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THE TRIP HAMMER.

Vol. I.

TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1885.

No. 11.

The Trip Hammer.

THE SITUATION.



Merry Christmas!

WE have all along clung to the opinion that our French Canadian brethren of Quebec, while sympathizing with the unfortunate man who lately paid the penalty of his crimes upon the scaffold, would see the necessity of not allowing their prejudices of race or religion to interfere with the just demands of the law. That "being loyal to Britain and the Confederation" they would condemn the traitor under whose seditious manipulation our fellow subjects of the North-West were seduced from their allegiance and placed in armed antagonism to the government of the country. From recent events it would seem that we held the good sense and loyalty of the French Canadians too high, and that our opinion was fallacious. In Montreal and other points in Quebec large assemblages of the people have declared with united voice that the execution of Riel was a judicial murder, that the government at Ottawa are assassins, and that nothing will satisfy the French race short of political annihilation for the men who have dared to allow the law to take its course in the case of one of their number. We say it would seem so, for we have not lost, even yet, our faith in the sober and industrious portion of the people of Quebec. It must always be remembered that in the large cities, and proportionately in the towns, there exists an element of which discontent and agitation is the very life's blood. The malcontents, the envious of their neighbours' prosperity, the political hangers on of disappointed parties, the "sore heads" of their own who are ill treated because their claims to positions have not been acknowledged; the rowdies, the dwellers in the slums—all these and many more, however differing in station and intelligence, are only too glad to take advantage of favorable events to stir up strife and ill-will, without a thought or care of the consequences. And this element will always find leaders—sometimes, we are sorry to say, among those from whom better things might be expected. The execution of Riel has been a God-send to agitators of this class. The recent epidemic in

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Montreal disclosed the fact, if it were not known before, that there is a fearful amount of ignorance and superstition still prevalent within her borders, and the many disgraceful riots witnessed in her streets during the past few months in opposition to the efforts of the Sanitary Committee, would seem to indicate that this ignorance, this superstition, is prepared to sanction violence of the most outrageous character in defiance of constituted authority, when such authority interferes with its unsavoury traditions. We will venture to say that the same persons who destroyed private property, insulted peaceful citizens, resisted the police and the medical staff in the performance of their duties in staying the course of the plague, might, every man of them, have been found among the shouting mob which assembled in Montreal on the Sabbath day succeeding Riel's execution to condemn the government for refusing to stand between a traitor and his righteous doom. If we are right in such a supposition the bubble will soon collapse; touched by the finger of respectability and sober reason it will vanish in a moment. But supposing that we are wrong, and that the French Canadians as a whole are in full sympathy with the sentiments and expressions so freely uttered in their midst, why was that sympathy so late in finding its voice? Surely it would have been more to the purpose if the members of the government had been made to understand, as they might have been, that the withdrawal of the bolt which sent the spirit of the martyr to eternity, to consort, doubtless, with the spirits of those other martyrs who have died in the cause of humanity, should also drop from beneath their feet the platform of office, leaving them suspended in chains of everlasting obloquy before the gaze of an insulted and outraged people! Surely it would have been more in the interest of the martyr himself if his compatriots and admirers had massed their enthusiastic thousands in the public places of Montreal and Quebec the Sabbath before (if they must use the Lord's day for such a purpose) instead of the Sabbath after his death. If Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues are the venal crew we are told they are, they must have called a halt before such a tremendous expression of French wrath as immediately burst forth when the subject of its frenzy was cold in his grave. True they were between two fires: there were the "Orangistes" of Ontario, who it seems were howling up and down the country, clamoring for Riel's blood.

But their fury would have been of small moment compared to that of those *enfants terrible*, the French. Besides even were they made the victims of Orange hatred and revenge their sufferings must have been assuaged by the certain prospects of canonization awaiting them. Now they are only regarded as fairly honest men who did what they conceived to be their duty to their country—in the other case their names would have been entered on the immortal roll of saints and been handed down to posterity as the names of those who had immolated themselves without a pang on the sacred altars of French nationality! And more, Riel would have been alive. Why so late, Messieurs, in giving vent to your enthusiasm in his cause? Did you not know on Friday that the messenger of death was on his way? Did you not mark his progress on Saturday? Was there not still time on your favorite day, the Sabbath, to send the echoes of your denunciations thundering to Ottawa? Was it because you were hopeless? While there was life there was hope. Or was it because Riel's fate was only a secondary consideration? Was it because you had at last found a grievance in denouncing which you might unloose all the floodgates of your hatred of the English speaking race? We do not say it was. We do not think it was, because we do not yet believe, as we have before said, that the sober second thought of the French Canadian people will endorse the suicidal course into which political demagogues, would-be leaders of public opinion, and place hunters are trying to drive them. We cannot give up our hope that law and order shall find the majority of the people of Quebec arrayed on their side; that the just punishment of a rebel who to his many crimes would have added the betrayal, for a consideration, of those who trusted him, of the cause he professed to champion, will be regarded by them not as a blow at their race or their religion, but as an imperative necessity if law and order in this Dominion are to be maintained at all.

