

MURDOCK McKENZIE, Esq.

Mr. McKENZIE presents another illustration of the solid success attained by Scotchmen in Canada. Born in the North of Scotland in June, 1820, he came to this country soon after attaining his majority, and at once entered into commercial life. In this he enjoyed a more than usually varied experience, having tried his fortune first in crockery ware, then in the dry goods trade, and afterwards in a ship yard. The change each time was a stage of progress, until in the year 1857 he was able to take up business on his own account, which he did as a Ship Chandler, importer of Marine Stores, &c. In this he has continued to the present day, and is now the head of one of the leading establishments of the kind in Montreal.

Mr. McKenzie has always led a quiet unostentatious life, neither seeking nor accepting public position of any kind, the SUN LIFE OF CANADA being the only Corporation upon whose Board he sits, where his high reputation for sagacity and probity render him a very valuable member.

THE WATCHERS..... *Henrietta Christian Wright.*

O ye whose unrewarded eyes
Forever watch the ocean's rim,
Your ships perchance 'neath friendlier skies
Rest far beyond your vision dim.

Perhaps in some sweet bay they wait,
Where bides the primal, perfect day ;
Where airs from springtime linger late
Or never perish quite away.

In some far-off diviner land,
Where never garnered wealth grows old,
Safe harbored they may wait your hand,
To strike their sails and yield their gold.

Young Man—Will you give assent to my marriage with your daughter, sir? Old Man (firmly)—No, sir; not a cent.

LITTLE OLD PEDDLER OF DREAMS.

Eben E. Rexford.....Chicago Record.

Listen, children, and I will tell
Of the little old man who has dreams to sell.

This little old peddler is bent and brown ;
His chin turns up and his nose turns down ;
You would think him first cousin to Santa Claus

If ever you looked in his face, because
He has the very same twinkling eye.
But never a child of all that buy
His dreams has seen him ; for when he knocks,

No matter what the time by the clocks,
The lids of the children's eyes shut down,
And shut they must stay till he's out of town.

He comes when the stars begin to shine,
Calling out : " I have dreams in this pack of mine,
Here's a dream of sugar plums—isn't it sweet ?

And caramels, fit for the king to eat !
Here's one of a dolly that laughs and cries,
And a puppy that barks and rolls its eyes.
Here's a dream of a drum and one of a tree
That bears apples and raisins and nuts !
And see—

Here's one that you'll like, of dear little
Bo-Peep,
And the boy in the haystack fast asleep ! "

Listen, my dearies ! I think I hear
His step on the threshold. Isn't it queer
That grown-up people can see right well
This little old peddler with dreams to sell,
While the children cannot ? Your eyelids fall—

I hear his step coming down the hall !
Your eyes shut fast—and he's here in the room,
And opens his pack in the drowsy gloom.
Choose your dreams, my dearies, and give to me,

For each dream that's chosen, a kiss as fee,
And I'll pay, in a way that suits him well,
This little old man who has dreams to sell.