

The March of the Magi.

We wait upon the mountains,
Above us shine the golden lamps of God,
'Tis silent night,
And we, the Magi, worshippers of fire,
Renew the altars that have burned undimmed
Upon these mountain-tops a thousand years.
Feed ye the flames, and sing:—

"I shall see Him, but not near,
Shall behold Him, but not nigh.
A Star shall rise from Jacob,
And fill the midnight sky!
And here upon the mountains
Our altar-fires shall burn,
Until that star of Jacob
Afar our steps shall turn!"

Hail, splendid orbs!
God scatters ye like seeds in space, to bloom
In the wide gardens of heaven's flaming halls,
The firmament grows bright, a crystal floor
An ocean quivering with celestial fire.

Our father worshipped God
Amid the palaces of the Persepolis.
The city was the glory of the sun,
The crown of all the cities of the world.
'Tis vanished now; her palaces are dust;
The slimy lizards fill her broken pavements
Vanished are her kings.

Hail, splendid orbs!
Our fathers' eyes beheld thee,—all the great
Of earth, the earliest born of men. All hail!
Our father Abraham watched thee night by night.
In Mesopotamian tents, Jacob beheld
Thy silent marches under Mamre's oak;
Joseph, at On. Zoroaster, priest of God,
Thy mysteries read; and he did prophesy
Another star should rise, and fill the sky
With brightness, and the earth forevermore
With wonder. Feed ye the flames, and sing:—

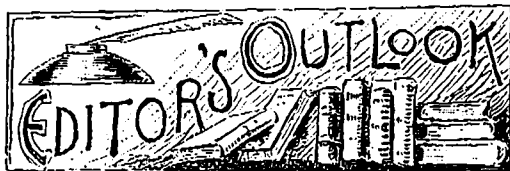
"I shall see Him, but not near,
Shall behold Him, but not nigh
A Star shall rise from Jacob,
And fill the midnight sky!
And here upon the mountains
Our altar-fires shall burn,
Until the Star of Jacob
Afar our steps shall turn!"

A thousand years
Upon the mountain-tops the holy seers
Have watched the rising stars, O weary nights!
It does not come; it does not yet appear.
The wondrous nights go on, and on, and on.
We feed the fires and watch, and it will come,
For God is God.—The altars blaze
And lift their splendours in night's shadowy halls
We keep the watch our fathers left to us,
And sing the song our poet-prophet sang,
And that the priests of Babel have sung with hope,
Through all the vanished nights of vanished years.

Behold yon light!
It rises; wondrous sight,—a star, a cross,
A coronet of fire!—Let the altars die,
Our watch is ended. Lo, it westward moves.
Let us descend the mountain stairs, and hence
The glorious portent follow. Farewell,
Ye flaming heights, we go to lands unknown.
Towards the Jordan. Yet once more, O priests
The song of Balaam sing:—

"I shall see Him, but not near,
Shall behold Him, but not nigh
A Star shall rise from Jacob,
And fill the midnight sky!
And here upon the mountains
Our altar-fires shall burn,
Until the Star of Jacob
Afar our steps shall turn!"—Selected.

It falls to the lot of the monthly visitor who sets out on his rounds at the beginning of December, to convey the greetings of the season a considerable time ahead. Therefore we wish our readers the compliments of the season—a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!



PROF. THURSTON, consulting engineer, has a high opinion of Canadian agricultural and general machinery. In smoothness of running it is in his opinion, equal to any to be seen on the grounds. Prof. Thurston was officially connected with the Centennial, and noting the advances made in manufactures since 1876, declares that the exhibit made by Canada shows the dominion to have made greater progress in manufactures than any other nation represented at the White City. Coming from an American, this is praise indeed.—*Exchange.*

SIR JOHN C. ABBOTT'S death drew from prominent men of both parties, and from the press of all shades of opinion, here and in the Old Country, expressions of feeling which were a singularly fine tribute to the ability, sagacity and patriotism of the deceased, and which must have been very gratifying to friends and colleagues. Sir John died at a ripe age, but there is little doubt that his health gave way under the strain of office as premier. During his short term he won the goodwill of his party and the sincere respect of his political foes.

THE tariff reform bill brought down by Mr. Wilson has been received with a hot fusillade from the Republicans, but there is every reason to suppose that it will pass into law without many material changes. It is regarded as, on the whole, favorable to Canada, while at the same time beneficial to the United States. But the fight over it will be severe and of long duration. The Republicans will find platform material in it, and will not let the opportunity to pass without a hard fought struggle. It is supposed that it will not receive the president's signature earlier than the middle of February next.