Since the above was penned it has become painfully evident that the excitement over the execution of Riel is spreading among the people of Quebec. The editor of *Le Canadien*, Mr. Tarte, addresses a letter to the *Toronto Mail* in which he complains of the utterances of that paper in its editorial columns; claims that the French Canadian people have a perfect right to seek constitutional redress for an act which they

consider was directed against their race—that they had a right to ask for the commutation of Riel's sentence, and have now a right to punish the Government which refused to grant their prayer. He acknowledges Riel's guilt; that he was a rebel and deserved punishment, but asserts that he should not have been hanged, and cites the cases of Jefferson Davis and Sitting Bull as examples of the leniency which should have been shown him. He "protests with all possible energy against the accusation formulated by *The Mail* against his Province; of having asked for a commutation of Riel's sentence, simply because he was a French Canadian." The letter is very moderate in tone, written with much dignity, and to one unacquainted with the facts would place Mr. Tarte and those for whom he speaks in the lofty position of an aggrieved yet forgiving people, who are shocked at allusions to "brutal force or threatenings, if they understand well, of a recourse to arms." But there is one important element lacking in M. Tarte's letter. It is not candid. No one denies the right of the French Canadian people to agitate in a constitutional manner for the redress of alleged wrongs; certainly the *Mail* has not done so. No one denies their right to punish Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues if they so desire. No one denies them the liberty even to express their sympathy with rebels and traitors, if they can do so and at the same time bear true allegiance to their country. But when in a British city, English speaking Canadians are insulted—when members of the Council who had dared to offer an adverse opinion are boycotted, their wives and families terrified by a mob of furious citizens, who burn the effigies of husbands and fathers before their doors: when Ministers of the Crown are hanged in effigy in the public places: when the British flag is hung at half-mast in mourning for the man who did his utmost to trample it in the mire: when an alien flag is hoisted in its place, and when influential and intelligent men, occupying responsible positions, as M. Tarte, for instance, see all this and have no word of censure for it, we must be pardoned if we regard letters written by such persons in justification of their course, with a considerable amount of suspicion. In view of the disgraceful occurrences in Montreal during the past two weeks (Nov. 30), M. Tarte's talk of constitutional agitation is nothing short of an impertinence worthy of Pecksniff himself.

As usually happens when some great storm disturbs the sea of public opinion, matters come to the surface which, in calmer times, lie submerged and unnoticed. This has been the case with the English speaking people of the Province of Quebec. It seems that they have been enduring treatment at the hands of their French Canadian neighbors which has been galling in the extreme, and that they have borne it for the most part in silence. They are now beginning to feel that it is their duty to speak out and let their Western countrymen know what their situation has been. A correspondent of the *Mail* sets the ball rolling in rather a lively fashion, and if his relation be trustworthy it is time the French Canadians were reasoned with in unmistakable language. We are loth to part with our oft expressed belief in the loyalty and fair-mindedness of our French fellow subjects. Our business relations with them have been pleasant and satisfactory, and we have found them for the most part honest and punctual in meeting their engagements. But if it be true that for years past their hostility to the English speaking race has been increasing; that they are making use of Confederation and its advantages solely in the interest of their own race, with the intention when they have got all they can out of it to cast it aside and set up a nationality of their own, in which allegiance to the throne of Britain shall have no part; and if they have seized upon the execution of Riel as an excuse for an agitation having this end in view, then of course it would be foolish to persist in hugging a delusion in the face of evidence. All this and more is asserted by the *Mail* correspondent, and he certainly speaks as if his knowledge of the subject were definite, and gained by actual contact with the French Canadian people.

