From out the holly passes the rel. To vie with Deplan of cur, and tipe: Greek boughs and is reles defily wed By magic of her finger tips.

Across warm space the fre beam plays: The wood evokes complaining sound A requiemo or the vanishes tays That after said memory's twilight ground

Without the gusty weather din Makes mournful armsic guinst the pane. Live's winter garden, bright within, Re-schoos summer's lost refrain.

Oh. Danhue, sweet, the obling year Has flung you stranged on my breast. ogether may our tootsteps wear. The past that winds to Piterius Resil -Chatle woman

VIGG'S CHRISTMAS.

The snow lay shining over the moorland, and only one dwelling could be seon on all its vast expanse a little rottage, old and gray. Travelers who narsed over the moor often said. "How lonely the poor people must be who live there!

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But the cottage was a very nice one of Itakind, Moss grewall over the roof, protecting it from the cold and wind The chimney was broad and strong, and the roof, with its thatch of tark, looked in summer like green velvet covered with little red and rellow theseems. At the end of the house was a tiny garden, where grew inclutors, carrots and cabbages, and by the fence were poppies and roses. Upon a bank close by stood an assen free, and at the cottage window hung a little certain. The whole place was very neat and clean.

The cottage, and the garden belonged to Mother Gertrude, who lived there alone with a little boy named Vigg. whom she had adopted.

Early in the morning of the day before Christmas Mother Gertrude bad started for the grocery in the village. which lay at a long distance over the moor. The sun was setting, but she was not at home yet and Vigg was very lonely in the cuttage, for there was perfeet silence amid the vast mow plain, which was all that he could see. All day long he had not heard the sound of a single horse's bell.

It is hard to tell how long be had been sitting there when be heard the bell of a horse dashing over the snow. He sprang to the window and looked bagerhe knew Mother Gertrade would not stockings have any bells. The stars were lighted all over the heavens, and they twinkled and sparkled in the darkness of the night. Far away there was something very-black on the snow. It came nearer and nearer, and the bells rang out louder and londer. Middenly a sled drove up fine things. I think you might have to the cottage and stopped at the win-

It was a sled with four horses, and Vigg had ever seen. The little man who drove them had pulled hard on the reins and rearing and making the snow fly in every direction.

Natt, stand quiot! Last, keep in your him. aled as he jumped out and came to the eyes dilated with wonder. Vigg had never soon a man who looked like him. but then he had never seem many inen. his horses in size. His face was full of wrinkles, and his whiskers were like in. white more

of the other side.

"Good swelling."

"Oh, Mother Gertrade ian't home stones. yet, and you are alone and have to be for a good hour yet. Are you not Vigg. afraid?

"I am a Swedish boy," answered Vigg. Mother Gertrade had taught him lasy a word. that Swedish boys were always brave.

"Oh, you are a Swedish Doy, are who I am?"

"No" said Vigg, "but do you know who I am?"

Through man took off his cap and made the boy a low bow.

"I have the honor of talking to Vigg." said he. "You are the great fighter of the country and have just are not afraid of the largest whiskers in the world. You are Vigg, and I am known to you?"

know who you are."

"Thank you for your compliment." much about me from hearsay. Will you go out with me for m'ride?"

"I would like to," said Vigg doubtfully, but I can't, for mother is not. home yet, and if I am not here when the comes what would she think?" "You will be home before she gets

back." Santa Claus answered. "Come along!"

Vigg sprang out. It was very cold. and Vigg was not dressed very warmly, His little sack was very tight, and his wooden shoes had made holes in his dressed in silver gause, most beautiful stockings. Santa Claus locked the door to look upon. She was pretty, but very, and lifted Vigg into the sled, covered him up with a blanket, blew some smoke out of his pipe, oracked his whip, and

off they flew. the heath and came to a dark wood, the other. Mother Gerarade had told Vigg about this wood. The trees were so big and high that it seemed to him as if the and cottages for miles second. They stars were on the boughs. Sometimes told the king where they lived, and between the granks of the trees one what they and their misters had thought sould catch a glimmer of the lights and said and done during the last year

from other bonnes At last Smith Claus stormed his ream before a little house. There are a good boy and girl here! In the sec and others who must have some Christ-

mes gifts," raid Santa Claus. Then he went into the cottage and Viux went with him. The family were all gathered around the Christmas tree, beautiful process is very sick, and is and the father was reading from the Bi-) abs do: ble about the child Jesus, Santa Claus, Boss alipped his presents inside the door of 1 without their seeing him and marty sigh went back with Vind to the sled. Then hart they started again through the dark their wood.

