your post. Think of the cause in which you are enrolled as one of the workers, the education of the masses—a truly noble work. Do not, I pray you, sharpen your feelings on the woes, real or imaginary, of individual cases."

"But," said the teacher bravely, "it is with individual cases one mustdeal. How can I compel a child to work whose eyes are heavy and limbs weary for want of rest and proper nourishment? What can one expect

proper nourishment? What can one expect from the exhausted systems of these babies?"

"Madam, you know the schedule. It was arranged with a proper knowledge of what can be and is done by children under

what can be and is done by children under seven."

"Yes, but is it right to expect so much from these ill-fed, ill-clothed, and, in many cases, diseased children? Many of them bring their dinners to school. You should see what is provided for them. I would venture to assert that in this room there are pretty well twenty children with the same fare to-day—a thick slice of bread, with a disguating-looking black compound they call dripping, but which more resembles cart-grease. I have frequently seen the delicate ones turn with almost loathing from this—their customary mid-day meal."

"Very sad, of course; but because a child has not proper food is no argument why it should also remain ignorant."

"Will you allow me to ask you one question, Mr. Chilblud? Would you force your own children, who bave every advantage,

own children, who have every advantage, to do what is required by the School B ard?"

The Inspector looked at this daring teacher much as one regards an impudent menial who has the effrontery to dictate to

a superior.

"The cases are not parallel," he said icily, and then proceeded to his work of examination. This he conducted in a manner one would have expected from him. Going the most roundabout way to ask the simplest question, and thereby puzzling the little brains needlessly, was Mr. Chilbiud's notion of discovering how much the children really

knew. But, to do him justice, he could, as

\*\*What k pt you up so late?"

"Where was your mother?"

"Where was your mother?"

"Beake, teacher, mother went to the Dolphin to fetch father, and they didn't come out till they was turned out, and the knocked her spinning, and she's bad to-day, and the knocked her spinning, and she's bad to-day, she is."

"And was there nobody to look after the baby but you?"

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"And was there nobody to look after the baby but you?"

"And may and the it didn't stop."

"The boy spoke in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone. Why not? He was used to his life; such scenes were of daily occurrence, and if the previous night's experiences had been a trifle worse than usual, there was one comfort to be derived from them—his mother was to be derived from them his be derived from them his be derived from them his be derived from the standard from the fall was perfectly true, she left with her mother was to be derived from the was perfectly true, she left with her mother was to be

the absurd, mock seutimentality that is so much in vogue at the present time. The people—the parents, whose children can for a nominal sum receive an excellent educaa nominal sum receive an excellent educa-tion—hate to be dragged from their wretch-edness and ignorance. Born in vice and darkness themselves, they would rear their offspring the same way—they put forward every obstacle to prevent the children's at-tendance at school, and when forced to send tendance at school, and when forced to eend
them, they make complaints about the
amount of work. Those cases of which
you speak are rank impositions to work on
the feelings of the public."
"But there was a letter the other day

signed, 'A Teacher,' stating that far too much is expected from young children.

much is expected from young children. Did you see it?"
"I cannot say I did; but I know the style of thing. I came across a young woman only this morning who is, I should imagine, just the one to air her foolish notions in that way; but probably she will have leisure for reflection presently, for I doubt leisure for reflection presently, for I doubt if she will be retained on the staff after I send in my report. I am determined--fully determined to do all I can to crush out this abomimble spirit of resistance to the advance of education and the upholding of

discipline,"
'Yes, Joseph," said Mrs. Chilblud, returning to her work, convinced that her husband was, without exception, the wisest, most far-seeing, and learned of men.—London Truth.

In climbing the ladder of fame, my son, you must not look for unmixed pleasure; the man just above you will be continually treading on your fingers. But then you have the satisfaction of treading on the fingers of the fellow just below you. It is only he who is at the foot of the ladder whose state is wholly unblest.

