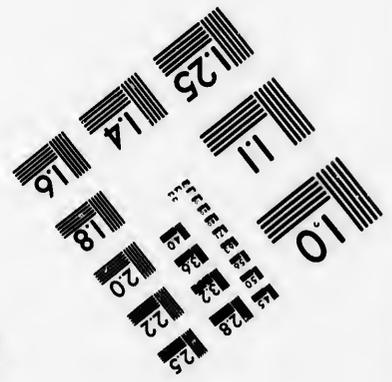
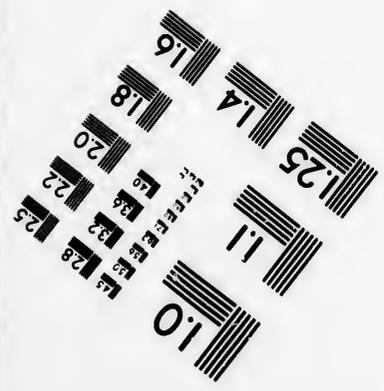
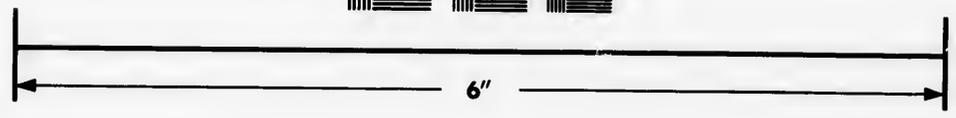
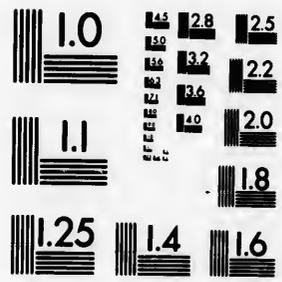


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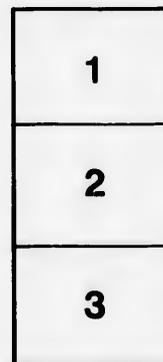
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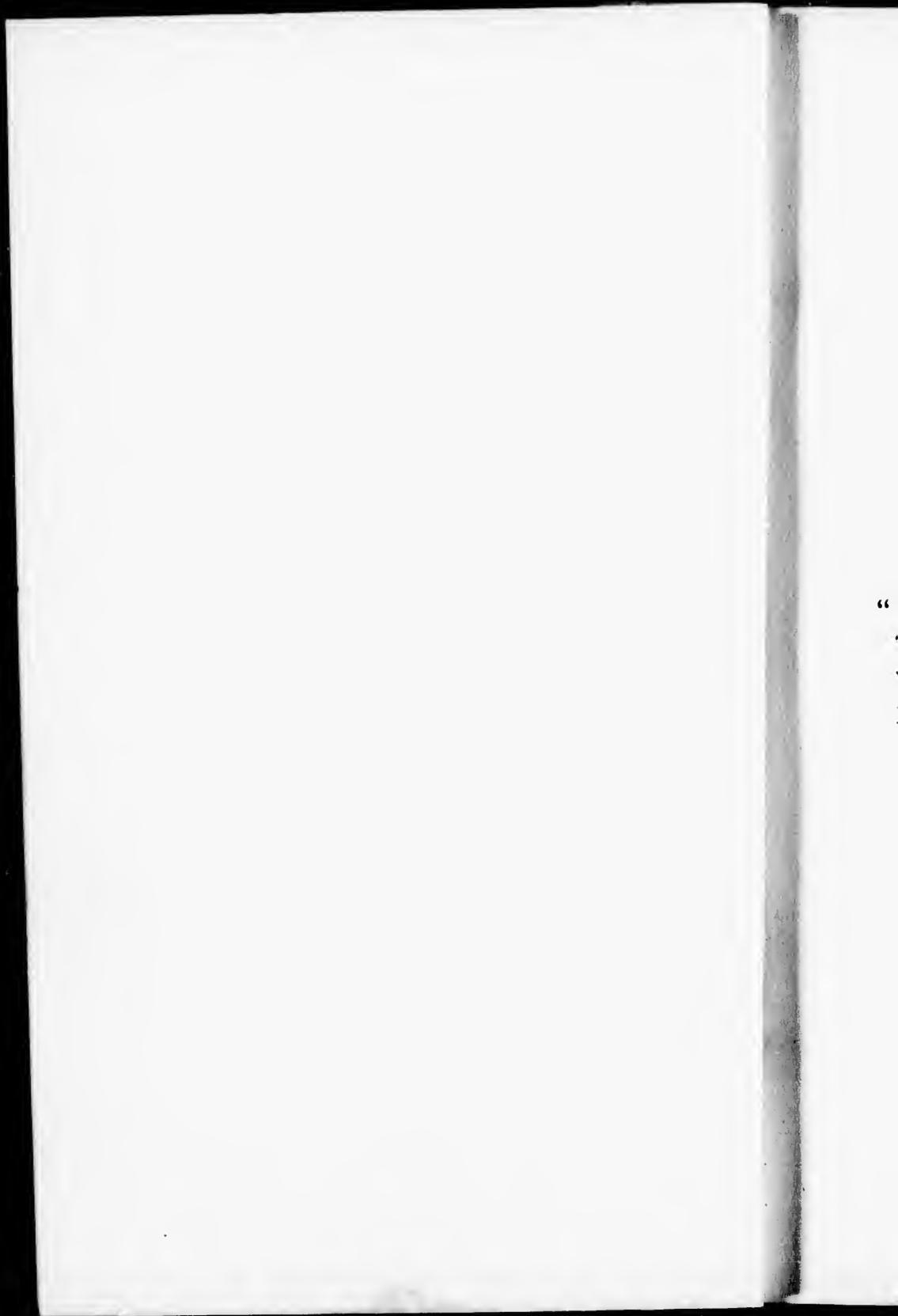
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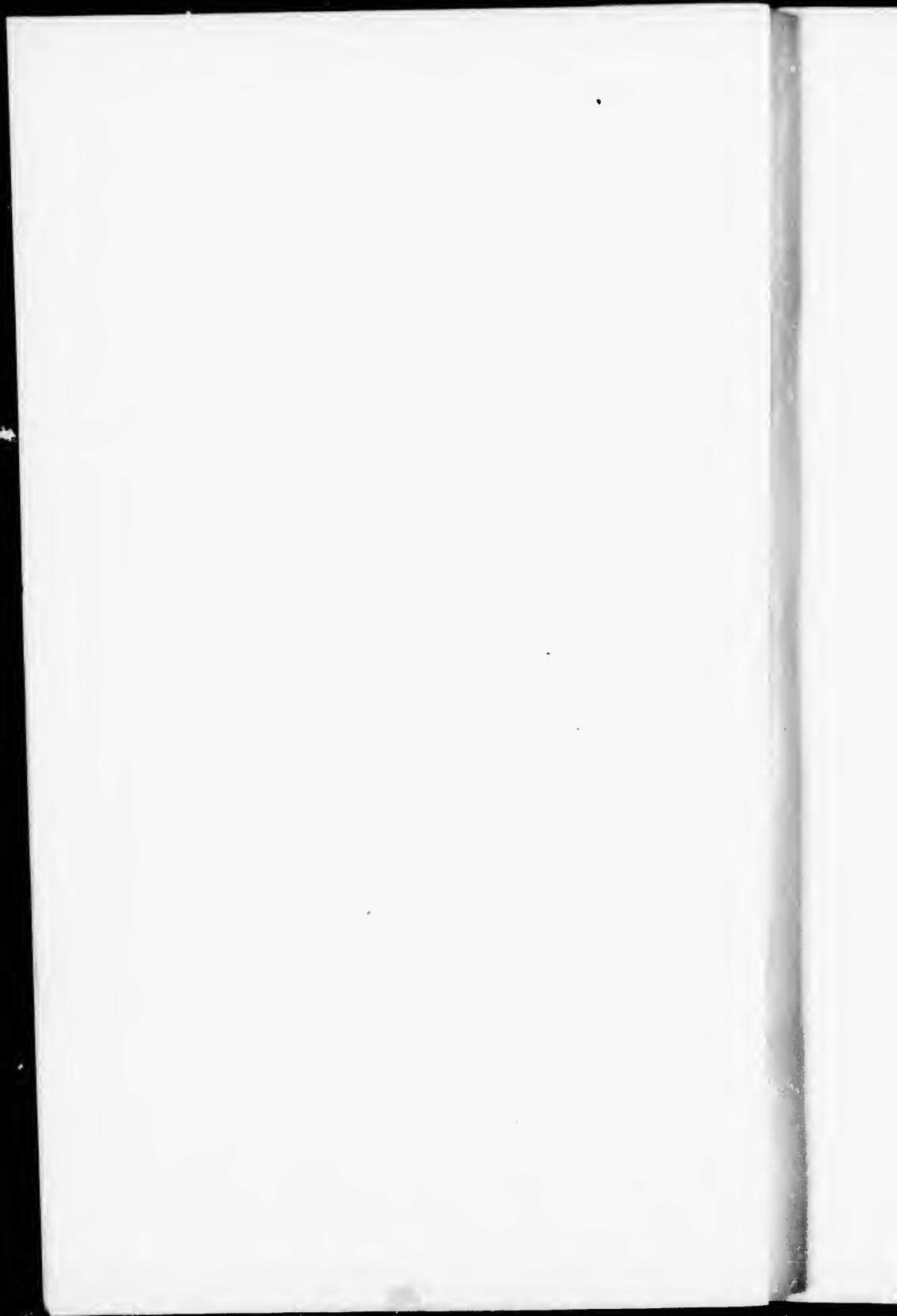
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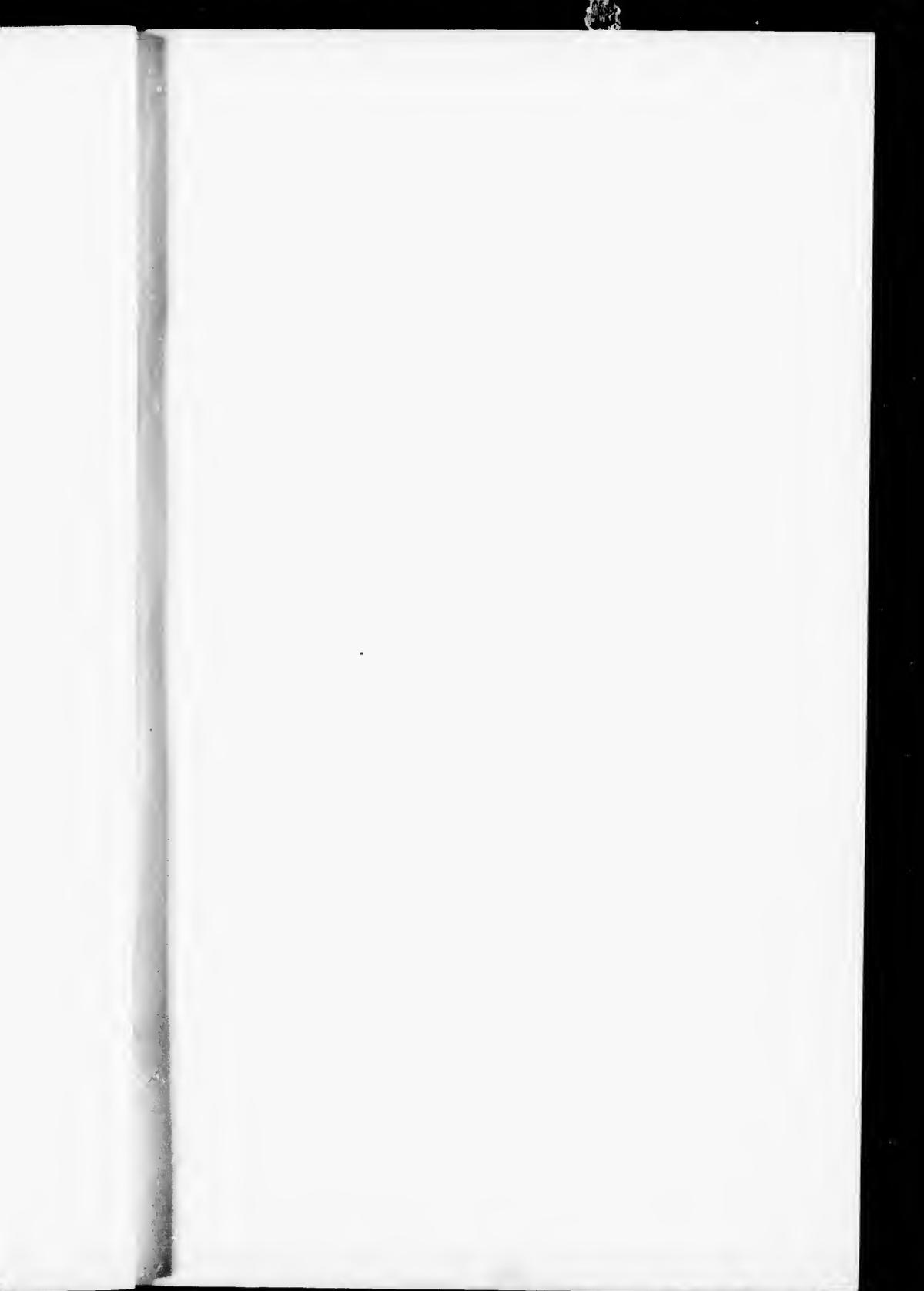
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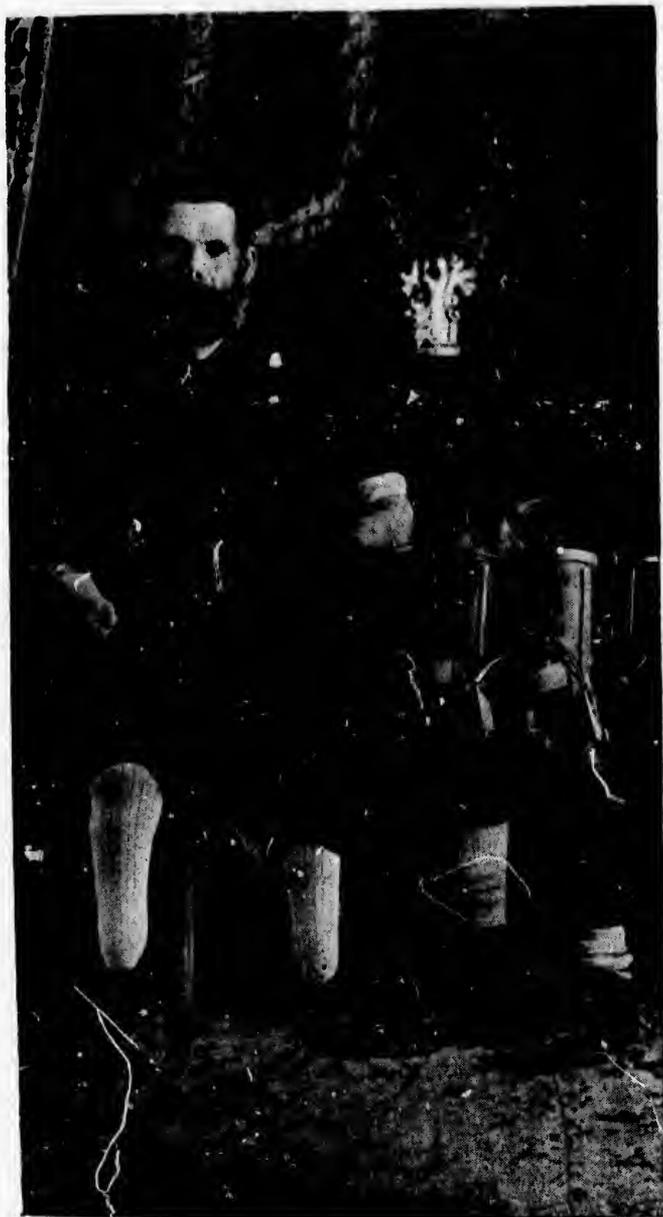


