



III.

O, he was mighty tickled at de Cain we was a-raisin',
 An' de snow was on de groun' an' de moon was in de sky,
 An' ober all creation was a lubliness amazin',
 An' all de little stah's was a-crowdin' an' a-gaxin',
 Fo' to see de bran new yeah wif his train ob days pass by.

V.

Well, de yeah he kep' a-goin', an' he still was bright an' cheerful,
 Aldo he'd been deserted by more 'an half his train.
 Dar was some dat thought Miss April was a pow'ful sight too teahful,
 An' some days said dat Angus' wif her heat an' dus was feahful;
 Dey pitched der luggage in de kyart an' went kitin' down de lane.

VI.

But de po' ol' yeah, he jes kep' on a-drivin',
 An' he tried wif all his might to be drefful good an' kin';
 By hook an' by crook, an' de berry bes' contrivin',
 He kep safe all de pa'cels dat was always a-arivin',
 Till der wa'n't a single day lef to push de kyart behin'.

VII.

An' now de po' ol' yeah am a-slowin' up his hosses,
 De wheels ob his kyart cain't hardly turn roun';
 He's gwine t' leab behin' 'im all de bu'dens an' de losses,
 An' let de folks atten' to der trials an' der crosses—
 O, de clouds am in de sky, but der's res' in de groun'.

WILLIAM ZACHARY GLADWIN.

A CARD.

Christmas eve the dull sky was roofed with leaden clouds. A noticeable hush seemed to voice, as it were, a snow storm. Snow birds came flocking from everywhere—little homeless creatures welcoming the coming storm. Along after dark flakes began falling and the ground was soon white with winter's bloom. Next morning, when I looked forth, my eyes beheld a forest of pearl. The trees had grown old in a single night, as if from the fright of the storm. At midnight the wind blew and awoke me, when I heard the trees moaning, and gazing through the window I saw a tall elm, which grew near, throwing his limbs about as would a wild man his arms. But a blue sky followed this night of storm, when the stars one by one melted into the blaze of the sun as he, next morn, pressed his warm kiss of light upon the world's white cheeks. It was a happy Christmas. The spirit of a Nazarene, who, when he fell asleep, woke up the world, seemed to possess all hearts, whose good will overflowed all speech.

On the first of December a friend and I fell out, and it seemed at the time we would never be able to fall in again. Time went on—never knew him to do otherwise; that is why so many people are behind time.

On Christmas day I kept thinking of my estranged friend; so I made up my mind to send him some token to let him know if our friendship were dead its memory still lived. Now, what should I send him? The value of a gift was not the consideration. Its appropriateness was far more important. There was danger of destroying the delicacy of our mutual estrangement, which formed the ground of hope for a reconciliation. After awhile I took a blank card and wrote on it:

Though I need blessing more, God bless my friend.

I signed this card and sent it to my friend. The day after Christmas I met him. He said: "How do you do?" I said: "Pretty well," though I

seldom do so. The tears came into my friend's eyes and we parted without saying a word more than our greeting.

In a few days he wrote me a letter, saying he had planned to get even with me. "Now, the debt of our offense is settled. You have taught me that a little generosity and kindness to a foe is more powerful to overcome him than would be all the hatred of the world." I read this and then thought how grateful the world ought to be that it has had one disinterested lover, the influence of whose example grows in power and magnitude with each returning Christmas.

LEE FAIRCHILD.

A RECORD BREAKER.

DE RANTR—I hear you want a "walking gentleman," and have come to cifer my services.

MANAGER—Are you qualified?

DE RANTR—Well, I should say so. I walked home from Salt Lake City to New York last season.

