PROGRESS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22.

THE SEASON'S POETRY.

A CANADIAN CHRISTMAS CAROL.

No shepherds in the fields to-night, no flock upon the wold,

the wold, Thro' the shivering forest branches moans the north blast fierce and cold, But gloriously the white stars gleam as on that holy even, When the herald Angels' chorus swelled through the soft Judean heaven.

Oh earth! the white shroud wraps thee now, in death's cold clasp thou art, Thy tears, thy music bound alike in the ice-chain on

thy heart:

So long the darken'd world of sin when the angels spread abroad

The glorious tale of the Virgin-Born-the birth of Incarnate God!

Melt, melt, oh cold and stony heart! even as the ice bonds shiver, When Spring breathes soft on the frozen wood,

when warm winds loose the river, The Angel-vision sheds on thee its glory's softening

ray-The Angel-song is for thine ear, "A Savior's born to-day.

Morn on the sparkling wilds of snow, morn on the

frozen west, The holy chimes ring musical o'er the deep wood's

And the winter sun plays cheerily on the wealth of bright green wreaths When thro' the lowly forest shrine a spring-like freshness breathes.

Frail monitors! your verdure speaks all eloquently

Of a lustrous summer morn to break on life's long

Of a fustrous summer more to break on me s long wintry night— Of the waving palms—the crystal streams—the everlasting flowers, Beyond the jasper battlements, by the Golden City's towers!

Let the wild wind sweep the snow without-within

be joy and mirth, Let happy households cheerily meet around the Christmas hearth!

One welcome pledge must circle round-"Be happy hearts and smiles

To all we love in the forest land! to all in our parent

The Christmas hearth ! Ah, pleasant spot, where joyful kindred meet, Kind eyes with love and gladness lit, scarce mark

the vacant seat:

And if too faithfully memory turn to mourn the

loved, the fair, Look up—the Shepherd's star's in heaven—the lost one waits thee there.

Wake thy ten thousand voices, Earth! outpour thy floods of praise-Up to the crystal gates of morn the deep 'hosannas

Till heavenward wafted, seraph-winged they pierce

the illumined zone, Where the Church Triumphant's anthem floats round the Everlasting Throne.

-Chief Justice Hagarty.

THE MESSAGE OF THE BELLS.

Do you hear the bells chime o'er the snow, In the hush of the dawning, While the east flashes red in the glow Of the fair Christmas morning? Oh, hush! while you hear their clear ringing, "Peace, Peace," is the word they are bringing, Good will unto men. Oh, hush! in your hearts let the echo Find answer again.

you know how those clear ring

Men who saw this infant son In the streets of Nazareth run Lived to mourn his early loss When he died upon the cross; When he died upon the cross; Lived till his victorious foes Drank, defeated, bitter woes; Till the blood ran, bridle-deep, Down Moriah's hillside steep; Till the Boman cardes soared Till the Roman eagles soared Where the storm of battle roared; Till the smoke of sacrifice Had forever ceased to rise; When the temple, stone by stone, Scattered lay, all overthrown.

hanna hanna

Men who saw this victim die By the cross on Calvary Lived until the cross became Badge of glory, not of shame, To a still increasing host, On each near and distant coast. Then this mightier force began Farther conquests over man-Not to enslave, but to set free; Lifting into liberty, Slaying eruelty and lust, Humbling tyrants to the dust, Giving victory to the just, Making still the weak and pure Heirs to wealth that shall endure.

As the mighty cedars rise, Slow and silent, toward the skies. Thus the influence of this child Through the ages, sweet and mild, Lifted still our fallen race Toward the vision of God's face.

Five-and twenty centuries Since Isaiah's prophecies, Yet his words each day appear More and more divinely clear. Mary's Son the pledge redeems; 'Tis from Him the radiance streams, Where in darkness nations walked, And the awful spectres stalked Bred by ignorance and fear. "Tis his kingdom, drawing near, Loosed the fetters from the slave, Freedom to the captive gave, And the garments, rolled in blood, Gives the fire to be its food. To this Son the power is given Over things on earth, in heaven. His dominion, oh, how great! Nations bow before his feet! Over sin the conqueror! Wonderful and Counsellor! Founder of a future age, Boundless is his heritage In a manger, on the hay,

Mary's new-born infant lay : Angels welcomed then his birth, Coming to redeem the earth. We would echo now their song, And their notes of praise prolong. Holy child, so fair and sweet, May Thy triumph be complete ! May Thy lovely, spotless youth, May Thy words of living truth, May Thy life in Galilee And Thy death on Calvary Draw at length all hearts to Thee! -Thomas Hill, D. D.