“ It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silver tie,
Which heart to heart and mind to mind
In body and in soul can find.”

—*Sir Walter Scott.*







WHAT IS LEFT OF FINLAY BOOTH.



WILLIAM A. BOOTH OF THE LAY BOOTH.

R
Pastor

T

THE
LIFE STORY
OF
FINLAY BOOTH

BY
REV. HAMILTON WIGLE, B.A.,
Pastor of Zion Methodist Church, Winnipeg, Man.

TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS
1900

BOOTH

Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada,
in the year one thousand nine hundred, by HAMIL-
TON WIGLE, at the Department of Agriculture.

DEVOTED TO
Finlay Booth,
AS AN
EXPRESSION OF DEEPEST SYMPATHY
AND AN
EVIDENCE OF MY LOVE FOR CHRIST
AND
INTEREST IN THE WELFARE
OF THE BROTHERHOOD OF MANKIND.
THE AUTHOR.

Canada,
FAMILI-
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THE Author is indebted to H. H. Millie, of Carman, Man., for the valuable assistance rendered in furnishing us with the excellent photographs accompanying this sketch.

Mr. Millie has shown unbounded interest in Finlay, and has assisted us very much in gathering data for this book.

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INTRODUCTION.

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THIS is not a work of literary effort. We claim no merit for anything in the way of book-writing in this life sketch. This is neither a treatise, nor a discourse, nor a thesis—it is a sad story.

Nearly all the data of the book have been received from the lips of the subject of the work himself, and we have grouped and arranged these as you find them within.

We have absolutely no special interest in this book, other than to assist a poor unfortunate sufferer.

Our first acquaintance with the subject of this tale goes back to about four years ago, and when our eyes first beheld him a wave of sympathy swept

over our soul which has taken a crystallized form in this work.

In conversation with our hero at one time, we incidentally mentioned that the story of his life in book form would sell well and give him a good and legitimate means of a livelihood.

The thought lodged in his mind and he finally requested me to undertake the task. I consented with great reluctance, as my pastorate demanded all my time and energies.

As we are not staking any reputation on the merit of the book, and as it is virtually an appeal for aid, we are sure it will not come within the scope of literary criticism.

We sincerely hope, however, that the purchaser may get some inspiration from these pages in looking at the indomitable perseverance and noble independence of this man while under

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the most heart-rending and discouraging circumstances. Many men not one-half as badly maimed would be in the poor-house. If this man can surmount such obstacles, why should any one lack courage in the world's great battle?

How true are the words of Burns :

“ Though losses and crosses be
Lessons right severe,
There's wit there, you'll get there,
You'll find no other where.”

On the Author's part this is purely a work of philanthropy, and all we ask of the public is to purchase the book for the sake of the man whose picture appears as a frontispiece, for to him will go the entire profits of its sale.

