THE WISE MEN OF THE EAST. From out the golden doors of dawn
The wise men came, of wondrous thought,
Who knew the stars. From far upon The shoreless east they kneeling brought Their costly gifts of inwrought gems and gold, While, cloudlike, incesse from their preset

Their sweets of flower fields, their sweet
Distillments of most sacred leaves.
They laid, low bending at his feet,
As respers bend above their sheaves—
As strong armed respers bending, clamorous,
To give their gathered full sheaves kneeling thus

And, kneeling so, they spake of when God walked his garden's fragrant sod, Nor yet had hid his face from in Nor yet had man forgotten God.

They spake But Mary kept her thought apart
And, silent, "pondered all things in her heart."

They spake, in whispers long, they laid Their shargy heads together, drew Some stained scrolls breathiess forth, then made Such speech as only wise men knew— Their high red camels on the huge hill set Outstanding, like some night-hown nilhouette.

## MORN AT NAZABETH,

I think I see Him now at morn Before the burst of sudden day. Above the silver fields of corn Where He has gone apart to pray; I think I see Him looking thoughtful down Beyond the corn, beyond the waking town,

Beyond the silver'd mists that rise From all night toiling in the corn, The mists have duties up the skies, The skies have duties down the morn, While all the world is full of earnest care To make the fair world still more wondrous fair

More lordly fair; the stately morn Moves down her walks of golden wheat, Her guards of honor gild the corn In golden pathway for God's feet; Her purpled hills she crowns in crowns of gold And majesty before the Lord is rolled. —Joaquin Miller in Independent,

## TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

At the corner of the market square in the ancient town of St. Ives, Cornwall, there stands a picturesque old hostelry called the "Golden Lion." Until quite lately it had for its near neighbor an inn must have witnessed many strange events, besides being the scene of many a jovial drinking bout after the gathering in of the "harvest of the sea," or at the less lawful landing of a contraband cargo, or at the end of a successful privateering expedition. For all these things your Cornishman bath an excellent relish. On the spot was the palladium of the liberties of St. Ives, for here stood the whipping post, the cage and the stocks.

The George and Dragon must have been the fashionable hotel, for after the Cornish pilgrimage of grace the king's commissioner, Sir Anthony Kingston, lodged here, and entertained at dinner the portreeve of St. Ives, whom he afterwards politely hanged in the market square for his treasonable practices. Here, also, the Duke of Bolton, when he visited the town in 1699, "was treated with six bottles of sack." The two houses stood so close together-being divided only by the narrow street leading into the market square—that the occupants could wish each other good morning from the win-

In the days of George II Peter Hexel was landlord of the George and Dragon, and John Renowden ruled the Golden Lion. They were not only neighbors, but fast friends. There was, perhaps, cornething in the similarity of cumstances of these two men that strengthened their friendship. They were both widowers, and each had an only child. Richard Hexel was a handsome, strapping fellow of three-andtwenty. Mary Renowden was nineteen, and the pride of her father's heart. As children they had played together; but there came a time when they only looked and smiled and nodded to each other from the opposite windows. Then Richard would watch for Mary when she went out, and would follow her into the fields or on the seashore; and so it came to be at length another version of the old, old story, which surprised nobodyleast of all, the landlords of the George and Dragon and the Golden Lion, who looked forward to the time when the interests of both those ancient establishments should become one and indivisi-

But there was one person who watched the growing affection of the lovers with a bitter and jealous heart. This would not be a true love story, according to the ancient and regular pattern, had there been nothing to interrupt its smooth and even course. A certain Thomas Champer, the son of a mine master in the neighboring parish of Zennor, had long looked with longing eyes on Mary Renowden. His visits were discouraged by the host of the Golden Lion, and Mary berself made it very plain that she disliked his attentions, Nothing could exceed the bitterness of his feelings when Champer found that he was rejected in favor of one who had been his successful rival from boyhood. Richard Hexel had "taken him down" at school-in the wrestling bouts at "Feastentide" had thrown him in the "Cornish hug," and had constantly snatched the victory from him in the game of "hurl-All these defeats he had endured with comparative indifference, but to be beaten in the game of love was not so easy to bear. He watched the lovers in their walks, till he felt he could do anything short of murder to get his rival out of the way. He thought if Hexel were of his fear of the captain-"touching once removed from the scene he might yet succeed with Mary, trusting to time and the chapter of accidents. About this time the government declared war against Spain, and it was certain that men would be wanted for the navy.

