

E VARIIS SUMENDUM EST OPTIMUM .- Cid

SAINT ANDREWS, NEW BRUNSWICK, DEC. 12, 1877.

marenvs

VOL. XLIV.

"Christmas Carol. And now 'tis the Christmas me The grand day of the year : The sky is heavy with snow-clouds The last green leaf is sere

The little birds sit cowering Upon the frozen bough, And the beggar-children murmur "'Tis winter fairly now!"

Tis winter, pitiless winter, The earth is barren and cold. But the Christmas fires are burning And pockets are lined with gold.

For the great, good gift of blessing That came down long ago, When earthly rivers are frozen. Is fullest in its flow

Then the rich stint not in giving. The loving stint not in love, And each in the Christmas season nbles heaven above :

So let us rejoice in the Christmas, The season of gladsomest cheer, And make the great blessing it bringeth Joy-giving the whole of the year

Miss Grey's Christmas Gift.

known the softening dew of tears.

kindling the fires, sent Nicodemus to

clear the snow from the front steps.

The world was all in white that morning

The first snow of the reason had fallen

In Miss Grey's house was no wreathing

of evergreeps, nor garlanding with flowers, to repeat the message of peace

and good-will an ong men. Only Joanna

over the parlor hearth.

covered basket.

the night, swiftly, silently, softly.

Miss Theodora Grey lived in a big white house on a bleak hill-top over-During the morning Joanna contrived looking the small village of Elverton. She lived alone, with the exception of her two servants, Joanna, a middle aged woman, and Nicodemus, a small colored boy. Years before, Miss Grey had been

voung and beautiful. She had had a mother." lover, too; but they had quarreled and "It's a girl, then," said Joanna. parted, and since then no suitor had dared to face the pitiless flash of the cold

eyes, that looked as if they had never a. 1 "No, ma'am." "One Christin is morning, Joanna, after

ink. and carried it to her, then brought pen and ink from a small writing-desk by the window. Miss Grey turned to the Family Record, and under the head of Births," wrote on the clean page in a fair, clerkly hand :

had gathered some sprays of cedar and arbor-vitæ, from the stately shrubs in the front yard, and mingling with them called the people to worship in the little white church under the hill, and the some scarlet berries of the holly, had grouped them in one of the old vases

Well, when Nicodemus came to clean the steps he found a bashet sitting on over to eat his Christmas dinner as usual them, closely covered. He returned in -the only Christmas hospitality she doors and reported to Jeann . Joanna thrust more wood into the stove, where the breakfast was cooking,

d went out to investigate. "I wonder who has brought Miss one," observed he to Joanna. " Curious creatures these women are.'

in the world," retorted Joanna. "I dare At that moment Miss Theodora her- say you'd have sent it to the poor-house

. Joanna came back with her wrappings the little carriage seemed to root her to The little one's piteous cry went to the spot. "Good evening, ma'am," said Joanna, "Poor baby !" she murmured, stoop-

money.

half starved."

you ?

"No

agitatio

" Dar's a 'oman at de gate."

chen-I'll see what I can do."

By the exercise of some diplo

behalf of the "tramp," as Miss Grey

After the "tramp " had had her supper

and Joanna had prepared her bed on the

floor, she stood up by the fire, and look-

ing Joanna' in the face with her large.

"Whose child is it you had with

black eyes, said suddenly :

" My mistress' child."

"Not her own child ?"

further information.

companion's breast. She almost <u>pushed</u> standing on the road. They reached her aside, as though she could not bear home, where Miss Grey, giving Joanna the sight.

anna ?" she said ; " give it to me." Then she took up basket and all, and marched into her own room. Joanna, If was now quite dark; but Nicodemarched into her own room. Joanna, going back to the kitchen and to her mus came into the hitchen saying,

her heart.

cooking, heard her telling Nicodemus to put more wood on the fire. Presently she came into the kitchen, got some in a cup on the stove, saying nevera by the gate, the same strange-looking and after a little, Nicodemus

When Miss Grey was called to break- sharply. fast, she came out looking as serene as could be. She left Nicodemus in the lage ? room with the baby during her absence.

an errand into the sitting room, and found her mistress busily working on small garment of delicate texture, while perplexed silence. the infant lay soundly sleeping in its

strange cradle-the basket. "Joanna," said Miss Grey, "I have named this child Emily Grey, after my

"Certainly. Did you suppose I wanted to raise up a boy to break my heart in my old age ?"

