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FROM BETHLEHEM TO NAZARETH.

THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST. From out the golden doors of dawn.
The wise tren came, of wondrous thought,
Who knew the stars. From far upon
The shoreless east they kneeling brought
Their costly gifts of inwrought gens and gold,
White, cloudlike, incesse from their presence

Their sweets of flower fleids, their sweet Distillments of most sacred leaves, They laid, low bending at his feet, As respers bend above their sheaves— As strong armed reapons bending, clamorous, To give their gathered full sheaves kneeling thur

And, kneeling so, they spake of when God walked his garden's fragrant sod, Nor yet had hid his face from men, Nor yet had man forgotten God. They spake. But Mary kept her thought apart And, silent, "pondered all things in her heart."

They spake, in whispers long, they laid
Their shargy heads together, drew
Some stained scrolls breathless forth, then made
Such speech as only wise mon knew—
Their high red camels on the lunge hill set
Outstanding, like some night-hown silhouetts. MORN AT NAZARETH. I think I see Him now at morn Before the burst of sudden day, Above the sliver fields of corn

Where He has gone apart to pray; I think I see Him booking thoughtful down Beyond the corn, beyond the waking town. Beyond the silver'd mists that rise
From all night tolling in the corn,
The mists have duties up the skies.
The skies, have duties down the morn.
While sli the world is full of earnest care
To make the fair world still more wendrous fair-

More lordly fair; the stately morn
Moves down her walks of golden wheat,
Her guards of bosor gold the corn
In golden pathway for God's feet;
Her purpled hills she crowns in crowns of gold
And majesty before the Lord is rolled.

—Joaquin Miller in Independent.

TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

At the corner of the market square in the ancient town of St. Ives. Cornwall. there stands a picturesque old hostelry called the "Golden Lion." Until quite lately it had for its near neighbor an inn equally picturesque, and perhaps even older—the "George and Dragon." Both these ancient houses of entertainment have witnessed many strange events, besides being the scene of many a jovial drinking bout after the gathering in of the "harvest of the sea," or at the less lawful landing of a contraband cargo, or at the end of a successful privateering expedition. For all the things your Cornishman hath an excel-lent relish. On the spot was the palladium of the liberties of St. Ives, for here stood the whipping post, the cage and

The George and Dragon must have been the fashionable hotel, for after the Cornish pilgrimage of grace the king's com-missioner, Sir Anthony Kingston, lodged here, and entertained at dinner the port-reeve of St. Ives, whom he afterwards politely hanged in the market square for his treasonable practices. Here, also, the Duke of Bolton, when he visited the town in 1699, "was treated with six bot-tles of sack." The two houses stood so close together—being divided only by the narrow street leading into the market square—that the occupants could wish each other good morning from the win-

In the days of George II Peter Hexel was landlord of the George and Dragon, and John Renowden ruled the Golden Lion. They were not only neighbors, but fast friends. There was, perhaps, something in the similarity of the cirsumstances of these two men that strengthened their friendship. They were both widowers, and each had an only child. Richard Hexel was a handsome, strapping fellow of three-and twenty. Mary Renowden was nineteen and the pride of her father's heart. children they had played together; but there came a time when they only looked and smiled and nodded to each other from the opposite windows. Then Rich ard would watch for Mary when she went out, and would follow her into the fields or on the seashore; and so it came to be at length another version of the old, old story, which surprised nobody— least of all, the landlords of the George and Dragon and the Golden Lion, who ooked forward to the time when the interests of both those ancient establish ments should become one and indivisi-But there was one person who watched

