

AN OLD TIME CHRISTMAS CAROL.

I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
I saw three ships come sailing in
On Christmas-day in the morning.

And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day?
And what was in those ships all three,
On Christmas-day in the morning?

Our Saviour Christ and his Lady,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
Our Saviour Christ and his Lady,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day?
Pray whither sailed those ships all three,
On Christmas-day in the morning?

O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
O they sailed into Bethlehem,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
And all the bells on earth shall ring,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
And all the angels in heaven shall sing,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
And all the souls on earth shall sing,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Let us all rejoice again,
On Christmas-day, on Christmas-day;
Then let us all rejoice again,
On Christmas-day in the morning.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

RESURGAM.

Bertha Butler was one of two sisters, daughters of Edward Butler, a merchant of high standing in the city of Quebec; he had made his fortune in the lumber trade, and having large means at his command determined to give his children a good education; Bertha and her elder sister, Louisa, had, therefore, from their earliest childhood, been under the care and received their tuition from a governess, possessed of unusual accomplishments and refined taste. Under her the Miss Butlers had been instructed in many branches not often included in the education of young ladies in Canada, and, from her experience as a woman of the world, who had been from circumstances over which she had no control, obliged to leave a superior station in society in the old world, had imparted to them deportment and presence here rarely met with. But further than this, the Miss Butlers, by nature had been endowed with strong wills, courage and proper pride. No wonder then that Mr. Butler should feel proud of his daughters, and that, although deeply engaged in commerce, he sacrificed as much of his time as possible to his motherless children. Their slightest wish received his instant attention and no demand on his purse, which tended to this enjoyment, was denied them. They were spoiled girls, who spoiled their father with a devoted affection. He had but one sister and she was married to a Montreal merchant, William Houghton, who had but one child, a son, who, at this time had matriculated, and was commencing the study of the law. Edward Houghton was the beau ideal of an English youth; at the age of nineteen he was entering in the study of a profession, which in this country, secures to the earnest student the richest prizes; and such was he, for not only had he matriculated with the highest honours, but was now, even after his laborious studies, heartily and steadily making use of and increasing the knowledge which he had gained. He did not intend, as is too generally the custom of those who have finished their education, to allow his school books to be encumbered with dust; and, while others were spending their evenings at the theatre or the billiard room, he chose rather to work out those problems, which before so tested his energies. Not that Edward was a pedant: he had too keen an enjoyment of life to neglect those opportunities for relaxation which offered; he was a thorough sportsman, a daring rider and a lover of aquatic sports. Between the households of Butler and Houghton there had ever been the most harmonious accord, and the holidays of Edward and his fair cousins were always spent in either of their respective parental mansions; and it was thus that he had at an early age conceived a strong affection for Bertha, who was in her seventeenth year at the opening of our story, two years the junior of her sister Louisa.

It was in the month of September in the year 1854, on a morning that Edward and Bertha were riding along the Cap Rouge road, Quebec.

"Berty, is it not beautiful?" said Edward. "I was going to say that I do not believe there is a colour unrepresented; but looking at you prevents the recording angel registering a fib against my name."

"Edward, don't be blasphemous, how dare you say such things?"

"A Spanish student, says 'Look in my face and see if there he aught I would not, have not'—well! the truth is, Berty, I have not dared much for you yet, except steal apples for you long ago; but really you look superb this morning. I never can imagine how you girls manage to get yourselves up so fascinatingly, so distractingly on horseback. In your case I admit it is not a great stretch of imagination, but in others, for instance Miss—"

"Edward! I shall have no more of this and will take another gallop;" and with a cut of her whip the beautiful girl again started off.

"Stay Berty. I want to speak to you," and the two riders were once more at a walk.

"Before you begin, Edward, promise, no more flattery."

"So be it, my queen, but it is no flattery with you, dear coz. You know I am off home to-morrow and unless you pay a visit to Montreal before, it is not likely I shall see you till the holidays."

"It is a long time, Ned, and I do not think we shall go up this winter; but we can write, can't we?"

"That is some satisfaction; but, I wish I was past twenty-one; just *majour* two long years. I am glad that you are not to wait till you are that age. I don't know what I should do had that been one of the conditions of our marriage."

"Then be thankful, sir, that it is not."

"It is all very well for you, Berty, to take it so coolly, and tell me to say, 'For all these mercies &c.'; but you have Loo and such countless friends that hours must pass as moments with you, while I have to suffer the inverse method."

"Do you think, Ned, that these rounds of parties and balls are so pleasant? You can't say how stupid they sometimes seem to me, and I often fly off in imagination to the days when we used to roam about your old Montreal mountain, and sit in the library with you reading some of your queer old books of tales and listening to your college stories."

"I wish they were back again, at least I don't because we then should be further off my *majour* question."

"Why do you leave so suddenly?"

"I received a message this morning from the governor, and I must go like a dutiful child. I know, dear Berty, I can trust you anywhere, but say again that you love me and no one else."

"I have said that often to you, but you men are so impatient and seem never to tire hearing 'I love you'; so I say it now: I love you, you, only you. Are you content, your horrid task master?"

