# Intelligencer Christmas Supplement.

LANCASTER, PA., SATURDAY. DECEMBER 24, 1881.

#### Lancaster Intelligencer.

SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 24, 1881.

CHRISTMAS EVE ON THE FARM. For the Christmas INTELLIGENCER. Tis Christmas eve and all the farm has settled

And over all, like watchful eyes, the stars are twinkling bright.

· May be," the farmer often thinks, "those stars are loved one's eyes.

That nightly keep, o'er loved ones here, a vigit from the skies."

And may be that's the rea on why he does his work so well;

May be his mother's eyes are there, the brightest, too, ah! who can tell?

The rooster gives a cut-short crow-been dreaming, I'll be bound; And from each farmer's wakened roost th

answering crows resound. The gobbler blinks upon the tree and tries to

pick his neighbor, And losing baiance, wildly flaps, and keep his perch with labor.

And then be falls to thinking why the farme grows so gracious. And is se prodigal of cora that once he held

precious. "I grow quite fat," he self-communes, at sticks his breast out proudly; brough all the country round my

being sounded loudly. And now he floats to dream-land's yard with out the least endeavor. And dreams that there a lord he struts

Ah! there his ever-hoping hope has reached its full fruition: fle finds in dreams, as we mu-t find,

tor ambition. He doesn't know what farmers slay they first treat kind and latten,

Else that high head would sadly droop and that proud crest would flatten. For present use, from future feasts, the watch

dog's pleasure borrow, And in their dreams snarl over bones that they will chew to-morrow.

And in the kitchen, white and clean, by work and love united,

Each pan and spoon and chairs in place—for old Kriss they are righted. The wide, old chimney still stands there, as Kriss so oft has found it.

And where for near a hundred Yules, he found the stockings round it. The farmer never heeds the triends who

that chimney say-" A flue would do, and take less room, tea that great thing away."

He never tells that round that hearth, that great room-taking thing, A cycle's joys and sorrows e'er, like Christma

stockings cling. And there to-night the stockings hang, and out of each a voice

Will ask old Kriss for some nice thing to make young hearts rejoice.

hang, a step-like row,

While baby Bessie's tasseled socks are hung alone below. How fondly did the mother kiss those

feet to-night! flow hold that baby to her heart, with strain so tender, tight!

How hambly by the cradle kneel, with so low and sweet There pray that Bethlehem's Star may guide

her little baby's feet! th! surely will good Santa Claus bring bab something bright;

He'll never miss those dainty socks, though dark may be the night;

For bearts that love like his good heart find light where'er is love,

And every stitch of baby's socks is with affec tion wove!

Tis Christmas eve and all the farm has settled

for the night; The stars are winking bountly at Kriss Kringle

paused to hear

The first glad notes of Christmas morn with all its joy and cheer;

A . If "To God the highest glory," it longed to bear again.

And eatch the sweet retrain of "Peace on earth, good will toward men."

## THREE CHRISTMASES.

# BY J. M. H.

"Merry Christmas!"

FOR the CHRISTMAS INTELLIGENCER. Carriage after carriage rolled up before the stately mausion on --- avenue. Present after present was carried in at the door, each more costly and beautiful than the preceding; and nine tenths of them all addressed, not to James Allen Herrington, esq., the owner of the mansion, and one of the wealthiest men in the city, but to his beautiful daughter and only child, the popular, petted, and, some thought, spoiled Miss Maude Herrington, the queen of her social circle, the envy of her fair companious, the courted and flattered, what proud and wilful object of a score of young men's attentions, not to say adora-

She scarcely deigned to read the words on the exquisite cards which accompanied every package, giving the name of each admirer who sent his offering with his wishes for "A Merry Christmas!" to the fair lady Maude.

She was reclining languidly on a sumptuous sofa at one end of the magnificent parlor. All around her bore witness to the immense wealth of her father, who spared nothing in his power to make his daughter happy. Her will in the house was absolute. Whatever her heart desired she had. Her every whim and passing fancy was gratified with lavish extrava gance. She had never known what it was to have a single desire unfulfilled, to be denied a single wish. From her infancy she had been made to feel that whatever money could purchase was at her command, that her word was law, that to deny her aught of anything was unjust and utter cruelty. The expensive and splendid Christmasgifts that now were showered upon her she therefore accepted and regarded as but a matter of course, scarce requiring anything like gratitude from her in return. Indeed she seemed not only indifferent to the many presents and flattering sentiments accompanying them, but even impatient at them; and was just rising to leave the parlor and go to her room with a disappointed air, when the colored servant brought in another package, from which fell a card on which Maude read :

"WISHING YOU

Sudden interest flashed from her dark blue eyes, while the warm blood mounted to her cheeks and brow, giving a rich glow of life, almost of splendor, to her beauty. Ah. I thought it strange that our last

no ambitious mother who would not have thought him altogether a desirable match

every soul wishing A Merry Christmas !

