

the 1812 war well enough; not all through it, of course, but bits of it, here and there. Fort Erie was in the hottest part of the fight, and I saw enough of killin' to last me for all time.

"Father was hired to carry the wounded from Fort Erie to a little settlement—I forget its name now, but anyway 'twas a fourteen mile journey over rough roads; and he always took it at night. Bein' his eldest boy, and needin' my help, he generally took me with him. 'Twas strange sort of work for a child, and it ain't much wonder I remem'er it so well. I've seen them stars up there shinin' through many a long year since; but I never look up at 'em without thinkin' of them nights, when they shined down just as bright through the trees, while our oxen picked their way over rough paths, carrying their awful load of wounded, moanin' soldiers; and I trudged beside father, or got a lift on the back of one of the oxen.

"One day—I think it was in August, 1814—there'd been a big tussle at Fort Erie between our men and the Yankees, and a heavy losin' of life on both sides. Anyway, for several nights after our ox team was kept busy, and father seemed very quiet and pale-like.

"One night, we were ploddin' along as usual. The day had been very warm, and the heat seemed to keep shut up in the thick bush around us. The oxen pulled in a half-hearted sort of way, and father was walkin' along with his head on his chest, sighin' sometimes, but never sayin' nothin', except to stop the oxen whenever one of the soldiers asked for a drink; we always carried a keg of water with us in one corner of the cart.

"It was gettin' early daylight, and we was going across a clearing, when right in our path, at the foot of a tree, we saw a little fellow lying sound asleep.

"He couldn't have been a day over five years old, and he looked a real handsome chap, with thick curls and long eyelashes. His clothes was torn, but they was a better kind than was generally seen 'round our parts.

"Father slapped the oxen and lifted him up.

"'I want my faver,' says he, sleepily, openin' big dark eyes, and lookin' straight at us.

"'Where is your father?' we asked him.

"'He's a sojer,' he answered right off 'and he's gone away right down there,' pointing through the trees, 'and I've come to find him.'

"'Now I'd like to know where he belongs,' said father. 'There ain't any house about here that I know of save Stebbins's, and that's five miles through the woods 'Tain't likely he's come from there; but anyway we haven't time to turn off to find out. Put your arm about him, Jack, and we'll take him along.'

"He placed the youngster in front of me, on the ox's back, and started the team again.

"The little fellow was wide awake, and began to chatter in a chirpy sort of way, like a young bird. I tried to find out who he was and where he lived.

"His name was 'Laurence' he said, and he lived 'away over there.' His father was a 'sojer' and wore a sword, and he had come with 'mover' to find him. That was the most he could tell us.

"By-and-by as the light grew clearer, he caught sight of the red coats in the waggon.

"'Sogers?' he asked. I nodded.

"'Asleep' he asked again, and again I signed 'Yes.'

"I tried to hold him, but he wriggled behind me, crept across the broad ox back and peered into the waggon with its burden of pale faces.

"One man lay a little apart from the others, without coat or vest, a bundle of straw beneath his head. He had been kind of restless through the night, asking several times for a drink, but now it was cooler and he lay dozing with his eyes shut.

"'Faver,' cried the little chap after a long look; 'Faver!'

"And first thing we knowed, he was into the waggon and down among the straw, with two fat arms pressed tight 'round the sick man's neck.

"I was going to lift him out, thinking he'd made a mistake. But father said 'Don't touch him, Jack,' in a shaky kind of voice, and then I saw that the sick man's eyes were opened, and that he was holding the youngster as tight as a bandaged arm would let him.

"He never said a word, just kissed him, then closed his eyes again. But neither of 'em let go their grip of each other, and soon the boy fell asleep, and so they lay until we got to the hospital.