he growing affection of the lovers with a bitter and jealous heart. This would not be a true love story, according to the ancient and regular pattern, had there been nothing to interrupt its smooth and even course. A certain Thomas Champer, the son of a mine naster in the neighboring parish of Zennor, had long looked with longing eyes on Mary Renowden. His visits were discouraged by the host of the Golden Lion, and Mary herself made it very plain that she disliked his attentions Nothing could exceed the bitterness of his feelings when Champer found that he was rejected in favor of one who had accessful rival from boyhood Richard Hexel had "taken him down" a chool-in the wrestling bouts at "Feast entide" had thrown him in the "Cornis hug," and had constantly snatched the victory from him in the game of "hur ng." All these defeats he had endured with comparative indifference, but to be beaten in the game of love was not so easy to bear. He watched the lovers in their walks, till he felt he could do any hing short of murder to get his rival out of the way. He thought if Hexel were once removed from the scene he might yet succeed with Mary, trusting to time and the chapter of accidents. About this time the government declared war against Spain, and it was certain that aen would be wanted for the navy. If the king's ships could not be manne

by other means, the press gangs would be out, and they would first of all try their luck at the seaports. What if they should visit St. Ives! It was not unlikely -and they would be glad of a hint where good men were to be found. Thomas Champer turned this matter over in hi mind till be persuaded himself that he would be doing good service to the state and furthering his own interests at the same time, if he could lend a helping hand in manning the navy, provided. always, he could himself keep out of the way, for he had no desire to serve his country on board a man-of-war. He was full of such thoughts when he made on of his periodical journeys to Falmouth on mining business, and sought out a certain "crimp" or agent for entrapping seamen for the press-gang. What he did there, or what arguments he used to ad-vance his plans, we need not inquire, but the "crimp" was richer by some pounds at the termination of the interview.

It was Christmas eve, and the good people of St. Ives were preparing to keep the festival with due honor. The usual excitement of the senson had been in reased in the course of the afternoon by the appearance of a sloop-of-war, which anchored in the bay, and it was expected that some of the officers and crew would come ashore to join in the general merrymaking. After dark a band of mummers entered the market square, and, stopping in front of the George and Dragon, commenced the performance of the Christmas drama of "St. George Soon a large crowd was collected, and the noise brought to the doors and win-

ers of a little club which met at the George and Dragon and the Golden Lion

alternately.

In the midst of a terrific combat be

tween St. George and the Turkish knight there was a commotion among the crowd, and a party of armed sailors appeared, headed by a tall fellow, who, flourishing a naked cutlass, cried, "In the king's name!" The crowd at once broke away amid the screams of women and cries of "The press! the press!" The sailors made a dash at some of the younger men in the crowd, and among those they secured was Richard Hexel who was standing at his father's door, The party then retreated with their cap tives, closely followed by the crowd crying, "Down with the press gang! Down with them!" More than once the sailors were so hard pressed that those in the rear had to turn and make a stand in the narrow streets, and a serious conflict was threatened. But they reached their boats with the men they had cap-tured, and at daylight next morning the

sloop of war in the bay had disappeared. That night there was much wailing

among the women of St. Ives, and a fruitful subject of talk was afforded to the club at the George and Dragon. Among the members of this club were Capt. Trenwith, a retired officer of the navy, who had sailed with Admiral Benbow, and had lost a leg in the service of his country; Mr. Matthews, repenaker and mayor of St. Ives; old Will Nanes, who had once been a smuggler, and who vore a patch over his left eye, which had been knocked out in some encounter with revenue officers; and, Instly, John Tackabird, the town barber, who, although occupying a lower social position. was allowed to associate after business hours with the men whose wigs he dressed in the morning. But the barber was in advance of his time, and held pinions which Capt. Trenwith and the myor thought little less than treason-John Tackabird was, in fact, a Democrat; and on the present occasion he was loud in his denunciation of the oress gang, which he said was contrary Magna Charta and the bill of rightsa tyrannical and unconstitutional viola-tion of the liberty of the subject, and showed the English to be a nation of downtrodden slaves, writhing under the

iron heel of despotism.
"Where," said he, waving a newspaper is his hand, "where are our boasted borties, when the hirelings of a corrupt government can thrust themselves into our houses and carry off our sons and brothers, and force them to fight in the unholy quarrels of kings and their un-scrupulous ministers? How long are we to be chained to the chariot wheels of a oodthirsty obligarchy? How long"-"Tut, tut?" interposed Capt. Trenwith

with warmth. "Stop thy palaver, John Tackabird. The king must have men for his ships."
"Men for his ships, Capt. Trenwith!" retorted the barber; 'let the king get them by fair and honest means, and then he will perchance have men who will stick to their colors, and not run away as ne of Admiral Benbow's ships did in the West Indies!"