brought herself to love, with such love as a self-absorbed heart like her's could feel. "Miss Maude!" It was the servant calling at the door, "Miss Maude, I begs your parding, but the woman wouldn't go

have to go down to the parlor." "A woman's at the back door; she sez she wants ter spake to yer; and I couldn't

pose I can go down and entertain every beggar that comes to the door. Why do you bother me with such things now? Give

her some money and send her off." "I told her so meself. But she sez she didn't want no money at all-sez she-" "Go on and do as I tell you!" interrupted the vexed young beauty: "And,

again about beggars !" And while the proud lady Maude swept into the brilliantly illumined parlor, the back door was rudely slammed in the face of a poor woman, who, with the marks of bitter suffering in her pale face, and evidently in a condition but little able to endure the cold blasts of the pitiless storm, feebly dragged herself along through the

deep snow, out into the darkness of the Maude Herrington certainly was the the mazes of the merry dance. Her dark eyes shone with more than usual brilliancy the other of the group of admiring gallants who were around her. There was a charm about her beauty which none could beauty that ever leaves an impression upon the beholder of something like dissatisfeeling as of something wanting; not anything physical, but a spirit worthy to dwell in and possess so perfect a face and form. Upon the thoughtful, a beauti-

sadness and even pain.

had consented. Her triumph was com What was it then that toward the closof the evening caused a cloud as of doubt, if not regret, to pass over her fair face There were others of the gentlemen who note his free indulgence, it more than mortified her to hear his silly speeches She was becoming nervous, thoughtful, discontented, disgusted. Shelwas actually glad when the time came for the gay party to disperse. Lawrence Drood fairly stag.

darling?" And old Mr. Herrington set-tled himself in his arm-chair, after all had departed, to talk the events of the day over with his daughter, as was his custom

almost every evening. But Maude seemed in no humor for it. Strange that a newly betrothed bride so she pettishly replied to her father's

just now." And she abruptly rose to go to her room, without the customary good night kiss, and in a decidedly disagreeable humor, muttering to herself as she went: "Merry Christmas, indeed! I don't see anything merry about it. Always the

think it's tiresome !" things that should confer happiness palled ever it was, when she retired that night,

mind, discontented, irritable, sick and tired of everything, of herself most of all. But still the midnight bells kept pealing forth their Merry Christmas! Merry

But can that be Mande, the petted daughter, the queenly belle, the proud heiress, wading through the drifting snow in the very teeth of the sharp, cold north

It is Maude Herrington, though not the proud heiress. Some six months before this second Christmas night James Allen Herrington, esq., had failed, utterly and completely, and that, too, not in the most honorable way. Turned out of house and home, they had to rent a few rooms, where "Ah, I thought it strange that our last line, they have been without cffect!" she exclaimed, as with a satisfied bread by giving lessons in music. She was collect on goes a great way towards and recollection goes a great way towards and rec look she took a shining, sparkling neck-lace of diamonds from the richly carved flattered by all. Though as beautiful as ebony casket. But scarcely looking at this, she eagerly opened the note that she found ful, in her plain black dress, her old adat the bottom of the box. "I thought mirers knew her no more. As the brilliant so!" she continued with a triumphant Lawrence Drood, laughingly declared, "cirsmile. "I knew I could bring him to my feet! This is even better than I expected though He will propose to night or I am much mistaken! And I'll accept him, too; just to convince that hateful Miss Lawrence Drood, laughingly declared, "elf-cumstances alter cases;" so of course his engagement was not considered binding. He simply, with all the rest, ignored the Herringtons when they heard of their failure, and by this time had already quite

Brownell that she is nothing. The idea of her presuming to be a rival of mine! I know she is dead in love with him, and that's just why he shall marry me!"

| Bill Slocum came in on tip-toe. He had formerly been one of the most notorious roughs and criminals of the city, now he cheeks were tears of humble trust and that he had died a few weeks after they had that he had died a few weeks after they had that he had died a few weeks after they had that he had died a few weeks after they had that he had died a few weeks after they had that he had died a few weeks after they had that he had died a few weeks after they had that he had died a few weeks after they had that he had died a few weeks after they had that he had died a few weeks after they had that he had died a few weeks after they had that he had died a few weeks after they had that he had died a few weeks after they had that he had died a few weeks after they had that he had died a few weeks after they had that he had died a few weeks after they had the had died a few weeks been forced to leave their mansion on avenue. Maude was an orphau, almost woman now than she had ever been, or babe closer to her breast?

