

THE THREE KINGS.

Three kings come riding from far away,
Melechim and Gaspar and Baltazar;
Three wise men out of the East were they,
And they travelled by night and they slept by day,
For their guide was a beautiful, wonderful star.

The star was so beautiful, large and clear
That all the other stars of the sky
Became a white mist in the atmosphere,
And the wise men knew that the coming was near
Of the Prince foretold in the prophecy.

Three caskets they bore on their saddle bows,
Three caskets of gold with golden keys;
Their robes were of crimson silk, with rows
Of bells and pomegranates and rubies.
Their turbans like blossoming almond trees.

And so the three kings rode into the west,
Through the dusk of night through hills and delts,
And sometimes they nodded with beard on breast,
And sometimes talked, as they paused to rest.
With the people they met at the wayside wells.

"Of the child that is born," said Baltazar,
"Good people, I pray you tell us the news,
For we in the East have seen His star
And have ridden fast and have ridden far,
To find and worship the King of the Jews."

And the people answered, "You ask in vain;
We know of no king but Herod the Great.
They thought the wise men were insane,
As they spurred their horses across the plain
Like riders in haste who cannot wait."

And when they came to Jerusalem,
Herod the Great, who had heard this thing,
Sent for the wise men and questioned them,
And said, "Go down into Bethlehem,
And bring me tidings of this new king."

So they rode away; and the star stood still.
The only one in the gray of morn:
Yes, it stopped, it stood still of its own free will,
Right over Bethlehem on the hill.

The city of David where Christ was born,
And the three kings rode through the gate and the guard,
Through the silent street till their horses turned
And neighed as they entered the great inn yard:
But the windows were closed, and the doors were barred,
And only a light in the stable burned.

And cradled there in the scented hay,
In the air made sweet by the breath of kings,
The little child in the manger lay—
The child that would be King one day
Of a kingdom not human, but divine.

His mother, Mary of Nazareth,
Sat watching beside His place of rest,
Watching the even flow of His breath,
For the joy of life and terror of death
Were mingled together in her breast.

They laid their offerings at His feet:
The gold was their tribute to a King;
The frankincense, with its odor sweet,
Was for the priest; the Paradise,
The myrrh for the body's burying.

And then another wondered and bowed her head,
And sat as still as a statue of stone:
Her heart was troubled, yet comforted,
Remembering what the angel had said
Of an endless reign and of David's throne.

Then the kings rode out of the city gate,
With the banner of heraldry in proud array;
But they went not back to Herod the Great,
For they knew his malice and feared his hate,
And returned to their homes by another way.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

THE GRINSTONE.

Time—Evening—Scene—Bachelor quarters—Dramatic Personae—The joint occupants.

"The times have changed," remarked one of them, "the old adage must now be rendered, 'Tis the rolling stone that gathers the moss."

"How is that?"

"Haven't you heard of that new contrivance, that has been invented?"

"No; what is it?"

"It's to be called the International Punchers."

"Never heard of it before. What is it like?"

"It is a sort of a grindstone and everybody takes a turn at the handle."

"And what is the result?"

"This:

Baltimore papers tell of "A Bird that Caused a Divorce." It was a duck—a of a bonnet—probably,—N. Y. *Commercial*. A goose—of a husband—more likely,—Norristown *Herald*. A swallow—of whiskey—perhaps,—Worcester *Press*. No; it was the old hen itself,—Boston *Post*. Spare, oh spare s-w-a-n-ton jesting. It was a plover, of course,—Springfield *Republican*. It was owing to Mr. Bird having his feathers brushed the wrong way. The head and tail of his offending was this, and he does not quail from having it known,—London *Advertiser*.—Can any one of our readers see the point of these heart-wrenching puns?—Hamilton Spectator.

"Guess is was more likely the husband who was always a Raven, about the house."

"It's a Gull blasted shame to Hawk the sad case around like that, anyway."

"Yes; one would think a divorce was an eggception in Baltimore."

"What else have they been grinding at?" asked the youngest of the party, with sparkling eyes.