After awhile Senta Claus stopped in front of a big building, from every window of which snone a bright light. He found many presents for this bouse when he opened his chest, so many that Vigg wondered and marroled at them. There were bracelets, neckl bes, veils and buckles and silk and velves and

What are all these for?" he saked. "They are for fishes," said Santa Indies to catch fishes.**

Now they went to the king's palace, last fine house.

Here are a couple of presents for the prince, 4 said Santa Clana We will soon fluish here, and then we will go to the great king in the mountain, and their hime to Mother Gertrade on the heath.

Once more he opened the chest, and Vigg saw all the wonderful things he took out ... -

the sled, and away they went again through the dark wood. Now we are going to see the moun

tain king, " said Benta Claus. Viga was very quiet and thoughtful for a while, Then he saked anxiously, "Is your object empty now?"

"Pretty nearly," anid Santa Claus as he put his pipe in his mouth. You have presents for all the rest. Haven't you any for me?" saked Vigg vilaintively.

Oh, you need not be afraid Lahall forget you." laughed Santa Claus. **Your present is at the bottom of the chest. "Oh, please, show it to me!" Vice

pleaded. "Can't you wait till you get home

tomurrow?" saked Santa Class. "No no: lot me see it now," said

"There it is." answered his companion, furning around to his chest and ly out to see who could be coming, for pulling from it a pair of thick woolen

"Is that all?" asked Vige. "Aren't you glad to have them?" replied Santa Claus. "You know there

are holes in the ones you have on." Yes, but Mother Gertrude could have monded them. Longive the prince such something pretty for me too."

he laid the stockings back in the chest the horses were smaller than any posites | and blew long while of smoke from his pipe and looked very thoughtful.

No one spoke a word for a long while, to stop them, and they were jumping and Vigg's thoughts were fall of eney. He was angry that the prince should tage on the moor. have had such beautiful things, and "Keep quiet, Rapp! Be still, Snapp! only the woolen stockings were given to brightly in the stove, and by the per

Then they came to a great mountain, with a high, straight wall of rook, and window where Vigg was standing with Banta Claus stopped the aled and got out and gave an out cake to each of the four horses, Rapp and Snapp and Natt and Latt. Then, taking Vigg by the He was a little old man, just matching hand, he knocked at the mountain wall,

They had taken only a few steps when His clothes were of fur from bead to View became very much frightened, for foot and in one side of his mouth he the inside of the mountain seemed to held a pipe, while the smoke came out | be a dreadful place. It would have been

"I want to go home to mother," mid

"I thought you were a Swedish boy. replied Santa Claus. And Vigg did not

"How do you like toads—that one. for instance?" asked Banta Claus after you?" said the little old mad rubbing they had gone on a little farther. He his nose with his mittons, and taking pointed to a green animal which was the pirafrom his mouth. "Do you know sitting on a stone, with its round eyes the shoes and the stockings, many times staring at the boy.

"It is dreadful!" faltered Vigg. "You had the tood brought here, replied Santa Claus. "Do you see how von. A make or a toad comes here for put on your first pair of trousers. You every had thought that enters into any night how it was than he got house and

one's heart." "I am very sorry," said Vise. "It Santa Claus. Have I the honor of being | was very naughty and ugly of me, and I | tude, and Christman eye was the most am ashamed.

"Oh you are Santa Claus! You must | They went on and on, through many be a good man!" cried Vigg. "Mother prooked roads, deeper and deeper luto has often spoken of you. Of course I the mountains, Lifter awhile it began to grow lighter, and at last they turned a corner and came into a grand hall. langued Bents Claus. 'You can't tell The walls were made of mountain crystals, which gifttered brilliantly in the light of torober held by innumerable dwarfs, who were ranged around three sides of the great hall. The light shining through the crystals lighted it with all the colors of the rainbow.

On the fourth side of the hall was the king in his golden chair, dressed in ermine and velvet, sprinkled with precions tones, but his face was very grave and thoughtful.