> Christmas evening. She was now on avenue. A strange impulse it was that urged her to go and look once more at the old home, the home where bride, and yet had been so ungrateful, music, laughter and dancing are within to-night as they were then. How every detail of that night is brought vividly be fore her! She even remembers the poor beggar woman whom she had sent from the door out into the cold, and it was a

through the snow as fast as she can, while the tears come welling up, and will not be

"Leddy, Leddy! won't yer plase gi' me a nickel? 'Cause it's Ohristmas, yer know!" It is a wee little girl that has come from the court to her right, and is stretching out her little, thin, bony hands towards her, with a pinched, weazen face, and great sad eyes that go straight to

"How queer it is she thinks to herself, "that I pity people now. I never used to." She holds out the nickel to the little girl, it was all she had to give, and asks her name and where she lives?

"Will you give the money to your mother or spend it yourself?" asked Maude, strangely interested in the young

I wan' ter git some parergorie fur 'im ter keep 'im quiet.'' "Where is the sick lady?" auxiously inquired Maude. "Will you take me to

"Right over here," was the reply, as the little girl turned at once to obey. "Come on after me, mum. Take keer yer don't fall though, here on this ice.

They reached a tenement back in the belle of the evening. Her perfect form court. They climbed up five flights of rickety, dirty stairs. Never before had Maude seen or imagined such a place. The girl opened a door without knocking, and

"There she is. You jes' wait bere now till I get the medicine, then I'll show yer down stairs agin," and the young guide help but feel. And yet it was that type of was about to hurry off, when Maude

s'opped her. "No, no; you keep that money for ourself. The baby does not need any paregoric!"

ful body inhabited by a soul less perfectly No furniture, but one backless chair, a rough wooden table and a low bedstead on which was lying the emaciated, Maude, its long, black hair mingling with the mass of even darker curls that lay in wild luxuriance 'round the mother's head. It was a sweet looking child, a bright,

beautiful boy. who seemed dozing or in a stupor. When down and gently lifting him to her arms coal-black eyes that almost frightened Maude. With unnatural strength the woman half raised herself in her bed, with that glaring gaze still burning into Maude's soul. Then she abruptly spoke

" Did you marry him? Lawrence Drood. did you marry him ? " The question fairly shocked Maude What did this weman know about her en-

Who was she? "I know you, Miss Herrington," con didn't know you? And I know Lawrence Drood-better than anyone else, unless you married him-did you? I never heard, for I have been too sick to get out of the house ever since last Christmas night, when you had me driven from your back door—" Here a violent spell of coughing

stopped her. No, I did not marry him," said Maude. this time? Can I help you in any way, my good woman? I will try to atone for

"Nothing can help me any more. Thank God that you did not marry him. Ah, yee, thank God! For he has been wondrous good and kind to me-and to you, Miss Herrington; for it must have been God that kept you from marrying Lawrence Drood—don't interrupt me. I have only a little strength left me, and I must tell you now what I came to tell you

last Christmas." How affectionate the little babe was becoming, and how good! He was crowing and patting Maude on the checks, and

"Sit down, Miss Herrington," continued the woman, and then went on, "Yes, I came to your house a year ago to tell you the stone curb. As it was the poor wretch that before God Lawrence Drood was my mince last Christmas; for so much has husband-yes, he married me two years ago, almost-I was beautiful then; but foolish. Otherwise I might have known that one like he never intended really to the wet pavement, she tried for fully make me, a poor girl, his wife. But how twenty minutes to restore the wounded could I know the man he brought was not man to consciousness. But in vain. At a real clergyman? That the whole cere- last she had to leave him, to summon to mony was a sham? I thought it all real and true,—yes, and before God it was true Into their care she gave him, while she, and real! Before God I am his true wife, wet and chilled to the bone, hastened to and no other can be! There in your arms her humble home. She had never left her will to men." how sweetly the darling sleeps !—is the room since then, but sank rapidly under at the season when the "last love-leaf off engaging the lad till after his return, pledge of our marriage. O, I thank God the effects of the severe cold then conthat he kept you from committing the sin trac ed. now. I am convinced again that God eral days, and then had been called for by and recollection goes a great way towards loves me; else he would not have sent you a gentleman in a fine carriage—and that warming some pair of hands.

deep peace and gratitude. But what caused the tears to flow from ably. He was followed by another man, Mande's eyes, as she pressed the sleeping

She was comparing her lot with this poor woman's. She was thinking, if this poor creature could be grateful and happy, how ungrateful and wicked she had been, whom God had blessed so infinitely more richly in every respect. They were tears of penitence that rolled, for the first time

'You must be a very good Christian, Miss Herrington, to leave your comfortable house such a night as this, and come to see one like me-and Christmas night it is too! I am sure you must be worthy of all the many blessings God has given you. But He is going to bless me even more yes, to-night yet! He is going to take me home to himself soon, very soon! Hark, are those the Christmas bells? Or are they the bells of heaven ringing over youder? O, how sweet and joyful they sound! Miss Herriugton, won't you do me one favor while I am going? You are so pure and good; won't you kneel down and pray with me? I can go in peace

then—perfect peace !"
Yes, Maude did kneel down, right there by that miserable bed and pray, oh, so earnestly, oh, so fervently, as she had never prayed in her life before. From a penitent, broken and contrite heart she poured forth such a flood of petitions and tears that made the very angels of heaven rejoice. She prayed not for the dying woman alone, but that He who had spoken peace to this soul, might make even her also, the ungrateful, discontented, spoiled child of the world and of sin, like unto this woman in humble faith and love to God. She poured out her whole soul