"Here is another," said one of the friends, as he read from a newspaper:

The steamer that sailed from Boston, last week, with 1,500 carcasses of mutton must expect a Chop-ping sea on the way.—N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser*.

What loin dose she run on!—Philadelphia *Bulletin*.

Why, the *Veal de Havre* line, we suppose.—N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser*.

"Stupid. That cargo is intended for the *Jamaica* line."

"It would be on the Anchor line then, I fancy."

"Wonder if there was no Lambentation in Boston."

"It don't matter; 'Sheep trip to Sherman's will now be in order."

"Look here, fellows," said one of the group, who had not yet exerted himself, "What's the Eves of all these Rambling remarks, anyhow?"

"I have found another," said the little fellow, with the sparkling eyes, paying no attention to the last remark.

A New York dramatist is writing a play called the "Savings Bank." We predict for it a tremendous run.—*Herald*, *Advertiser*.

Who will play the "Lean Fisherman" we wonder, and who will take the role of Cashius?

N. Y. *Commercial Advertiser*.

"They need not be alarmed; no doubt somebody will 'do' the 'Fisherman,' and before they are done with him the poor fellow will be made Lean-some forever."

"Well, we don't want any of these 'Saying Bank' people to assume the role of 'Cashus,' not if we know it."

The "Savings Bank" plot, is nothing new over there, is it?"

"All such things should have a Rest; but I just want to ask any of you, 'Why is that style of paragraphing like robbing a hen roost?' All give it up." Because they are both Punishable acts. You are surprised, ain't you, that the answer was not something about their both being *bad* proceedings?"

"Well," asks another, "why are the writers of all such scraps like Adam and Eve? Because they have an irresistible hankering for Parnassical delights." Then up spring the bravest of them all, and boldly asked "What is the chief resemblance between all these puns and a blacksmith's shop?"

"Well, let's see; a blacksmith's rasp is rough—and flat. The puns are—are both, of course."

Sole, with variations: "Why did I not think of that before?" Chorus:

Bring forth the wine cup.
Let it pass.—CUPRATIS.

W. F. McMAHON,

Hamilton, Ont.

THE FALLS OF MONTMORENCI.

This magnificent work of nature illustrated on another page is thus described in "The Bastardos," a romance which first appeared in our columns a few years ago, and has since been published in book form by Bell and Bowditch at Toronto. We quote:

"The habitation of Batoche was fully a mile from any other dwelling. Indeed, at that period the country in the immediate vicinity of the Falls of Montmorenci was very sparsely settled. The nearest village, in the direction of Quebec, was Beauport, and even there the inhabitants were comparatively few. The hut of the hermit was also removed from the high road, standing about midway between it and the St. Lawrence, on the right side of the Falls as one went toward the river, and just in a line with the spot where they plunge their full tide of water into the rocky basin below. From his solitary little window Batoche could see the Falls at all times, and under all circumstances—in day time, and in night time; glistening like diamonds in the sunlight, flashing like silver in the moonbeams, and breaking through the shadow of the deepest darkness with the coruscations of their foam. Their music, too, was ever in his ears, forming a part of his being. It ran like a web through his work and his thoughts during the day; it lulled him to sleep at night with the last ember on the hearth; and it always awoke him at the first peep of dawn. The seasons for him were marked by the variation of these sounds—the thunderous roar when the spring freshets or the autumn rain-falls came, the gentle purring when the summer droughts parched the stream to a narrow thread, and the plaintive moan, as of electric wires, when the ice-bound cascade was touched upon by certain winter winds."

Batoche's devotion to this cataract may have been exaggerated, although only in keeping, as we shall see, with his whole character, but really the Falls of Montmorenci are among the most beautiful works of nature on this continent. We all make it a point to visit Niagara once in our lives, but except in the breadth of its fall, Niagara has no advantage over Montmorenci. In altitude it is far inferior, Montmorenci being nearly one hundred feet higher. The greater volume of Niagara increases the roar of the descent and the quantity of mist from below, but the thunder of Montmorenci is also heard from a great distance, and its column of vapor is a fine spectacle in a strong sunlight or in a storm of thunder and lightning. Its accessories of scenery are certainly superior to those of Niagara in that they are much wilder. The country round is rough, rocky and woody. In front is the broad expanse of the St. Lawrence, and beyond lies the beautiful Isle of Orleans which is nothing less than a picturesque garden. But it is particularly in winter that the Falls of Montmorenci are worthy of being seen. They present a spectacle unique in the world. Canadian winters are proverbial for their severity, and nearly every year, for a few days at least, the mercury touches twenty-five and thirty degrees below zero. When this happens the headlong waters of Montmorenci are arrested in their course, and their ice-bound appearance is that of a white lace veil thrown over the brow of the cliff and hanging there immovably. Before