HIS HEART WAS YOUNG,

AND HE WANTED TO BE A BOY AGAIN AT CHRISTMAS TIME.

How Old Guy Grandison Stole Away from the House of Grandison, and How Sister Seraphina Found Him - Brother Guy's Remark to Brother Gregory.

Christmas had come at Half Acre, as it had come to all the rest of the world. Wilban's tavern, the centre of life on court

"The Larches" never lacked for an abundance of the old and precious brands, and Guy having been educated to drink as a gentleman, was not given to excess. No, he had fled because the young heart in the old body yearned for "a good time," away from the stately ceremonial of the ancient house of Grandison. He longed to be a boy again if only for a brief hour. He honestly intended to return to the family dinner.

enner at bottom

Alas, for good intentions. He found a genial and hard-headed group at the tavern, and the hours slipped by like minutes. Repeated hot whiskeys had their effect on Guy, and he forgot he was a Grandison. He laughed and jested to his heart's content. He told the broad stories which he had learned in his youth, half a century before. He tried to sing a song, and had some idea of getting on the table to dance. He was a boy again. He was having a real good time. The afternoon passed, and evening

came. Something caused a temporary lull in the conversation. Suddenly Guy started from his chair with a look of keen apprehension.

"Hark !" he exclaimed.

Everyone became silent and listened. The sound of a sleigh bell was heard. It was not an ordinary bell, but one as large as the kind usually attached to a cow. It could be heard at a long distance through Guy." the clear frosty air, and the sound was growing clearer every moment. Everybody knew that the bell was attached to the neck of "Viper," the venerable horse which drew the double seated family sleigh of the Grandisons. Guy had heard its sound afar. "Viper's bell! It's Viper's bell!" he exclaimed with panic-stricken face. "Sister to ----."

Hastily looking around for some means of escape, he espied a door in one corner of the smoking-room. It opened into a dark closet, in which were stored empty barrels, boxes and bottles. Into this Guy hastily rushed and closed the door. A moment later Seraphina Grandison entered

thinner, and much more severe in his language. He was given to profanity at times, and on occasions he sneezed.



____OF____ in the world, should stipulate, in the bonds, not only to pay them at the end of the term; but, in case of your previous death, to pay them to your family, MENS BOYS AND CHILDREN'S and at the same time release them from paying any further instalments!

Would you not at once close with such an offer? And yet this is, practically, what THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSURANCE - SOCIETY OF THE UNITED STATES has

This may be a strange way of putting it, but strange as it may seem it is nevertheless true. EXAMPLE.

Policy, No. 72,973. Endowment, 15 years. Issued July 29th, 1872, on the Life of S. C. L. Amount of Policy, \$10,000. Tontine Period, 15

years. Age, 40. Annual Premium, \$694.90. If after making the *first* payment the policy-holder had died, his representatives would have received \$10,000 in return for an outlay of only

\$694.90. If he had died after making his second payment, they would have received \$10,000 in return for an outlay of \$1,389.80; and so on during the fifteen years. As he has not died, he has paid in all \$10,-423.50, and may on the 29th of July of the present year draw in cash \$15,253.70. This sum is equal to the full amount paid, and \$4,830.20 besides, and is equivalent to $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. compound interest per annum. \$694.90

This is one of many policies showing what The Equitable Society has actually accomplished.

THE EQUITABLE

exceeds every other life assurance company in the

ollowing important respects. It has— The Largest New Business. The Largest Amount of Outstanding Assurance. The Largest Surplus.

The Largest Total Income.

The fact that the Equitable has a larger sur-

Seraphina is after me."

the room.

She was not alone. Her brother Gregory was with her. Gregory differed from Guy in being much taller, much the snow, several hundred feet away.

back, brother Guy."

"He can't hear you," said Gregory.

'Let me call him.' Gregory stood up, and the wonderful

Grandison voice rang out like a trumpet : "Hallo! Hallo! Come back, brother

"I knew I could make him stop," said SUITS. Gregory. "Hark! what does he say ?" Faintly borne on the crisp December air, came the voice of brother Guy to the anxious listeners. And he said :

"Go to ----, brother Gregory, go

KILBY.

CHOICE



P. O. Box 303.

for cash.

Overcoats,

Ulsters, Reefers, etc.

Wake the people in gladness? How each note, as it rises and swells, Bids our hearts turn from sadness? Oh, list to their wonderful story! 'Tis filled with the light and the glory Of Bethlehem's star; Down, down through the years that have ended, It sounds from afar.

Long ago, 'neath the stars' shining light, When the earth lay all sleeping, Waited shepherds, a watch in the night O'er their flocks safely keeping, When lo! in the heavens before them Came angels with great glory o'er them; "Fear not," was their cry, "Behold, we have brought you glad tidings, Good news from on high!"