"Yes, you tyrannical fairy queen. Now for a canter."

And the two bright young lovers drew not rein until they halted at the door of Mr. Butler's residence, richly proud of and confident in each other.

Edward bade good-bye at the door saying that he would not be able to call before leaving to-morrow.

On meeting her sister, Louisa told her that they were invited to a picnic next day at the Natural Steps, and in the morning a gay and happy party, including the Miss Butlers were driving down the Beauport road, towards the Montmorenci River. Putting their horses up at the hotel they descended the zig-zag hill and viewed the falls from the river's brink. So near did they approach that the spray drenched them, and through it they saw the beautiful miniature rainbow.

Up the hill, by the fields and through the woods the party took their way to the Natural Steps, at that time of the year singularly beautiful from the variegated hues of the foliage. Wandering up and down the steps, watching the wild rapids, looking down into the deep black waters, getting dizzy at the whirling eddies, picking up ferns and gathering autumn leaves, and meanwhile indulging in pleasant conversation the party of pic-nickers passed the time, till lunch was called for. Spreading a cloth on the rocky table the dishes of cold pie, fowl and ham were soon placed and reclining on the rocks, or natural seats all became engaged in the improvised meal. The dessert and sparkling champagne made all jocular; again the party separated into twos and threes to admire the work of nature there so lavishly displayed. Lieut. Burton, one of the party, had joined the Miss Butlers and by them was being initiated into the beauties of the locality. Louisa, who was collecting ferns, left to gather some she had seen in the cleft of a rock. Bertha and Mr. Burton strolled on. An angler was seen casting his line into the black eddies, and going a little further on Berty was astonished to see Edward Houghton; he at the same time recognizing her. Their mutual exclamations denoted the surprise of each, and Edward added,

"Why did you not tell me yesterday you were coming here, Berty?"

"I did not know myself then."

"I am no sooner gone than you commence to flirt. Who is that fellow?"

"Lieut. Burton. You have no right to speak to me in that way, Edward."

"Do you say so, Berty, after what passed between us yesterday?"

"You should trust me more."

"Why are you alone in the place with that fellow?"

"I am not alone, nor shall I allow you to speak to me in that manner."

"Come here, Berty, I want speak to you." At the moment Mr. Burton approached.

"Good-bye, Edward; I hope you will be in better humour when we next meet. Mr. Burton, let us go on," and the proud girl turned on her heel.

Edward was seized with a violent passion of jealousy; throwing his rod and line into the river he sprang along the rocks and disappeared from view.

A cry of "Edward" from Berty was unheard by him and she, poor girl, burst into a flood of tears. At her earnest appeal Mr. Burton ran to overtake Edward, but the latter, knowing every footstep of the locality, was too fleet for him.

He returned to Berty, who was now recovered from her grief, having been soothed by her sister. The party soon after returned to the hotel for the carriages. There they found that Mr. Houghton, who was well known, had arrived early that morning in his skiff from Quebec, and had left in it. The return was then made by the Beauport road.

A terrible gloom fell upon Berty when, a few days afterwards, a letter from Mr. Houghton to Mr. Butler mentioned the fact that Edward had not returned home, although he had been telegraphed for, and directing Mr. Butler to tell him to leave immediately. A letter was received for Edward by the same mail. The incident of the skiff was mentioned and Mr. Butler went to make enquiries where such boats were let out on hire. The boatman was as anxious for his skiff as Mr. Butler for his nephew. Both proceeded to the Water Police office and were there informed that a skiff, which the boatman recognized as the one which Edward had hired, had been found bottom upwards off the Island of Orleans. The sad news was received by Bertha in heartrending sorrow, and she ceased not to upbraid herself as the cause of his death. The river was s-arched up and down for days, and the still sad story was told day by day that the body was not found and no news received. Mr. and Mrs. Houghton were informed of the probable fate of their son and their grief was intolerable.

Hoping against hope Bertha listened to every ring at the door, expecting the return of her loved Edward; but weeks passed into months, and the sad habiliments of mourning were at last the outward sign of grief for the lost one; Bertha was disconsolate and wept daily, and had not even the dismal satisfaction of placing flowers upon his tomb.

Mr. Burton was a constant visitor at Mr. Butler's house and did his best to assuage her grief; pitying the poor girl who was the victim of a misunderstanding. Pity often turns to love, and so in this case; but the love was not for the heart-stricken Bertha, but for her sister Louisa.

They became engaged; but the Crimean war had broken out and Mr. Burton's regiment was ordered home, en route for the seat of war.

He sailed and promised to return on the cessation of hostilities to claim his bride.

Edward, in his mad flight to reach his skiff was filled with jealousy and resentment, and he threw himself into the frail vessel and pulled out into midstream almost unconsciously. Brooding on his misery he allowed the boat to float down the river, for how long he knew not, till he was aroused to the fact that evening was approaching. He then headed up the stream, but as the tide was still down he found it hard work; he was several miles from Quebec and could not reach it till after dark. Knowing the river, however, he was without apprehension. It was dark when he reached the western end of the Island of Orleans and the tide was at the ebb and he laxened the strenuous efforts of his rowing, and once more brooded over his fancied injuries. He was awakened from them by a shout from out of the darkness of "look out there;" but it was too late, his skiff was run over by a large boat and he found himself struggling in the water. He was a good swimmer, but he had been struck by an oar of the other boat and was almost insensible. He struggled long against death, but at last became unconscious.