the freezing process is completed, however, another singular phenomenon is produced. At the foot of the Falls, where the water seeths and mounts, both in the form of vapor and liquid globules, an eminence is gradually formed rising constantly in tapering shape, until it reaches a considerable altitude, sometimes one-fourth or one-third the height of the Fall itself. This is known as the Cone. The French people call it more poetically *Le Pain de Sucre*, or sugarloaf.

On a bright day in January, when the white light of the sun plays caressingly on this pyramid of Crystal, illuminating its veins of emerald and sending a refracted ray into its circular air-holes, the prismatic effect is enchanting. Thousands of persons visit Montmorenci every winter for no other object than that of enjoying this sight. It is needless to add that the youthful generation visit the Cone for the more prosaic purpose of tobogganing or sledding from its summit away down to the middle of the St. Lawrence."

HEARTH AND HOME.

DEFENCE.—The race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment some assistant wipes the death-damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it of their fellow-mortals. No one, who holds the power of granting it, can refuse it without guilt.

WISE SAYINGS.—The moment a man is satisfied with himself, every body else is dissatisfied with him. There are many shining qualities in the mind of man, but none so useful as discretion. If we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others will not hurt us. The man who minds his own business has a good steady employment. Never apologize for a long letter; you only add to its length. Retiring early at night will surely shorten a man's days. He speaks in his drink what he thought in his drouth. True men make more opportunities than they find. An angry man opens his mouth and shuts his eyes.

BEGINNING IN LIFE.—When two young people start out in life together with nothing but a determination to succeed, avoiding the invasion of each other's idiosyncrasies, not carrying the candle near the gunpowder, sympathetic with each other's employment, willing to live on small means until they get large facilities, paying as they go, taking life here as a discipline, with four eyes watching its perils, and ten hands fighting its battles—whatever others may say or do, that is a royal marriage. Let us set down the heavenly archives, and the orange blossoms shall wither on neither side of the grave.

THE TRUE WIFE.—The true wife is often unfashionable in loving her husband, and him only in not caring to attract idle admiration or the homage of the more serious admirer. When she marries it was for love pure and simple, and she did not look to her wedlock as to her papers of release from control and her charter for unlimited freedom. She has no very decided opinions on politics, women's rights, or the doctrine of fate and free-will. She slips insensibly, and by the natural training of love, into the groove of thought where her husband finds himself, and holds his position to be the best of all because it is his. She is more content with his fame than she would be with her own; indeed she fonds herself in his, and would not care to be a personage on her own account. She desires for herself, for honour and supreme personal happiness, only his love, only his health and prosperity; and so long as he is safe her star is without a cloud to veil its brightness.

A HASTY TEMPER.—The guardians of children too often confound extreme sensitiveness with a hasty temper, which is the prevailing fault of sensitive children. Little by little self-control can be taught, and infiltrations of such ideas and motives and sentiments made in the child's mind, as will enable him to outgrow and overcome his infirmity. Time cures a great many things; children outgrow infirmities and faults, and if right principles of action and feeling are instilled gently, constantly, wisely, the results will ultimately appear. It is mere cruelty to make the weak points of a child a source of teasing and ridicule, as is often done in schools and families. If he is born with a defective sight or hearing, how careful we are to try to make up to him what nature has denied! A defect in one's mental and moral organization should certainly be as tenderly and judiciously treated as a bodily deformity. A quick temper, an irritable, or timid or teasing disposition, requires far more tact and judicious management than any mere physical infirmity. When grown to maturity, our sensitive children become the poets, musicians, artists, writers, leaders of their time.