Beside him sat his daughter, all very pale, and seemed to be dying. In the middle of the hall hung a huge

pair of socies and around the scales stood a great many dwarfs, laying They were very soon far away from weights now on one side and now on In front of the king stood a great erowd of brownies from all the houses

D. 17 100 - 1 a cory spoke the dwarf whit on one side of the " every back thought and tarry laid a toad or t make in a a femolia Santa Clous, "tha

t out of the mountain She lower for the sit I the saultght, and the in stars in the sky. She and that she should so .. cus, and the appels, and be happy Morer. She longs for it all. but riotains a lower the mountain until some Christians eve when the scale of wood deeds and words shall be weighed down to the floor, and that with the evi simil go up to the ociling. You see

now the scales are just even. Scaroely had Hanta Claus said this when he was summened before the Rold and silver and all sorts of precious king. He had a great deal to speak of and it was mearly all good, for he worked only at Christmas time, when propie are almost always kind and friendly to Claus, with a wink star the young ward each other. The dwarfs laid many, many golden weights on the soule while Santa Clams was talking, and the side which was much larger than even the with them in it grow heavier and heav

While Sants Claus was speaking Vice was un pins and noedles, dreading to hear his own name pronounced. When at last it came, he turned first red and then pale. What Santa Claus send about him and about the woolen stockings ! will not repeat, but the dwarf laid in the Christman tree, is derived for the scale on the side of the bad things Germana, who have a fable that while the dreadful tond that Vigg had seen in Santa Chins and Vigg again mounted the stones. The tond was heavy, and with toys and suited every eye but that of Santa Class was Kingle—a convenience Christ Kin terrand upon the little boy. The bring or Christ Child-those of und or and the princes, the dwarfs and the ceive nothing of a tenal soft worthing brownies, were all looking at him. which he placed in disable and the beownies, were all looking at him. Some of the glances were had not be unuage, known as Polerhited, Manufix vers and others full of compansion and morrow, reportally those of the beautiful dressed in fur. It is a very table in princess, whose game was so maild and Christman morning in a distant morning to a distant morning mornin pitiful that Vigg covered his face with hold to see the especial of the

taken the little fatherless and mother on Christman eva, finds in ble s less Vigg and cared for him, and how only a small hirsh sed, while the bedialte made mittens and rogs and brooms of his besthers and sistens is filled with and sold them to the groper in the vil- bondons and playthings. The decad of lage in order to feed him; how willing getting the rod from old Points erything for him; how much she loved in order throughout the entire year. him and how little thought she had for herself, happy in his rosy checks and bright eyes and always ready to forgive she prayed for him every night before nothing about merry Christmastide she went to alcop, and how only this with its rollicking games of both a Christmas tree and other little things praction which they called "burnly for him.

the grand hell, with its crystal walls also until suddenly the condle west aff and brilliant lights, was goes; and Vigg with a trespendent steplants, thefin was lying on his little bed in the cotinge on the moor.

The Christmas fire was burning studd Mother Gertrade, agving: "Poor Matte Vine! You had to be all sieue here for a long time with no light, but missister to the have the candle for you and such a noon, at jul-tide, I hed & shoet, so that you need not wear your

the woolen stockings that Mother Ger- that live in the cold and mow with and concentrate trude thought he was looking for some out." flaw in her work. The truth was that they were exactly like those that flamm Claus had had in his chest, and they made Vigg very thoughtful.

He threw his arms around Mother Gertrude's neck and said:

"Thank you, Mother Gertrade, for over for the stockings."

Now Mother Gertrude placed the pot on the fire and a white cover on the table, and the candle was lighted and puffed up he is? That is from envy. You Vigg put on his new show and the weeksee you wished that you had the prince's on stockings. Sometimes he can to the lovely. A last years destings, gifts and didn't like the present I save window and looked out on the wide, as rich as Polly Thursday 18-3 gifts and didn't like the present I gave window and looked out on the wide. mony more and wondered about hose their was very drivery to deal when. Santa Claus had been very kind. to him, and to was door Mother Gerdelightful time in all the world .- Ro-

> Properly or impropisty, the obser-ance of Christmas is well nigh universal in Christendom, even among these that ignore the anniversaries of our Lord's doubt and resurrection and of the descent of the Holy Spirit. There is another curious fact, the celebration of Christmas has been oftener perverted than that of the other festivals. Various enstoms of heathen origin were ousnected with it in the middle ages, and these abuses led many of the English and floores reformers to oppose any celebration of the day. But no a festival in the household it has now become so dear to children that we must observe in.—Bev. M. B. Riddle, D. D.

