

The Barren Tree

There stood in a beautiful garden  
A tall and stately tree;  
Crowned with its shining leafage,  
It was wondrous fair to see;  
But the tree was always fruitless;  
Never a blossom grew  
On its long and beautiful branches  
The whole bright season through

The lord of the garden saw it,  
And he said, when the leaves were sore:  
"Cut down this tree so worthless,  
And plant another here  
My garden is not for beauty  
Alone, but for fruit as well;  
And no barren tree must cumber  
The place in which I dwell"

The gardener heard in sorrow,  
For he loved the barren tree  
As we love some things above us  
That are only fair to see  
"Leave it one season longer -  
Only one more, I pray."  
He pleaded; but the master  
Was firm, and answered, "Nay."

Then the gardener dug about it,  
And cut the roots apart,  
And the fear of the fate before it  
Struck home to the poor tree's heart.  
Faithful and true to his master,  
Yet loving the tree so well,  
The gardener tolled in sorrow  
Till the stormy evening fell.

"To-morrow," he said, "I will finish  
The task that I have begun."  
But the morrow was wild with tempest,  
And the work remained undone.  
And through all the long, bleak winter,  
There stood the desolate tree,  
With the cold, white snow about it,  
A sorrowful thing to see.

At last, the sweet spring weather  
Made glad the hearts of men,  
And the trees in the lord's fair garden  
Put forth their leaves again.  
"I will finish my task to-morrow,"  
The busy gardener said  
And thought, with a thrill of sorrow,  
That the beautiful tree was dead.

The lord came into his garden  
At an early hour next day,  
And then to the task unfinished  
The gardener led the way  
And lo! all white with blossoms,  
Fairer than ever to see,  
In its promise of coming fruitage  
There stood the beautiful tree!

"It is well," said the lord of the garden,  
And he and the gardener knew  
That out of his loss and trial  
Its promise of fruitfulness grew.  
It is so with some lives that cumber  
For a time the Lord's domain;  
Out of trial and mighty sorrow  
There cometh a countless gain,  
And fruit for the Master's pleasure  
Is born of loss and pain.

THE STORY OF A USEFUL LIFE.

Hart Almerin Massey was perhaps the best known among the manufacturers in Canada. Like many other great enterprises, the business of which he was the head had a small beginning, so small as to be insignificant when looked upon in the light of the present day. He was born in an old-fashioned log-cabin on his father's farm, Northumberland, Ontario, on the 29th of April, 1823, being the oldest of ten children and the only surviving son.

EARLY YEARS.

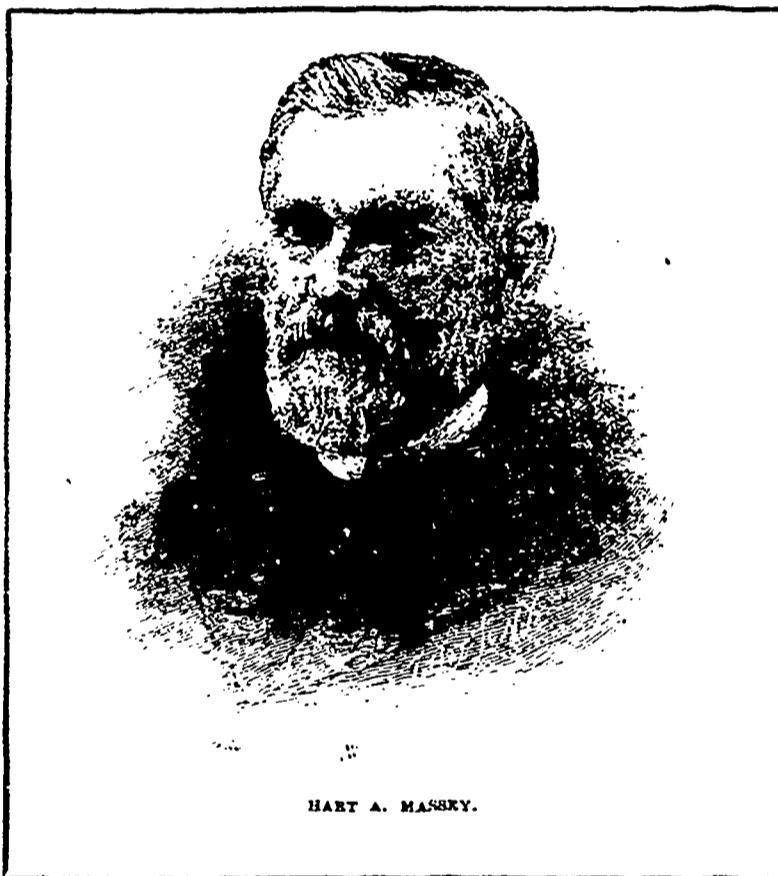
When but six years of age Hart Almerin Massey might have been seen trudging along, in company with his eldest sister, through three miles of wood, bare footed, on his way to school, driving the cows to pasture on the way and bringing them back on his return. He had a great admiration for horses, and at the age of seven years was quite a rider, and was entrusted to ride the "old mare." At this time, the boy showing strong inclinations in the way of furthering his father's interests on the farm, he was frequently called into service, and was sent once a week to the grist mill, some four miles distant, with bags of grain astride his horse's back, bringing back the flour, no roads at the time being constructed.

At the age of eleven he was sent to Watertown, N.Y., to school, where his father had been educated before him. Here his common school education was finished. While at Watertown he helped to defray his expenses by working with relatives on a farm at 50 cents per day. During the winters of his sixteenth and seventeenth years, he having returned to Canada, he procured the loan of a team of horses from his father, and with these he worked in the woods among the lumbermen, where he was placed in charge of a gang of teams. At nineteen he began a course at Victoria College, Cobourg, paying his expenses the first year by cutting wood and keeping fires in the Cobourg tannery, and for some considerable time while attending college he drew wood for the institution in order to pay for his tuition.

