

FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

CHRISTMAS.

As we gaze upon this beautiful picture, sweet memories gently touch the harp of feeling and music low as a zephyr's sigh breathes of the past. Many years have in silence swept by to slumber in the tomb of time, since we clustered with loved ones around the Christmas tree in our childhood's home. Some of that happy group now rest beneath the snow. One the waves of the

a single word will move from the misty mountain-top of the past, a torrent of thoughts that rush with an Alpine force upon the heart. Christmas is a time of joy. True the mother's eye may be moist as she remembers that there is one less parcel to tie to the branches. True the father may sigh as he recollects that the voice of the little prattler that he held in his arms to reach the gift is hushed in death. But they mourn not as those without hope, for they know

covered by accident." To the aged, Christmas is a day on which our hearts should be thankful for the undeserved blessings we enjoy; for light, and life and happiness; and above all, for the gift beyond price, of Christ's wondrous mission to mankind. Our bosoms being filled with such emotions, we should make this day an occasion of good deeds to the poor, the unfortunate, the wretched; a day of forgiveness to enemies and of charity to all the world. The feeling



Atlantic covers—another sleeps on the vast plains at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. There is a quiet satisfaction in culling green spots from memory's waste. Though these memories be sad, yet they are sacred to us. Let the aged remember when life seemed to foreshadow one continued Christmas. How many hopes have proved to be earth-born, and the torch was plunged beneath the dark waves of misfortune leaving us to grope our way in darkness? But why dwell on such sad memories. Yet there are times when

that the Being whose birth in the flesh they commemorate has taken them to Himself. Christmas to the young speaks of innocent mirth—of Santa Claus, plettiorie seeks and last, but not least of school vacation. Parents, do all in your power to add to the joys of home, and forget not the wants of the young at Christmas time. There is a mystery to juvenile minds in the source from which Christmas gifts come, that is attractive. One of the greatest joys on earth, "is to do a good act from impulse and to have it dis-

of gratitude and hope, awakened by remembrance of the glad tidings announced to the shepherds of Bethlehem, naturally connect themselves with thanksgiving.

The above cut was kindly given to us by Orange Judd, publisher of the AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST, as a Christmas gift to the "Farmers' Advocate."

During the month of April nearly 5,000 cattle were exported from Canada to Buffalo, the duties on them footing up \$19,000.