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WHOLE NO. 505.

[From Ros-Bellford's Canadian Monthly.]
A Christmas Carol.

(Manner of the Thirteenth Century.)

BY CHARLES FREDERICK MURPHY.

Shepherds abiding without in the cold,
(Wind on the wave and snow on the shore)
Why come ye hither so far from your fold?
(Maidens and men rejoice evermore.)

Kings from the East that are led by a Star—
(Wind on the wave and snow on the shore)
Red gold and incense why bring you from far?
(Maidens and men rejoice evermore.)

We sail over seas from the land of the Jews;
(Wind on the wave and snow on the shore)
Of God and our Lady we give you good news—
(Maidens and men rejoice evermore.)

Dark on the village the night had gone down;
(Wind on the wave and snow on the shore)
Black the night-birds blown on the shore
(Maidens and men rejoice evermore.)

Suddenly, sweetly, the angel host sings,
(Wind on the wave and snow on the shore)
Flashing through gloom with a gold-gleam of wings—
(Maidens and men rejoice evermore.)

Sweet is the song that they sing to us still:
(Wind on the wave and snow on the shore)
"Peace upon earth unto men of good will"
(Maidens and men rejoice evermore.)

Was it Love, or Hatred?

I had seen something of certain

parts of the States, but was a free

arrival in the little community of

Jocytown and knew very few of the

inhabitants well before an affair oc-

curred which placed me at once on

the footing of the oldest citizen.

The hotel was the only brick build-

ing in the place—a new settlement

on the plains, which has since be-

come a thriving centre of two rail-

ways—and, in the hotel, all that

was of brick was the front. Com-

pared to that of the log-house op-

posite it was imposing, for there,

Jocytown, the oldest inhabitant had

passed a lonely existence before he

had laid out his farm in building,

lots, and started the new town by

the simple expedient of running up

the hotel. Next door to the hotel,

on either side, were the two principal

stores of Jocytown, but of the build-

ing and clap-boarded, and across the

way, close to the log-hut with its

lean-to addition, laborers were dig-

ging the foundations of a Methodist

church. The main hotel was not so

high in the eaves as the brick

front, but it spread over a good deal

of ground, and an extension had

been run to the rear with two el-

bows, so as to bring the rear back

to the line of the street, beyond one

of the stores. This addition had

a door marked "Ladies' Entrance,"

Jocytown was not long in finding

out that it had been very well ac-

commodated by a very pretty ac-

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"We have him," said I. "He has

put up at Clark's over on the oak

barren."

At this name my companions

looked grave, but then, justice must

be done, and they had the order of

the community.

"How many miles?" said one.

"Six, or seven."

"Humph! Sandy road, too, most

of it, I'll be bound. If we rest the

horses now, we can fetch it by sun-

set."

It was after sundown when we ar-

rived, owing chiefly to my un-

certainty of the road. However, as

long as there was light, we were

on the right track, supposing al-

ways that the hoof-marks we were

following did not belong to some one

else. Later on it was needless to

say them, because there was no house

except Clark's in the neighborhood.

I was a little nervous at what our re-

ception might be. Clark was not the

man to allow a lot of fellows to

surround his house after dark with-

out a protest that might send more

than one saddle home empty.

suggested that should "be ahead

and knock Clark up, while the others

should follow immediately on the

sound of parleying.

It was black as pitch as I rode up

to the frame dwelling house. It had

been built in a city many hundred

miles away, and put up here in pieces

brought by rail and ox-carts across

prairies and prairies. In that rough

piece of country it looked by day-

light as if it had dropped from some

city which had taken to travelling

through the air; at night a stranger

coming upon it would not have be-

lieved a modern frame house pos-

sible in such a spot.

"What the—do you want, any-

how?" cried Clark from an upper

floor, after a prolonged stare of

knocking. Knowing that he must

have a rifle in one hand and a pistol

in the other, I hastened to name my-

self, and begged him to come down

and let me in. This he proceeded

to do with a much better grace than

his first words might have led one to

expect; but Clark's arrangement

was simplicity itself, for the used im-

provements merely as stepping-stones

down the shallow river of his dis-

courtesy.

"There's a man put up here that

we are after," said I. "He's out of

his mind, but he's a good fellow, and

he's a good fellow, and he's a good

fellow, and he's a good fellow, and

he's a good fellow, and he's a good

fellow, and he's a good fellow, and

he's a good fellow, and he's a good

fellow, and he's a good fellow, and

he's a good fellow, and he's a good

fellow, and he's a good fellow, and

he's a good fellow, and he's a good

as a kind of mute testimony that his

words were not meant to be offensive,

but the latter shook his head sadly.

We had all drawn up around the

stove, and Clark brought out a

demijohn of the right size, and two

or three thick glasses such as they

use in bar-rooms. We lay back in

our chairs and rested our feet, tired

with many hours in the saddle,

against the projecting foot-rest

which ran around the red-hot stove.

"I'm very sorry it has come to

this," said Brown after a few mo-

ments; warmth, rest, and the whisky

having somewhat subdued even the

austerity of a deputy sheriff. "You

really hadn't ought to have done it,

Mr. Pierre."

"The man addressed as Pierre was

still young, rather slight of build

and dark in coloring. You will see

at a glance that he was of a nervous

temperament, and in the lamp-light

his eyes shone with a strange effect

that might be termed a glare, some-

what like those of a banished animal

at bay in a dark thicket. From mo-

ments, I was not sure that he

wasn't a desperado, but when he

slipped his whisky, it was evident that

he could have done very little drink-

ing in his life. Whatever was the

cause of his crime, it was not. It

must have been more the alcohol than

the deed of the store which brought

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about twenty-five feet, and it was

here, when the Redoubtable brought

up, that the fatal bullet struck Nel-

son. He fell on his knees just

where Mr. Cole had fallen, and

said, "They have done for me at

last, Hardy; my backbone is shot

through." The victory was all but

gained when Nelson was compelled

to go below. In that dreadful mo-

ment he thought of his men, and

his face and his stars to be

covered by his handkerchief, in

order that he might pass unnoticed

by the crew.—London Telegraph.

A COUNTY WITHOUT A DRABROOD.

The inhabitants of Edwards coun-

ty, Ill., do not support any temper-

ance lecturers, or spend their time

in talking about temperance. They

decided twenty-five years ago that

no liquor should be sold in the

county, and since that day they have

kept but one person to the peniten-

tentiary, and he is committed to the

county jail, where he is kept in a

white drunk with whisky procured

in an adjoining county; they sup-

port but two or three paupers and

their jail is empty most of the time.

Their taxes are 32 per cent. lower

than the adjoining counties, and

their terms of court occupy three

days in the year, while their tax

rolls show that they return more

property than any other county in

the State of equal population. This

is a case where the minority cannot

complain of an invasion of private

rights, for the people are usual-

ly opposed to license under

any circumstances. Families seek

the locality as a good place to bring

up their children. When confronted

with the statistics of this model

county, even old toppers admit that

it is something in its kind; it is evi-

dently not whisky.—The Christian.

The Same Old Story.

The Oxford graduate was showing

his sister over his rooms in college

when some one knocked at the door.

Supposing that it was one of his

friends, he went to the door, and

found a man who was waiting to be

chained, he hid her behind the

curtains, and admitted an elderly

gentleman, who apologized profusely

for his intrusion, and excused him-

self by saying that it was many years

since he had been at Oxford, and

he had been at Oxford, and he had

been at Oxford, and he had been at

Oxford, and he had been at Oxford,

and he had been at Oxford, and he

had been at Oxford, and he had been

at Oxford, and he had been at Ox-

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