

# The Carleton Sentinel

Our Queen and Constitution.

SAMUEL & JAMES WATTS.

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## Poetry.

### Christmas.

Hark! the gleaming Christmas music

Ring, ringing in the air,

Hoops of happy children's voices

Singing, singing everywhere,

Clear their voices

Joyful lays

As they play

Lo! what infant lips are sending

Pleasure, pleasure through the earth,

Hoops of happy children's voices

Singing, singing everywhere,

Clear their voices

Joyful lays

As they play

Angels sing Messiah's story,

Thrilling, thrilling all on high;

Spelling the story of glory

With a light

Wonderous bright,

Rejoicing bright.

Magi brought their myrror treasure,

Showing, showing Christ was born,

Many knew a mother's pleasure;

Kept, kept the Christmas morn'g.

Garlands bring,

Careless bring,

For Christmas King.

Merrily, merrily in a manger,

Sleeping, sleeping Jesus lay,

King of kings, yet homeless stranger,

Kept, kept the Christmas morn'g.

Gaily tell,

All in well,

Emmanuel.

—Corine L. Ross.

## Select Tale.

### A TEN DOLLAR CHRISTMAS.

Adèle Chester had never spent a

Christmas in the country before; neither

had she ever felt quite so desolate.

Mother and father were in Europe, in

search of health for the father, and Adèle

who had been left in charge of Aunt

Martha, had herself determined that she

would go nowhere Christmas.

"I can't be happy and frolic when papa

is sick," she said; "and as for the country,

if Aunt Martha can live there all her

life, I think I can endure one Christmas

So she staid; but it must be confessed

that the world looked dreary to her that

winter morning, with nothing but snow

to be seen from her window. She almost

thought she would have been wise, to

have joined the Hamilton cousins. "At

least there would have been a chance to

spend my Christmas money," she mur-

mured gloomily, as she tapped on the

frosty pane with restless fingers. "I'm

sorry I don't know what I can buy in

this little tucked-up place."

The "tucked-up place" was really a

nice town with about three thousand peo-

ple living in it, but to Adèle, whose

home was in Toronto, it seemed absurd

to call it a town. Aunt Martha's farm-

house was only a few miles from some

very good stores, where Adèle had found

a few things to suit her during the three

months she had spent there, and on the

whole she had managed to be quite hap-

py. But she did not feel like being con-

soled with anything this morning. Such a

queer Christmas for her! She had her

present, as usual—a new fur cape from

Aunt Martha, a writing-desk well furni-

shed by Uncle Peter, a lovely ring with

a real diamond in from mamma, and a

new chain for her pretty watch from

papa. What more could a reasonable

girl want. True to tell, she wanted

nothing but the dear home and mamma's

kisses, and papa's arms around her. The

ring and chain were beautiful, but they

did not seem like presents from them,

when she knew they crossed the ocean

weeks ago, and had been lying in Aunt

Martha's bureau drawer waiting for the

morning. She valued the letter more

which had arrived only the night before,

and she drew it from her pocket and

read it, letting a tear or two fall on the

words "My Darling Child," as she read

them once more. "Papa and I are so

sorry to be away from you to-day," the

letter said, and when she had read it

she looked at the clock. It was a little

something suitable to send on so long

a journey, and planned to reach you on

the very day, but have failed; papa has

not been well enough to look about much

for a few weeks, and I could not go alone.

I have decided to send you a fifty

dollar bank note and bid you go and

spend it in the way which would make

you happiest."

"The idea!" said Adèle, smiling through

her tears, as she refolded the letter. Just

as though I could find anything here to

buy to make me happy! Mamma must

have forgotten for the moment where I

was. Yet I want a few things, some

Christmas bon-bons, at least, if they

keep the meaning of the word in this

little place, and above all I want a bit

of my fifty, and go out and spend it.

I want waste another cent on this

old town. I wonder what I can do with

ten dollars to make me happy!" She

laughed a little scornfully. Ten dollars

seemed so very little to this girl, who

had always spent money as freely as

water, and done as little thinking about

it as the birds do over the spring cherries.

In a very few minutes she was wrap-

ped in furs and out upon the snowy road.

Aunt Martha offered her the sleigh and

the driver, and her "leggings" and wool-

len mittens, but she would have none of

them. She was a good walker, and had

been used to miles in the city. She hid

her nose in her muff, because the wind

over this wide stretch of snow was very

keen, and sped along like a snowbird.

Aunt Martha sat, watching her from the

window. And then she sighed, this

dear old aunt who the country raised.

She saw the shade on the face of her

darling this morning, and was sorry for

her, and wished so much that she

could do something to brighten her

Christmas day.

The little town was reached in due

time, and the streets were gay with

Christmas finery; the stores were open

generally, to catch the belated

Christmas buyers. In a hour or two they

would close in the city; but the custom

in this thriving manufacturing town was

to give the tardy ones a Christmas morn-

ing chance. Adèle went from one store

to another, dissatisfied, disconsolate.

Nothing suited her. The truth is, when

a girl does not care for anything, she

is not determined to spend some

money, she is sometimes rather diffi-

cult to suit. She halted at last before a

shop window and looked at the bright

displayed there. So did little Janet

Hooper