She never knew how long she had remained upon her knees by that beside. But when she arose it was as a new creature. A calm and sweet peace filled her whole being. She leaned over and kissed the woman-nor felt the cold chilliness of the touch. For the sufferer's soul had fled to join the hosts that were hymning the praise of Christ above, the company of those who "came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the She caught up the babe in her arms, and

covered him with kisses, as she wrapped him up in her shawl and said: "Yes, darling, you are mine from henceforth. You are God's Christmas present to me this night. You shall ever remind me of that holy Christmas child who

here first was born in my heart, and so graciously fills it with love and peace !" bosom, she hastened home through the snow-covered streets. Her heart was light and joyous. Her strength seemed to have been renewed, and her bappiness and hopeful spirit returned. Never had Christmas seemed to her as now. It was a new revelation, as herself was a new creature.

She passed the old stone church near which she lodged, just as the grand organ and full choir swelled out in the closing anthem of the Christmas evening service. Was it from them, or from Heaven itself, or only from her own heart, that the words came so distinctly to her soul? was it from all three together?

On Earth Peace, Good Will Toward Men.

III.

ike a heavenly pearl was hanging in the deep-blue sky, peaceful and serene. The firmament seemed more thickly studded with twinkling, glowing stars than usual; them out in especial profusion because it was Christmas night. How calm and quiet the great city seemed!

So thought at least Maude Herrington, as she lay there on her bed, over against the window, in the neat little fourth-story room, where she had lived ever since her father's failure. What a long time ago that

"The boy is asleep now, Miss Maude." who was nursing the sick girl this evening. "Is there anything I can do for you? I think it is time to take your medicine

again, is it not?" With the tenderness of a mother the good woman bent over the sufferer and smoothed her fevered brow. She was one of the women who lived in the court where just one year ago this very night Maude had found the dying mother of the little boy who since then had been her most cherished treasure ; and had found, too, an jous gift from your hand, but as given by everlasting peace for her own soul.

That court had been her special parish. One by one of the degraded women and drunken men had yielded, many of them unconsciously, to the purifying influence of her presence, of her gentle words, and devoted self-sacrificing Christian walk and conversation. She had started a sewing school among the women, in which she taught them much of the holy Jesus and his love and salvation, much of cleanliness, economy, industry and all the virtues of true womanliness Every Sunday she gathered together the children, who soon also brought their parents with them, and taught them the precious word of life, which was ever becoming sweeter to her soul the more she studied it. In one short year she had brought about a wonderful change in the character of that court, and had gained for herself the devoted love of every man,

what formerly had been no uncommon sight a man in a beastly state of intoxication, reeling toward the gutter, slipping on the ice, who, had she not half-caught him, would have fallen headforemost against cut an ugly gash across his forehead, and lay unconscious and bleeding in her arms There in the bitter cold night, with the rain pouring down upon her, as she sat on her aid some of the men living near by.

Somehow or other I never felt his goodness and love like I do now. I always tried to serve him, but you know how often a body becomes dissatisfied and ungrateful, body becomes dissatisfied and ungrateful, even when He is blessing us all the while. But He has forgiven us all, I know; I however, he had been very anxious to dissolute the had been very anxious to dissolute the moral world; show the same fact in the moral world; show the same fact in the moral world; show the same fact in the moral world; before he thought to inquire. French's desk, and a day of two world is before he thought to inquire. French's desk, and a day of two world is before he thought to inquire. French's desk, and a day of two world; before he thought to inquire. French's desk, and a day of two world; before he thought to inquire. French's desk, and a day of two world; before he thought to inquire. French's desk, and a day of two world; before he thought to inquire. French's desk, and a day of two world; before he thought to inquire. French's desk, and a day of two world; before he thought to inquire. French's desk, and a day of two world; before he thought to inquire. French's desk, and a day of two world; before he thought to inquire. French's desk, and a day of two world; before he thought to inquire. French's desk, and a day of two world; before he thought to inquire. French's desk, and a day of two world; and the fact in the moral world; before he thought to inquire. French's desk, and a day of two world; and the fact in the moral world; before he thought to inquire. French's desk, and a day of two world.

lately reformed by Maude's influence, Still others followed, both men and women, all sober and clean; and with an almost reverential air each comes near the

formerly been one of the most notorious

was a sober man, honest and industrious, and supporting his family quite comfort-

bed of the sufferer to press her wasted hand, and murmur a heart-felt greeting on this Christmas evening.