Need I tell you that story again? Oh, most wonderful story! In its song of good-will unto men, In its light and its glory! You know how the angels, with singing, The wonderful tidings came bringing That Jesus was born; You know how the shepherds hailed gladly That first Christmas morn.

And today let the news of that morn Thrill the earth with its gladness; On this day that our Saviour was born Let all hearts turn from sadness. Oh, sweetest, oh, brightest, best morning ! Ring, bells, for the fair Christmas dawning That maketh earth glad ! Ring, bells, till the world leaves its sorrow And no one is sad!

-Millie Colcord.

IN THE HOLY LAND.

Tonight, as on all Christmas eves, I think the moon in Palestin Silvers the gravly-drooping leaves That on the Mount of Olives shine; And, white as snows lie in the light On some remote and sacred height. The great blown-open flowers must be In the Garden of Gethsemane.

And wide across the wilderness-Once trodden by such weary feet-How tenderly the skies must press With tingling darkness low and sweet! What strange, remembering thrills must run Through the cedars of Mount Lebanon, And how, in chrism, where they spill, The dews of Hermon must distill!

Surely tonight some sign shall rest About the Holy Land, to tell Of the Presence that once made it blest! Surely the quivering east shall swell, Shall break in one great star, and throw Such glory on the wave as though The Lord still walked upon the sea By the dark shore of Galilee !

Oh, to be there, this Christmas time, And see the heavens above one wheel, As when they opened in that prime And let great spirits forth! To feel With eager, trembling heart, perchance, Some mighty memory advance With trailing garments, while the soul Touches the hem and is made whole!

-Harriet Prescott Spofford.

GOD WITH US.

While to Bethlehem we are going, Tell me now, to cheer the road, Tell me why this lovely Infant Quitted his divine abode? From that world to bring to this Peace; which of all earthly blisses Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Wherefore from his throne exalted Came he on this earth to dwell; All his pomp a humble manger, All his court a narrow cell? "From that world to bring to this Peace; which of all earthly blisses Is the brightest, purest bliss."

Why did he, the Lord eternal, Mortal pilgrim deign to be; He who fashioned for his glory Boundless immortality? "From that world to bring to this Peace; which of all earthly blisses Is the brightest, purest bliss."

days, election days and holidays, was the magnet toward which every team that entered the village square was drawn. Within, a noisy and merry crowd filled the bar, while another, but 'smaller one, partook of the genial heat of the smoking-room in the intervals between their libations of steaming whiskey.

It was a mixed and motley crowd. It had representatives of all sorts and conditions of men. There was the clerk of the circuits, the judge of probates and the registrar of deeds, but there was also Jean Batiste Voutour, who had just sworn out of jail, and Bill Burke, who had barely escaped a conviction for stealing, at the December circuit. Naturally, the crowd resolved itself into groups, varying in respectability as well as in the nature of their hilarity. But all were hilarious-it was Christmas day-and old Guy Grandison was one of the most hilarious of all. Old he was in face, but not in heart. He was one of the boys for this day and night. All the rest of the year he was a magistrate, and held his court at "The Larches," the stately home of the Grandisons for generations past. The day before Christmas he had decided to take a holiday. As

a matter of fact, he had run away. He was nigh 70 years old, but he had escaped from the house just as a schoolboy might have done. He was like a school-boy. He had never married, and his sister Seraphina, who had also never married, had to him all the terror of a schoolmarm. She would not have allowed him to go out on Christmas day, and he knew it. He incontinently rebelled, and fled to the tavern.

Not that sister Seraphina was stern or unkind. There could be no unkindness among the Grandisons. They were a most affectionate family. They gloried in their ancient name and lineage, and they loved all who could claim descent from the great Sir Hotspur Grandison, whose achievements the historian has been proud to record. They invariably saluted each other as "Sister Seraphina" and "Brother Guy." They never forgot that they were of a great family, and that nature had not moulded them of the common clay.

"The Larches" was the homestead of the Grandisons. Every Christmas they assembled there from all points and dined in solemn state at 7 o'clock. Only the Grandisons and the children of Grandisons were privileged to be present. Only the Grandison name and interests, past and present, were the topics of discourse. It was a most impressive occasion, and a most conventional one.