If the king's ships could not be manned by other means, the press gangs would be out, and they would first of all try their luck at the seaports. What if they should visit St. Ives! It was not unlikely -and they would be glad of a hint where good men were to be found. Thomas Champer turned this matter over in his mind till he persuaded himself that he would be doing good service to the state, and furthering his own interests at the same time, if he could lend a helping

way, for he had no desire to serve his country on board a man-of-war. He was full of such thoughts when he made one of his periodical journeys to Falmouth on mining business, and sought out a certain "crimp" or agent for entrapping seamen for the press-gang. What he did there, or what arguments he used to advance his plans, we need not inquire, but the "crimp" was richer by some pounds at the termination of the interview.

It was Christmas eve, and the good people of St. Ives were preparing to keep the festival with due honor. The usual excitement of the season had been increased in the course of the afternoon by the appearance of a sloop-of-war, which anchored in the bay, and it was expected that some of the officers and crew would come ashore to join in the general merrymaking. After dark a band of mummers entered the market square, and, stopping in front of the George and Dragon, commenced the performance of the Christmas drama of "St. George." Soon a large crowd was collected, and the noise brought to the doors and win dows of the houses most of the persons who were within, including the frequenters of a little club which met at the George and Dragon and the Golden Lion alternately.

In the midst of a terrific combat between St. George and the Turkish knight there was a commotion among the crowd, and a party of armed sailors appeared, headed by a tall fellow, who, flourishing a naked cutlass, cried, "In the king's name!" The crowd at once broke away amid the screams of women and cries of "The press! the press!" sailors made a dash at some of the younger men in the crowd, and among those they secured was Richard Hexel. who was standing at his father's door. The party then retreated with their captives, closely followed by the crowd crying, "Down with the press gang! Down with them!" More than once the sailors were so hard pressed that those in the rear had to turn and make a stand equally picturesque, and perhaps even in the narrow streets, and a serious con-older—the "George and Dragon," Both flict was threatened. But they reached these ancient houses of entertainment their boats with the men they had captured, and at daylight next morning the sloop of war in the bay had disappeared.

That night there was much wailing among the women of St. Ives, and a fruitful subject of talk was afforded to the club at the George and Dragon. Among the members of this club were Capt. Trenwith, a retired officer of the navy, who had sailed with Admiral Benbow, and had lost a leg in the service of his country; Mr. Matthews, ropemaker and mayor of St. Ives; old Will Nance, who had once been a smuggler, and who wore a patch over his left eye, which had been knocked out in some encounter with revenue officers; and, lastly, John Tackabird, the town barber, who, although occupying a lower social position. was allowed to associate after business hours with the men whose wies he dressed in the morning. But the barber was in advance of his time, and held opinions which Capt, Trenwith and the mayor thought little less than treasonable. John Tackabird was, in fact, a Democrat; and on the present occasion he was loud in his denunciation of the press gang, which he said was contrary to Magna Charta and the bill of rightsa tyrannical and unconstitutional violation of the liberty of the subject, and showed the English to be a nation of downtrodden slaves, writhing under the

ron heel of despotism. "Where," said he, waving a newspa per in his hand, "where are our boasted liberties, when the hirelings of a corrupt government can thrust themselves into our houses and carry off our sons and brothers, and force them to fight in the unboly quarrels of kings and their unscrupulous ministers? How long are we to be chained to the chariot wheels of a bloodthirsty obligarchy? How long"-

"Tut, tut!" interposed Capt, Trenwith with warmth. "Stop thy palaver, John Tackabird. The king must have men for his ships."

"Men for his ships, Capt. Trenwith!" retorted the barber; "let the king get them by fair and honest means, and then he will perchance have men who will stick to their colors, and not run away as one of Admiral Benbow's ships did in the West Indies!"

This was a sore subject with Capt. Trenwith, who could endure no slur on the British navy, and who had himself been an officer on board Admiral Benbow's ship at the time referred to. The barber felt he lad gone too far, but the mischief was done.