What a grateful smile of holy joy il

souls whom God had allowed her to glean for His glory! They had come thus in a body "to surprise Miss Herrington," they said; and some had even brought flowers and laid them on her bed, silently, solemnly,—all had brought some trifling gift for "Miss Herrington's little boy." But there was a great sadness pictured on each face, as they looked upon the dear form

surprise," a carriage had driven up before the house. And now another knock s heard at the door. The next instant an elegantly dressed gentleman enters, all muffled in furs, and asks in a respectful

it is Lawrence Drood!

has grown ten years older since this even-ing two years ago! Stlll Maude recognizes him. She holds out both her hand

that humble bedside. Maude feels the tears from this strong man's eyes falling hotly upon her hands. But she does not withdraw them. She only looks more happy, more saintly than

At length the penitent-for Lawrence Drood is penitent, yea, and pardoned too, is able to speak. "And is it thus I find you, Miss Hor-

rington?" he exclaims, in tones of bitter remorse. "I could not believe them when they told me it was you who had saved my life. I did not know then that it had been at the sacrifice of your own! O, Miss Herrington, can you ever forgive

"Lawrence," solemnly, but with feeble tone, asked Maude, "Lawrence, bas God forgiven you?"

"Yes, blessed be His name, yes! But, had it not been for you ; you, who above have died in my sins, a miserable, beastly drunkard! That fall, and that rescue brought me to my senses, showed me my low, lost condition, and brought me to repentance and redeeming faith in Jesus Christ, by whose grace I am saved."

"Yes, Lawrence; to him belongs all the lory. He has pardoned you. I have nothing to forgive, but only to thank and praise him for his marvellous goodness, nercy and love." An expression came over her face, too

her then, declared ever after that she had become an angel even before her soul left She looked again at the man, kneeling

by her bed, and with a sweet, blissful expression, said: "So you are a Christian; saved at last,

ever.' "Amen !" solemnly said several voices in the room. After another pause, Maude withdrew

"Lawrence, will you accept a Christ-The man gazed a moment at the lovely child. He snatched him to his breast, while a flood of tears, tears of sacred

gratitude, once more burst from him as he "And this too, Miss Herrington; this too, O my God! do I owe to you? O, it is too much! Yes, for your sake, for my own son's injured mother's sake, for the holy Christ's sake, I do accept this prec-God himself to whom be glory alone,

Maude's head sank upon the pillow. A sweet smile wreathed her lips, from which as she closed her eyes, came the same

words: " Glory to God in the Highest!" Then all was still. A purified soul had

melody and marvellous light. Did those redeemed men and women who so reverently knelt around the little bed, in reality catch the glorious sound of the scraphim's chaunt, and see the glitter and sheen of the heavenly harps? They thought so. But perchance it was only the reflection and echo of these in their hearts, that so filled their whole being, and sounded as clear and distinct as when first it broke on the midnight air

As though 'twere Christmas in Heaven, as well as on earth; for earth and Heaven alike are filled with the swelling refrain : " Glory to God! Glory to God in the

### Our Grand Hotiday.

The Christian church very properly has set apart one day of the year to commemorate the Nativity.

That it has the consent of the enlight ened judgment of millions is proof of the value of the holiday, and all who come within its influence feel something of the original proclamation of "Good Occurring in our latitude

here to-night. O, Miss Herrington, has not God been good to us? Ought not I to find out about him. Before he had left, that nothing is lost in the economy of natrust him to take care of my boy, too? however, he had been very anxious to dis- ture; and all inspiration and revelation

Andrew Ellison's Christmas.

"Opportunity is a rare and sacred thing God seldom offers it twice.—Mrs. Dall.

"While there is time let us do good."

BY OSCAR FAY ADAMS. For the Christmas Intelligencen.

was the text the rector of St. Luke's had chosen for one of the last Sundays in November, and a very fine sermon his people said he preached from it, and the most of them went home and forgot all about it. Andrew Ellison, however, who sat near the chancel, heard only the text and as that did not particularly impress him, his mind soon wandered off to the cares of the week. He was a wealthy man and by no means an ungenerous man when his sympathies were aroused, but ideas did not readily suggest themselves to him and he gave of his abundance only when the neessity for so doing was urged upon him by untoward circumstances. Since the death of his wife and daughter he had lived alone and as years went on had be come more and more immersed in business cares. He did did not stop to think for whom he was laying up money every year. visions of distant cousins to be some day enriched by him sometimes passed through his mind, but they were only visions as yet. There was time enough in the fu-

ture to think definitely of them.

