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The Post.

VOL. 19. MIDDLEBURG, SNYDER COUNTY, PA., DECEMBER 22, 1881. NO. 21

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Published every Thursday Evening
JEREMIAH CROUSE, Prop.
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Poetry.

The Christmas Dinner.

BY MATE BURNS.

How'er we've lived for twelve good months,
Let's eat our fill to-day, my friends,
And drink the health of friends and foes,
Both near and far away, my friends.
For this one day forget your cares,
Your business troubles banish, do,
And by and by, like morning mist,
Your appetites will vanish too.

The dinner-bell! the dinner-bell!
Hark! no! you hear it ringing, oh!
All through this land of peace and love
New songs of plenty singing, oh!
Kind hearts and helping hands have we,
Sure sympathy for sorrow,
God bless the deeds of love to-day
In many a glad to-morrow.
Vain were our toll o'er earth an sea
If He who reigns above, my friends,
No helping hand would lend, to bring
Good harvesting of love, my friends.

So here's a cheer, and "three times three,"
For this our Christmas Day, my friends;
May hearts be glad, and all things glad
Be banished far away, my friends.

Christmas on the Gypsy.

BY JAMES FOSTER COATES.

"So to-morrow's Christmas, messmates,
An' the Gypsy's still at sea,
An' we ain't got any turkey, nor even
A Christmas tree;
Wall, times do change as men grow old—
Keep her a pint or two west—
We're here at sea, an' our wives at home;
May be it's all for the best.

"Aye, home is a pleasant place to-night,
Full of pleasure an' joy;
I wonder how the good wife is, and
How is our black-eyed boy?
God bless 'em both, an' from care an' pain
May they be always free—
Give her a little more canvas, lad, an'
A pint or two on the lee."

As the Gypsy rocked the sailor slept,
And dreamt of his wife and child,
And fanciful scenes rose on his gaze
As the storm beat 'round him wild;
In his far-away home, just back of the mill,
Were songs and shouts of glee,
And neighbors and friends assembled
There to lead up the Christmas tree.

The lights burned low the good wife slept,
And all was still in the house,
When two little feet were heard on stairs,
Like the tread of a little mouse;
And the sailor's boy, with a stocking
Well filled, tho't of his father at sea,
And hung it up for Santa Claus,
With the words, "Give to papa for me!"

A Good Time Coming.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming,
And toys shall strew the nursery floor,
And little stockings hang on doors
In the good time coming;
The children, eyes with wonder bright,
Shall go to bed to-morrow night,
And long, oh! long, before 'tis light,
Shall clamor shouting down the stair,
And raise a merry bedlam there,
In the good time coming.
Kris Kringle drives his reindeer team,
And hope and love grow stronger,
And life is radiant as a dream—
Wait a little longer.

Holly.

Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth,
The silent snow possess the earth,
And calmly fell our Christmas eve.

The yule-log sparkled keen with frost,
No ring of wind the brooding swept,
But over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost.

Who showed a token of distress?
No single tear, no type of pain;
O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?
O grief, can grief be changed to less?

Christmas in the Olden Times.

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Heaven on wood!—the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our merry Christmas still,
Each age has deemed the new-born year
The fittest time for festal cheer.
And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again,
With all its hospitable train.

O Holy Night.

O holy Night! which has brought down
The blessed Child to us below,
Who givest us the longest for peace—
O holy Night, we hail thee now;
For he who turns to Jesus Christ,
Who trusts in Him in all his woes,
To him in life is comfort sent;
Bliss who in trouble to Him goes.

Select Tale.

ADA VAN HASSAN.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was Christmas eve. Before a blazing fire in a luxurious apartment sat a young girl and a middle-aged man, earnestly engaged in conversation.

"I tell you, Ada, it is no use to urge me. I will never consent. You, a Jewess, to marry a Christian and join the Christian church? Never! Have I not suffered enough from Christians already? Do they not despise us because, and only because we are Jews? Now, girl, remember what I say. Marry Herbert Gray, and join their church, and I'll turn you out of doors without a penny."

"But, father, suppose we are wrong, and the Messiah has come?" The man quivered with rage, and springing to his feet he confronted the girl with glaring eyes.

"You have said enough," he thundered, "never let me hear that word again," and taking his hat he started from the room.

Ada Van Hassan turned dreadfully pale, not at the threat, though she well knew her father meant what he said, but his intense hatred to Christianity filled her with sorrow. She had lately found that "Jesus of Nazareth" was indeed the Messiah, and believing on him, his blessed peace had come into her heart, filling it with joy and gladness.

My dear little Ada, mother is so sorry for you. But, my child, she continued hesitatingly, "need it be?"

"Mother, don't tempt me." Ada's voice was husky, and it evidently required a great effort to keep from breaking down.

"Forgive me, dearest child." For a little while there was silence broken only by the falling of a coal from the glowing grate.

"Mother," said Ada abruptly, "I wish you believed the Messiah had come."

"I wish I did, my child," was the low spoken answer, but further conversation was interrupted by the return of the husband and father. His brow was still dark, and he paid no attention to either wife or daughter, but seating himself at a table drew forth a paper and pretended to read. Yet in reality his heart smote him for his harshness to his favorite child, and he glanced furtively at her as she sat there with pale cheeks and closed eyes.