The captain rose from his seat, his face purple with rage. "Thou d-d chin scraping rascal! how durst thou rake that matter up in my presence? I'll drive my staff down thy throat for prating of matters beyond thy barber's

"Nay, nay, cap'n," cried Will Nance; let John Tackabird be. Mayhap he hath spoken unwisely, but 'tis well known Cap'n Wade and Cap'n Kirby were shot at Plymouth for deserting the admirat.

"Yes," said Capt. Trenwith, resuming his seat, his anger having passed away as suddenly as it came-"yes, and shooting was too good for them. They ought to have been hanged at the yardarmand so should some others that I wot of!" here he looked hard at the ci-devant

"Well, but"-resumed the barber, whose tongue must needs wag in spite this matter of the press gang"-

"I'll hear no more on 't," cried Capt. Trenwith: "'tis in every fool's mouth that one volunteer is worth ten pressed men; but I have seen pressed men fight as bravely as the best-and as for Admiral Benbow, he fought his ship like a hero, and died the death of a gallant old sea dog as he was. If some of his men left him in the lurch, enough remained to save the honor of England. But hark ye, John Tackabird, let me warn thee that there be some matters had better be forgotten."

At that moment, a steaming bowl of punch being brought in, all further unpleasantness disappeared under its soothing influence. The party, which now Hexel. Yet he continued to baunt the hand in manning the navy, provided, included Peter Hirel and Jehr Renow

FROM BETHLEHEM TO NAZARETH. | always, he could himself keep out of the | den, drew in their chairs, and the former proceeded to fill the glasses of his guests with a silver punch ladle that had a guinea let into the bottom of it. As it was not yet known that young Hexel was one of the pressed men, there was nothing to cloud their enjoyment. A visit from the press gang was too common an occurrence in seaport towns in those days to excite much remark, save among those who were the immediate sufferers. Capt. Trenwith said he would take upon himself to propose a toast, which he hoped no one present would

refuse to drink. The king of England had declared war against Spain, and, as the Spaniards had seized all the British ships in their harbors, he thought the sooner they closed with the enemy the better. He begged po propose the health of King George and success to the British arms. If they lived to see another Christmas eve he doubted not they would be able to say the honor of England had been well maintained. As the punch was exceeding good, and had put much heat into every man of the company, the toast was drunk with great enthusiasm. Even John Tackabird smacked his lips with satisfaction.

"It hath been reported," said Will Nance, "that Admiral Vernon is gone as commander-in-chief to the West Indies, and that he swears to take Portobello on the Spanish main, even if he hath no more than six ships wherewith to do it." "I know not how that may be," said

pressed men to back him, I doubt it." With an ominous look at the last speaker, Capt. Trenwith cut the matter short. "We shall see," said he. "When 'tis done we shall doubtless hear on it-but what noise is that outside? What now, Tom Champer? What's amiss?"

the incorrigible barber. "If he has only

"There's much amiss, Capt. Trenwith," said young Champer, who now entered the room. "Dick Hexel is among the pressed men. He was seen in the last boat when they put off from the shore.'

"What! my son taken by the press gang!" cried Peter Hexel, starting to his feet. "Zounds! I'll not believe it-there

must be some mistake." "I fear there is no mistake," said Champer; and there was a gleam of satisfaction on his face, which he tried to conceal with a pretended look of concern. "There be those outside who saw him carried off, and the officer swore he would sink the first boat that dared to go nigh the ship."

Old Hexel hurried out, followed by John Renowden.

"If the lad is really pressed," said Capt. Trenwith, "I hope he will remain in the service. Sure I am he won't disgrace it. No lad of spirit should refuse to serve his country when old England's enemies are affoat. But come, sit down, Tom Champer, and help us to finish the

Will Nance, who was already "three sheets in the wind," as he would himself have expressed it, boisterously inquired of Champer how it was that he himself had escaped capture by the press-gang.

"Thou art a likely lad enough," said he, "and would swab a deck as well as

"I was not in the town," answered Champer. "I have but now walked over from Zennor." "Ah!" cried Nance, with a drunken

wink at the rest of the company, "trust a Zennor man to take care of himself. They're a wise folk in their gen-er-eneration. They know why the cow ate he bell rope

"Just as St. Ives folk know why they whipped the hake," retorted Champer, angrily,
The captain interposed, "Come,

come," said he: "no more cross words on Christmas eve. 'Tis near midnight. You and I, Mr. Mayor, must set a good example by appearing in church to-morrow morning, so let us jog homewards."