HAMILTON WIGLE.

WINNIPEG, May, 1900.

“ Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.” (Matt. xxv. 40.)

**“ We live in deeds, not years,
In thoughts, not breaths ;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart-throbs.
He lives most who thinks most,
Feels the noblest, acts the best.”**

—Bailey.

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FINLAY BOOTH.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY DAYS.

FINLAY BOOTH, the subject of this sketch, was not always thus. The Great Father had been as generous to him as to any of His children, and had started him out in life with a perfect outfit of bodily members ; but if you were to search from the burning tropics of Ecuador to the frigid Yukon, you could scarcely find a ghasstlier specimen of mutilated humanity to-day.

dial.
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Bailey.

His parents came from Leitrim, Ireland in the year 1845, and settled on a farm near the town of Waterloo, Shefford County, Province of Quebec. From there, in the year 1849, they moved to Wallace, in the County of Perth, Province of Ontario, where they remained till the year 1861.

About that time a relative from Rhode Island came to visit the Booths, and persuaded them to leave Ontario and go over and take employment in the American cotton factories. The venture was made with the hope of securing better wages, and thus providing a surer means of supporting the large family.

Hills far away looked *green*, and things at home looked *blue*, but

"fortune did not favor the brave" that time, for the Civil War had broken out and all the large factories had shut down. Fortunately, they still held their land in Perth, Ontario, and, after an experiment of six years in the States, they returned to the old Canadian home.

Finlay was born on the 24th of June, 1853. Do we say June? Yes, June! That month when earth and sky celebrate their wedding day, and from the golden chariot streams of nectar flow out and load the air with fragrance. With the songs of birds and the bloom of flowers, surely old Time must long ago have declared June to be nature's month of jubilee.

It is the month when old Ontario is at her best—when the bee hunts

the honeysuckle and the brier-bush blooms in the lane ; when the killdeer hides her eggs beside the cattle path, and the robin sings in the maple ; when the swallow makes her mud house under the eave, and the turkeys hide their nests in the cornfield. June ! when our young eyes used to see the clover tops, the lilacs, and in our bare feet we chased the chipmunk and squirrel over logs and along the fences.

On that June day there was no prophetic hint that those round limbs and that plump face would be so wrenched and torn. Indeed, it seems incredible that there can be forces in the earth, such as at one moment can be engaged in carving and shaping such delicate features, and at another could be engaged

in tearing up that finely-constructed work in a most ruthless manner.

The home, like many others in those parts at that day, did not roll in wealth and luxury. They endured all the privations common to early settlers. In those pioneer days the red deer could be seen in dozens. The wolves made the night hideous by their hungry howlings, and had to be kept from the houses and barns by burning log heaps and smudges.

When going to and fro among the neighbors at night the traveller found it necessary to carry burning cedar splinters to keep the wolves away.

Finlay's father cut the first road into the township, and roofed his first log shanty with elm bark.

The nearest town was twelve miles distant, and when a new consignment of flour was needed, the mother would thresh out the sheaves of wheat over the head of a barrel, clean it by the aid of the wind, carry it on her back to get it ground, and then convey the flour back again—a distance of twenty-four miles.

In that same part of the country the young housekeepers are said to carry nothing heavier than a milk pail in these days, and in order to remove the stiffness from their fingers caused by crocheting, they meander over the ivory keys of a piano two hours a day. What a change! What memorials we ought to raise to those uncrowned heroes and heroines of by-gone days!

During the harvest time the father used to go down near Brantford and Galt, the better settled parts, and cut the crops with his cradle to earn a little extra cash to furnish the larder at home.

The forests were so dense and unbroken that the settlers would often lose their way, and when any home-comer was thus overdue they would begin to blow long tin horns, which they had for dinner-calling.

The Booth family consisted of the parents and seven children—four girls and three boys. The father's name was Thomas, and the mother's name was Mary Banon.

Jane, the eldest, was born in Ireland, and when the family moved to Rhode Island she, of course,

went with the others, but remained there after the rest returned to Ontario. From there she moved west to St. Paul in the year 1887, and died in that city in the year 1897. The other six children were born in Canada.

Mary Ann, the second daughter, and the only surviving one, married W.C. Cowan, a farmer, near Carman, Manitoba. Mrs. Cowan is a woman of high repute, and has a family of which she has great reason to be proud.

Eliza, the third daughter, married William Waugh, and came west and settled at Boissevain, Manitoba, where she died in July, 1897.

Payton, the next child and eldest son, came west with the family to Manitoba, but soon after went

south to St. Paul, where he died in March, 1890.

Finlay, the next in order, is the subject of our sketch, whose career we will give a little later.

Johnston, the third son, separated from the rest of the family at Black River Falls, Wisconsin, when they were on their way to the west. He remained there but a short time and then returned to Bruce County, Ontario, and married. In 1881 he pulled up stakes again and, retracing his steps, came west and settled near Carman, Manitoba, where he is farming at the present time.

John, the youngest boy, came out when the family moved west, and at the time of Finlay's accident was in the employ of Dr. Schultz, of

Winnipeg. At this time their sister Eliza was also in the employ of Dr. Schultz. John then followed the family to the Boyne River, where they had settled, and remained at home till his mother died. He then found his way back to Winnipeg, and for many years was the head shipper in Westbrook's implement firm. He is now engaged with James Robertson, wholesale hardware merchant, Winnipeg.

Martha, the youngest of the family, married John Sargent, who was night-watchman at the river crossing. They also moved out to the Boyne settlement, where she died in October, 1894.

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Turn, turn, my wheel ! All things must
change

To something new, to something strange ;
Nothing that is can pause or stay ;
The moon will wax, the moon will wane,
The mist and cloud will turn to rain,
The rain to mist and cloud again,
To-morrow be to-day.

Turn, turn, my wheel ! What is begun
At daybreak must at dark be done ;
To-morrow will be another day ;
To-morrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame,
And stamp with honor or with shame
These vessels made of clay.

—From "*Kéramos*," by Longfellow.



FINLAY AS HE IS SEEN TO-DAY.

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CHAPTER II.

TO THE WEST.

WE have dealt little with our hero since we recorded his birth in Eastern Canada. He had grown to be quite a young man before he left Ontario, and had performed a noble part in hewing out the new home. Many forest giants had yielded to the strength of those hands which have long since crumbled to dust.

When the first military expedition was sent to the North-West, an old neighbor, W—— C——, who enlisted from the military school and took part in the Rebellion of 1870, sent back such

glowing accounts of the country that the Booths were induced to try the "West."

The farm and loose property were disposed of, and the start was made on June 5th, 1871. All land trips were then made across the States, and the only routes open were by all land, or steamer to Milwaukee and the rest by land. A tenting wagon was improvised, and, crossing at Sarnia, they took the water route to Milwaukee, from whence they drove to Winnipeg. It took them fifty-two days to cover the distance from Perth County to Fort Garry.

Settlements were very sparse in Minnesota at that date, and Grand Forks was a mere hamlet of less than a dozen houses. Winnipeg,

he says, did not possess more than one thousand population, and the only hotel of importance was the Davis House. Finlay was eighteen years of age when he reached Winnipeg, and in the fall of the same year the family removed to the Boyne settlement and took up land four miles from where the town of Carman now stands.

CHAPTER III.

FINLAY.

THE first part of our hero's life is folded up in the history previously given, in the account of his home and family.

Finlay was always a steady and dutiful boy. At the age of sixteen he joined the British-American Order of Good Templars, and lived up to his pledges.

His parents taught him one of the first principles of life—industry—and he has faithfully practised it ever since. He was not long in Winnipeg till he secured work in the brickyard of Dr. Schultz. In a very short time, Finlay claims,

he gained the acquaintance of the great majority of the people in the city.

Those were the days of universal democracy, when the *people* owned the country, and, as the Yankee says, "One man was just as good as another, and better, too." What an ideal condition of life, when we can see

"The parliament of man, the federation of the world."

Here we see the irony of civilization, for since the population has increased and value of property enhanced, the shades of *class* life have crept in, and we are forced to apply to our common humanity terms that should only be used in mathematics, viz., the "Higher" and

the "Lower." Aristocracy is a product of the vocabulary only. It is like a balloon ; it may have a *man* or *woman* in it, or it may not. We have no quarrel with the boulevards if they have absolutely nothing to do with the slums. We cannot bring any indictment against East London for simply being in that point of the compass, nor are we called upon to condone with West London for being in her peculiar point of the compass. But if it can be shown that Portland Square in the west has an infinitesimal point of responsibility for Whitechapel in the east, then the matter has an eternal ethical bearing. We are not afraid of aristocracy alone, but we are afraid of the awful spectre that seems inevitably to follow in her wake.

We do not incriminate the rich man for being rich, nor do we unconditionally excuse a poor man for being poor. What we are prepared to do is to challenge our so-called civilization and blame ourselves for being so harassed by a social system that distorts the features of our common brotherhood. We have to put ourselves in the "dock" and answer to the charge of having voted into office men who have sold our birthright to the highest bidders, until the "trusts" and "combines" are the price of political bribes. What a travesty on liberty we see about us when we learn that there is more property in the hands of one hundred citizens of the United States than in the hands of all the other 69,999,900

citizens ; and when we see these combine capitalists petted and protected by the militia while 1,500,000 citizens are unemployed, and if they should "strike" for *bread* or *work* they are mowed down like Zulus.