AN event of more than local interest was the unveiling in Hamilton, of the magnificent bronze statue in honor of the Right Hon. Sir John A. Macdonald. The occasion was made much of by the citizens of Hamilton, but the event was regarded as of much wider range. As was to have been expected, the Dominion government was well represented, Sir John Thompson being present to deliver the leading oration of the day. A notable utterance also was the speech by Sir Oliver Mowat, who eulogized his old friend and intimate acquaintance of boyhood's days. All sections of the community are to-day united in according to the great chieftain, as he loved to be called, one of the highest niches in the gallery of notables Canada has produced.

THE closing days of the World's Fair were beclouded by an event which called forth the sympathy and horror of the civilized world—an event of a character which happens with too startling a regularity and method, on the other side of the line. Carter Harrison only suffered the fate of Lincoln and of Garfield, and although he was not president of the Republic, he was much in the world's eye at the time, as mayor of the city of the World's Fair. The assassin, Prendergast, did his work deliberately and effectually, and now he is a prisoner to stand trial for the foul deed. While justice will doubtless be vindicated, it is a sad commentary on our advanced civilization that in a large and enlightened republic, the lives of public men are placed in so great a jeopardy merely because of the public positions the men hold.

THE end of the old and the beginning of the new year is a time when we are naturally in a retrospective and prospective mood. No doubt much which has occurred during the past year has been the cause of regret, and people are glad it is in the past forever. Yet how much there has been to be thankful for. Have we not been able to pull through a year of unusual depression on this continent, with credit and comparative ease? While the troubles and needs of our neighbors have been overpowering, Canada has had comparative immunity from financial or commercial disasters, and the business of the country was never on a better or sounder basis. There has been no political upheavals, no conspicuous breach of the peace; our laws have been respected. Our harvest has been abundant, and as for weather, no climate under the sun could have been more kind and genial. At this writing, as the last hours of November are waning, winter's cold finger has not touched us, but the fall rains are descending to moisten the meadows ere King Frost lays his hard fast sceptre over the soil. Surely we have been favored much and can draw from the past year an augury of good times in store for us. The future holds great possibilities for all. We heartily subscribe to the famous man's remark "the blessed future." To the disappointed man, there is hope in the future, to the successful man, there is also a better future, to all who look bravely and rightly at life with its duties and its responsibilities, the future holds a welcome—a hospitable prospect. With faith in ourselves, with courage, and with well-laid, wisely-conceived resolves, let us hail eighteen hundred and ninety four, praying that the record we may roll up at its close may be creditable to ourselves and of benefit to our fellows.

THE *London Free Press* considers that "there are proper and improper combines. Every school section, township or county is a combine; so is every joint stock or other company; so is the Patrons of Industry order; so are boards of trade. Sugar or cotton or binder twine or agricultural implement companies who unite and by saving expenses of travellers and clerks, and by centralizing their efforts, reduce the price of sugar to that of moulding sand, of cotton to that of straw, binder twine to a minimum, and of agricultural implements to a mere trifle, even while they do themselves good, are also doing the country good. There is one Agricultural Implement industry in Canada, that alone directly and indirectly gives support to thirty-five thousand people in employing seven thousand souls. Yet agricultural implements are cheaper in Canada than in any land on the face of this world."

OUR readers are so greatly interested in the proper care of farm implements, and we have so often drawn their attention to the importance of suitable housing and treatment, that the following from our valued contemporary, the *American Agriculturist*, will appeal forcibly to their sense of the fitness of things:—"Upon storing farm implements in proper condition depends, in no small degree, the success of farming. The man who provides a dry, airy shelter for farm tools and machines, and puts them in it when they are not in use, has done a wise and profitable thing; but he may have done only half of what he might and should do for the preservation and good work of his tools and machines. He should also put the tools and machines away in good condition. This includes freedom from dirt. The plow, for example, put away coated with mud, will rust and rot, though in good shelter; and such a coating is yet more harmful to the delicate parts of the machines. Though bright steel surfaces are clean, they will probably rust, unless coated with oil in some form; and to be sure that even clean wood does not rot, one must coat it with paint or oil. For coating metal surfaces coal oil or beef tallow