The mayor crossed the room with a devious gait, "Your shervant, Cap'n Tren'th. Shervant, sir, happy to 't'nd you," and the mayor of St. Ives solemnly staggered after Capt. Trenwith, who stumped away on his wooden leg, escorted by his black servant carrying a lantern. The rest of the company also departed, and the George and Dragon was left in solitude and darkness. But lights were burning in the Golden Lion long after midnight. Three anxious hearts were there holding communion, and vainly trying to find a way out of

the trouble that had come upon them. After the first shock of grief for the loss of her lover was over, Mary Renowden dried her tears and reviewed the situation with a strength of mind and a coolness of judgment that astonished her father and Peter Hexel.

"Dick will return after a une," she said; "I am sure he will. He is strong and brave, and has always been lucky. Perhaps he will do something that will make his name famous, and then we shall all be proud of him."

Cheered by this hopeful spirit of hers, the two old men plucked up their hearts, and all three appeared in their usual places at church on Christmas day. After service, as they stood in the churchyard gazing rather wistfully over the sea, they were joined by Thomas Champer, who wished them a "Merry Christmas!" and uttered some clumsy expressions of condolence about Richard Hexel. He had heard, he said, that the sloop had gone to Falmouth, and if it would be any satisfaction he would write to a friend there, or would even go over himself and make any arrangements they pleased for helping Dick; but he feared there was little hope of his release

now that war had broken out. These friendly overtures rather softened the hearts of the two fathers, but Mary felt sure that Champer was insincere. His hypocrisy was not proof against her woman's instinct. turned coldly away, and he left them, racking his brain for some means of pre-

senting his suit in a favorable light. Day after day Thomas Champer came to the Golden Lion and sought every possible opportunity of addressing Mary, but his perseverance was useless. She would not listen to him. He saw that his suit was hopeless, and that he had gained nothing by the absence of Richard neighborhood of the Golden Lion, until one night he encountered the press gang, which had made another descent on St. Ives, and he was caught in the same trap he had set for his rival.

In the mean time, letters had come from Richard Hexel. He wrote that he was well, and only unhappy because he was parted from Mary. He had joined the West Indian squadron under Admiral Vernon, and expected he would soon be able to tell them something about the war. So time passed on and the spring came.

The club had assembled one Saturday evening in the parlor of the Golden Lion. The customary bowl of punch was on the table, but Capt. Trenwith had not arrived, and the serious business of the evening could not begin without him. To pass the time Will Nance stirred the fire and, lighting a pipe, remarked that the evenings were something chilly, though the spring had come, in spite of the men of Towednack.

"What have the men of Towednack to do with the spring?" said the mayor of St. Ives.

"Why, know you not," replied Nance, "that the men of Towednack built a hedge round the cuckoo to keep the spring ha by But what's this news from the fleet? 'Tis rumored Portobello is taken."

"Tis true," said John Renowden, 'my daughter hath a letter from Richard Hexel, who was on board the Hampton Court and engaged in the fight. "What? Dick Hexel hath smelt gun-

powder, then, in a real battle? Hurrah for old England and beloved St. Ives!" "Amen!" cried Capt. Trenwith, who

came stumping into the room. "Yes, friends, 'tis all true. Here is a copy of The Daily Post, dated March 29, wherein is an account of the battle, writ by a gentleman on board the Burford, the admiral's own ship. Fill the glasses, and John Tackabird shall read out the narrative."

Under the combined attractions of the punch and the newspaper, all eagerly drew round the table, and the barber, clearing his throat, commenced:

"On the afternoon of the 21st, about 2 o'clock, we came up with Portobello harbor, where the Spaniards had hoisted upon the Iron castle the flag of defiance. They welcomed us with a terrible volley, which, being at so short a distance, took place with almost every shot. One struck away the stern of our barge; another broke a large gun upon our upper deck; a third went through our foretopmast, and the fourth, passing through thearming within two inches of our mainmast, broke down the barricade of our quarter deck very near the admiral, and killed three men in a moment, wounding five others who stood by them. This looked as if we should have bloody work, but was far from discouraging our brave fellows"-

The barber continued to read how the Spaniards were driven from their guns and the English landed: "One man set himself close under an embrasure whilst another climbed upon his shoulders and entered under the mouth of a great gun. This so dismayed the Spaniards that they threw down their arms and fled for their lives".