"Bring me a Bible, and pen and Joanna lifted the heavy, richly-bound volume from its cushion on the table.

"Emily Grey, December 25th, 18-." All that morning, while the bells

choir sang the Christmas anthems, Miss Theodora sat and wrought patiently on aslip for little Emily. Peter Brook came

ever dispensed-and received orders to bring up a neat crib from the village. "So she's going to keep the little

Theodora a present ?" was her aston-"It's a blessed mercy there are won ished reflection as she beheld the neat

self opened the door of her room and or the 'sylum."

"Poor baby !" she murmured, stoop-ing down and rocking the basket gently that she might wish to inquire for some live and keep the child. I had still and hestill stood with hat in hand, look

They reached thing. giving Joanna "I passed this house in the afternoon or two, looking from one to the other, a reprimand for keeping Emily out so of that dreary Christmas eve, and it "What do you know of children, Jo-nna?" she said ; "give it to me." Interview of bread and milk in her own room, and thought, 'What a good shelter it might "The child is his, lady."

village away on my right, I looked back and saw the white house still looking down on me from the hill, and it seemed quickly ; but before he could Joanna went to see. The full moon had just risen over the tall eastward to draw me back. I walked on till night, milk from the cupboard and warmed it hills, and by its light she saw, standing but found no place to stay, and then I feet, and stood before them with flashmade up my mind to come back.

man whom she had met near the vil-"I reached the foot of the hill a little brought the cup back from the room, lage. "What do you want?" she asked forth with the baby in my arms to keep after midnight, and walked back and cried fiercely. "I want to stay in a house all night." "Then, why don't you go to the vil- so snugly in its blankets that it kept prove it to you, Dr. Westmore. This is warm all the while in its little basket the child that my young mistress gave where I put it, with a few things that I to me when she died." "They won't take me-I have no intended leaving with it. After I had Joanna surveyed the forlorn figure in placed it on the steps, I hid in the grove he said brokenly. "God knows I have of oaks outside the gate, until I saw the smoke curling from your chimney. Then I crept away, and, leaving the She told him then. Miss Grey had "Can't you give me a corner where can rest ?" 'asked the stranger, piteously. village road, kept in the by-ways until I into her seat again, and Joanna, striding 'I will not trouble you for anything, got some distance into the country. I across the room, stood at the back of except a floor to sleep on." " My mistress never lodges strangers said Joanna, "but come into the kit-

"And where are you going now?" asked Joanna, looking in her face. "I am going back to my own kindred,

styled the traveler, Joanna succeeded in gaining permission for her to sleep on a little money, you see, but it is to take gaining permission for her to sleep on a pallet in the kitchen. me across the ocean." "Give her some supper, Joanna," "What added the mistress. "No doubt she is father?" "What was the name of the child's

"His name was Philip Westmore. "That man !" gasped Joanna, " What have you done, woman ?" tramp woman shrank from The

Joanna's fierce eyes. "What have I done?" she repeated vaguely. "There isn't a living soul," said Joanna, "who dares to breathe that

name to my mistress. And now ----Hush !" "No;" and Joanna shut her lips-"Joanna !" called her mistress, im-

tightly, as if to prevent the escape of peratively. Obeying the summons, she found "Do you know whose child she is?" Miss Grey sitting by the fire with little Emily in her lap. The hoarse, peculiar cough, never heard by nurse or mother

"Did you find her at your door, one without a thrill of alarm, told that croup Christmas morning?" Joanna nodded, looking up in surprise had seized its victim. "Run for Dr. Vincent," said Miss and beginning to tremble with strange Grey, briefly; and in another minute

Joanna had thrown a shawl on her head "Then I can tell you whose child she and was tramping through the star-lit "We don't want to know," said night.

"I was a stranger, and nobody would regal tone that was her own-"I believe employ me. I started on foot to the the danger is past, and I can happily seaport; for I thought if I could only dispense with your services." She did not ask him to be seated

to and fro. There was something motherly in the very touch of her hand upon the basket, and in the strangely softened tone of her voice that awake a flerce jealousy in her voice that awake a flerce

and spoke, as though the words

be for the poor homeless baby!' After I The stranger looked at her in a kind had passed down the hill and left the of stupor of surprise, that gave way in a The stranger looked at her in a kind

"Martha Elson !" he ejaculated quickly ; but before he could utter anything more, Miss Grey had risen to her ing eyes.

