

• Massey's Illustrated •

(PUBLISHED MONTHLY.)

A Journal of News and Literature for Royal Homes

New Series.]

TORONTO, CANADA, DECEMBER, 1892.

[Vol. 4, No. 12.]

Christmas Day on "Old Windy."

THE sun had barely shown the rim of his great red disc above the sombre woods and snow-crowned crags of the opposite ridge, when Dick Herne, his rifle in his hand, stepped out of his father's log cabin, perched high among the precipices of Old Windy Mountain. He waited motionless for a moment, and all the family trooped to the door to assist at the time-honored ceremony of firing a salute to the day.

Suddenly the whole landscape catches a rosy

glow, Dick whips up his rifle, a jet of flame darts swiftly out, a sharp report rings all around the world, and the sun goes grandly up—while the little tow-headed mountaineers hurrah shrilly for "Chris'mus!"

As he began to re-load his gun the small boys clustered around him, their hands in the pockets of their baggy jeans trousers, their heads inquiringly askew.

"They air a-goin' ter hev a pea-fowl fur dinner down yander to Birk's Mill," Dick remarked.

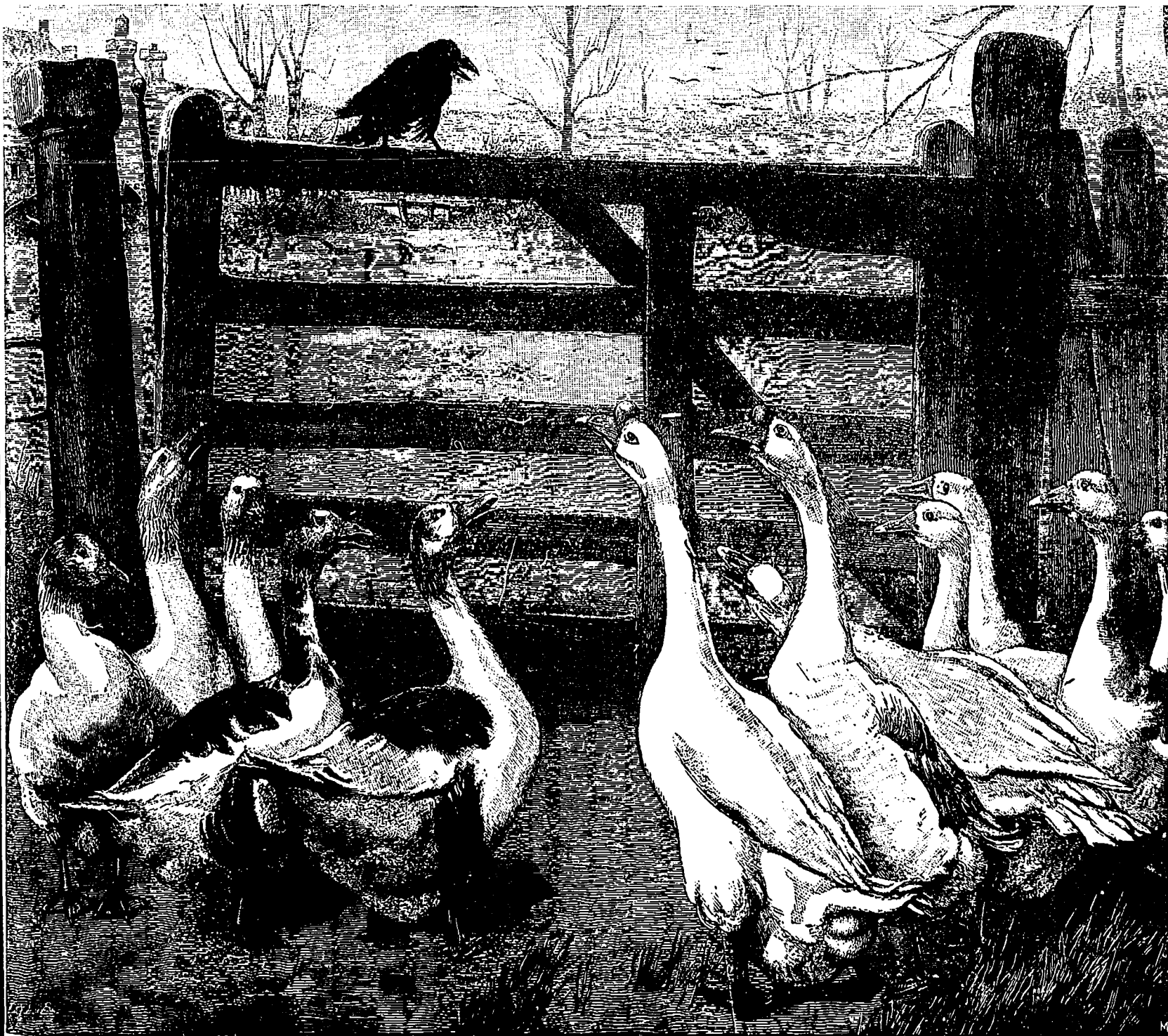
The smallest boy smacked his lips—not that he

knew how pea-fowl tastes, but he imagined unutterable things.

"Somehows I hates fur ye ter go ter eat at Birk's Mill—they air sech a set o' drinkin' men down thar ter Malviny's house," said Dick's mother, as she stood in the doorway, and looked anxiously at him.

For his elder sister was Birk's wife, and to this great feast he was invited as a representative of the family, his father being disabled by "rheumatics," and his mother kept home by the necessity of providing dinner for those four small boys.

"Hain't I done promised ye not ter tech a drap o' liquor this Chris'mus day?" asked Dick.



A CHRISTMAS SERMON.