During vacation he was entrusted with the management of his father's farm, and having inherited mechanical genius, coupled with experience, he was able to keep the implements and machines his father had imported in repair.

LIFE ON THE FARM

On leaving college in 1844, Mr. Massey



HART A. MASSEY.

was given charge of his father's extensive farm, which was known as the largest and best-cultivated farm in that part of the country. During the summer months he was engaged in his duties on the farm, and, with an inspiration to get on in the world, devoted fall and winter to school-teaching. In 1847, on the removal of his father to Newcastle, he with his newly-found wife settled on the old homestead, where his long experience enabled him to carry out the great work he had in hand as manager of so large a farm, but his natural inclinations tended towards mechanical pursuits. Hence it was that he gave up farm life and accepted a position in his father's business, removing to Newcastle in 1851, where he was appointed superintendent of the works.

Mr. Massey was closely identified with all benevolent, charitable, and temperance work in his neighbourhood, more especially with that connected with the Methodist Church. He took a great interest in and assisted in the erection of churches throughout the country, and continued to participate in this good work up to the end of his life. He was for more than eighteen years in succession superintendent of the Sunday-school of his own church in Newcastle.

IN THE INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

In 1852, H. A. Massey was made a partner in his father's business, and also general manager of the same. The firm

was then known as H. A. Massey & Co., and in 1852 Massey's Ketchum mower was brought out the first mowing machine made on Canadian soil. Fearless, energetic, and persevering, Mr. Massey pushed on, using every effort to advance the interests of his business, introducing new machinery and processes of manufacture, experimenting in the field, watching the demands of the times, always aiming to put the latest and best goods on the market.

The demand for farm labour-saving machinery continuing to be much greater than the supply, the works were extended and improved from year to year, and in 1864 the industry had grown to one of great importance to the community. It was in this year that the pluck and courage of Mr. Massey was put to a most severe test. On the 29th of March, when the storehouse was filled with finished machines ready for harvest, and the works crowded with material in process of making, the entire plant was swept away by fire, nothing but a few patterns being saved. This blow was enough to have discouraged most men, but with accustomed push and indomitable energy, as fast as building ma-

"I WANT TO OBEY ALL CHRIST'S COMMANDS"

I know of a little girl just nine years old, who was led by God's Spirit to trust in Jesus, and she felt a love for God's people, such as she never felt before. She could say with John, "We know we have passed from death unto life, because we have loved the brethren" (1 John 3:14). One day she heard her minister say that all those who wished to unite themselves with the people of God and commemorate the love of Jesus in dying for us, would be examined upon a certain day. The officers of the church were rather surprised to see a little girl amongst those who wished to join the church. They asked her a great many questions, and were quite satisfied that she was truly a child of God, and so had a right to eat of the broken bread, to remind us how Jesus' body was broken for us. Still, they seemed doubtful about taking her into the church. Though Jesus had taken her into his loving arms, these office-bearers seemed afraid to take her into the church. At last the good minister said to her, "You are a very little girl, only nine years old; how should you feel if we were to advise you to wait two or three years, till you are older, before joining the church?" She burst into tears, and said, "I want to obey all Christ's commands, and he has said, 'This do in remembrance of me.'" You see that little girl was thinking of Jesus. She wished to please her dear Saviour; though she knew Christians were watching her, she thought more of Jesus, who saw her all the time. She knew that verse in the Bible, "Thou God seest me." (Gen. 16:13.) And she was anxious always to do what was pleasing to God.

Have you, my little friends, ever thought of publicly joining yourselves to the people of God? If you are a true Christian it is your privilege to do so. I know it will please Jesus to have you do this. It will encourage other little children who are Christians to do the same. It is important for you to remember that many are watching you; but it is far more important for you to remember that Jesus sees you all the time, and to be continually seeking to please him.

WHERE IVORY COMES FROM  
ITS USE

Mammoth tusks of Ivory occasionally come to this country from Siberia, but as these have been lying exposed for centuries, and probably for many thousands of years, and often buried in ice, the "nature" has gone out of them, and they are not fit for the cutler's use. The teeth of the walrus and hippopotamus are used in considerable quantity, and being of suitable size, are used whole for making expensive carved handles.

Ivory of the best quality comes from the west coast of Africa under the names of Cameroon, Angola, and Gaboon Ivory. This is brought down from the interior, and retains a large proportion of the fat or gelatine, from the fact, probably, that it is more recently from the animal. In this state it is called "green Ivory." It is more translucent and not so white as the Egyptian and other kinds, called "whit" Ivory that have been lying a longer time and in a more sandy region, and exposed to the heat of the sun until the animal matter has disappeared.

The excellence of the "green" Ivory consists in its greater toughness and in its growing whiter by age, instead of yellow, as in the case with the whiter varieties. Yet buyers of cutlery, through ignorance of these qualities, usually prefer the whiter kinds, which, on that account, are more in demand for the Sheffield trade, and have more than doubled in price since 1879.

The sales of Ivory occur every three months at London and Liverpool, and sales are also held to a limited extent and at irregular intervals at Rotterdam. At Liverpool only Ivory of the best quality and from the west coast of Africa is offered. Buyers from Germany and France, and agents of American consumers attend these sales, and it is estimated that about one-quarter of the whole amount goes to Sheffield another quarter to London, and the other half to Germany, France and the United States. --Chamber's Journal.

Caller—"Your office is as hot as an oven."  
Merchant—"Well it might be. I make my dally bread here, you know."