If it be true—if the people of Quebec have arrived at the point when they feel themselves strong enough to ignore their relations with the whole Dominion, to demand that the laws of this country shall be suspended at their dictation; that crime shall escape punishment when the criminal happens to be of their race and faith; and if when a crisis such as the present arrives it becomes fully evident that the French are determined to stand together as one man, law or no law, there can be but one of two results. Either Confederation must be broken, or the parties to it must be taught that there is but one law for all, and that none of them can be

allowed to override it. The lesson will be a painful one, but if necessary it will be given, of that all malcontents and conspirators may rest assured. We do not like to touch the political aspect of the case as viewed in Ontario, for the TRIP HAMMER is not a political journal, and has thus far endeavored to steer clear of party prejudices. But we feel almost assured that if things are to take the shape above outlined there will be but one party in the English speaking provinces of the Dominion. If it is to be French against English, then French against English it will be. True, there are indications of sympathy in certain quarters, even in Ontario, with the disloyal proceedings which disgraced Montreal, but they do not proceed from the people. Let it once be made an issue that the English speaking race of this country must assert itself or go to the wall, to be dominated by a minority, and the differences which now exist will vanish in a moment. We pray that such an issue may never be raised; that the people of Quebec may halt before it is too late, and avail themselves of wiser counsels than those they now follow; that when the storm of their excitement has passed away they may be able to see more clearly than they do now, how ruinous must be the course on which they have apparently embarked; how utterly futile the accomplishment of such an object as they have to all appearances set before them.

The wires to day (Dec. 10th) give the following figures *re* the English elections, viz.: Liberals, 331, Conservatives, 220, Nationalists, 82, with seven seats to hear from, of which the Liberals expect to gain three, the Conservatives three and the Nationalists one, thus giving the Conservatives and Parnellites united a majority of two in a full House. Parnell is jubilant over his successes in Ireland, and well he may be, for unless a compromise or coalition can be arrived at between the Conservatives and Liberals he virtually is master of the situation. At the first it looked as if Lord Salisbury was about to be triumphantly sustained, and dismay fell upon the Liberal ranks as borough after borough declared for their opponents, notwithstanding all the eloquence of the Grand Old Man. But the counties came to the rescue gallantly, the new element falling for the most part into Liberal arms, the overwhelming defeat which was at first presaged was turned

into a victory. Even two is a majority, doubtless narrow, yet still a majority. It is said that negotiations are on foot looking to a combination of the two parties, which, if successful, would deprive Mr. Parnell to a great extent of the power he hopes to wield in the new parliament. Either some such arrangement must be come to or the battle must be fought over again. It would simply be impossible to carry on a government with so bare a majority as Mr. Gladstone has achieved, and we venture to say that the Conservatives will scarcely pursue the undignified course of bolstering themselves in their places by the votes of the Parnellites. Rumors of all sorts are of course in circulation; one to the effect that Mr. Parnell is now seeking an alliance with Mr. Gladstone, the consideration being large concessions to Ireland. Another that illegal means has been made use of to defeat the present government, and that in consequence thereof Lord Salisbury will feel himself justified in retaining office until the meeting of parliament in February, when disclosures will be made which will justify a new election. It is idle to forecast the future. So many unexpected things are possible in politics that the unexpected need occasion no surprise when it comes to pass. Meantime those who are opposed to government by party point to the present position as illustrative of the soundness of their views. The fact that were the British House of Commons to meet to-morrow it would be practically dominated by a fraction of itself, hampered in the administration of affairs by a section numbering only one-eighth of the whole, would seem to lend force to their contention that party government is a mistake. But how is party government to be done away with? Were it possible to eliminate all grounds of disagreement, all differences of opinion on the questions of the hour from the floor of parliament; to fuse the now antagonistic forces into a harmonious whole, to remove the bitternesses, to obliterate the traditions which have existed so long, how many days would pass before freshly blown red and white roses would again array themselves against each other on some new field? The *Week* calls upon patriotic statesmen on both sides of the House to devise some remedy for the present absurd state of affairs, changing the constitution if necessary to meet the requirements of a better system. The "parish politics of an impracticable people," meaning, of course, the

people of Ireland, "should no longer be permitted to impede the administration of the affairs of the kingdom." Coöperation of the best men of both parties might easily effect a reformation which would divest such men as Parnell of their spurious importance, rendering them dependent upon their abilities, and on them alone, for the position they might achieve in the councils of the nation. Whether a departure such as this is practicable remains to be seen, and in the meantime Parnell and his followers are masters of the field.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