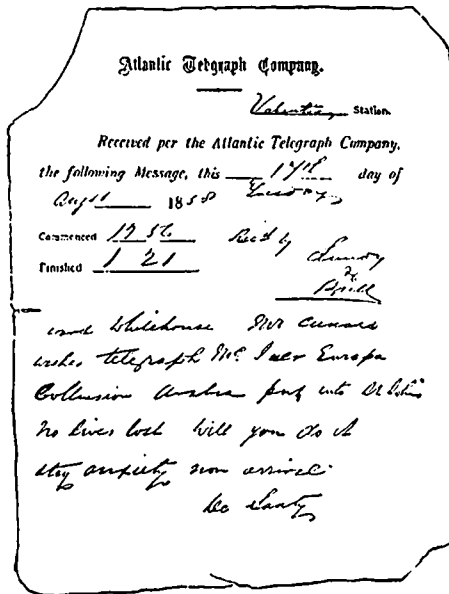
"Oh, yes; we found out about them after a bit. The father was an officer in one of our own volunteer regiments. They belonged somewhere back of York county. The mother half crazed over the report of her husband's death had ridden 'round the lake with her boy—a pretty tough ride it must have been—in the hope of finding it wasn't true. She was stopping at Stebbins's farm, and that little brick of a baby had slipped away the afternoon before we found him, and tramped them five miles through the woods to find his father. He must have been sleeping at the foot of that tree nearly all night.

"His father got 'round all right enough, but he couldn't do any more fighting, but anyway the war came to an end about six months after.

"I never saw the little shaver after he grew up, but I heard tell that he made a brave soldier and a good man. He's dead long since, and I'm left, though I was four years older. It was seventy-five years ago; but when I think about it, it seems like yesterday."

The old man's pipe had grown cold, the frog chorus sounded shriller, a cricket chirruped through the darkness, and a cool night wind swept up the lawn.

Below we give a reproduction of the first message sent over the first Atlantic cable the day after the cable was laid, Aug. 17, 1858. The message is from the Cunard agent to the head office of that Company in England, announcing that the mail steamers Europa and Arabia had been in collision, but that both ships and passengers were safe.



Besides her plague of rabbits, Australia is now threatened with a plague of foxes. These animals, imported for the sport of fox-hunting, have increased so rapidly that a reward is now offered for their capture.

DEATH'S CALL.

With our numbers aggregating nearly 7,000, we must be prepared to see some vacant places in our ranks at the end of every year, and we owe, and give, heartfelt thanks to God that the number of those who have been taken from us by death is small. Compared with any other body of people in the country, we feel we have been signally blessed in the smallness of our death-rate. It is, nevertheless, a very painful thought that so far in each issue of our journal we have had to chronicle the sudden termination of a career, cut short, not by sickness, but in the midst of bright promise, of health and strength. Again does the sorrowful duty devolve upon us. Charles Hope, who came out to Canada in 1892, and had for some time been working steadily at Dorking, left that place about the middle of August for Manitoba, with a view to profiting by the large wages paid during the harvest season. He left his friends in excellent spirits and spoke hopefully of seeing them again shortly. Within two weeks Mr. Terry, of Dorking, received a telegram telling him that Charles had fallen off a load of hay, breaking his neck. Death was instantaneous, and our friend was buried in Manitoba. The sad news was at once conveyed to the Home by Mr. Terry, with a request that it be broken to the mother of poor Charles in England. Thus in three months have three of our boys—Charles Hope, James Eddington, and Wm. Ashworth—been called away without a moment's warning. How forcibly this places before us the uncertainty of life, and how strongly should it appeal to every one of us to be ready at all times to answer the call of the Master who "works in a mysterious way," but in whose hands "all things work together for good."

Sad news has also reached us of William J. Woods, who is living at Bloomingdale. William has been in Canada ten years, and has succeeded so well that a little over a year ago he was able to marry, and looked forward to many years of happy companionship with the wife he had chosen for his helpmeet. His hopes, however, were doomed to bitter disappointment. In giving birth to twins, Mrs. Woods lost her own life, and our poor friend was left with two little babies. Since then we have received word that William has suffered further affliction by the death of one of his babes.

We tender our most heartfelt sympathy to our friend in his double bereavement, and trust that under God's mercy the little one left to him may grow up to be a comfort to him in years to come.

Chas. Henry Phillips, now of Norwood, where he has spent nearly three years since he came out in '88, says: "I have taken other papers but none I think as much of as UPS AND DOWNS." Charles' letter is full of cheerfulness and among other interesting news he tells us he is "between \$275 and \$300 to the good." Charles by the-by is not 19 years old and we are proud of his success.

In 1652, during the early colonial times of America, musket balls passed for change at a farthing apiece, and were a legal tender for sums under a shilling.

Herr Schubler finds that of a thousand species of flowers 284 are white, 226 yellow, 220 red, 141 blue, 75 violet, 36 green, 12 orange, four brown, and two black.