This is the picture which Professor Edwin Markham saw when he spoke of the "Man With the Hoe," and said :

"O masters, lords, and rulers of all lands,
Is this the handiwork you give to God,—
This monstrous thing, distorted and soul-
quenched ?
Plundered, profaned, and disinherited ?
How will the Future reckon with this Man ?
How answer his brute question in that
hour
When this dumb Terror shall reply to
God
After the silence of the centuries ?"

In the fall of the year Finlay's parents secured land for settlement and prepared to leave the city for the new prairie home.

You will pardon us if we introduce a rather plain but useful character into this scene just here, for without her this chain would want a link—a cow. Indeed, if we had a good cut of that historic animal, we would give it an honored place here. No animal has a better claim for homage at the hand of man in this country than the patient cow. Many early settlers have raised their children and kept themselves for a great part of the year by the daily returns from that dumb but faithful beast. This land never "flowed with honey"; but if it had not "flowed with milk" it would

scarcely have been habitable in those early days, when many a cow supplied meat and drink and power.

The Booths knew how indispensable this domestic servant was, and having procured one, she had to be transferred to the farm with the *rest* of the *family*. They all left the city on November 27th, 1871, and, while the others drove along in the wagon, Finlay led the cow.

The first evening they only got as far as Headingly, where they spent the night at the home of Richard Salter. The following night they camped out at Stinking River, and the next morning started for the Boyne settlement.

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“The tissue of the life to be
We weave in colors all our own,
And in the field of destiny
We reap what we have sown.”

—*Whittier.*

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CHAPTER IV.

TEMPERANCE LESSON.

THAT memorable day, November 29th, broke in most beautifully upon the western plains. We do love beautiful November mornings here, when the sun seems to shine through a silver sheen of crisp frosty air, when every vestige of vegetation is numb with cold and the whole domain is flooded with light; it seems just as if the earth had been suddenly tipped into the bosom of the sun. There is a fulness of light by day and night in these clear skies, the like of which

we have not witnessed in any other part of Canada.

As the day advanced it became suddenly colder ; in fact, a storm was rapidly brewing (of which we shall deal more fully later on) and the travellers found it necessary to push on with greater speed.

Finlay, feeling the sudden chill, ate a cold lunch hastily and started on without any rest, leaving the others quite a distance behind. When the party overtook Finlay he had reached what was called the "Potato Swamp," on the old Missouri Trail. His brother, Payton, offered to exchange places with him here, but the offer was declined on the ground that he was then too hot to get in the wagon and ride, and would be safer in

walking on with his quadruped companion.

It should be noted here that Payton, who had a single rig when he offered his brother a ride, was a little in advance of the wagon, he having pushed on with the intention of going ahead to prepare the house for the whole party. After Payton drove off, the rear-guard of the party caught up to Finlay, and the father was astonished to see him still walking.

Here, on a quiet page in the centre of this book, we record the simple yet misguided act that resulted in the awful tragedy of this boy's life. The father saw the exhausted condition of his son, and, with none but the kindest and tenderest motives, insisted that he

should take a drink of the liquor they had brought with them. Finlay, as we have seen, was a Good Templar, and declined at once.

The father had never used it to excess, and he persuaded the lad that it could do him no harm, but was what he most needed at that moment. What a boon to mankind modern science has given when not only the fathers, but our children in the public schools, are taught that there is little or no nourishment in liquor, and when it seems to aid one part it robs another. Let us shorten the story here and simply say: Finlay took it.

That father lived to see the awful folly of his act, and with

tears and heartaches he learned the dreadful lesson.

Alas! when a parent pushes a thorn into a child's soul, that can never be extracted. Oh, parents, you may play with a viper with impunity yourselves, but it may live to sting your children.

When will mankind learn the danger of trying to warm themselves at the mouth of a volcano, or of seeking to quench their thirst at the rushing Niagara?

The case before us is just another proof of the fact that stimulants do not take the place of either food or clothing. No man can lose much for body or soul who *takes* and *keeps* a pledge of teetotalism.

Who has the logic to vindicate the existence of such a human foe

in our land to-day, when three-fourths of all the crime, suffering, and misery are traceable to its existence?

This earth does not merit such an insult as she has received in the thousands of drunkards' graves that are dug into her bosom. I can easily imagine that the judgment will be half over when this great evil has been reckoned with.

Mr. Booth freely declares that were it not for that *one* glass he could have endured the storm and fatigue and escaped the awful mutilation he has suffered.

Our hero has expressed himself to me as being not only willing but *anxious* that his misfortune and ill-advised act should be made use of as a signal of warning against the

use of liquor in any form. He thinks it is far safer to live without it than with it.

I do not offer any apology for taking advantage of this sad incident for ringing out the old, old warning: "Touch not, taste not, handle not" the accursed thing.

“ Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oftenest in what least we dread ;
Frowns in the *storm* with angry brow,
But in the sunshine strikes the blow.”

—*Cowper.*

“ It is not in the *storm* nor in the strife
We feel benumb'd and wish to be no
more,
But in the after silence on the shore,
When all is *lost except a little life.*”

—*Byron.*

CHAPTER V.

STORM.

THE farther we are removed from water the more difficult it is to predict the weather probabilities. Among the initial causes of atmospheric changes is the enormous evaporation from the sea, and, consequently, the more remote a district is from the sea the less distinct are the storm symptoms. Our most violent storms on the prairie are often the most sudden ones. This is not the case on the ocean or shoreland. The seaman will see the greedy gull skimming low and dipping at every wave to gather a

double feed, anticipating the storm. The sharks increase in number and fierceness ; the sea fish spring out of the water at every speck floating on the waves. In the rigging the winds growl and whine as they rush up the masts and creep through the lazy, flapping canvas. The captain sees the flapping pendant on the topmast, smells the electric air, and hears the slap of the sluggish wave against the side of the ship. The tars lounge lifelessly about the decks, while the wheelman, with aching arms, tugs at the helm. The mate looks at the glass and says : "Aha ! Cap, she's a'brewin'." On the shorelands, too, Nature has run up her storm signals. The farmer sees the swallow skimming the ground to catch

the hiding fly. The dove sits by the hour upon the brush heap repeating her mournful notes like a human tale of woe. The blackbird hops about the plow-boy's feet to pick the upturned grub. The sleepless owl screams all night, and the watch-dog growls and barks as if the land were full of tramps. The house-wife tires at her work, while the fretful infant in the crib refuses to be rocked to sleep. The cattle call to each other across the moor, and instinctively wander about for places of shelter. The leg-weary farmer leans against the fence corner cleaning his plow, and can hear his neighbor shouting at his stupid team; and, rubbing his hot brow with his sleeve, he mutters to himself, "This means a storm, I guess,"

Out upon the prairie the settler cannot conjure up so many portents of the weather. He hears no voice from the sea, nor can he feel any shore breezes. He has very little opportunity of consulting the birds; they leave us too soon to be of service long. The wild animals do not venture far upon the plains; the hollow atmosphere does not seem to be in correspondence with any of Nature's prophets, and, when the last sheaves have been gathered and the flocks are in the corrals, the prairie seems to be the "no man's land."

The early frosts discolor every vestige of vegetation until the eye looks every way upon a vast domain of brown grass or yellow stubble fields. Then the clouds,

as if grieved at the heartless desolation of the frost, cover the plain with a carpet of mealy snow. But Nature has things pretty much her own way, and does not think it necessary to make any definite announcement of her movements.

The unchained winds of the north have held sway so long over these uninhabited regions that they have not learned the courtesies of modern civilization, and give no notice or warning of their terrible bombardment. A blizzard is one of the most unexpected things in the west. It is one of the finest exhibitions of irony that the elements can produce. Up to a few hours before it bursts upon us, it often seems to be the thing that is the most remote. A blizzard does not

need the cold, the black cloud, the thunder peal, the lightning flash. It is like a bomb-shell ; it has all the elements of execution bound up in itself. The day may break unusually warm and bright, and although winter has been with us a month or more, you would think Father Time had gone back to September for a day he had missed. It is just that kind of a morning when the settler will say to his faithful wife : " Well, Jen, guess I will take some grain to town, and bring home some wood. I will leave the stable doors open, and the corral bars are down, so the stock can go out and 'pick' a little. The roads are fine and I will be home early. Good-by, lass."

"Jen" has her south door (the

only one in the shack) open all forenoon, and the children play about in the warm sunlight. The cattle are too lazy to wander far away, and stand about the well and woodpile chewing their cud. But, see! Look at that thick haze creeping stealthily over the sun, and that chill wave blowing up, that every settler learns to dread! The children run in the house, while the mother runs out. She has been in the country long enough to guess the problem. About this time can be seen a long grey streak of cloud far away on the horizon, but moving forward, and rising every moment higher into the hazy heavens. The cattle are all sniffing the air and crowding and hooking each other about the stocks, as restless

as if a prairie-fire was sweeping down upon them. "Jen" shuts the children in, puts up the corral bars, stables all the stock she can get in, fills up the wood-box, and carries in a supply of water. By this time there are fine specks of snow sifting through the air, and in about twenty minutes every track, road, and trail are so obliterated that the belated traveller realizes the first shock of horror in not being able to "keep the trail." When the clouds have deposited about an inch of snow the winds seem jealous, and begin to pick it up from the earth and mix it with the clouds again. Every flake of snow is ground up like pulverized dust, and whirled through the air at a terrible speed; every foot of space seems to be the centre

of a whirlwind ; the elements are in an awful confusion. The trusty team will no longer obey the homeward instinct, but yield to the sterner law, and, turning from the whirling blast, will wander away with the storm. The farmer, bewildered by the circling currents of air, unconsciously becomes a part of the storm, and goes round and round, at the same time wandering away in the general direction of the gale.

