Paradise Within each heart there lies apart From all its cares and sorrow A paradise which knows no sighs, A world of happy morrows ; A heaven of light unknown to blight Of winter bleak and dreary, Whose days are long and eweet with song.

What matter though earth's pathways glow No more with springtime gladness ? What if each June has flown too soon And left a look of sadness ? No real love so tro will prove No tones one-half so tende No lips so pure as those which lure The soul to visioned splendor.

Christmas Carol. Our walls are wreathed with trailing pine And hemlock boughs are loaning Dark where the blood-red berries shine With leaves of autumn's gleaning ; Yet ah ! how pale the summer's pride, How barren field and fallow-For why ? the year must be so wide, nd summer still so narrow !

Our chimney's glow with generous heat, And all our lamps are burning, We list the music wild and sweet, With dance and song returning ; Yet oh ! the vaster, dark outside, How cold and dumb with sorrow ; For still the world must be so wide. And joy, alas ! so narrow !

Our home throws wide its doors to-night. Our threshold laughs with greeting ; With clasp as warm and step as light, The old-time friends are meeting ; Yet oh ! the few who stand aside Bowed down by hopeless sorrow, And weep that hearts should be so wide, And love, al.s ! so narrow !

Nay, further press the strong desire, The questioning, swift yet tender, And lifted ever strangely higher, Divine a holier splendor On Christmas day, whate'er betide, We have no room for sorrow, For though man's needs be e'er so wide,

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"Here's your landing place, my lad.' abandoned road. Walter inspected it. "Eh? How? The furnace—" and after a few rods found it very pleas-"No, the nearest station. Wright's ant walking. He came back for his is ball and some pretty gift to his

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'HE

FRED KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor.

God's help grows never narrow. -Elaine Goodale. The Mountain Shanty. But he could not hide the fact that his stomach was empty. He had forgotten to eat any supper. Just after the turn of the night a new moon threw a ghostly whiteness over the bar with the moon threw a ghostly whiteness over the moon threw a ghostly whiteness over the fact that his saw the shape of half a dozen houses black against the snow. Now that help

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD. CELERY SAUCE .- Celery sauce is easily made, and is appetizing. Out the celery Farm and Garden Notes. In changing the diet of an ox, five der; then add a half pint of cream, salt Farm and Garden Notes.

CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1881.

CENTRE REPORTER.

SUNDAY READING. Atrocities in Ashantee, Referring to the reported ma

TERMS: \$2.00 a Year, in Advance.

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¹¹ Hee/s your hallage year. Year hallow year hallow

A Christmas Message bh, glad bells, ringing Your ochces flinging With wild notes winging Their flight on high Oh, sweet, glad token Of words we've spoken In troth unbroken, My love and I 1

Oh, snow-clouds whirling Like sails unfurling Or white mists curling From earth to sky. Bend down and listen, Where frost-buds glisten By keen winds kissen To live or die.

One year's long sighing, One year's slow dying, Two hearts' fond crying Fer love they miss ; Now tears and weeping, As dreams in sleeping, Fade in the keeping Of Christmas bliss

Come, pain and pleasure, Or joy, we measure By gift and treasure Of love's brief stay Ere sighs come after Our smiles and laughter, Or sad hereafter, On sweet to-day !

Though others meet you, And welcomes greet you; For ohe, my sweet, you Will long and wait. The slow hours dying You count by sighing, While I am flying To love and fate

With soft eyes tearful, With heart balf fearful Though all are cheerful, Around you here ; Your true thoughts hove Around your lover-A fault, a fear ?

Oh, glad bells, pealing ; Oh, sweet thoughts, stealing O'er troubled feelin And fevered breast ! In this sweet meeting I hear your greeting Yet love is best !"