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MONTREAL 30

had some "dilly" times together. Jim was just a year older than I, and was always a class ahead of me at school, so, of course, whatever he wanted me to do in the way of mischief, you couldn't blame me for doing it.

Uncle sold out, however, and bought another farm about ten miles away from us, and this put a stop to our almost daily enjoyment in each other's company. Ever since, on Christmas Day, we have a sort of reunion. They spend Christmas at our place or we at their place, alternately. Of course, Jim and I see each other oftener than once a year, but we look forward to a big Christmas, and we certainly had a big time on the day about which I am going to tell you, when we spent Christmas out there for the first time.

It was just dinner-time when we got there, and I tell you I was in a good condition to appreciate all the luxuries of a Christmas dinner. After doing full justice to the dainties, which almost made the table groan, Jim and I went over to the creek which runs through their farm about forty rods from the house.

A large hill close beside the water's edge, makes it a capital sleigh-riding place when the creek is frozen over, and that day it was "dandy."

We tied the two sleighs we had with us together (one ahead of the other) when we got to the top of the hill. As there was a sharp bend in the creek at the foot of the hill, it required a little engineering to keep the sleigh from running into a big snowbank on the other side. Of course, Jim lay on the front "bob," while I lay partly on top of him, but with most of my weight on the rear "bob," and we started off. Well, we went down that hill a-flying. Only they who have been in a similar experience, know how delightful it is to go sleigh-riding on a fine, bracing day in winter. When we got down to the ice, which was as smooth as glass, Jim gave the front sleigh a little turn, but it was so slippery that both the sleighs went, sideways right across to the other side into the big snowbank.

Next time, Jim thought I could steer the outfit, which I did. Just as we were about half-ways down, I made an attempt to steer it a little farther over, instead of following the track we made before, and one of the runners sank in the crust. It was when I was turning it did it, and it stopped—chuck! I was thrown a piece down the hill, but Jim, who hadn't a very solid hold at the time, after the good start he got, rolled pretty nearly to the bottom of the hill. I can see him yet when he got up, and, all covered with snow, exclaimed, "What the dickens happened!" The look of him, and the way he said it, made me nearly weak with laughter.

Jim steered next time!—and we had some dandy sleigh-rides. I don't think I ever had such sleigh-rides in my life! the sleigh went so far and so swiftly.

After we had spent a most delightful hour or two at the creek, we came up to the barn, where father and Uncle Ben were looking at some live stock. Uncle had made a swing up in the barn, and we were going to have some fun with it, if father and uncle would come up and swing us. Of course, they consented, and we had a jolly time swinging, too. The seat broke, though, and spoiled our fun at that, but we made it up other places.

"Hurrah up here!" said Jim, "and see who can jump the farthest from the third top rung of the ladder up in the mow" (the ladder at the end of the barn). So up we scratched as hard as we could go. It was a wheat-straw mow. Jim jumped first, and then marked the place where he lit, and I lit in the exact spot. We had great fun at that, although I had to give in, finally, that Jim could jump farther than I.

We were not enjoying this as well, however, as sleigh-riding, so we went back to the creek again, and stayed till nearly dark. We got many a tumble, but they didn't hurt us, and we little thought that the time was going as fast as it was. The call for supper was unexpected. We had eaten so many candies in the afternoon that we were not hungry.

After supper we went to see our Christmas tree. They wouldn't let us in before. Say, it was a pretty sight!

The candles and tissue paper made it look so beautiful. And what should there be on it for me but a dandy school bag! I would need to trail a big basket to school containing my dinner and books no longer, while all the other boys had school bags. The next thing I laid hands on was for me also, and just what I had been aching for! A book entitled "Tom Brown's Schooldays." There were candies and nuts, too, in abundance, and I was nearly tickled to death.

(Continued on page 1622.)

The "Farmer's Advocate" Fashions.



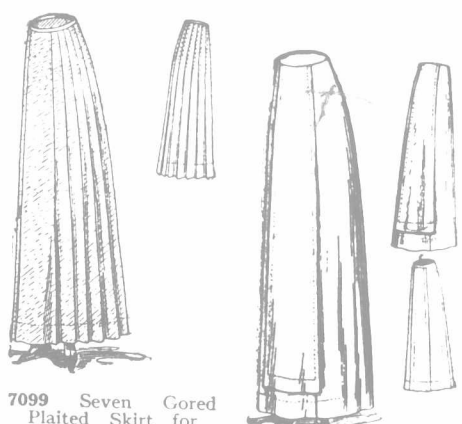
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To get peace, if you do want it, make for yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. None of us yet knows, for none of us has been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thoughts—proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us—houses built without hands for our souls to live in.—Ruskin.