When a blizzard is at its best, even in midday, it is as dark as dusk, and so terrible is the howling, chilling blast, that it is a miracle for a man or beast to live long in it, or find a place of shelter, even at noonday. The eyes become filled with the gritty snow—fairly

driven like sand into the very eyeballs—and half the time is spent gasping for breath; for though the air is plentiful, the very moment you open your mouth for it the wind snatches it all away, and takes out of the lungs every thimbleful it can find there. In this wild tornado every snow speck seems to possess a fang to sting with, and the wrenchings of the tempest overhead give out such weird screams that you fairly shudder as you imagine the air above you is filled with fiends.

No man standing on a burning deck where the licking flames climb the masts was ever in more imminent danger of death than the man upon the prairie when the volcanic eruptions of the atmosphere play havoc over the land.

There is more than one humble home on these wide prairies where the husband, or son, or father, did not reach home during the night, while the sad story is told, "They perished in the storm."

“No, there is not unmitigated ill in the sharpest of this world’s sorrows.

“I touch not the sore of thy guilt, but of human griefs ; I counsel thee to *redeem* thy *loss*.

“Thou hast gained, in the furnace of affliction, self-knowledge, patience, and humility, and these are as precious ore, that waiteth the skill of the coiner.

“Despise not the blessings of adversity, nor the gain that thou hast earned so hardly.

“And now that thou hast drained the bitter, take heed that thou lose not the sweet.”

—*M. F. Tupper.*

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AS FINLAY LAY WHEN FROZEN.





CHAPTER VI.

FROZEN.

AFTER our hero had taken that fatal draught he travelled on until he came to a small bunch of willows. In this country there is no forest of any importance except along the river banks ; but in some districts there are spots of shrubbery at distances ranging from ten to twenty miles apart. These bluffs, as they are called, often consist of about half an acre, more or less, of scrubby growth, ranging from ten to twenty feet in height. In times of storm these furnish

valuable protection to man or beast. In these very bushes is the place where the prairie chicken will hide from its pursuer, and take refuge in time of blizzards ; and if the storm should continue for several days the birds can subsist well from the buds on the branches.

How our common foes make all earth's creatures one! Here poor Finlay led his cow, and man and beast and bird lay down together in a common shelter.

Not being accustomed to stimulants, he began to feel stupid, and with nature's demand for food and rest, there was not energy enough left to keep back the only alternative — sleep. Had he not been under the influence of the drug, he would have been conscious of the

awful danger in going to sleep, and could have fought his foes—the cold and storm and hunger—with comparative success, and could have at least warded off some of the terrible disaster that befell him that night.

Poor Booth! Here began the revenge of the laws of life when they are disregarded. The cold crept in about him, but his senses were chloroformed. No voice was then able to awaken him. There was no hand to stay the cold, and that subtle monster moved slowly, but irresistibly, upon the victim and began his woeful work. He pushed back the warm blood from the finger tips ; he drove the blood from the tired feet up into the body, and sealed up the gates from

the arteries to the veins, so that no more—forever—the life blood should flow out through those members; and he determined the time when those deadened limbs should fall off like sapless branches from a tree.

Not contented with this, but, like like a panther that seeks the warm heart-blood of its prey, the King of Cold put his paw upon the face of its victim, and, in the vain attempt to drive out the life, distorted the features, and left those ghastly marks—marks that he will carry to the grave.

When Finlay did not turn up at the camp at about the expected time, all hands became very uneasy. Notwithstanding the storm, they determined to form a rescue party

and search for him. They had already anticipated his being lost or having perished. As they groped their way along, at almost every step they called his name. Finlay says he heard them and answered ; but, unfortunately, sound cannot travel in such storms any farther than the vision, and they never heard him. It is also quite probable he was too weak to reply very vigorously. He even attempted to follow them, but found it impossible.

There is a sadness about every page of this story, for at nearly every turn we can see where so much suffering could have been saved if only something *else* had happened ; if only those men had happened to have found him then

they could have given relief so much sooner. How many heart-aches we have in life on account of the unfulfilled "might have beens"!

When Finlay was sufficiently awakened to take in the whole situation, the party, of course, was out of reach, having followed the river close enough to escape the danger of losing their way also. Our hero began at once to investigate his condition, and found his fingers and toes were frozen as far as the second joints. Previous to his lying down he had removed his wet socks and gloves, thus leaving his limbs very much exposed in his cold boots and mitts.

About midnight the storm broke. Here is the irony of the heavens! A few hours before all the elements

seemed at war with each other: the stars were angry at the clouds, and the clouds with the earth. After the mighty battle of these elements, all quieted down as before, and everything was much the same, except here and there a few men or beasts lay strewn as helpless victims of the carnage where the fury of the battle was the fiercest.

What apparent mockery! Those angry stars are now nodding affectionately to each other, shaking hands with the wind, and smiling upon the glistening earth; but there still lives a warden of the plains to witness the ruin of that stern November night. By the light of the open sky the rescue party found their way back, and Finlay could see the bush that

skirted the Boyne. In his terrible condition he stumbled along to the river, touching it at the old Grant Bridge, near the present home of Absalom Clarke.

Tired, hungry, with both hands and feet frozen, and burning with thirst, he did his best to break the ice to get a drink, but failing this, he ate snow to satisfy both hunger and thirst. By this time the frost had gone to his wrists and ankles. Cold is so much like its foe, heat, when once it attacks the flesh, the tendency is to go deeper and deeper. In a most excruciating condition he trudged his weary way along toward the new home, a distance of at least eight miles from where he was frozen. When he reached the door he presented such

a spectacle, with his swollen face, that his friends were shocked.

None had slept any the past night, and great concern was felt as they anxiously awaited his footstep. When the rescue party returned the situation was unbearable. His father had determined to go himself at daybreak to search for the boy, and was in the act of saddling the horse when Finlay presented himself at the cabin door. The mother, who always penetrates the furthest into the child's troubles, was the first to discover the seriousness of the case. The moment the frozen parts came in contact with the heat the irritation that was set us was simply unbearable. His improvised nurses were not long in setting to work to alleviate the

pain, and the first application was of snow and cold water.

Instinct and experience furnish us with the best of our knowledge, and the attendants knew that nature hated extremes, and so, in order to coax the frost out, they made a compromise with him instead of challenging him with his old foe—heat. The process was very slow, but sure, and all the time and attention so far had been devoted to his hands and face. As yet it had not occurred to them that his feet might be frozen. When the attendants attempted to remove the moccasins they were horrified to find that they were actually frozen to the feet, and the limbs themselves were frozen half way to the knees.

Imagine, if you can, the long, weary, and painful process of drawing the frost out of those limbs that had been frozen numb for many hours. We have carried our poor sufferer along so far in his troubles and misfortunes, but actually his sufferings have just begun.

“What we have we prize not to the worth,
While we enjoy it ; but being lacked
and lost,
Why then we reck the value ; then we
find
The virtue, that possession would not
show us
While it was ours.”

—*Milton.*

“Life may change, but it may fly not ;
Hope may vanish, but it may die not ;
Truth be veiled, but still it burneth ;
Love repulsed, but it returneth.”