This was a sore subject with Capt. renwith, who could endure no slur or he British navy, and who had himself been an officer on board Admiral Ben-bow's ship at the time referred to. The barber felt he had gone too far, but the mischief was done. The captain rose from his seat, his face

purple with rage, "Thou d-d chin scraping rascal! how durst thou rake that matter up in my presence? I'll drive my staff down thy throat for prating of matters beyond thy barber's 'Nay, nay, cap'n," cried Will Nance: "let John Tackabird be. Mayhap he hath spoken unwisely, but 'tis well

known Cap'n Wade and Cap'n Kirby were shot at Plymouth for deserting the "Yes," said Capt, Trenwith, resuming his seat, his anger having passed away as suddenly as it came—"yes, and shoot-ing was too good for them. They ought to have been hanged at the yardarm—and so should some others that I wot off"

here he looked hard at the ci-devant

anuggler. "Well, but"-resumed the barber, whose tongue must needs wag in spite of his fear of the captain—"touching his matter of the press gang"-"I'll hear no more on 't," cried Capt. Prenwith; "'tis in every fool's mouth that one volunteer is worth ten pressed nen; but I have seen pressed men fight as bravely as the best-and as for Adniral Benbow, he fought his ship like a pero, and died the death of a gallant old a dog as he was. If some of his men eft him in the lurch, enough remained save the honor of England. But hark

. John Tackabird, let me warn thee nat there be some matters had better be At that moment, a steaming bowl of nch being brought in, all further unensantness disappeared under its sooth-g induence. The party, which now duded Peter Hexel and John Renowden, drew in their chairs, and the for mer proceeded to fill the glasses of his uests with a silver punch ladle that had guinea let into the bottom of it. As it as not yet known that young Hexel was one of the pressed men, there was nothing to cloud their enjoyment. A visit from the press gang was too comnon an occurrence in scaport towns in those days to excite much remark, save mong those who were the immediate sufferers. Capt. Trenwith said he would take upon himself to propose a teast, which he hoped no one present would efuse to drink

The king of England had declared war against Spain, and, as the Spaniards had seized all the British ships in their har-bors, he thought the scorer they closed with the enemy the better. He begged o propose the health of King George and success to the British arms. If they lived to see another Christmas eve he doubted not they would be able the honor of England had been well maintained. As the punch was exceeding good, and had put much heat into every nan of the company, the toast was drunk with great enthusiasm. Even John Tacka bird smacked his lips with satisfaction. "It hath been reported," said Will Nance, "that Admiral Vernon is gone as commander-in-chief to the West Indies, and that he swears to take Portobello on the Spanish main, even if he hath no more than six ships wherewith to do it."
"I know not how that may be," said the incorrigible barber. "If he has only pressed men to back him, I doubt it."

we shall doubtless hear on it-but what noise is that outside? What now, Tom-Champer? What's amiss?" "There's much amiss, Capt. Trenwith," said young Champer, who now entered the room. "Dick Hexel is among the pressed men. He was seen in the last boat when they put off from the shore." "What! my son taken by the press gang!" cried Peter Hexel, starting to his "Zounds! I'll not believe it-there

With an ominous look at the last speak-

er, Capt. Trenwith cut the matter short.