GLEANER.

TALKATIVENESS is a ground of divorce in China.

NEARLY one-half of the new Russian loan has been taken up.

THE Dome of St. Peter's, Rome, is again reported to be giving way.

Mrs. SWISSELMAN favors a suit for school girls almost like a boy's, with six handpockets.

THE Shah of Persia, in his visit to Europe next year, will travel incognito as Prince Kavir,

ORNAMENTS and weapons of gold and copper have been found in the newly-discovered tomb on the Acropolis of Mycenæ.

"FLORA TEMPLE," the renowned trotter, died near Philadelphia last week. She was born in 1845 in Oneida county, New York.

THE Empress is sending a special Embassy to Madrid on the occasion of the Royal marriage, with an autograph letter and splendid wedding gifts.

A new industry is said to be extending in Paris. It consists in the manufacture of a cloth, much lighter and warmer than wool, from the feathers of domestic and other birds. The material is water-proof, and takes dye readily.

TOWER BAR is at length to be removed; the roadway towards the end of Fleet-street is to be widened so as to give room for four carriages, after allowing sufficient space in the middle of the road for a "refuge" for pedestrians, and some kind of monument to mark the extent of the City jurisdiction.

ROUND THE DOMINION.

LAVALINE Coal strike ended.

DONATION Parliament meets on the 7th of February.

GREEN Christmas at Winnipeg for the first time on record.

SPLENDOR of snow and good sleighing are being enjoyed throughout Nova Scotia. The depth of snow varies from six to fifteen inches in different localities.

THE test case of a Montreal committee member, who was compelled to pay a license of \$2500 amount in Charlottetown, P.E.I., has been decided against the city.

THE excitement over the Cariboo quartz discoveries continues at Victoria, B.C., and a great impetus has been given to business of all kinds. New discoveries are constantly coming in.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

THE theatres are all complaining of bad business.

ALICE KINGSTON, actress, will soon publish a book of theatrical experience.

GEO. NOEL, the composer, is said to be a popular man and much respected for his goodness of heart.

MADAME MARIE ROBIN has brought the word and stage-jewellery belonging to Tasso. Her jewels will be sold by auction.

FANNY DICKSON says the failure of so many fair-colored women in their attempts to be the stage queen at the top of the ladder.

A VICTORIAN girl, calling herself Zogel, rehearses a scene from "Leda and the Swan" for the start of her career as a singer, and the air from a swan, over the neck, sounding in a wistful melody feet below.

SYLVIA ADLERLINE, Tasso's Griselda, niece of Boston, will soon appear in "Home Improvement" in a new play. In one of the scenes she will be costumed in yellow, that being the mourning color among the Egyptians.

MADAME VON STEAMWEYER, the new tragic queen seems to revel in gorgeous costumes. As Messalina the voluptuous Roman queen, coming from the bath she wears white, embroidered with silver. In a late scene in the second act she appears as the Princess of Veins in a costume of white cashmere, covered with red roses. In the next act she wears a robe of white, heavily embroidered with real gold and crimson silk, embroidered with broad golden bows. In the third act, as the Bacchante wild and half mad, the striking feature of her costume is a tiger's skin. As Mary Tudor in "Lady Jane Grey," her robes are all royal and of the richest quality. Her jewels, velvets, lace and ruffles are all rich.

LITERARY.

WILLIAM is a careful composer, and avoids a fatal facility.

MRS. BECHER STOWE is writing a new story, "Our Books of Pagoda."

Mrs. ELIZABETH F. ELLIOTT was not a genius, but she made \$100,000 through her writings.

A NOVELIST of eleven years of age, Florence Mabel Hart, will make her first appearance in literature in a story, "Nettie Crookshanks."

MR. F. LOCKER and Mr. Austin Dobson are engaged in preparing a collection of the poems of the late Mortimer Collins.

Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON's collected poems will immediately be published, under the title of "Southern Flights."

FRANCIS uses the type writer. He used to be a printer, and hence found no trouble in learning to manipulate the writing machine.