"I would give a guinea to know 'twas a Cornish man who did that," cried Capt. Trenwith; "'twas a brave action."

"Set your heart at rest, then, captain. said Peter Hexel; "'twas Richard Hexel who did it. I have a letter from my son wherein he recounts this very same adventure.

"Then your son is a credit to Cornwall, and we'll drink his health, my friend, and the captain got up and heartily shook Peter Hexel by the hand, "Compound us another bowl of punch, John Renowden, and see that it be worthy of the occasion."

That night the rafters of the Golden Lion rang with the cheers which greeted the toasts of "The British Navy" and "The Hero of St. Ives"-as Capt. Trenwith was pleased to call Richard Hexel.

It was doubtless the darkness that made it so difficult for the mayor and the captain to find their way home that night, though they were escorted, as usual, by the black servant with a lighted lantern. The mayor accounted to his wife for a headache which oppressed him next morning by the extreme exertion he had been obliged to use in supporting Capt. Trenwith, who, poor man having only one leg, could not be expected to walk as firmly as other people.

You may be sure the heart of Mary Renowden was gladdened by the news that had come about her lover; but months passed away, and nothing more was heard of him. At length there came a letter, stating that he had been severely wounded in an action with a Spanish ship in the West Indies, had been discharged, and was then lying in hospital at Falmouth. Old Hexel at once started for that place, and found poor Dick pale and thin from wounds and fever, but ir good spirits and anxious to return home. The doctors, however, would not hear of it, and ordered the patient to lay up a week or two longer, and then, perhaps, he might be allowed to go. His father was, therefore, compelled to leave him and return to St. Ives, where he was eagerly expected by John Renowden and his daughter. When two weeks had passed, they all three went over to Falmouth, when the finishing touch was put to Dick's recovery by the embraces of his happy sweetheart.

"Time, though old, is strong in flight," says the old song; and he has brought us once more to Christmas eve. The club is assembled at the George and Dragon; there is a brimming punch bowl on the boards, and the silver ladle with the golden guinea is in active operation. The talk is of the war, and John Tackabird has been reading aloud an account of a battle in the Bay of Biscay, where a large Spanish ship had been taken, and where the name of Tom Champer figured young wife. among the killed.

The mummers, having finished their Christmas play, have departed on their rounds; but suddenly they are heard returning, with cheers and shouts. The clatter of horses' hoofs is heard on the paved streets.

"Tis Dick Hexel come back," cries the barber, looking out of the window.

"Let us give him welcome," said Capt. Trenwith. "He is a brave lad, and hath fought and bled for the British flag!"

"Hurrah!" cried the crowd outside. "Hurrah! hurrah!" shouted the can tain and his companions as they hurried to the door, and there, sure enough, was Dick Hexel, on horseback, with Mary Renowden seated on a pillion behind him. while Peter Hexel and John Renowden had already dismounted, and were undergoing a vigorous handshaking among the crowd. The club sat late in session that night, and Capt. Trenwith would fain have had Dick in to tell how he had scaled the ramparts of Portobello; but Dick excused himself on the plea of fatigue, and he spent the evening much more to his liking in the company of Mary Renowden. "I do suppose," said Nance, "Dick Hexel will have a considerable sum in the way of prize money coming to him?"

"If he lives to be an old man it may perhaps, come to him," said John Tacka bird; "but the tyrannical abuse of power under an oligarchy"-

"D-n your hard words!" cried Capt. Trenwith: "they would break any man's jaw but yours. I tell ye, a true man will do his duty whether he is paid for it or no; and may I never live to see the day when a British tar will think more

of profit than of honor." This sentiment of the good old captain ought, according to the usual custom of the stage, to bring down the curtain on our little drama; but, to satisfy the reader, we beg to state that in the early spring Richard Hexel espoused Mary Renow den in the parish church of St. Ives, and Capt. Trenwith proposed the health of the young couple in the parlor of the Golden Lion, which ancient hostelry is still standing in evidence of the entire truth of this narrative.-M. J. in Illustrated London News.