"I fear there is no mistake," said hamper; and there was a gleam of satisfaction on his face, which he tried to conceal with a pretended look of concern. "There be those outside who saw him carried off, and the officer swore he

would sink the first boat that dared to go Old Hexel hurried out, followed by "If the lad is really pressed," said

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Capt. Trenwith, "I hope he will remain in the service. Sure I am he won't disgrace it. No lad of spirit should refuse to serve his country when old England's coomies are affect. But come, sit down, Tom Champer, and help us to finish the Will Nance, who was already "three

sheets in the wind," as he would himself have expressed it, boisterously inquired of Champer how it was that he himself had escaped capture by the press-gang.
"Thou art a likely lad enough," said he, "and would swab a deck as well as

"I was not in the town," answered Champer. "I have but now walked over from Zennor."

"Ah!" cried Nance, with a drunken wink at the rest of the company, "trust a Zennor man to take care of himself, They're a wise folk in their gen-er-en-eration. They know why the cow ate

the bell rope."
"Just as St. Ives folk know why they whipped the hake," retorted Champer, captain interposed. "Come

said he; "no more cross words

on Christmas eve. 'Tis near midnight You and I, Mr. Mayor, must set a good example by appearing in church to-mor-row morning, so let us jog homewards." The mayor crossed the room with a devious gait. "Your shervant, Cap'n Tren'th. Shervant, sir, happy to 'Und you," and the mayor of St. Ives solemn-ly staggered after Capt, Trenwith, who stumped away on his wooden leg, es-corted by his black servant carrying a lantern. The rest of the company also departed, and the George and Dragon was left in solitude and darkness. lights were burning in the Golden Lion ong after midnight. Three anxious hearts were there holding communion

and vainly trying to find a way out of the trouble that had come upon them.

After the first shock of grief for the loss of her lover was over, Mary Renowden dried her tears and reviewed the situation with a strength of mind and a coolness of judgment that astonished her father and Peter Hexel.

"Dick will return after a time," she said; "I am sure he will. He is strong and brave, and has always been lucky. Perhaps he will do something that will make his name famous, and then we shall all be proud of him."

Cheered by this hopeful spirit of hers. the two old men plucked up their hearts, and all three appeared in their usual places at church on Christmas day ter service, as they stood in the church-yard gazing rather wistfully over the sea, they were joined by Thomas Cham-per, who wished them a "Merry Christmas!" and uttered some clumsy expres sions of condolence about Richard Hex-el. He had heard, he said, that the op had gone to Falmouth, and if it would be any satisfaction he would write to a friend there, or would even go over himself and make any arrangements they pleased for helping Dick; but he feared there was little hope of his release now that war had broken out.

These friendly overtures rather soft-ened the hearts of the two fathers, but Mary felt sure that Champer was insincere. His hypocrisy was not proof woman's instinct. turned coldly away, and he left them, racking his brain for some means of presenting his suit in a favorable light.

Day after day Thomas Champer camto the Golden Lion and sought every possible opportunity of addressing Mary but his perseverance was useless. She would not listen to him. He saw that his suit was hopeless, and that he had gained nothing by the absence of Richard Hexel. Yet he continued to haunt the neighborhood of the Golden Lion, until one night he encountered the press gang. which had made another descent on St. Ives, and he was caught in the same trav

he had set for his rival. In the mean time, letters had come from Richard Hexel. He wrote that he was well, and only unhappy because he was parted from Mary. He had joined the West Indian squadron under Ad miral Vernon, and expected he would soon be able to tell them something about the war. So time passed on and

the spring came. The club had assembled one Saturday vening in the parlor of the Golden Lion. The customary bowl of punch was on the table, but Capt. Trenwith had not arrived, and the serious business of the evening could not begin without him. To pass the time Will Nance stirred the fire and, lighting a pipe, remarked that though the spring had come, in spite of n of Towednack.

"What have the men of Towednack to do with the spring?" said the mayor of St. Ives.

"Why, know you not," replied Nance, "that the men of Towednack built a hedge round the cuckoo to keep the spring ba 107 But what's this news from the fleet? "Tis rumored Portobello Is "Tis true," said John Renowder

"my daughter bath a letter from Richard Hexel, who was on board the Hampton Court and engaged in the fight,' "What? Dick Hexel hath smelt gun powder, then, in a real battle? Hurrals for old England and beloved St. Ives!"