The day after the rector's sermon had been preached, to which he had not lis-tened, Andrew Ellison was sitting alone in his private office, just as the daylight began to struggle with the darkness. Out side it was dull and rainy, and indoors the fire in the grate burned low. In the outer office through the glass partition he could see his two-clerks, Hopper and French writing busily. He vaguely wondered if they ever felt as drearily as he did at that moment. Hopper was a man old as himself, had grown up with the busit-ess, and seemed to have no other thought or desire, so far as his employer could judge, but he had never taken the pains to in quire into the circumstances of the younger man's life. Just then the lampighter passed through the street and Ellison noticed for the first time what a very small boy he was. Moved by a sudden impulse, Ellison opened the window and called to the boy, who came wonderingly. He seemed so very small and wretched, standing there in the half-darkness.

"You wanted me, sir?" said the boy inquiringly. "Yes." was the reply, I wanted speak with you a moment," at the same time offering a small coin, which the lad took gratefully. "You must be very wet and uncomfortable," Ellison went on ; "I when you get home.'

"No, sir, these are all I have, and I "No home, how is that?" asked the

other. "The family are all dead but me, but I get along pretty well, for the engineer of the shop on the next street lets me sleep by his engine nights. You wouldn't believe what a capital place it is to get warm, and not many boys has such a good chance,' concluded the small waif with cheerful

Ellison grew cold at the open window. It would not do for him to stand there "Come here to-morrow about o'clock," he said as he closed the window,

and the lad promised. For some reason the day seemed dreary as Ellison sat down again and the office fire certainly burned better. The thought occurred to him that when the boy came the next day he would give him situation in the establishment as office boy. There would be a good place for the

cheerful little fellow. The gas was lighted now in the outer office, and Ellison could see as French momentarily looked up from his writing that the younger clerk was careworn and that there were wrinkles on the young forehead. It seemed but a short time since French had come to the office a bright, happy-looking boy. What should change him so soon? Just then Mr. Ellison's carriage drove up and the coachman let down the steps. As Ellison rose to go, still thinking of his clerk, he concluded to take the young man home with

him and talk with him a little. "French," he said, as he passed into the other office, "I want you to go home to dinner with me." The young man looked up in surprise. Hopper went on writing. He never paid attention to what

was not addressed directly to him. "Yes, I mean you, French," added his employer, "so put on your coat and come with me," and the young man thought voice than he had ever noticed before. "How long have you been with me, French," observed the elder man as they

sat at dinner. "Ten years, Mr. Ellison," was the reply. "So long?" mused the other, "but then you were but a boy when you came to me. I remember.'

"And now I am twenty-five," returned French. "Twenty five," thought Ellison what have twenty-live years to do with care and wrinkles?" "Your salary is six hundred, I believe?

he said after a pause. "Can you get along comfortably on that sum?" "Oh, yes, though I can't lay up much for I have a younger brother that I want to start ir the world if I can. We make the six hundred go as far a: it will between

The young man spoke cheerfully, but his employer now began to realize how small a sum he was really paying and resolved to double the amount at Christmas. He wondered how it would seem to have only six hundred dollars a year and have haps it did not take so much to make one happy as he had sometimes thought, and little northern plant, flowering early, depressed, abject, and long overlooked." then he thought of the little lamplighter again. Well, it should be a happy Christ mas for him and for this young French as well. When the dinner was over and the clerk was taking his leave, Ellison noticed that he was far too thinly clothed for the cold damp weather and that he wore no

the young man.

When the morning came, however, it brought letters which obliged Andrew Ellison to start at once for a distant city and the last benevolent intention of the night before was forgotten. He yet remembered the boy who was to come that morning to see him, but he decided to put of such a symbol as the inverted torch.

tice that a boy of eighteen was busy at French's desk, and a day or two went by

he young man and had left undone caree

tsuddenly to him.
"I fear so," was the response. "He caught a heavy cold the week after you lett and has been in bed ever since. I doubt if he recovers.

Hopper's slow, business-like tones smote heavily upon Ellison's heart. His voice trembled as he spoke. "Send his brother to me, Hopper," and in a moment the boy stood before him. Your brother is very ill, I hear," began Ellison, "and I cannot tell you how grieved I am to hear it. He was always

aithful to his duties and I had meant to advance his salary very considerably at Christmas.' The sympathetic tones were too much or the boy and his voice was broken by a sob as he replied, "He is the best brother in the world and has done everything for me. He went without an overcoat this

winter in order to do something for me, though I didn't then know it, and he was dways denying himself for me."
"Take me to him, my boy," said Ellison, much moved, and in a few moments they were at French's lodgings. It needed but a moment to assure Ellison that French's recovery was hopeless and the cnowledge was very bitter to Andrew Ellison, as his own responsibility pressed heavily upon him. All that could be done now was done and every comfort that could be suggested was supplied by Ellison, who remained by his bedside night and day till the end. It was not far off and while the Christmas chimes sounded forth at midnight the young life ceased as the