When this you see, Guy Grandison did not look like a great to the sleigh. HORSE BLANKETS, -From the Spanish. Remember me. ____AND____ Brother Gregory sat in front to drive and man, and he was not. He did look like an Fishing Tackle. sister Seraphina sat beside him. Brother BEVERLY THE CRADLE AND THE CROSS. uncommonly jolly one, and in his heart he For Fall and Winter. Guy had the back seat to himself. Again was so. Nature had made him very short, In a manger, on the hay, Mary's new-born infant lay; Though the child was fair and sweet, Yet its helplessness complete. 83 Germain Street, -HASthe sound of Viper's bell was heard as the Surcingles, Halters, Etc., and good living had made him exceeding ST. JOHN, N. B. sleigh made its way over the hills to "The **TOYS** for Christmas, stout. The girth of his waist was expressed GENERALAGENCY Larches." ROBB'S HARNESS SHOP, And SKATES, too. by feet instead of inches. His circumference But that Power which called the light Out of chaos' rayless night, And around our new-made world Rolling suns and systems hurled, Chose that through this infant's eyes Brighter daybreaks should arise; Chose that by this gentle hand Mightier force at his command Should new heavens and earth create. Only thirty years to wait. 204 Umon Street. Half a mile from the tavern, Seraphina FOR THE was considerably more than his height. MISS B. E. BOWMAN, turned her head, then she grasped Gregory's Province of New Brunswick The eyes which animated his round, smooth S. R. FOSTER & SON, OF arm. shaven face were bright, expressive and of Boston, MANUFACTURERS OF The Commercial Union Assurance Co. "Stop, brother Gregory, stop. Brother kindly. His hair, white as snow, was Cut Nails and Cut Spikes, Tacks, Brads Teacher in Oils, Water Colors on every always closely cropped. He dressed, as Guy must have fallen out. He's gone." (Limited), OF LONDON, Should new heavens and earth of Only thirty years to wait, And those silent lips shall say Words that cannot pass away. From that humble village inn, Lo! a movement shall begin, Through the coming ages roll, And the world at length control. Finishing Nails, Shoe and Hungarian "Fallen out be ----," replied the pracbecame his station, in black, in the fashion and Phœnix Insurance Co., of Brooklyn, kind of Material. Nails, etc. tical Gregory. "He's jumped out. Look, of the old school. A. C. FAIRWEATHER, CHAS. J. TOMNEY, ALSO-CHINA, LUSTRA and PLASTIC WGRK. Office, Warehouse and Manufactory : It was not a thirst for liquor that had there he goes down across that field." Barrister-at-Law, General Agent. Sub-Agent. GEORGES STREET, t. John, N. B. Sure enough, in the starlight a dark BARNHILL'S BUILDING, ST. JOHN, N. B Address: 4 WELLINGTON ROW, ST. JOHN, N. B. driven him to the tavern. The cellar at

J. ALLAN TURNER'S.

No. 3 North side King square.

OYSTERS delivered on the half shell. Orders for hotels and families promptly attende to and shelled to order.

The Grandison sneeze was famed among all the country gentry. It was sudden, explosive and violent. One almost expected to see the head of the sneezer fly from the body. The Grandisons were proud of it, because it had come down to them from Sir Hotspur, and no other family had a sneeze like it. Gregory's great strength lay in his voice, however. It was a mighty one. Once on a voyage to England, when the captain was unable to speak another captain by the aid of a trumpet, Gregory stood on the rail and, disdaining a trumpet, made himself plainly understood to the stranger. This voice had been one of the attributes of the ancient Sir Hotspur.

"Oh, Mr. Wilban," exclaimed Seraphina, have you seen anything of brother Guy?" "Yes," replied the landlord evasively, 'he was in here this afternoon. Not very long ago, in fact. Perhaps you will find im on his way home."

"Oh, Mr. Wilban," continued Seraphina, is that all you know of brother Guy? Christmas has come, and all the Grandisons are gathered under the old roof to sit at the family table. They are all therebrother William, brother Hector, brother Thomas and sister Lucy, and the yule log burns on the hearth. And there is our poor unfortunate brother Guy, wandering away like a lost sheep -----"

"And acting like a d- fool," interjected orother Gregory.

"Wandering like a lost sheep and we eek to gather him to the fold. How long since he left ?"

Wilban hesitated a moment to invent a plausible story, In the meantime Guy, anxious to see and hear, had mounted a barrel filled with empty bottles and was striving to look through a crack at the top of the door. The dust made by his movements penetrated his nostrils, and just as the pause came in the conversation, he sneezed.

It was one of the old, original Grandison sneezes. It was like the explosion of a blast. Its violence caused Guy to lose his balance, the door flew open, and Guy, the barrel and the bottles landed with a terrific crash at the feet of sister Seraphina.

In an instant she had grasped him and held him a prisoner. The venerable magistrate, covered with dust and cobwebs, was a sorry looking spectacle as he stood there with the shamefaced look of a schoolboy caught in some trespass. He made no objection to going home, and was quietly led