"Amen?" cried Capt. Trenwith, who came stumping into the room. "Yes. friends, 'tis all true. Here is a copy of The Daily Post, dated March 29, whereis s an account of the battle, writ by a gen tleman on board the Burford, the admiral's own ship. Fill the glasses, and John Tackabird shall read out the nar-

Under the combined attractions of the

punch and the newspaper, all engerly drew round the table, and the barber, clearing his throat, commenced: On the afternoon of the 21st, about 2 o'clock, we came up with Portobella harbor, where the Spaniards had hoisted upon the Iron castle the flag of defiance They welcomed us with a terrible volley

which, being at so short a distance, took place with almost every shot. One struciway the stern of our barge; another broke a large gun upon our upper deck a third went through our foretopmast and the fourth, passing through the arming within two inches of our mainmast. broke down the barrieade of our quarter deck very near the admiral, and killed three men in a moment, wound ing five others who stood by them. This looked as if we should have bloody work, but was far from discouraging our brave fellows"-

The barber continued to read how the Spaniards were driven from their guns and the English landed: "One man set himself close under an embrasure whilst another climbed upon his shoulders and entered under the mouth of a great gun. This so dismayed the Spaniards that they threw down their arms and fled for their

"I would give a guinea to know 'twas a Cornish man who did that," cried Capt. Trenwith; " 'twas a brave action." "Set your heart at rest, then, captain," said Peter Hexel; "'twas Richard Hexel who did it. I have a letter from my son wherein he recounts this very same ad-

and we'll drink his health, my triend, and the captain got up and heartily shook Peter Hexel by the hand. "Compound us another bowl of punch, John

tenowden, and see that it be worthy of That night the rafters of the Golden Lion rang with the cheers which greeted the toasts of "The British Navy" and "The Hero of St. Ives"-as Capt. Trenwith was pleased to call Richard Hexel. It was doubtless the darkness that nade it so difficult for the mayor and the captain to find their way home that night, though they were escorted, as mal, by the black servant with a lighted antern. The mayor accounted to his wife for a headache which oppressed him next morning by the extreme exertion he had been obliged to use in sup-porting Capt. Trenwith, who, poor man! having only one leg, could not be ex-pected to walk as firmly as other people.

You may be sure the heart of Mary Renowden was gladdened by the news that had come about her lover; but months passed away, and nothing more was heard of him. At length there came a letter, stating that he had been severely wounded in an action with a Spanish ship in the West Indies, had been disharged, and was then lying in hospital at Falmouth. Old Hexel at once started for that place, and found poor Dick pale and thin from wounds and fever, but in good spirits and anxious to return home. The doctors, however, would not hear of t, and ordered the patient to lay up a week or two longer, and then, perhaps he might be allowed to go. His father was, therefore, compelled to leave him was, therefore, compened to seave him and return to St. Ives, where he was eagerly expected by John Renowden and his daughter. When two weeks had passed, they all three went over to Falwhen the finishing touch was put to Dick's recovery by the embraces of his happy sweetheart.

"Time, though old, is strong in flight," says the old song; and he has brought us once more to Christmas eve. The club assembled at the George and Dragon here is a brimming punch bowl on the oards, and the silver ladle with the olden guinea is in active operation The talk is of the war, and John Tackabird has been reading aloud an account of a battle in the Bay of Biscay, where a arge Spanish ship had been taken, and where the name of Tom Champer figured

unong the killed. The mummers, having finished their Christmas play, have departed on their rounds; but suddenly they are heard re-turning, with cheers and shouts. The clatter of horses' hoofe is heard on the

"Tis Dick Hexel come back," cries he barber, looking out of the window. "Let us give him welcome," said Capt. Trenwith. "He is a brave lad, and hath ought and bled for the British flag!" "Hurrah!" cried the crowd outside.

"Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the captain and his companions as they burried to the door, and there, sure enough, was Dick Hexel, on horseback, with Mary Renowden sented on a pillion behind him, while Peter Hexel and John Renowder had already dismounted, and were undergoing a vigorous handshaking among the growd. The club sat late in session that night, and Capt. Trenwith would fain have had Dick in to tell how he had caled the ramparts of Portobello; but Dick excused himself on the plea of fatigue, and he speat the evening much more to his liking in the company of Mary Renowden. "I do suppose," said Will Nance, "Dick Hexel will have a considerable sum in the way of prize

noney coming to him?" "If he lives to be an old man it may, perhaps, come to him," said John Tacka-oird; "but the tyrannical abuse of power

inder an oligarchy"-"D-n your hard words!" cried Capt. Trenwith: "they would break any man's jaw but yours. I tell ye, a true man will do his duty whether he is paid for it or no; and may I never live to see the day when a British tar will think more of profit than of honor."

This sentiment of the good old captain ught, according to the usual custom of the stage, to bring down the curtain on our little drama; but, to satisfy the reader. ve beg to state that in the c chard Hexel espoused Mary Renowien in the parish church of St. Ives, and Capt. Trenwith proposed the health of the young couple in the parlor of the Golden Lion, which ancient hostelry is still standing in evidence of the entire truth of this narrative .- M. J. in Illus

If He Could Only Fill It.

Little Mary is a good little girl nearly years old, but possessed of a poetical genius which runs rather too strongly toward paraphrasing. She has done a good deal of composing during her brief existence, but mainly in the way of words substituted for others, which left er open to the charge of plagiarism. She is also possessed of a fund of humor which would not be expected in one so young. Mary's father the other day, by way of breaking the child of her fault as a poet and testing her capacity at original omposition, offered her as a Christmas resent the largest and best picture book that could be found in Chicago if she would make up a piece of poetry which would not resemble any other that she had ever heard. She was given two days to complete the task, and yesterday norning sang the following as her original composition:

Hang up papa's stocking Be sure you don't forget; If Santa Claus can fill it, We'll all be wealthy yet.

It is needless to say that Mary lost the orize, her father pronouncing the pome-et a parody, and one which showed reckless disregard for the truth on the part of the child.—Chicago Herald.

Christmas Sonnet. Deep shadows fold the dark earth in. A holy silenes everywhere Tells of that tight when three earth's sin, Tells of that night when three earth's sin,
This cry of angels eleft this air.
This cry of angels eleft this air.
Glory to God, to men good will."
Hear if then, who do peaceful read
With pule hands folded may it thrill
Thy heart, then triend; I love thee best;
Peace and good will to all I love.
Yea, triand or foe. The there may be
No stars, His light shimes clear allows,
Who clied for us on Calvary;
A star, which, risen in that far east.
Now crowns with love our Christman foas

A star, which, rise n in these car Christman fourt —By Tricotrin. A Palse Pretense.

"Well, my son," asked Jimmy Tuff-oy's mother, "are you satisfied with

or Christmas?

"Yes, ma'am," replied Jimmy, "only a skates ain't nickel plated, and dad aid he'd buy me a double ripper, an' 1 didn't see it." "But I am sure you have been happy

"I wasn't going to let the fellers know how bad I felt."-Exchange.

Too Near the First of the Month. "One thing I've got against Christmas."
"What's that?"

"It comes too late in the month." 'How does that affect it?" Why, when a man's wife gives him a plendid present the bill is sent to him in bout a week. It would be better if he

ad about three weeks to get ready for t."-Christmas. An Old English Custom

Among customs now disused, a cereony existed at the court of England as late as the reign of Charles II of bringing a branch of the Glastonbury thorn, which usually blossoms on Christmas eve, in procession, and presenting it, with great pomp, to the king and queen on Christmas morning.—New York Post.

An Excuse for Not Giving a Present. Clara-Mother, Charles was very rude Mother-Weil, don't you know what "No. I don't."

"He is trying to pick a quarrel with you so he can get out of giving you any Christmas present. I know these more

"Then your son is a credit to Cornwall.