Edith-"What a novel time Miss Winnie Davis, the 'Daughter of the Confederacy,' is having now. This is her first winter in the north." Mabel—"Has she been sleigh-riding yet?" "Yes, at Syracuse, and the paper states that she says she never enjoyed any-thing so much in her life." "I am so glad she happened to get hold of the right kind

of a young man. "Why," asked the teacher, "did Payne write There is no place like home?" "Because," replied the smart bad boy, "it was the truth. He had no home, and, of course, there was no place like a place that wasn't anywhere." And the teacher start ed to make him zero, but stopped and got to thinking and thinking, and finally told him that wasn't correct, and marked him

"Mary, suppose you sing something." "O, it's so late, Charlie; I'm atraid it will wake everyone." "That's too bad," exclaimed Charlie, with every appearance of distress. "But why do you want me to siog, dear!" she tenderly inquired. "Why, you see," he replied, "a fellow I owe \$5 to has been waiting outside all the evening for me, and I thought maybe if you'd sing a little he'd so thought maybe if you'd sing a little he'd go away."

The Midnight Fire.

From the Somerville Journal.
The wild alarum bell rings out
Upon the nid with sir;
Excited men in freazy shout;
The sky is all aglars. From windows white-clad women folk Protruds their night-capped heads, And, transling, ratch the flames and sm That called them from tacir beds.

Wi h twenty men to man the rope The engine trundles by:
"Niagara No. 1" let's hope
The reservoir's not dry!

The ceaseless clangor of the bell,
The clamer of the boys,
The whole excited village tell
The meaning of the noise.

But soon the glare fades slowly out, Magara's quenched the flames The farmer firemen turn about, And go back to their dames.

## CHRISTMAS DAY.

look at the moral contents of a doctrine, and at what its tendency is when honestly embraced. Viewed in this light Christianity is not unjustified of her children. They have borne aloft the sacred torch of philanthropy. They have taught us to look with pity upon the widow and the orphan, upon the desolate and the poor. They have visited the dungeon of the prisoner and broken the fetters of the slave. They have had sympathy with the weak, and made us feel that the protection of weakness is a duty. The way of the world is that the weakest shall go to the wall, the way of Christianity is that the weak shall be shielded against the atrong This is the doctrine it teaches, and within the area of its moral jurisdiction it has not been unsuccessfully performed. We may And as they drain a steaming oup Of tea, they tell a yarn
Of how the fire fi-nd gobbled up
The Widow Jones's barn. Simple from the size with most benefit with state the shall be shalled the shall be shalled the shall be shalled the shall be sha been unsuccessfully performed. We may surely approach with some interest the na-tal hour of a faith which has brooded with to reserve their beauty for the darkest days, and to show at their best when everything else was dead. These or similar customs were universal. They engrafted themselves on all the pagan religions. They flourished in Egypt and Perzia, and they were nationalized in Rome. There are some learned men who see in these midwinter observances the historical origin of Christman Day. Helps to Digestion - Christmas Chips. HOW THEY FIXED IT. O'er the silent, slumbering city, Night had sorted for sable pall, And a den e funereal clackness Left its shadow over all. the historical origin of Christmas Day. Ecclesiastical historians admit that there is no evidence as to the precise date of the Nati-vity, nor even as to the time of the year when it occurred. This will doubtless seem Smith and Jones and Brown together Chatcad to be that sombre eve. And the darkness brooding o'er them Could not fail to make them grieve. when it occurred. This will doubtless seem a small matter to a sceptical age which occasionally professes to doubt whether Christ had an historical existence at all, though one would suppose that no fact in history was better verified. What may be accepted as certain is that at an early period of the Christian era the Churches both of the East and the West kept the festival of the Nativity, but at different times. In the course of the fourth century the practice became nearly uniform. With one notable exception all the Churches agreed to observe the same day, the day which has been observed ever since. How this day came to be selected originally is mere matter of conjecture, and it is here that our archæological historians offer to help us. They say, or some of them say, that the prior existence of a midwinter festival in honor of the Victorious Sun fixed the date of Christians, the A chestnut is a jest-nut. It's a wise night-key that knows it own day. Let us hear no more about the un-civilized West.

An exchange has an article on "Why Bees Make Honey." They make it to cell. A book-agent was shot in Texas the other

Hostess-"What has become of Sandy Smith, who stood so high in your class?"
Alumnus—"Oh, he's taken orders some time." "He's in the ministry, then?" "No; in a restaurant."

The bicycle is sometimes called the whirling wheel, but the real whirling year is a calf chasing its own tail.

torious Sun fixed the date of Christmas, the two festivals, Pagan and Christmas, soon becoming one and the same. There can be no doubt that this is what happened as a matter of fact in the experience of our ancestors. St. Augustine found it easier to get them to assent to the doctrines he preached than to wean them from their Pagan rites. In this difficulty he applied to the Pope for counsel, and the answer he received may be found in the pages of Bere. St. Gregory, gentlest and wisest of Pontiffs, advised him to deal tenderly with his new converts, and, instead of roughly abo'lishing

what makes me a-verse to paying the bill," replied her husband.