"What did you say, woman ?" she "This is his baby, ma'am," answered

warm, until near daylight. It soon began to snow, but I wrapped the baby turning to him, she added : "I can shawl-pin, a piece of twine, and a sharp

"Tell me the whole story, Martha," sought you far and wide, but never

She told him then. Miss Grey had sunk met some people moving into another State, and they let me go with them." her mistress' chair. Dr. Westmore stood with folded arms to listen, his face growing paler, and indescribably tender and mournful as she proceeded, The little Emily lay still like a fair carved quinquasqular, quinquefarious, quin chernb, her golden hair falling in a shining silken mesh over Miss Grey's som-ber dress. Her foster-mother gazed and quinquelocular liar." steadfastly upon the beautiful face, and

her lips trembled. When the woman had ended her story, Dr. Westmore came nearer and looked

down upon the bowed head. "Theodora," he said, "will you let me look at my child ?"

She lifted her face, and the proud eyes fell before his mournful gaze. "Are you going to take her from

med" she faltered. "No."

"Sit down. He took the chair on the opposite side of the hearth. She. rose, crossed the floor, and laid the child in his short time would have caused the child's arms; then turned to Joanna with a feeble, uncertain motion, and let the strong, faithful creature lead her from

the room. They left the father alone with his child for a while, and when he left the house to return to the village, it was understood that he should return in the

Joanna, shortly. "But I will tell you, for you should had been called to a patient several going to a chest of drawers in one cor-the page of the fight at Lexing the several still sleeping child in her bed; then grandhaner, the here the page of the fight at Lexing the page of the fi ner of the room, she took out garment the news of the fight at Lexington at after garment of dainty size and work-manship, letting the long-locked tears Sunday after that fight a message to fall upon them as she unfolded them. Captain Thomas Abbe, giving an account of it was brought to him while he was at They were her baby's clothes. church. Captain Abbe was the best At length she came to the long, fine, French slip of spotless white, which hads clothed its dainty limbs when first she had seen service in the old French war, looked upon it; the robe which its and withal was an accomplished player broken-hearted mother had of the drum. He left the church young. rought upon with such loving care and quietly, went to his house not far away, This, with a few other things and forthwith returned as far as th patience. found in the basket with it, she laid aside steps or entrance to the church, and to give to the baby's father.

Items of Interest. Two barons are setting type in fice of the San Francisco Mail.

NO. 49.

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Woe to the inexperienced little fish who goes out to enjoy himself on his own

Honor tells you not to hit a man when he's down, and discretion warns you against hitting him when he isn't down. St. Louis Journal.

"Constant Reader" wants to know if the poem was declined " because it was too long." No, it was because it was too thin .- Dexter Smith's.

The Shah of Persia has reduced the taxes of his subjects by one-half for the next fourteen years, because of the large amount of gold taken from the recentlydiscovered mines of Ahmedabad, near Tahidj, and of the prospect of further

large receipts. Cause and effect : A sixteen-year-old girl out on Columbia street has a button-string four yards long, containing 1,973 buttons. And that girl's father fastens stick. -Burlington Hawkeye.

A singular case of petrifaction is told by an engineer on the Union Pacific. The principal cross-ties, which have been laid for several years, are nearly all petri-fied, the number of miles being estimated at one hundred. So solid are the cross-ties that it is impossible to draw the spikes from them.

The Chicago Times, alluding to the editor of a rival paper whom it charges with five distinct lies, says : "He is a quinquangular, quinquefarious, quin queliteral, quinquefoliated, quinquelo

LITTLE SINS.

LITTLE SINS. A little theft, a small deseit, The school leads to fibbre ? Tis hard at first, but tempts the feet As through an open door. Just as the broadset rivers run From small and distant springs; The greatest crimes that men have don Have cover from fittle things.

Have grown from little things. A little daughter of Robert Gordon, of

Norristown, Pa., had a citron seed taken from her windpipe by a professor of Baltimore. He cut a small slit in her throat and in this way worked the seed out, which was found to be sprouted. It had been there about three days, and in a death. After the operation the child appeared as well as usual.