Christmas morn came in. An hour or two later as Andrew Ellison was going sadly home he passed the open door of an engine room, out of which a red light shone. A number of men were going in, and hardly knowing why he did so, Ellison followed them. The engineer was explaining something to those about

"It was just this way," he was saying. "The little chap used to sleep here nights, which he hadn't no other place to go to, and so cheerful he always was I liked his company. 'To-morrow's Christmas,' he says when he comes in to night, 'and in the morning I am going to a gentleman in the next street that was very good to me a little while ago, and wish him a "merry Christmas," 'says he. 'Are you,' I says, 'I reckon he'll be pleased,' and then he curls up in the corner and goes to sleep. But just as them chimes begun he starts up in his sleep a sayin' as how Christmas was come and before I could stop him, for I see he was asleep and didn't know where he was goin', he trips over some-thing and falls right against the flywheel. hope you have some dry clothes to put on It was all over with him then, fellows, and before I could stop the engine he was "No, sir, these are all I have, and I have no home to go to." The boy's tones were not complaining.
"No, home how is that "" wheal the

Andrew Ellison had listened intently, and when the speaker ended he asked where the boy had been carried, and the engineer pointed to an adjoining shed which Ellison entered. A single glance at the little body which lay there showed it to be the homeless lamplighter to whom he

had meant to be kind some day.

"He was a plucky little chap," said the engineer over Ellison's shoulder, "and never complained of nothing." "Yes, yes, I know," said Ellison, and then giving the man his address, he told him to call at his house and he would undertake all necessary arrangements for the

Once more Andrew Ellison set out up his way home. It was a long walk and there was plenty of time for accusing thoughts to crowd upon his mind. But through their midst suddenly came the remembrance of the text of the rector's sermon five weeks before. The words had been almost unheeded at the time but

now they burned themselves upon his mind "While we have time, let us do good."

The Christmas Flower. For the CHRISTMAS INTELLIGENCER. This remarkable flower blooms when the vegetable world in one zone is askep, except the few plants cared for in green-

iouses and on window sills.

The Christmas flower, "Christblume, or Black Hellebore, in botanic science, defies the harshest weather, and is perennial indeed. It is not a native of America. but thrives all the same; it is indigenous to Austria, and other parts of Northern Europe. Its common name is suggested by the time it begins to bloom-the last with me," and the young man thought there was a kindlier ring in Mr. Ellison's in bloom until April or May. The showy part is the calyx, for the fringe of slender. two-lipped nectarines are the real petals : these fall off soon after the expansion of the flower, leaving scarcely a suggestion of having been, but the ealyx is persistent throughout the winter, it is about an inch and a half in diameter, white with a rosy tinge, which changes to a bright green about April. It is herbaceous, with no

> The Christmas flower should stand as the emblem of triumph over adversity and to illustrate the lines, "Existence may be borne and the deep root of life and sufferance make its firm abode in bare and desolated bosoms." Flowers in all history serve in every variety of way to express thought, senti

ment or emotion. The ideal use of flowers

above-ground stems.

is second only to the real; in the first their influence is to refine and elevate, in the second the fruition of hope, of life and of immortality is predicted. The great Swedish naturalist had a partiality for the flower, which was after wards dedicated to him.—the Linnea borealis. He traced in it a fanciful analogy between it and his own early fate, "a

A volume might be written on the symbolic use of flowers. The genista plant was considered a symbol of humility. Fulke, earl of Anjou, who lived a century before the Norman conquest, having been guilty of some crimes, was enjoined to go to the Holy Land and work his penance by wearing the genista in his cap, he after-wards adopted the title of Plantageonet. The verbena (probably the teak) was used by the ancient Romans to confirm and bind treaties on the return of peace with their hostile neighbors, and the person who had the office of carrying it was

called Verbenarius. Friendship has no sweeter offering than flowers; and the most inconst flower on a grave is an undying refutation

Miss Christophine, whose age is eight

"LAWRENCE DROOD, " A MERRY CHRISTMAS!"

With this she hastened to her room to prepare for the evening's gay party, at which she now was determined to complete the conquest of the young millionaire Lawrence Drood. He was of an old family; belonged to the highest circle of society; a master of the most polished manners, and withal accounted one of the most handsome of men-what though he was a little too dashing and gay, there was

for her daughter. Christmas evening came-a model Christmas. Softly the pure white snow came floating down, flake upon flake, mellowing the sound of the bells which sent forth through the frosted air peal upon peal, to

