## the atar in the east From hoary kingdoms of all Led by a ntar they came-

 Led by a tar they came-A tar that dimmed the luater of
Shaking their fiece of flame! Shaking their fleece of famme! A aplondid oaravan, from desert do
They flached their royal way; They fisohed their royal way; Their housinge oaught the ray. The ahining atallionse aroh their
rang The stately camelo strotobed like Treasure of perfumes and precioun stones
Weighed them, and wondrous web Of toighed them, and wondrous web And at tho great sea's ebb;

## And oils and gums, the ooze of saored treen

 In sun-imprisoned fleckn, And in their lampa the fire not once relitSince Priest Molothinedek Shere litule Melahior, King Thero little Melshior, K
With gold to signify Poneceson on the tempire of
Add kingehip' And Chalden'o monarob, the old Balthurar Brought incense, for r nigy
That prayer and praine enhould find divinity In manger or in shrise. But Jepper, black, and of a mighty make, And of rieh Tarohith King, Srought nyeith. gold nor but brough For hymanas auffering. And with them, and before them, the groat Star,
That up the eastern coasts, Outatripping comets and white-boarded orbe, Came leading heaven's hoota. While all black art of darr,
With incantations gray, Thath incantations aray, The young child who, not yet a fortnight oid Among the oxen siept, Where angela huag upon a drooping wing
And all the awoet wateh kept. Chiefs of old heathenry, how long, how tar,
They journeyed Thay jouraeyed on their quest!
What tribute and what treavuree did they
bring To krioet thg holy guest ! What coontly travel and what Loilmome mar
Were theirs, too- that great Which followed on the way the Magi led But we, on whom for twice a thouanad yoare
The Ster io the Eat han hhone-What hard road do we tread To make the truth our own? Up from what deserto do we hotly spur To God, in Christ, or in Humanity,
What tribute do we bring?
 We lot tho dungooend prinoong writo in blood
The story of hie wrong.
 In the orumh rose no sting
We oase not or the epierod Divity
We erown the senees King! Brief empyre, that the bubble breake,
With the rose talla ! whose wiaves Shall revel then but with the loathy worm
And the dark fruit of graves!
Dart forth your white and awful light, o 0 Star
Wither this Kiag to drows?
Lead ua a path liko that once trod the feet Leat dur A path hike to that once trod the feet
We anied upon a crose!

## The Giant's Gift.

chribtmas stor)

## Mitchkin, of whom this story is told

Was a good little boy, but as poor as a
church-mouse. In fact, he was a grea
deal poorer, for a church-mouse always
has a good suit of clothes, if nothing else, and little Mitchkin had not even
that. No matter how cold or wet it was, he
went barefooted, and as the years rolled on his trousers became very short, so legged also. Mitchkin's mother had to father was a stableman up at the baron' castle. These poor people lived in
cottage in the woods, and wheneve they had enough to cat they were just as happy as if the family.
It was the day before Christmas, som centuries ago, that the baron's horse bought a good many new horses, and he and his guests had come out in front prancing steeds as they were led by. There were so many prancing steed
that there were not men enough aboui the stables to lead them; so Mitchkin' lather had brought his little boy up to the castle that day to help lead the
ponies. As the litule fellow pased by the lords and ladies, holding tight to very small milk-white steed whiel
belonged to the baron's youngest daughelonged to the baron's youngest daugh ar, the ladies all exclaimed :
litte barelooted boy ${ }^{1 /}$ " and what a poor The baron was in high good humorjokes with everybody - and just ao

Mitchkin came onposite to him, he gate
the little fellow a cut on his bare lega, he little fellow a cut on his bare lega,
just to see him jump. Mitehkin did
jump and howl too, and came very near letting the little milk white steed go but he didn't. The baron laughed a his antics, but all the ladies said it was "too bad," and the baron's little daughter
cried outright. Mitchkin's father was a good way in front leading a fiery charger, so he didn't see the cruelty to
his little boy; but what he would have his little boy; but what he would have
done if he had, I amsure I do not know done it he had, I amsure I do not know.
The baron, who wha rather ashamed when all the ladies seemed so shocken to Mitehkin :

## o Mitchkin : "Never mind, litle fellow! Bring me your stocking on Christmas and

your stocking on Christmas and I'll fill
it."
When Mitchkin heard this be was so delighted that he immediately furgot
the pain in his leg. When he went the pain in his leg. When he went
home that night, he asked his mother for a stocking, but she had none to give
him, for none of the family could afford him, for none of the family could affor
to wear them. Poor little Mitehkin went to bed and cried himself to sleep. When his father came home, his mother
told him what their little boy had what him.
wanted.
"Well, iv's a hard thing," said the no stocking to give him, for it would and that we could never do."
And then he had his supper and went
to bed too; for it's very tiresome work leading fiery chargers to water when you have to do it all day long. After a
little while, Mitchkin woke up. He litle while, Mitchkin woke up. He
couldn't tell what was the matter with him. The full moon was shining in at the window, and he felt somehow as awake. So he got up to hang his his room. Happening to look out o the window, he saw,
woods, a litte light.
"Hello!" said he, "old Mother Cavourt ap yet. She must have lots of knitting to do. Perhaps she might lend me a
tocking. I'l go and ask her right off?" So instead of hanging his clothes in
front of the window, Mitchkin put front of the window, Mitchkin put
them on, and slipping down to the ground without any trouble, for the
cottage was a very low one, he started cottage was a very low one, he started
briskly for Mother Cavourt's. When he reached her door, he knocked. and he walked in and shut the door behind him.
There she was, knitting away, and
she had a basket by her side nearly full of stockings that she was going to sell at the castle. But the old woman was
not willing to lend even one of them; so, in answer to Mitchkin, she said: "r'll lend you a stceking, Mitchkin, if
you will find me a few lobsconsestells to sharpen my knitting needles with."
She did not tell him that lobscouse shells are only found on one lonely shells are only found on one lonely
istand in the midde of the Tartaric Ocean, and that the only one she ever saw was the one uhe was using, which
bad been handed down to her from pasi generations. Little Mitchkin looked at
this, and said he might find some in the this, and said he might find some in the said there was no knowing. So off
went little Mitohkin to look for some. When he reached the brook he found it rozen, and he looked about for a ston with which to break the ice. But all on
a sudden he heard a great crash, and overy thing was dark. His first though was that the moon had burst and gone
out. But when he stood up and looked around, he saw that a great giant wa
standing between him and the moon. "Ho! ho!" said the giant, puffing an
blowing: "that will do very well. don't think that Avamog can beat When Mitchkin heard that speech he knew all about the master, especially
as he recognized the giant as Myvor hactioe imping Mithin wads afraid of Myvor, who was known to b boldly