An Incident of the Revolution.

The history of Enfield, Conn., issued by the town centennial committee, ha brought to the editors a letter from Mayor J. J. R. Pease of Jane morning. morning. Mayor J. J. R. rease of built in the words of his sill sleeping child in her bed; then still sleeping child in her bed; then and the still sleeping child in her bed; then a patient savaral

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lone, for, owing to its great fered ; some are most dange

CO.'S Convine Saft Cap sold at all or send for one to 35 and 37 looked ont. Peter: "What is it you are bringing in, "Get out, you hard-hearted brute. Joanna ?" she asked. "I don't know, ma'am," answered Ti'sgay opinion that baby came straight

Joanna. "I found it on the steps." Miss Theodora walked up to it, and from heaven. I can't believe any human being brought it here, and me never to know it.

lifted the cover without ceremony. Two blinking blue eyes peeped up at her, from a nest of downy flannel and camknow." bric.

'Lord preserve us !" she cried, retotally ignored the fact that certain articles of its wardrobe-which was of treating so suddenly as nearly to upset Joanna in the rear. Then she leaned against the wall, looking white and signified was no concern of hers, appar breathless. Joanna ventured near enough to take ently.

The little white-draped crib stood ala peep into the basket, when she like-wise staggered back with a shriek of consternation, and the two women stood and looked at each other in dumb dis-Nicodemus suspended operations grew weary.

on the doorstep, and stood with open mouth, staring into their faces. Joanna found her voice first. "It's a old house, so grim and austere in its a baby !" she gasped, in a hushed whisper. Miss Grey lifted her head, - "Joanwith a winsome presence of white rober and golden curls and rosy cheeks. na," she said sternly, "were you at home all night? "At home? To be sure I was,

ma'am !" Then how came this here ?"

"Oh, Miss Theodora, how can I tell? a It's like as if a spirit had brought it. I Jo never slept so soundly before that some-thing wouldn't have told me, if any thing wouldn't have told me, if any human thing had come inside the gate. in, and Miss Emily-the weather being "Get your bonnet and shawl, Joanna," mild-took that day her first airing in it said her mistress, "and take this child making the tour of the grounds around to the village poor-house."

Joanna disappeared, and Miss Grey and Peter following in procession be-woul to the basket and looked in it hind. Afterward Nicodemus and the fail.

again. Curiosity got the better of her, and she stopped and threw aside the blanket that enveloped the rosy bundle, expeditions to the village, where every-

" Pshaw ! that shows how much you

In naming the child, Miss Theodors

the finest material-were marked with the letters "L. W." What these letters

ways in Miss Grey's room, close by her own bed. There little Emily lived, watched and tended by a love that never

And how the little one grew! It she left school. We came to this counscemed but a very little while ere the former state, grew musical with laughter and patter of little feet, and sunny

> Christmas was kept as Emily's birthday. On the first of these anniversaries

Peter Brook brought up from the villag a pretty little baby carriage. He and Joanna, at daggers' points usually, had united their funds and bought the thing

the house, with Miss Theodora, Joanna

and gazed curious y at the dainty em-broidery that covered the infant's robes. was when returning from one of these were saved. She only lived two days. Up came a tiny hand-a small fist full expeditions, in the dusk of an autumn She begged me to take care of her baby, and died in my arms.

of fingers came out and grasped one of evening, when little Emily was nearly hers, and a bird-like note gurgled from two years old, that they encountered a the perfect month. She drew back half stranger just outside the village—a sunthe perfect mouth. She drew back half stranger just outside the village—a sun-frightened; the little one opened its burned, wayworn woman, dressed in bok the child and what money my mis-blue eyes wider, seeking hers with a faded black, and on foot. She was hur-wondering, wounded look, and burst rying by, as if wishing to escape obser-into a low, grieved err.

waiting.