> English Christmas Custo In England comparatively modern costons are dimest identical with the Roman feasts to wit, the plight in which old Cheshire farmers used to be at Christman, At this season they mere obliged by do their own work, for the servants were only ungaged from Jan. I to Dec. 14, which plan gave them a weak's boliday. This they implayed in



Christmas ava like that of an helf a section of good shiften are althe his hands, for he felt bitterly mahamed, say and broken houstedness on the fear Sauta Claus told about mor Mother of some poor little wight who having Gertrude on the moor—how she had been disabeliest or otherwise sangity

she was to mend his clothes and do sy. Christmas knows many a Garman child We are inclined to pity the Pucitor even his disobedience; how earnestly little one of New England who knows very morning she had walked alone bull, hunt the stipper, enephrogen and over the mow to the village just to get the like, but some of them enjoyed the Christmas candie." This tager was # While Santa Claus was telling this the bossessade affair and differed from whi dwarfs laid heavy golden weights in the er tallow dips only in being langer and the scale of the good things, and the ugly baving the wick divided at the lower have lost states given tone jumped down and disappeared to form three legs, while at its heart low to avoid the lower have lost states less than the lower have lost states lost states less than the lower have lost states less than the lower have lost states lost ed, and the eyes of the brantiful princess was comorated a quill well alled with

lighted, and the quaint little Particle we pr folk me around velling vitries and and of uproarious haliday for.

Programme Programme I could not get home sooner. Now I ish Christmen them: "Des stickly after entodie ag it is! And bread and ginger a parity lake. Dilajon; thitie make from cake and another cake for you to give Gottenburg. On my way home? soliced hand, he knocked at the mountain wall. It opened before them, and they went the pair of woolen stockings yard a pole, to the log of which was which I have made for you for your bound a large, full sheef of goals.
Carristmes present. They are just what 'Why is this?' I saked of tay counters, you need, and here is a pair of leather 'Oh, that's for the birth, the Helle will birds! They must have a Christman "Good evening, Pug Nose," he said shone from the eyes of the makes and Vigg had long wished to have a pair toads which were crawling on the walls of leather above, and they made him his children to a Christmas distributed to have a pair in all Sweden who will sit down the walls of leather above, and they made him his children to a Christmas distributed to a Christmas di sides, but he looked so much longer at Christmas dinner for the little blader has successful the proping attack to the little blader has successful the proping attack to the little blader has been been attacked to the little blader has successful to the little blader has successful

> Clara's Sustan-Oh, this much ha do thur's present! Clara-Open is quist! I'm so about

it won't be from Tillage. Clara's Sister - Well. It ful Clara (existeally). Yes, so it is. It isn't a once, though; only a ben. That's

awfully shabby! Clara's Sister-Batage what's inside! A lovely negklassic Clara (coldly)-- I don't mak then yeary

Sucio-Papa, did you get an new pair of ellippers for Christia

Pape-He my dear, but why do you Section Well, Tompy said that M Prot Box de you s

how, for he said they fully builty Lat now woulder you like == for a Christmas present?

Miss Alert-Certainly, if you'll have

do-That's what his s

yourself on the Christman tree.

Got the basic from the pagi

is how to show up to good straps

The cold he'er ship; our gles. It sivelys isless a little from

Cardinal Wiseman

[Published by special request.]

CHAPTER XXVI. Contract Trone, we are told, was the widow of Contuities, the of the Chrometten iust suffered death; but the remained atill macticed in the instruction held by him in the palece. Two describers lived with her and marked difference in their bulavior sons struck Pabiole, se sies bone familiar with them. One evide thought Delection's presence in in trusion, and seldon in sever as procedured the little seld seldon in the seldon seld seldon in the seldon s them all belonged to the seminar broad The other was men the YOUR BOY WAS IN PROPERTY CONTRACT TO

THE REAL PROPERTY.