moonlight, and held up bis leg and
showed Myvor that the mark was very
visible. The giant then nodded his
head, rubbed bin chin and tod to visible. The giant then nodded his
head, rubbed his chin, and stood for a
moment in moment in deep thought.
"Little boy," said he then, "IIl tel
you what to do. Come with me to my

## worth something. These people are a looling you, one way orother- eapecill looling you, one way or other-especiall old Mother Cavourt with her lobscouse shells. She knows there are non nearer than a thous and miles." Atte stipulating that he "was posi- tively to be brought back the next day Mitelkin gladly anted tively to be brought back the next day Mitchkin gladly accepted this offer, an the giant put him in the giant put him in his coat-pocket an started toward home It was nice and warm in the pocket, and Mis Warm in the pooket, and Mitchkin wa glad to have so good a place to take nap. But beere nap. But before he went to sleep h climbed up to the pocket-hole and

 called out,"You won't take any more
night, will yon, good giant?"
To which My yor replied :
"No more jumps to-night," and Miteh
kin slipped down again to the bottom o the pooket, and was soon fast asleep.
The next day his father and missed him, but they thought Kí might
have got up early and gone out afte nuts. But about the middle of the forenoon his mother grew very nneasy
about him, and went to the castle to see
it he was there. Her husband had gone up early to lead the fiery chargers, and she thought Mitchkin might be with
him again. When she reached th castle, she found the whole place in
commotion. The lords and ladies are going out. to hunt, and and lade cours ary
was filled with prancing steeds, guests, and servants, who were neighing
and ordering, and running here and and ordering, and running here and
there, and making a lively acene The baron was just about to give the word
to mount and ride away, when over th moat and wall, right into the middle o
the courtyard, there stepped a gine the courtyard, there stepped a giant.
"Hold up"
"said he to the baron. have something to say to you.".
The baron, much disurbed a

$\qquad$

"I understand," said the giant to the
baron, "that you promised to fill this
ittle bo on to-day""
"Certainly I did" oried the baron much relieved at finding the matter wan
my slight. "Iet me have it now, and
steward shall fill it for hin ny steward shall fill it for hin
nstantly."
"All "All right," said the giant, "here it
;", and he hauled it out of his pocket. Such a stocking! to Myvor's grand
It had belonged to father, who was an enormonsly fat giant,
and who wore his atoekings up over hi and who wore his stookings up over his
knees. It was nearly wide enough for
an under- jacket for an elephant, an uch too long for that purpose.
mHello" cried the his stocking. I can never, "thill that's not
"Yes it is his stocking!" roared the
giant, "for I gave it to him myself, and
 wo no fill it, he thought it a great deal
better to do it himself, and so he asked the giant what he would have in it.
"Well, said Myvor, "we will begin
with a barrel of flour, to go in at the The baron groaned, and ordered his
servants to put in the flour; then the
iant shook it well down giant shook it well down and said:
"Now we will have six bags of coffee, a barret of white sugar, two of brown
sugar, one box of tea, four kegs of
butter, a barrel of molasses, twelve
ushels of corn-meal, a bag of eatt bushels of corn-meal, a bag of salt, a
box of candes-nines; a dozen hams, a
barrel of corned ,beet, twelve papers of corn starch, twenty bushels of potatoes
one bushel of onions, three bushels
urnips turnips, six bushels of carrots, six
poonds of spices, assorted; seven large
cheeses, one keg of vinegar, and four cheeses, one keg of vine
dozen boxes of sardines.
Amid many groans from the baron,
these things were all placed in the
"Now," said the giant, "we will take
ix pieces coarse mustin, one piece stout
woolen cloth, seven hanks of yars, one
piece red flanel, one piece calioco, fast
calors, and one piece of black ribbon-
wiors, and one piece of black ribbon-
wide.
The baron groaned himself almost to
death while these things were being pui
in: but in they went.
"Now, cried the giant, "one single
leatherbed, three pillows, six pair of
blankets, and a dozen brooms."
All these went in.
"Now," said Myvor
"Now," said Myvor to the still groan-
Just put on top six well-filled purses,
ushel of apples, two bushels of ginger-
Whea all these things had been put
nat trightened all gave a final groan
"Now," said the giant to Mitchkin's
ome. I will bring the stocking, and
And so they had.

But thi
itehtin.


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