"Two years ago," said the wo "I came to America with my mistress, who was then a young bride, having married ,an 'American gentleman, She was French, and so was I, but we had

been living in England since her parents died, when she was a child. My mis-tress was at school, educating herself for a governess; but her health gave way,

and she was obliged to give up her She had no relatives, and she ing pace. was quite poor, for she was sent to

school by an old lady who had taken a fancy to her, and had died leaving her a sum to educate herself with.

with her case, and he took care of her, not broken until they reached the and married her in a few weeks after house.

try about a year afterward. We lived at room, and stood aside for him to pass. a boarding-house in New York. Soon after we came over, the gentleman was walked into the full glow of the fireobliged to return to England to secure light, and saw the woman sitting by the obliged to return to England to secure light, and saw the workal shang by the tector and friend. some property which belonged to him hearth, with the child on her knee. It And somehow, in speaking to her of his past, he uncovered from the rubbish administered a quantity of alum and of by-gone memories the key to a mis-

could, poor thing. She was quite alone but for me. When the time he had set for his return passed by, and he did not womanly since the baby head had eyes, and they saw each other's heart come, she became quite ill. I don't nestled there. know how long we waited—it seemed "The tram like months, and she grew worse all the Miss Grey's chair. As the tall figure in time, till her baby was born. Then she the doorway stepped into the light, there, so long was no more, but had vanished

He had been delayed by business, but He had been delayed by business, but fail.

and died in my arms. "I had a consin living in Pennsyl-vania; I had her address with me." I you, madam.

Joanna folded her arms, and stood a little stir in the village hotel, in an upper room of which the doctor had his office ; and as she was turning away from the door, a gentleman came out and said, in a pleasant, courteous tone :

"If you are in want of a physician, perhaps I can be of service to you." "Come on then, if you please," said

He put on his hat, said a few words to the landlord, and started in the wake of the woman, who walked at an astonish-

Who is your mistress?" he asked.

"Miss Grey, sir." "Ah, indeed !" with which exclar Well, tion, whatever it might mean, the mainted stranger relapsed into a silence that was

> Joanna opened the door of the sitting-"Walk in, sir," said she. And he tector and friend.

trip could be made. "Well, mistress waited as well as she sugar, which "acted like a charm," and erable labyrinth of misundersta and hopes; and the veil fell from their eyes, and they saw each other's hearts as they had been in the first glow of

"The tramp-woman" stood behind their youthful affection. And so the quarrel that had been for got another letter from her husband. came a cry of surprise and terror from like a troubled dream. After this Miss

"Miss Grey," said the stranger, in a voice that trembled perceptibly, "perhaps you recall my name? I was told

that you needed a doctor, and as Dr. yl- Vincent was absent, I came to offer my and both sought the aid of art to give to I services. But I was not aware at the their fading hair a darker shade. "That's Vincent was absent, I came to offer my services. But I was not aware at the their fading hair a darker shade. "That's "But how," asked the sister, "did time that I was about to intrude upon going to be an affectionate couple," said you know that the poor man had been

you !" she said, trying to speak in the | each other already !"

commenced playing on his drum, to give to the baby's father. He came in the morning when the roses were bright on little Emily's the church, leaving the parson alone. Cheeks, and looked for the first time into the blue eyes that were to him a perfect the fight at Lexington, made them a copy of the soft violet eyes of his inno-cent "child bride." And almost un consciously he found himself speaking Boston the next day, and invited all who to Theodora tenderly and reverently of had a mind to march with him to fall into line as he stepped off. He then that gentle child, who, though she never won the best love of his manhood, had began to play upon the drum and march around the church until one hundred found in him a tender and faithful proector and friend. And somehow, in speaking to her of go with him."-New Haven Pallad

The Best of Evidence.

The late Mrs. Jane W., was equally emarkable for kindness of heart and sence of mind. One day she was accosted by a beggar, whose stout and healthy appearance startled her into a momentary doubt of the needfulness of harity in this instance.

"Why," exclaimed the good old lady, 'you look well able to work."

"Yes," replied the supplicant, "but I have been deaf and dumb these seven

"Poor man, what a heavy affliction !" exclaimed Mrs. W., at the same time giving him relief with a liberal hand, On returning home she men fact, remarking :

"What a dreadful thing it is to be deprived of such precious faculties." des! and dumb for seven years ?" "Why," was the quiet and uncon scious answer, "he told me so."

the fall. "
then, for the first time in her life, Joanna ing was looking for him hourly, when news ery- came that the vessel was lost at sea, and It his name was not among the few that
the tamp. "Miss Grey," said the stranger, in a the tramp-woman lived together in har-mony, happy in serving the mistress and

An old bachelor was courting a widow,

on, madam." Miss Grey lifted her head. "I thank "Why, don't you see they're dyeing for

Poor Condition

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