—*Shelley.*

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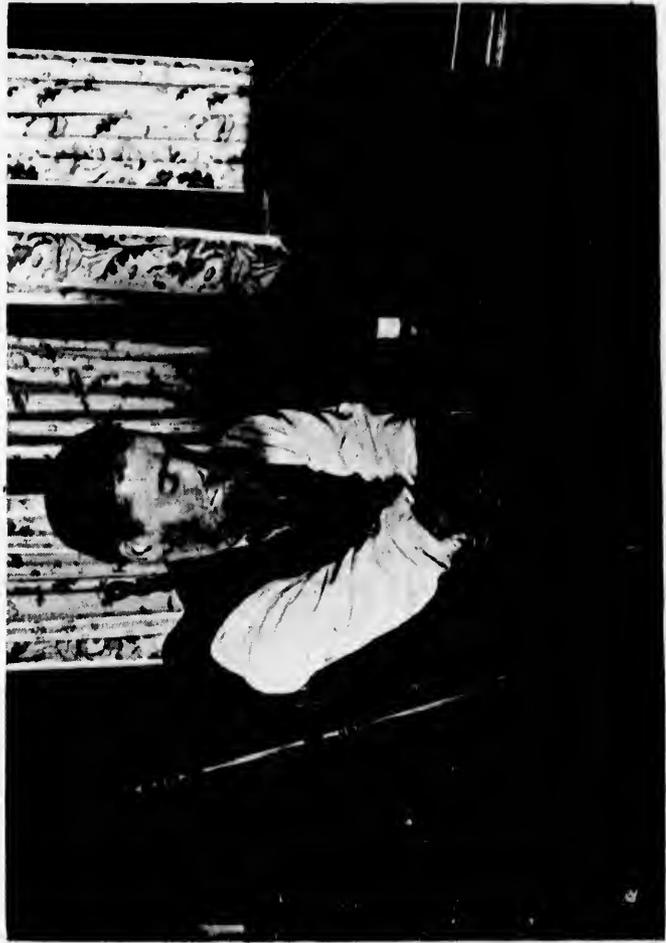
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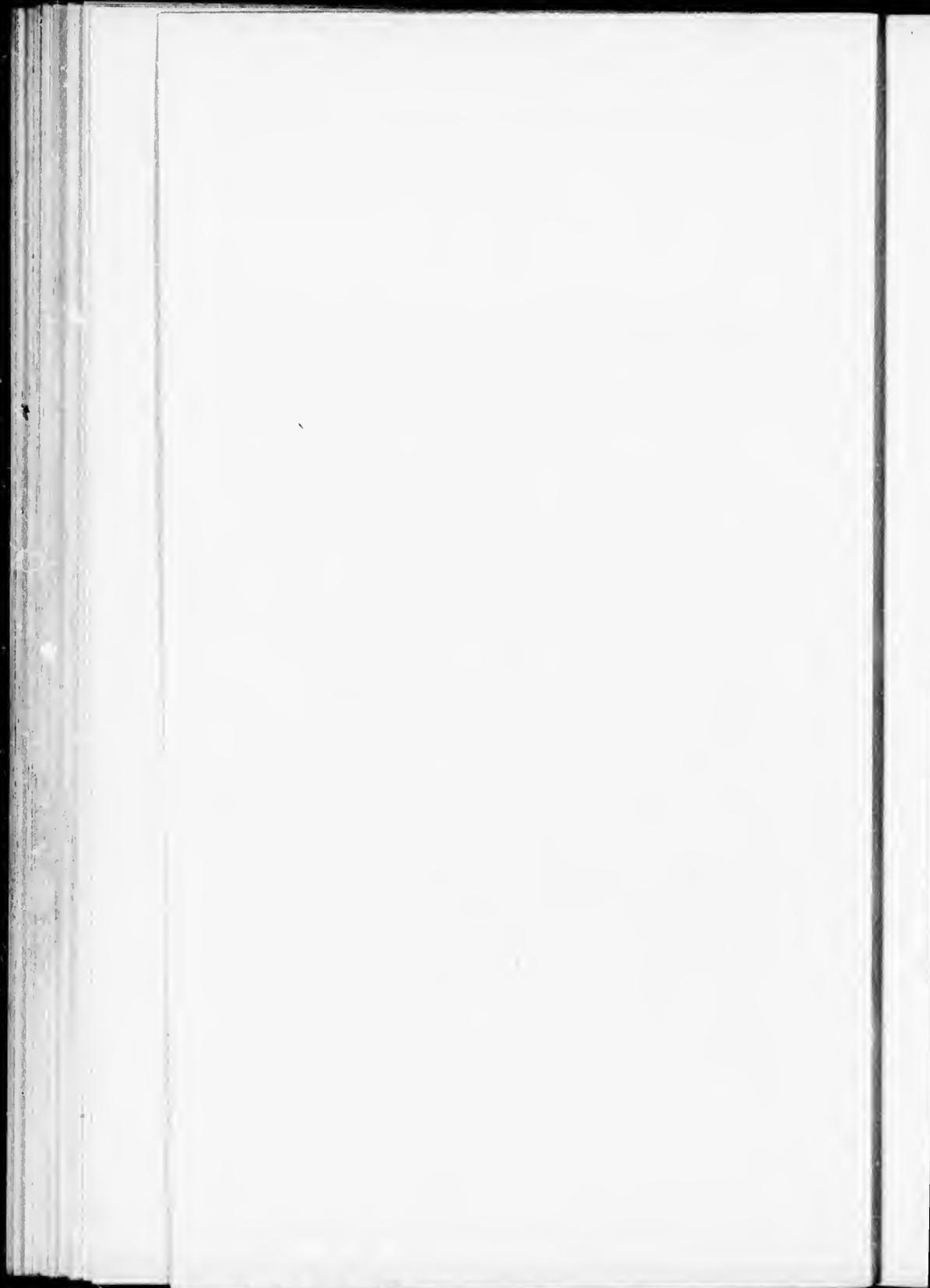
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THREADING A NEEDLE.



CHAPTER VII.

AMPUTATION.

IT is a difficult task by any human means to bring back life into dead matter.

Poor Finlay was very brave, and thought if it was only a matter of bearing pain he would compel his nerves to endure the torture while he would wait for his strong body to drive vitality into the frozen members.

Many weary days dragged along, while everyone looked anxiously and waited all but impatiently to see the limbs revive. There was no medical aid to be had nearer

than Winnipeg, and it was finally agreed upon that Dr. Turner should be called out to examine the case. A very close inspection was made of the frozen parts, and the sound parts of the body were also examined with a view of finding if the patient would be able to stand the amputation. Everything was far worse than poor Finlay had imagined, for the long days of suffering had so weakened him that while it was certain he could not save his limbs, it was even doubtful if he could live with or without them.

The doctor told him his hands would have to come off. Who could imagine what a sore blow this was to him? He was young, ambitious, and full of splendid grit.

It was a challenge to his spirit of independence, for it meant to him the most helpless slavery. A sharp battle set in. He had not allowed himself to entertain the thought for a moment up to this time, nor would he hear of such a proposition from anyone. How could he part with those members upon which his very life depended?

Who is there that could lose even a finger from the faithful and obedient hand without a serious sense of loss? Of all the obedient servants we possess, which never question the mandates of the mind, methinks these hands come first.

We would not expect the greatest devotee to offer a hand to his goddess. No man would sell it for

a gold mine, a royal dowry, a plantation ; then with what infinitely greater reluctance could a poor soul give up both hands for nothing but despair ?

Scott says :

“A child will weep a bramble’s smart,
A maid to see her sparrow part.

.
But woe awaits a nation when
She sees the tears of bearded men.”

We scarcely need to stop here long enough to apologize for this poor man’s tears when he discovered that they thought of de-handing him. There seemed to be no relieving feature about the sad affair. It was humiliating, at least, to be so mutilated on a couch in a lonely hut away on the western

prairie, where he could not claim the glory of war, or feel that for any special act of chivalry he had sacrificed limbs or life.

Finlay rebelled ; he said, " No, you shall not touch them ; I will die first."

At a glance he saw himself a weather-beaten stub, whose foliage and limbs had been torn away by a ruthless tempest. He saw himself a floating ship spoiled of all its canvas and masts, and could not brook the thought of pounding like a forlorn and helpless hulk on a barren shore. He said what all human beings would say : " No, no !—a thousand no's !"

Ah ! but the logic of pain is convincing ; it compels the reason to consider, and forces its arbitrary

conclusions upon us. If there could be said that there was any climax to the pain, it must be admitted that it occurred in these succeeding days and hours.

There are a great many things that words cannot describe: joy and pain are two of them. The poverty of language is very conspicuous here. The haggard face, the deep lines, the ghastly eye, the hollow cheeks, all tell more eloquently of racking pain than mere words can do. The most of these days his sufferings were so far beyond endurance that his ordinary moaning and groaning would burst into such screams that he could be heard at a great distance; these spasms would often be followed by long spells of unconsciousness. Think

of the nervous shock he must have felt when, one morning, while removing the bandages, his nose and part of his mouth fell into his mother's hands, and he found his face in the awfully disfigured condition it is in at the present day! This dreadful loss was a hard blow to him, and he was so shaken up that for some time he began to think that "to die would be gain." The case was intensified when he began to apprehend the possibility of the other frozen parts going the same way.

Through this mortal agony the sufferer writhed under these throes of pain from November 29th, 1871, to January 27th, 1872, a period of sixty days. Many of his precious hopes had flown, and he was

rapidly being convinced that he could not save his limbs. Three great witnesses agreed : pain, the physician, and death itself ; for long ere this mortification had set in, and the skin was black ; indeed, the flesh was so dead and rotten that he had to be moved on a sheet to prevent it from falling off. No anesthetics or opiates were used during all these days, and it was a gallant fight between life and death. Finally Dr. Turner was again called out from Winnipeg, and after administering chloroform, amputated his two hands and the right foot. There were a few neighbors who witnessed the operation, all of whom had shown much kindness and displayed very great sympathy for the sufferer ; they were Samuel

Kennedy, John Nelson Kennedy, and a native of the country by the name of James Stevenson.

When these three limbs were amputated, the doctor said it was useless to proceed, for his vitality was so low "his life was not worth a penny." During the night the poor fellow revived, and the doctor took off the other foot, which left him the shapeless and limbless creature you see in the cut in the frontispiece.

“To the sick, while there is life there is
hope.”

—*Cicero.*

“Hope reigns eternal in the human
breast ;
Man never is, but always to be blest.”

—*Pope.*

“My hopes are not always realized, but
I always hope.”

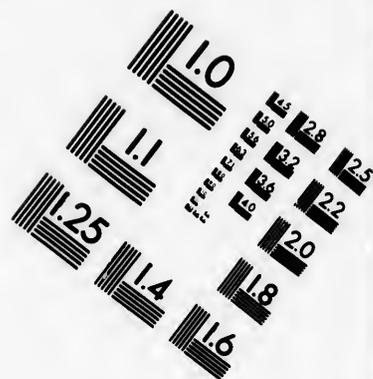
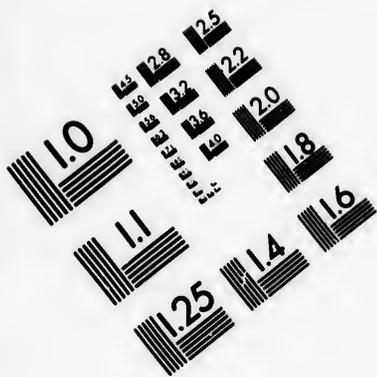
—*Ovid.*

CHAPTER VIII.