'The infant King of Spain has received three orders from the King of Portugal." They are not described, but from experience we presume that they were:—'Take your thumb out of your mouth!" "Stop drooting!" and "Keep your fists out of your eyes!"

Schowlkill County lyosuppe are discounted. advised him to deal tenderly with his new converts, and, instead of roughly abo'ishing their Pagan observances, to give them, if possible, a Christian meaning. In this way doubtless the old yule-tide became christened and refashioned, or, rather, the two festivals were amalgamated, and they both live. The Christian festival is thus in every way yenerable. We may say that it represents

were amalgamated, and they both live.
The Christian festival is thus in every way were rable. We may say that it represents the ventrally represents the social characteristics of our race. It is a festival of humanity, and is sure to last whatever else may become extinct. Nothing, of course, is easier than to indulge in light jests at the religious appears of Christians Day, but it would not be so casy to great men, or of keeping alive the recollections of great events. Now, if we take only a secular measure of things, it must be admitted that no event in history has been comparable in importance to the origin and spread of Christianity. The beliefs which were promulgated in its Founder's name to add of Christianity. The beliefs which were promulgated in its Founder's name and benignity. It is a civilization is indebted to it for the graces of gentleness and benignity. It is a civilization where in the moon always looks the loveliest when one is returning home from the opera."

Returning from San Francisco.—Citizen—"Greatfight, wasn't it?" Parson (returning from Convention of Anti-Vice Society)—"It was, indeed, and we carried our points unanimously." Citizen:—"Collar many Scade of equal value in the sight of God, that their relation to each other is one of brotherhood, No form of faith can be made responsible

Christmas Customs of Old Eng-

for the sins and errors of its votaries. It is

for the sins and errors of its votaries. It is unjust to decry a doctrine because thosy who hold it, or profess to hold it, render it no better homage than lip service. Religion is not responsible for the follies and passions and crimes of mankind. All that can be said to its disadvantage is that it has failed to prevent or subdue them, and this result ought surely to be charged upon those who, having had the better part offered to them, have not chosen to embrace it. We have to look at the moral contents of a doctrine, and at what its tendency is when honestly

Although the decay of English hespitality has been often and justly regretted, yet if there is any season of the year in which it is more particularly retained, it is during the festival of Christmas. It is then that the houses of the nobility and gentry are thrown open, and the beneficence that "gladdens the heart of the poor" is most extensively diffused. In proportion as the intercourse between the metropolis and the distant parts of the kingdom has increased, their manners and cusroms have been more nearly assimilated; and it is only in parts far removed from London, that we can find the remains of those customs which once were universal throughout the empire.

There is one portion of winter (says Dr. Drake) when the fireside, from the custom. ary convivialities of the period, become-Although the decay of English hospitality

Drake) when the fireside, from the customary convivialities of the period, become-peculiarly attractive. I allude to the sea son of Christmas, a festival which, from a vivid recollection of the manner of its celebration in the North about forty years ago, has been indissolubly associated in my minu with al' the delightful reminiscences of early life; bleaking the rain-bow visious of youth and unalloyed hope, with those reyouth and unalloyed hope, with those re-ligious feelings and innocent recreations which give to the close of the year so hallowed and at the same time so exhilar

with what a soothing melancholy, as the blast sweeps across n.y shutters and whis-tles around my room, do I often sit by the fireside on the dark nights of December, and call to mind the festive pleasures of a nor thern Christmas eve.

"The happy nisht,
That to the costage as the crown,
Brught thoings of salvation down."
When, after having surrounded the yulelog, as it lay in ponderous majesty on the kitchen floor, and each had sung his yule song, standing on its center, we consigned

it to the fiames that "Went roaring up the chimney wide;"

"Went roaring up the chimney wide;"
and tripping across the hall, sprang with
joyous fices into the parlor, where the tale,
the dance, and the game, the mince-pie and
the sixed bowl, rendered doubly sweet by
the approving smiles of our delighted parents, completed our satisfaction:
It is in combination with imagery such as
this, which in the morning of life apread, as

this, which in the morning of life spread, as this, which in the morning of life apread, as it were, a fairy mantle over the severest rigors of the season. Well may those who are still wise enough to cherish the feelings of these enviable hours, and love to see them remembered in the sparkling eyes and joyous gambols of their own children, deprecate, with our poet faureate, the misrepresentation of the season as cheerless and severe-

"They should have drawn thee by the high happed hearth, Old Winter! seated in thy great armed chair, Watching the children at their Christmas mirth; Or circled by them, as the lips declare Some merry jest, or tale of murder dire, Or troubled spirit that istarts the visht; Pausing at times to move the languid fire, Or taste the old October, brown and bright.