"I say, Jim, we are in luck to-night," said the one in command, as the body of Edward was hauled over the gunwale; "we're one short, and this cove can answer for Bob Riley, the scoundrel who gave us the slip."

"Yes," said Jim, "he is a fine strapping fellow and seems a sort of a swell; there's life in him yet and we can give him a dose which will keep him quiet till he's a good piece down the river."

"Yes, Jim, and you may as well change your coat for his, and I'm sure you won't lose by the bargain."

"And the rest too and what's in it," answered Jim as he divested Edward of these articles of clothing and put on him his own old shabby pilot coat, also making trade with hats.

"Sarah Ann; aloof!" shouted the first ruffian.

"What do you want?" was returned from a ship looming up in the darkness.

"Fling us a rope," replied Jim, "these are your men."

Edward was just returning to his senses when a bottle was applied to his lips and half the contents emptied down his throat.

The sailors for the ship "Sarah Ann" were then hauled up all in a state of utter helplessness; they were ranged along the quarter-deck, to which they were dragged, and the first mate and the crimp, called over the names, Edward being pointed out as Bob Riley. All were then huddled into bunks as being unfit for the work; the crimps took their leave and the "Sarah Ann" commenced her voyage to Liverpool.

It was late, next day, when Edward awoke, but his head was still swimming from the effects of the poison which had been given him by the crimps; during the day efforts had been made by the mate to rouse him, but cuffs and blows were useless; that he lived was certain, but he was without sense or feeling. When he awoke in the afternoon he was too ill to care what and where he was, and, altho' being sensible of strange noises and sensations, he turned over and sought peace in slumber. At four o'clock, next morning, however, it was the second mate's watch and Edward was unceremoniously bundled out of his bunk by that officer.

"Turn out, you land lubber, I'll have no more of your skulking; I'll teach you to ship as an A.B."

Edward's head had become clear and he instantly saw how matters stood; that crimps had picked him up and shipped him on board some outward bound vessel. He obeyed the summons of the mate and went on deck; the ship was far from land, the steam tug had left and the pilot been taken off; his only chance was the captain who might put him on board another vessel, inward bound. His coat, his vest, his money and his watch had been stolen and he stood now in an old sea coat with a tarry sou'wester on his head.

At breakfast time he saw the captain; he told his tale but that gentleman did not see that he could do anything and ordered him forward and to work.

Edward saw the futility of complaining and decided to accept the situation.

The length and excitement of the sea trip had not worn away the edges of his grief, but rather incited him to further adventure. The Crimean war had commenced and recruits were in demand. Without hesitation he enlisted into a regiment then leaving for the seat of war; he quickly learned the drill and, by his soldier-like bearing and aptness, soon won the esteem of his officers and was rapidly promoted as sergeant. In storming the heights of Alma he made himself so conspicuous by his bravery that he received a commission. Through all the distress of the winter and its danger he dauntlessly did his duty. In the battle of Inkerman, where the contest was so severe and English and Russian bayonets crossed he was in the thickest of the fight. A Russian colour was near him and he determined to reach it; he fought with the ferocity of a demon; his strong arm hewed down the blue coated foes and he was nearing the prize. He saw another officer making the same efforts as himself, but, with a superhuman effort, he leaped over those intervening and with his sword pinned the Russian ensign-bearer to the ground and secured the prize. He looked for a moment to see who the officer was, from whom he had swept the honour, and recognized Mr. Burton. He gleamed triumphantly and hatefully at him and rushed on through the opposing ranks. By his daring Edward had gained the admiration, not only of the men of his company, but the whole regiment and even out of that his deeds of hardy recklessness were spoken of. In the storming of the Redan he was again destined to meet with the man he most hated, and again to supercede him. In rushing through the breach, although at first in the rear he quickly found himself in the lead, hacking out a way for the followers, and, in turning his head to cheer on his men, discovered Mr. Burton, now Captain Burton, at his back. Again Edward bestowed upon him a look of triumph and hate.

The treaty of Paris was signed and gradually the allied armies, or what was left of them, returned. Edward had not come out unscathed; he was wounded, but not dangerously, and he required repose. With a Captain's commission and a V.C., he was content to rest a little and recuperate. Obtaining a leave of absence he went to the quiet watering place of Abergill, in the north of Wales, and, among the beautiful mountains of that country, roamed about and gathered strength. In the solitude of the sea shore and the woods, his thoughts wandered homewards and he gradually arrived at the conclusion to visit his parents and apprise them of his safety, (on his arrival in England he had seen the notice of his drowning copied from a Canadian paper). Why should he make his parents suffer for the heartlessness of another? He would visit them and return to fight England's battles in China, where it was then rumoured that a war was on the eve of breaking out.