Merry Christmas! The air was bitter cold, biting, cutting, piercing—cruelly cold to the thousands of poor and needy ones throughout that great city. Did Maude Herrington think of them. as she stood there before her mirror with a gratified smile? Why should she—how could she? She had never seen anything of poverty, nor ever known what want, hunger and cold might be. She had never been taught nor given occasion to think of such disagreeable things. And just now her mind was full of the party, the guests to which were already arriving; and full of Lawrence Drood, whom she had almost

way-"What is it you want, Jane? be quick, I

git red uv hur at all." "What nonsense, Jane! You don't sup-

lane, see to it that you don't come to me

and eloquence as they glanced from one to faction and even regret, an undefinable

beautiful, ever leaves this impression of She seemed to be having indeed a merry, merry Christmas, and to be perfectly happy, until the evening wore on to near midnight. Lawrence Drood was devoted to her. Her prophecy had been fulfilled. He had asked her to be his wife-and sho

drank as freely of the choice wines as however, the little one, with a bright Lawrence Drood. Yet it troubled her to

gered and reeled from the door to his car-"Well, Maudic, come here and let me congratulate you. Young Drood seems to be a jolly good fellow—of a first class family-plenty of morey, too; altogether t has been a right merry Christmas, ch,

should feel as restless, as dissatisfied, as she did. She thought so herself, and it tinued the consumptive, "A year ago who provoked her. Everything provoked her. kindly banter: "I don't feel like being congratulated

same thing over, year in and year out; Was it only the relaxation after the evening's excitement that so depressed her spirits? Was it because her powers of enjoyment and pleasure had become cloyed; because she had too much of all her heart could desire, that at length even these upon her taste and disgusted her? Whatit was in a decidedly unhappy frame of

"Peace, good will toward men." How swiftly flies the time! And yet what an age it seems to Maude Herrington happened since then!

penniless; but she was more of a true

than most would have thought her capable She had been trying heroically to for-get past pleasures and follies by a stern devotion to present duties. But, oh, it was so hard! Never had she felt more rebellious than this evening, this merry just one year ago, this very hour, she had presided at the merry party, had received the costly gifts. had become an affianced dissatisfied and even unhappy. Light and

colder night than this. It is too painful. She hastens on

" Back here in the court," she replies.

beggar "I'm agoin' ter buy some medicine with it.' "Medicine! Why child, are you sick?"
"No, mum, I ain't, but Miss Drood, she's a dyin', and her baby's a cryin' so.

This is where we 'uns have our slidin' place.'

And in fact the little babe had stopped its crying the moment Maude had entered the door. It was a miserable domicile. ghastly form of a young woman, evidently in the last stages of consumption. Upon her bosom lay the little babe, its large eyes wide open, and looking straight at

Maude's first impulse was to take him up But she feared to disturb the mother, smile, stretched out its chubby hands to wards her, she could not help reaching Instantly the mother was wide awake. She looked wildly around, until her gaze fell upon Maude; there it rested, with an expression of recognition in the deep-sunken,

in a deep, startling tone :

gagement? About Mr. Drood? Wait Did not the little girl call her Miss Drood?

But why do you ask such a question at my cruelty last Christmas, if you will let

clinging to her most lovingly.

"Glory to God in the Highest!" The night was a grand one. The moon as though the angels had purposely poured

said the kindly voice of the poor woman

Since then scarce a day had passed on which she had not visited one or the other of the miserable families who lived there.

woman and child that lived there. It was now about three weeks ago that, on one of her evening visits she had seen

lumined the patient's countenance as she looked upon this rich harvest of immortal there on the bed, for they knew she was

not to be with them long any more.
Unnoticed in the slight bustle of the

"Does Miss Herrington live here?" As he spoke he removed his fur cap from is head and a large fresh sear is seen on

his forehead. It is the man whose life Maude had saved in the court gutter three weeks ago. It is-can it be possible? Yes, But he has changed very much. He

He takes them, kisses them; bows his head low down and falls upon his knees by

before, as she lifts her eyes upward to heaven and murmurs a prayer to the Father of love there.

pure, too gloriously transfigured for any nere earthly being. All they that saw

He humbly bowed his head in reply and murmured. "By God's grace I have renounced sin and the world, and belong to Christ and Him alone, henceforth and for-

her one hand from his, and gently drew back the covers from the sleeping boy, as she said. mas present from me this blessed Christmas night? And will you keep it and cherish it, care for and love it as long as you live, for the holy Christ's sake, for your sainted wife's sake, for my sake?"'

glory in the highest !

fled from earth, was winging its way upward to the throne. But as the pearly gates above swing open to receive Maude Herrington that solemn Christmas night the little fourth-story room suddenly seems to become filled with a wondrous

o'er the hills of Judea. Hark! What a flood of melody it is!

to share it with some one. After all, per-

"I will send him round to my tailor t get measured for an overcoat to-morrow,' thought Ellison, as the door closed upor

and and merely left a small sum with Hopper, winter reigns, it is pre-eminently the sea- with instructions to give it to the boy For the Christmas Intelligences. disappointed.

It was the week before Christmas when Andrew Eilison returned, his mind so full of new business plans that he did not notice that a how of eighteen was husy at St. Paul were both good men.