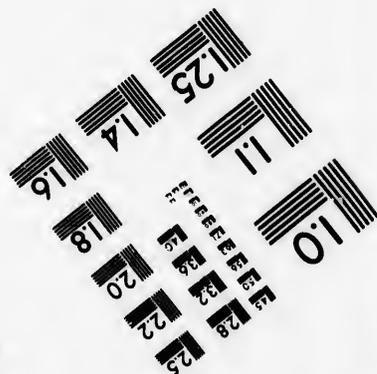
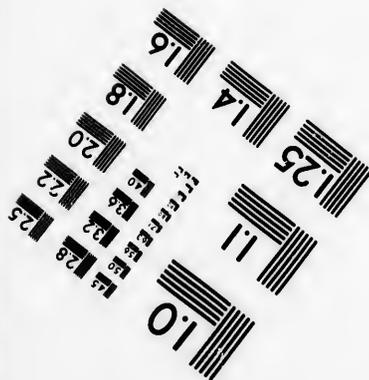
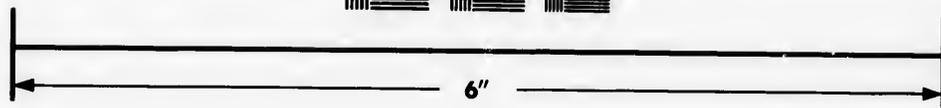
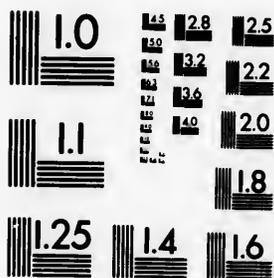
CONVALESCENCE.

FINLAY'S pain was now practically over. When the dead parts were removed the system had a rest from the hopeless conflict, and the waste of strength was stopped. By the fifteenth of March he was able to sit up; but eating and drinking were tasks more impossible to him than to an infant in the crib. Here, as in all human history, his ministering angel was — mother. She had been to the rescue at every turn, so far, and now it seemed that her son was to be thrown back upon her care, as helpless as when he was first placed upon her knee.





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It required no effort to revive the mother's love and care. Unlike the aged tree that hardens and dries up, the aged mother keeps her tender affections alive long after her hair has changed its color and her step has shortened. No wonder Coleridge said : " There is none in all this hollow world, no fount of deep, strong, dauntless love, save that within a mother's heart."

Every true and loyal boy willingly " falls in " when that old chorus is raised on the battlefield :

" Then break the news to mother,
And tell her that I love her ;
Just say there is no other
Near half so dear to me."

With as much tenderness and patience as when he was a babe,

his mother dressed, fed and bathed him day after day. While this tedious process was going on, Finlay was considering more seriously than ever the dismal outlook for such a helpless cripple, and began to wonder what suicide would be like. It is always one thing to think of suicide and quite another thing to commit it. There was too much real manly courage about Finlay to give up in such hopeless despair, so he began to consider the alternative—helping himself. He decided that those stubs must do something for the rest of the body, and immediately set them to work to convey a cup of tea to his mouth. This was the first attempt at independence, and if several successive failures had daunted him,

he would have been found to-day sitting at the knees of some nurse, being fed with a spoon. The first few trials at self-help would have amused an onlooker. His stubs had not been skilled in the principles of mechanics, and he never was an expert at fine balancing, and for a while he succeeded in depositing the tea everywhere but in his mouth. Reward followed perseverance, and it was not long before he could serve himself to tea and successfully feed himself.

Finlay was now moving about on his knees with surprising alacrity. It was about this time when an incident occurred, which, in itself, was not very significant, but which served to open up to his mind greater possibilities. A flock of

prairie chickens had lighted on a tree near by the old log stable. For the information of those outside our own province we might say that it is only during the time of the first frosts and snow that these birds light on any high object except the grain shocks, their habits being rather to drop into the long grass or scrub to evade their pursuer. Two objects are thus gained by the instinct of these birds: first, they are hidden by the cover; and second, they are so near the color of their cover that they can scarcely be distinguished from the grass. These stables of earlier days must have a special mention here, for even in Manitoba very few of them are remaining to-day. At each end of these buildings the

logs were allowed to protrude beyond the walls. The reason for this Grecian style of architecture I am not able to give here.

Finlay overheard one of his sisters say she would like to have one of those chickens for dinner, and he at once began to measure his possibilities of manipulating the old gun so as to procure game for dinner. There was no other man about, but, knowing that the gun was always kept loaded, he thought he could manage to hold it *dead* on the bird if one of the girls would pull the trigger. He chose one of these protruding logs for a rest, and the whole scheme was carried out with remarkable success, for the chicken, most likely from the shock of the explosion, expired soon after at the foot of the tree.

This feat was as great a surprise to Finlay himself as to anyone else, but it so encouraged the young Nimrod that he at once invented a contrivance by which he was able to pull the trigger himself, and soon became one of the best shots in the settlement. In fact, it was not long till the attention of the Government was drawn to the fact that the prairie chickens throughout the province were being rapidly extinguished.

As yet our hero had no other means of locomotion than merely shuffling about on his knees. Finlay's misfortune had become pretty widely known now, and some of his old acquaintances in Winnipeg presented his case to some of the prosperous citizens, and the consequence was that Rev. Dr. Young,

Methodist missionary ; J. H. Ash-down, wholesale and retail hardware dealer ; and Mr. McDougall, of the Queen's Hotel, opened a subscription list, and secured sufficient funds to purchase a pair of artificial limbs for him.

“ I imagined,” says Finlay, “ that those artificial limbs ought to know as much about walking as my own limbs that I lost.” Of course he thought they should have been tested as to their *running* power in the same way that a “ traction engine ” is tested before it is sent out from the shops. His idea, also, in adjusting them was, that the tighter they were buckled to his stumps the more likely the new legs would be impressed with the fact that they were to be a part of

the limb, and do exactly what the old ones did. He also imagined that when he sent his orders down to "go," the new limbs would "repeat" the message, and it would be a *start*. It did not work; the orders were returned from the ends of the stubs, and the feet at first would not move. It was all his mistake, as he afterwards discovered; he had not taken into consideration the question of *time*, for when he was about to stoop down to give them a little *slack*, they started off. After going up and down—mostly down—for a few minutes, they then tried the forward and backward motion, mostly the latter, until Finlay came to the conclusion that he had, by mistake, ordered a back-action pair,

or else they had been made for a stage actor who always *backed* off the platform.

He says that when the backward and forward motion began, it was as if he had suddenly stepped on a belt running in the opposite direction, or like jumping off a moving train, when the novice is immediately transformed into a sort of snow-plow or turnpike shovel. He says stilt-walking and roller-skating were mere recreation exercises alongside of this new walking business. He went up and down, forward and backward and around, altogether at precisely the same moment of time. Like a bucking broncho that seems determined to commit suicide rather than submit to the slavery of civilization, so

those limbs were determined to either run away altogether, or break Finlay's neck, rather than to submit to be slaves to human invention, and act as underpinning for humanity. Finally the unruly members were subdued, and they and their new master spent very many happy days together. For a long time, however, the new limbs were not permitted to stay in the same room as their master, and were compelled to spend the night outside. It is not exactly known why this was ; one theory is that it was considered that it would improve their disposition to keep them cool at night ; the other is, that it was a case of sweet revenge to play a joke on the mosquitos.

Art cannot compete with nature

in durability; the source of strength and life was wanting, and the limbs soon wore out. After six years' service they were utterly useless. Not being able to procure a new pair, our hero had to resort to the old mode of travel—walking on his knees.

Finlay thought he could earn some money and purchase a new pair. He began by assisting at the chores about home. In the fall of 1879 he made a brilliant record for himself by hiring to a farmer, Angus McLellan, for \$1.00 per day to pitch sheaves. He smiles all over his face yet when he relates the story, and tells that when Mr. McLellan paid him off he said: "Well, Booth, you have earned your money."

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“The Spartans never inquire how
many the enemy are, but where they are.”
—*Agis II.*

“Tender handed stroke a nettle,
And it stings you for your pains ;
Grasp it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains.”
—*Aaron Hill.*

“O, friend, never strike sail to fear.
Come into port grandly, or sail with God
the seas.”—*Emerson.*

CHAPTER IX.

ENTERPRISE.

FOR five long years Booth moved about on his knees. In the spring of 1880 the Herd Law was introduced, compelling farmers to herd their cattle, so as to protect the unfenced crops while they were standing. This was found to be considerably cheaper and more satisfactory to the farmers than to be required to fence their enormous fields of grain ; that is, it was cheaper to fence the cattle in than to fence the crops in. This was a grand opportunity for our hero. It was found to be the least expensive way to dispose of the cattle

question by all the neighbors putting their stock into one bunch and hiring a man to herd them. Finlay applied for the position and got it. He at once secured his outfit—a pony at \$40 and a borrowed saddle—and had a band of eighty cattle to begin with. This was a good financial enterprise, and he was able to pay for his pony the day the note fell due.