Poor Ada! Her mother's fond embrace failed to comfort her; and even her lover's letter so cheery and bright brought not the solace it usually did, and with a heavy heart she locked it in her desk. Then turning down the gas, and throwing a heavy shawl around her, she stepped out on the balcony. How bright the stars were! But hark! what is that? A sweet childish voice is singing a Christmas carol. Nearer and nearer it comes.

"Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth, good will toward men."

How sweetly the chorus rang. Ada felt the peace stealing into her heart. "Peace upon earth," the murmured as the strains died away.

The Bad Little Boy.

He awoke early on Christmas morn,
And rushed down to the fire-place;
But he curled his small lip in scorn,
And disgust was upon his fair face.

For there in his best Sunday hose
Were no candies, no goodies, nor
"sich";
But, suggestive of things lachrymose,
Was his mother's confounded old switch.

Must Not be Forgotten.

The children must not be forgotten on Christmas eve. Many parents are thoughtless about the little ones, and look upon presents and festivities as childish things that are better neglected than attended to.

Do not forget the children. Let it not be said that Santa Claus has neglected one of them. Let there not be a single heart made unhappy through neglect on this Christmas morning.

Good Old Santa Claus.
The popular idea of Santa Claus finds its origin in certain German villages.

A Christmas Composition.
Ryder has written the following composition on the subject of Christmas: "Christmas comes every year and it is the best day in the year excepting Fourth of July."

The Christmas Incident.
I remember so well a laughable incident in our family one Christmas eve night.

The First Christmas.
And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore afraid.

A Charm.—There is a certain charm about Christmas that does not attach to any other holiday.

At Christmas.—More than 800 years ago an English poet sang: "At Christmas play, and make good cheer, For Christmas comes but once a year."

Christmas Hymn.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."
O night of nights! O night
Desired of man so long!
The ancient heavens fled forth in light
To sing thee thy new song;
And shouting down the steep,
To shepherd folk of old,
An angel, while they watch'd their sheep,
Set foot beside the fold.

Lo! while as like to die
Of that keen light he shed,
They look'd on his pure majesty,
Amazed, and sore bestead;
Lo! while with words of cheer
He bade their trembling cease,
The flocks of God swept sweetly near,
And sang to them of peace.

All on the hillside grass
That fugent radiance fell,
So close those innocents did pass
Their words were heard right well;
Among the sheep, their wings
Some folding, walk'd the sod
An order'd throng of shining things,
White with the smile of God.

The waits of heaven to hear,
Oh! what it must have been!
Think, Christian people, think, and
fear

For cold hearts, for unclean;
Think how the times go by:
How love and longing fail,
Think how we live and how we die,
As this were but a tale.

O tender tale of old,
Live in thy dear renown:
God's smile was in the dark, behold
That way His hosts came down;
Light up, great God, Thy Word,
Make the best meaning strong,
As if our ears, indeed, had heard
The glory of their song.

It was so far away,
But Thou could'st make it near,
And all its living might display
And cry to it, "Be here,"
Here, in the unresting town,
As once remote to them,
Who heard it when the heavens came
down

On pastoral Bethlehem.
It was so long ago,
But Go! I can make it new,
And as with that sweet overbrow,
Our empty heart endow;
Take, Lord, those words outworn,
O! make them new for aye,
Speak—"Unto you a child is born,"
To-day—to-day—to-day.

A Gem in the Heart.
What a gem in the heart of old
Winter is this holiday season—all
the richer and all the brighter for its
grim and ghostly setting.

The Yule Log.
In the olden time Christmas-tide
was known as Yule tide; the great
log burned upon the hearth until
Candlemas, when at the sunset hour
it was quenched and the blackened
brand carefully laid aside to light
the next Christmas fire.

Two Blossoms.—The Christmas
and the New Year are two rare
blossoms, full-blown and redolent
with fragrance, clinging to the dead
stalk of the dying year.

A Merry Christmas.
A merry, merry Christmas!
To crown the closing year;
Peace and good will to mortals,
And words of holy cheer,
What though the dreary landscape
Be robed in driftless snow,
If on the social hearth-stone
The Christmas fire may glow!

CHRISTMAS.

To every home in Christendom
A Babe is born this day,
For some to worship, some to love,
And some to turn away.

The light His blessed forehead sheds
Is holy, and as bright
As when it lit the manger-stall
At Bethlehem in the night.

"Give me thy love!" the Child doth
plead
Up smiling in our face,
And as we answer, so he stills
Our longing, with His grace.

Eternal Child, and Lord of All!
Turn not Thy face away;
But bide with us in household joy
This holy Christmas day.

Oh! we did lose the star, dear Lord,
The precious offerings waste;
For we were prone to loiter, Lord,
Or miss Thee in our haste.

But Thou hast sought for us! We
kneel
In reverent love, to pray
Beside the Babe of Bethlehem,
Who comes on Christmas day.

Christmas Stockings.
Some articles of clothing, like
some men, are born to greatness;
some achieve greatness, but others
have greatness thrust upon them,
and under the latter head must be
classed the stocking. It is a mol-
est and attiring bit of apparel ex-
cept on those rare occasions when
its normal filling is of a quality so
fine that to display the outlines of
the same appears to the owner to be
a manifest duty.

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The Mistletoe.

When winter nights grow long,
And winds without blow cold,
We sit in a ring round the warm wood
fire,
And listen to stories old!
And we try to look grave (as maids
should be)
When the men bring in bows of the
laurel-tree!

Oh! the laurel, the evergreen tree!
The poets have laurels, and why not
we?

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