#### If He Could Only Fill It.

Little Mary is a good little girl nearly 5 years old, but possessed of a poetical genius which runs rather too strongly toward paraphrasing. She has done a good deal of composing during her brief existence, but mainly in the way of words substituted for others, which left her open to the charge of plagiarism. She is also possessed of a fund of humor which would not be expected in one so young. Mary's father the other day, by way of breaking the child of her fault as a poet and testing her capacity at original composition, offered her as a Christmas present the largest and best picture book that could be found in Chicago if she would make up a piece of poetry which would not resemble any other that she had ever heard. She was given two days to complete the task, and yesterday morning sang the following as her origi nal composition:

Hang up papa's stocking, Be sure you don't forget; If Santa Claus can fill it, We'll all be wealthy yet,

It is needless to say that Mary lost the prize, her father pronouncing the pomelet a parody, and one which showed reckless disregard for the truth on the part of the child.—Chicago Herald.

### Christmas Sonnet. Deep shadows fold the dark earth in.

A holy silence everywhere Tells of that night when, thro' earth's sin. The cry of angels cleft the air "Glory to God, to men good will!" Hear it thou, who do peaceful rest With pale hands folded; may it thrill Thy heart, thou friend; I love thee best; Peace and good will to all I love. Yea, friend or foe Tho' there may be No stars. His light shines clear above, Who died for us on Calvary: A star, which, risen in that far east, Now crowns with love our Christmas feast. -By Tricotrin.

"Well, my son," asked Jimmy Tuffboy's mother, "are you satisfied with your Christmas?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied Jimmy, "only the skates ain't nickel plated, and dad said he'd buy me a double ripper, an' 1 didn't see it."

"But I am sure you have been happy all day, James."

"I wasn't going to let the fellers know how bad I felt."—Exchange.

Too Near the First of the Month. "One thing I've got against Christmas." "What's that?"

"It comes too late in the month." "How does that affect it?"

"Why, when a man's wife gives him a

plendid present the bill is sent to him in bout a week. It would be better if he had about three weeks to get ready for it."-Christmas.

# An Old English Custom.

Among customs now disused, a cere mony existed at the court of England as late as the reign of Charles II of bringing a branch of the Glastonbury thorn. which usually blossoms on Christmas eve, in procession, and presenting it. with great pomp, to the king and queen on Christmas morning.-New York Post.

Received Some Himself.

"Have a cigar, Charley?" "Don't care if I do." "Some that my wife gave me for a Christmas present.

"Er, come to think of it, Tom, I guess I don't feel like smoking today."-Ex-

Not Entirely Without Remembrance. First Soldier-Get any Christmas? Second Soldier-Yep: present. First Soldier-No? Second Soldier-You bet. First Soldier-What? Second Soldier-Present arms!-Exchange.

What the Shop Keepers Dread. "It is time for Santa Claus," said the

"Yes," said the spouse, who kept a retail store, "Santa Claus is welcome, but I do not want to see the rain dear."-Exchange,

> A Child's Answer. His father stroked him on the head And asked him who St. Nick could be "I don't know Santa Claus," he said, "But Santa Claus knows me."



me for my Christmas dinner out of turkey, to be followed by Waiter-Yessir iso, sir/ Customer

A CHRISTMAS SERENAGE





Christmas Trees. It may seem surprising, but it is un

less true, that the cutting of every Christmas trees is doing serious on the forests in some sections. This wa destruction of valuable young tres ing painfully apparent in the gratut out of woodland in some of the mis esque portions of the Catskill and dack mountains, and many of the streams are drying up. Even help to serve as reservoirs to wall der the trees the ground is and in spongy, thereby retaining for a fin from rainfalls, and later on alleging cape in tiny rivulets as feeders to bro and smail.



door)-Have yer had yer Chrisyet, little boy? Little Willie-No; we're

Tramp-Then perhaps if I walls Can get some of the catables left of Little Willie (feeling of his on There ain't going to be anything in

An Awful Possibility Little Emma-Mover, won't sta

"No, dear."
"Umbe. Mebby he might dil

afore nen. an pen we'd Kentucky State Journal.