

barking by no means involving biting. And Josiah was so accustomed to it that he would have missed it, and not felt natural without being wound up and set going for the day by Nabby.

One day, later in the winter, Nabby was washing for Mrs. Hosley.

"So you've taken Josiah back again, after all?" said Mrs. Hosley.

"Well, yes, I have," said Nabby, giving a last twist to the sheet she was wringing out. "Josiah mayn't be very much to brag of; but then, you see, he's my own, and all I've got. We're gettin' to be old folks, Josiah and me, and we may as well put up with each other the little while we've got to stay here."

"How has he been doing since he came back?"

"First-rate. He's walked as straight's a string ever since. He's a good provider, now's he quit drinkin', and a master-hand for fixin' up things around the house, and makin' it comfortable. I tell you what 'tis, Miss Hosley, we've got to make 'lowances for folks in this world. We can't have 'em always jest to our mind. We've got to take 'em jest as they are, and make the best on't."

"I'm glad to see you so much happier and better contented, Nabby."

"Well, I used to fret and complain a good deal because things hadn't turned out as I expected 'em to; but lately I've thought a good deal about it all, and I've made up my mind that there's considerable comfort for every one in this world, after all. We mayn't git jest what we want, but we get somethin'."

In which piece of philosophy I believe Nabby was about right.

#### ANNIE AND WILLIE'S PRAYER.

'Twas the eve before Christmas; good night had been said, And Annie and Willie had crept into bed; There were tears on their pillows, and tears in their eyes, And each little bosom was heavy with sighs— For to-night their stern father's command had been given, That they should retire precisely at seven, Instead of at eight; for they troubled him more With questions unheard of than ever before; He had told them he thought this delusion a sin.

No such being as "Santa Claus" ever had been, And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear

How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year, And this was the reason that two little heads So restlessly tossed on their soft, downy beds, Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;

Not a word had been spoken by either till then, When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep, And whispered, "Dear Annie, is you fast asleep?"

"Why, no, brother Willie," a sweet voice replied, "I've tried it in vain, but I can't shut my eyes; For somehow it makes me so sorry because Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus'; Now we know there is, and it can't be denied, For he came every year before mamma died; But then, I've been thinking that she used to pray,

And God would hear everything mamma would say, And perhaps she asked him to send Santa Claus here, With the sacks full of presents he brought every year."

"Well, why tan't we pay debt as mamma did then, And ask him to send him with presents adzen?" "I've been thinking so, too," And without a word more

Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor, And four little knees the soft carpet pressed, And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.

"Now, Willie, you know we must firmly believe That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive; You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,' And by that you will know that your turn has come then."

"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me, And grant us the favor we are asking of Thee; I want a wax dolly, a tea-set and ring, And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring;

Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see That Santa Claus loves us far better than he, Don't let him get fretful and angry again At dear brother Willie and Annie, Amen!" "Please, Jesus, let Santa Claus turn down to-night,

And bring us some presents before it is light, I want he should give me a nice little sled, With bright, shiny runners, and all painted yed;

A box full of tandy, a book and a toy, Amen, and then, Jesus, I'll be a dood boy." Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,

And with hearts light and cheerful again sought their beds; They were soon lost in slumber, both peaceful and deep,

And with fairies in Dreamland were roaming in sleep, Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten,

Ere the father had thought of his children again; He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,

And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes, "I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,

And should not have sent them so early to bed, But then I was troubled—my feelings found vent,

For bank-stock to-day has gone down ten per cent, But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this

And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss, But, just to make sure, I'll steal up to their door,

For I never spoke harsh to my darlings before," So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,

And arrived at the door to hear both their prayers. His Annie's "bless papa" draws forth the big tears,

And Willie's grave promise falls sweet on his ears. "Strange, strange I'd forgotten," said he with a sigh,

"How I longed, when a child, to have Christmas draw nigh. 'I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,

"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed." Then he turned to the stairs and softly went down,

Threw off velvet slippers and silk dressing-gown—Donned hat, coat and boots, and was out in the street,

A millionaire facing the cold, driving sleet. Nor stopped he until he had bought every thing, From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring;

Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store, That the various presents outnumbered a score, Then homeward he turned with his holiday load,

And with Aunt Mary's aid in the nursery 'twas stowed; Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree, By the side of a table spread out for her tea;

A work-box well filled in the centre was laid, And on it a ring for which Annie had prayed. A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,

"With bright shining runners and all painted yed." There were balls, dogs and horses, books pleasing to see,

And birds of all colors were perched in the tree, While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top As if getting ready more presents to drop,

And as the fond father the picture surveyed, He thought for his trouble he had amply been paid, And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,

"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year, I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before, What care I if bank-stock falls ten per cent. more!"

Hereafter I'll make it a rule, I believe, To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas Eve," So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,

And tripped down the stairs to retire for the night, As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun Put the darkness to flight, and the stars, one by one,

Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide, And at the same moment the presents espied. Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,

And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found. They laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,

And shouted for "papa" to come quick and see What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night, (Just the things that they wanted,) and left before light,

"And now," added Annie, in a voice soft and low, "You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know!"

While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee, Determined no secret between them should be; And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said That their dear, blessed mamma so long ago died,

Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair, And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer!

"Then we dot up and payed dust as well as we could, And Dad answered our prayers; now wasn't He dead?"

"I should say that He was, if He sent you all these, And knew just what presents my children would please.

(Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf, 'T would be cruel to tell him I did it myself,") Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent?

And the hasty word spoken so soon to repent? 'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly upstairs,

And made you his agent to answer their prayers, Cincinnati Times. MISS SOPHIA P. SNOW.

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JESSE E. MURPHY, Administrator, Mill Creek Ward, d11 w44 3e

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