The festivities to which this amiable The restivities to which this amiable-writer alludes are still retained in many parts of the north and there is not perhaps any part of Great Britain in which Christ-mas is kept so splendidly, or with such hospitality, as in Yorkshire. The din of preparation commences for some weeks be-fore, and the sports and festivities continue beyond the first month of the new year. The first intimation of Christmas in York-shire is by what are called the vessel (wassail) oup singers, generally poor old women, who about three weeks before Christ-mas Day go from house to house with a waxen or wooden doll, decoated with ribbons, and sometimes adorned with an orange or a fine rosy tinged apple. With this in their hands, they chant an old carol, and are sure to experience the bounty of the "good master and mistress of the

house."
Another custom which commences at the same time as the wassail-cup singing, is that of the poor of the parish visiting all the eighboring farmers to beg corn, which invariably given them, in the proportion of one full pint of wheat, at least, to each. This is called mumping,—a word, the etymology of which seems very doubtful. A similar practice is mentioned by Brand as existing in Warwickshire; wherethe poor on St. Thomas's Day go with a bag to beg corn of the farmers, which they call going a corn-

Christmas eve is celebrated in a very pe Christmas eve is celebrated in a very peculiar manner in Yorkshire; at eight o'clock in the evening, the bells greet old father Christmas with a merry peal, the children parade the streets with drums, trumpets, bells, or perhaps in their absence, with the poker and shovel, taken from their humble cottage fire; the yule candle is lighted and

"High on the cheerful fire Is blazing seen th' enormous Christmas brand." Supper is served, of which one dish, from the lordly mansion to the humblest shed, is invariably "frumenty," (boiled wheat with milk and sugar). Yule cakes, one of which is always made for each individual in the family, and other more substantial viands are also added. Mr. Thorn, the author of "Christmas, a poem," thus notices these customs:-

"The welcome eve, loved Christmas, now ar-"The welcome eve, loved Christmas, now artived. Its their tuneful veals resonnd.
The parist and gladness every breast pervade:
The p office as seen faggot from the yard
The jolly farmer to his crowded ball
onveys wite speed; where, on the rising flames;
(sireedy fed with store of massy brands)
It bizzes soon."

Poor Robin in his almanac for the year 1676 (speaking of the winter quarter) says "and, lastly, who would but praise it, because of Christmas, when good cheer doth so abound, as if all the world were made of so abound, as it all the world were made of minced pies, plum puddings, and frumenty." And Brand says, 'On the night of this Eve, our ancestors were wont to light candles of an enormous size, called Christmas candles, and lay a log of wood upon the fire, called a Christmas block, to illuminate the house, and, as it were, turn night into day.

Herrick in his Hesperides, after enumerating these customs, adds:

"Come guard this night the Christmas pie, That the thiefe, though no'er so slie, With his fest no sks don't come nigh, To catch it.

From him who all alone sits there, Having his eyes still in his care, And a deal of nightly feare, To watch it.

To mame and describe all the good cheer that is prepared at this festival is not necessary. In Yorkshire the Christmas pie is still a regular dish, and is universally served to every visitor, while the humblest cottager never enters a house during the twelve days of Christmas, without being tendered yule cake and cheese, or at least bread and cheese, to which tarts, mince pies, and sometimes a glass of wine, are added.

"Where are your tickets, gents?" 'asked the doorkeeper of a St. Louis theater to a line of men who confronted him in "Indian file." "It's all right," shouted a man at the file." "It's all right," shouted a man at the tail end of the line. "I've got the tickets. There's twelve of us with me. Count 'emas they go in." "In you go, gents," said the doorkeeper, and he tallied off elevenwho immediately mixed with the crowd within. The Cerberus turned to look for the holder of the tickets, but he had disappeared, and eleven men saw the performpeared, and eleven men saw the performance safe from identification in the tremendous throng of people.