The most of his first herd were procured from his neighbors, Messrs. Ardington and Ostrander. He had a tent, where he took his dinner. A little stool had to be carried along so he could mount his pony. This stool, however, was only needed for a brief season, as he became so expert in his work that he fed, bridled, saddled, and mounted

his pony alone, and could spring from his knees anywhere off the ground and mount his steed.

Three years' herding so remunerated him that he was able to go to Ontario, where he purchased the second pair of limbs from a gentleman in Drayton, for the sum of eighty dollars. These were very inferior articles, and only served him a short time.

A most astounding fact in the life of the subject of this sketch belongs to the history just here. It shows the depravity of human beings and the most flagrant specimen of inhumanity to man. All names of these shameless rogues will be suppressed, but Finlay claims to have been beaten out of fifty-five dollars of his honest and

hard-earned wages. It must be said for the benefit of the public that the names of the neighbors already mentioned are of the dearest of Finlay's friends, who always gave him a helping hand ; but his foes, those incarnate ingrates, shall not have their names immortalized on these pages ; we shall not honor them by tracing their names in ink.

After this second pair of limbs gave out poor Booth went on his knees again. His ambition ran a little too high, and he worked so hard that great sores were made on his knees, which necessitated his quitting work altogether or securing another pair in some way.

In 1884 he sold his pony and saddle to Mac DeMill, of Carman, for forty dollars, and again went

to Ontario. This time his express purpose was to endeavor to interest an old friend of his to purchase a pair of limbs for him or loan him the money. For some reason or other his plan failed to carry, and he was reduced to sore distress—being away from home, unable to do anything for himself, and not possessing money to return. The thought of begging had often presented itself to his mind, but it was promptly dismissed. Also it had often been suggested to him that he could make a good living by selling himself to a showman or hiring to a menagerie troupe. Finlay was manly and independent—he would not beg. He was noble and honorable—he would not sell himself to be looked at; and we

are penning these lines now by lamplight for the sole purpose, and with the hope that by the use of them he may be able to live and die something better than a slave or a beggar. One other way was open to our hero, and he took it. It was by sheer determination to be independent, mixed with a little necessity, and well stirred by a bit of desperation, that he started out in this new undertaking.

He went to Port Huron, where a supply of pocket combs, court-plasters, jack-knives, etc., etc., was purchased for a small sum, and then he "took the road."

Finlay had as yet not been "tossed" about much in the world ; at any rate he had not seen all phases of humanity as he was

about to see them in these few succeeding months. It was now he began to see and know human nature. In his peregrinations he began to meet good and bad, high and low, tender and coarse, generous and selfish. From Port Huron he touched every town as far as Flint, then back by East Saginaw and Bay City to Detroit, thus traversing most of the southern part of the State of Michigan.

At the end of two weeks he had made sixty dollars. He was often offered liquor, but in every case refused it, and he attributes his success largely to the fact that he refused to drink and thus squander his hard-earned money in dissipation or needless indulgences.

At one place the hotel-keeper

was so moved by the helpless condition of his guest, that he called on the crowd about him thus: "All you fellows what have your hands and feet shell cut here, and help this poor duffer." The response was to the extent of \$14.50.

At another town, a man who had taken into his stomach more than beefsteak and apple pie, looked at Finlay for a few moments, and with a few preliminary oaths that did not reflect the least on our hero's character, said: "Well, pard, you look pretty badly broken up; you are the worst broken-up man I ever saw. Here, boys, 'chip in.'" This they all did in a very generous manner.

This trip enabled him to go back to Toronto and buy a pair of limbs from his own purse.

This life is full of climaxes, like a mountain range is full of hill-tops. One of these occurred on September 20th, 1885, while Booth was in Ontario. It was the death of his mother. This sad event brought the wanderer back to Manitoba. He now felt like a "wandering Jew." The old home was never again as it "once used to be"; mother was gone. With her in that home he had always felt that if too sorely chased by the world he always had a refuge. Although his few living but scattered brothers and sisters were always good to him, none could make up for the loss of his mother. A small plot of sodded earth marks the place (with a modest slab) in which her remains lie, not far from where

The Boyne River carries its water
along beside the overhanging oaks ;
and that is all the tangible remains
we have of those we held so dear !

Of those dear "loved and lost"
ones, Mrs. Louisa Moulton says :

"The birds come back to their last year's
nest,

And the wild rose nods in the lane ;
And the gold in the East and the red
in the West,

The sun bestirs him again.

"Ah ! the birds come back to their last
year's nest,

And the wild rose laughs in the lane,
But I turn to the East and I turn to
the West—

She never comes back again."

And thus we travel on, never
to meet again till we overtake

them at the other shore—the meeting place of the clans.

Mr. McKee, another old neighbor, employed Finlay for a whole year just to look after his stock, and then fitted him out with a pony and saddle, and he started herding again. He stayed with his chosen profession for eight consecutive years. Nothing of any great importance happened during those monotonous days, and that is really the worst feature about it, for of all the professions for human exiles commend me to herding cattle, or searching for the North Pole in a balloon. I think if I had a friend who was sentenced to twenty years in a penitentiary, I would try and have his sentence commuted to ten years herding cattle on the western

prairie. I admire nature, and love animals, and appreciate the stars and sky and air. Yes ; but a man can get drunk on too much of anything. All the poetry of these things dies out when day after day, month after month, and year after year, a man sees little else than a collie dog, an ugly pony, and watches cattle fill their bellies with grass, and listens to the everlasting whine of the land breezes across the boundless prairie. No, I do not want to be killed by too much liberty and life ; I will go to St. Helena and sleep with Cronje first.

Finlay did not languish altogether, which is a proof of his ability to dodge death ; but during these years he did a little speculating on the side. At the end of

this eight-year term he possessed quite a herd of cattle. A fourth pair of legs was required now, and he offered his herd of cattle as security for the money to make the purchase ; but was not successful. His friends then appealed to the Council on his behalf, and they loaned him \$40 to go to Chicago. Again a temptation came to enter the museum there at a wage of \$40 per month. This was not accepted, however, and he went to peddling again. He made his way to St. Paul, where he met Mr. Ericson, who wanted to fit him out with a pair of limbs. He resolved to return at once to Carman and sell his stock and make the purchase. He wrote to his friends as to the plan of action, and

the Council took the matter up again, and ordered Mr. Frank Stewart, the clerk, to forward \$130 to Mr. Ericson for a new set of limbs. Finlay offered the money back to the Council, but they refused to accept it. I wish my readers to know that whatever help Booth ever received was only to provide him with limbs, and that in only two cases out of four purchases he made.

For the last three years Finlay has been living with his niece, Mrs. Beaudry, and looking after their stock. At the present time, while these pages are being prepared, he is engaged selling silverware for the Silver Plate Company, of Windsor, Ontario.

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“Necessity is the mother of invention.”
—*Farquhar*.

“Necessity—thou best of peacemakers,
as well as surest prompter of invention.”
—*Scott*.

“Necessity is stronger far than art.”—
Æschylus.

CHAPTER X.

REMARKABLE FEATS.

IT is more than likely that our readers will do everything but question our veracity when we tell them what this handless man can do without any fixtures whatever, but simply with his bare stubs. I myself have seen him take his knife out of his pocket and open all the blades. I have stood beside him at the C.P.R. wicket in Winnipeg, and have seen him take his purse out of his pocket, open it and take out his fare, \$2.15, and hand it to the ticket agent. I have seen him put a five-cent piece into his pocket and take it out again.

By persons who have known him for years, and whose word is not to be questioned, I am informed that on several occasions he has acted as purser at tea-meetings, making all necessary changes with surprising rapidity.

In his present business, selling silverware, he handles his own horse, harnessing, hitching and driving, and has even learned the art of using the whip—of which, however, it is said the pony does not seem to have very much dread.

For many months at a stretch he has lived alone, cutting his shavings, kindling his fires, cooking his eggs, making his porridge, cutting his beefsteak, washing his dishes ; indeed, his own neighbors say he did everything in the

housekeeping line to perfection, unless it was making his bed, which he usually left to the end of the month, or, if times were hard, till the end of the season !

Joseph Johnston is the only man I know of who can do justice to the work Finlay has done at threshing machines, where he has stood at the end of the carriers putting away the straw, and above the din of the thresher has often been heard calling out : " More straw up here, please."

Our hero hangs on to an old habit, which is no credit to him or anyone else, but he claims to get a good deal of satisfaction out of it—smoking. It will be a revelation to " Old Myrtle Navy " users to know that he can cut his tobacco, fill his pipe, and take a match and light it.

Now, our wives and sisters and mothers must be prepared for a surprise when we tell them that Finlay can actually thread a needle, and has frequently sewed on his own buttons—effectually proving that as helpmates and housekeepers women are no longer a necessity, even to a man without hands or feet.

RELIGION AND HOPE.

Finlay is a member of the Anglican Church, and a consistent Christian. He has faith in God through Jesus Christ for remission of sins and eternal life. He has a sure hope that some day he will have a perfect body with a perfect soul, and a place before the throne of God with the holy angels forever.

Who knows what unspeakable repose of soul this blessed hope must give to a man who has been so maimed for life and deprived of so many pleasures and comforts of this world? Surely we need another life to supplement this one!

“Extremes are vicious, and they proceed from men. Compensation is just and it proceeds from God.”

—*Bruyere.*

“Let sickness blast, and death devour,
If Heaven must recompense our
pains;
Perish the grass and fade the flower,
If firm the word of God remains.”

—*Wesley.*