CHRISTMAS and New Year's will soon be with us once more, and our hearts will be arrested for a time on their way to ossification or petrification by the arrival of the gracious season. How is it that natures, stern through all the year, unbend at Christmas and "open their shut up hearts freely"? We shall not attempt to answer the question, satisfied to know that it is so without endeavoring to account for it. We trust the wholesome influence may increase rather than diminish as time rolls on. For centuries Christmas time has been a time of rejoicing among Christian people, and while much of the license and buffoonery of earlier days have been done away with, its merrymakings are none the less pleasurable that they have been shorn of some objectionable features. The mummers, the maskers and their attendant extravagances have departed, but the spirit of Christmas is as blithe to-day as in the days when it gambolled in fanciful attire and grotesque mask through the streets of "London town." The holly and the misletoe are still its venerated emblems and reflect back from their polished leaves the hospitable lights of English homes as brightly and as bountifully as they did hundreds of years ago. Christmas time is a time to remember old friends—a time to call together around the family board the sons and daughters who have been out battling with the world; to seat them once more in the places they occupied when they were boys and girls and see their hearts soften, the lines of care upon their faces disappear; to see them in short grow young again as they feel the magic influence of Christmas in the old home. Thrice happy they who may still count among the anticipations of the year a return to its sacred associations; who may

still grasp the hands—tender, soft hands, it may be, or hands hard and calloused with toil, it matters not—which led them as children and shielded them in their tender youth. Hold them priceless while they are yet yours, O son, O daughter. There shall come a Christmas when you shall feel their welcome no more.

Christmas is a time to be merry—not with wassail and gluttony, but with innocent mirth in which your children may join; a time to light up the parlor or drawing room until every corner is bright as day; a time for social games; a time to buy good books and bring them home in triumph; a time to recall the memories of those who wrote good books, whose pens alas, are rust. A time to think of Charles Dickens for one, King of Christmas story tellers; to take up his books lovingly and go back again to the days we first made the acquaintance of Scrooge and his nephew, Dot and her clumsy old carrier of a husband; Tilly Slowboy and the baby; Toby Veck and Margaret and Mrs. Chickenstalker! Who shall provide such feasts for us now? None that we know of—not one! It may be that we are wedded to old ideas, perhaps we are. But we have no desire to be divorced from them—they will serve our day. And finally, Christmas time is a time to overhaul our records, and ascertain where we are. Are we better than we were last Christmas—not richer, don't mind that now; leave it for some other time—but better, purer minded, nobler hearted—nearer God than we were last Christmas. If so we have a right to be happy. And in this spirit we wish all our readers young and old

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

In our November issue, we spoke of expecting a contribution from Mrs. Livermore, the talented lady lecturer, who when here kindly consented to favor us with an article. We regret to say that owing to some misunderstanding or miscarriage, it has not come to hand. We are confident however, that our readers will give us credit for fulfilling our promise to make our Christmas number, the best yet issued. The extra work required in printing etc., has detained us longer than we anticipated, for which we trust our improved appearance, will be a sufficient apology.

CONTRIBUTED.

HARVEST GATHERING—PAST AND PRESENT.

A Review of the Progress in Methods of Mowing and Reaping.

BY PROF. SCRUB.



It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reapers song among the sheaves.
Whittier.

CERTAINLY in no sphere has man found a more useful outlet for his mechanical genius nor one in which it has attained a greater degree of success than in simplifying methods of tilling the soil and gathering the harvests, by the introduction of such varieties of labor-saving machinery as are now to be found on the farms of every civilized country. It has indeed been a long stride from the days of the time-honored "hook" or sickle to the time of self-binding harvesters; the advance has been slow—"a step at a time"—and it has taken the brains and energies of many men in years of patient, faithful work to place the art of farming on its present scientific basis; men who are deserving of the gratitude of their countrymen; whose names should appear with those of the "great benefactors of mankind," since few have done more toward modern civilization.

But little has been written on the history of mowing and reaping machinery, and the short records to be found differ largely, in some cases are quite contradictory. Hence it is difficult to discover "where the honor lies" in point of priority, English authors claiming it for England, and American authors for America; and in the more recent inventions, which are the most valuable and which are purely American, the best authorities in the United States disagree among themselves. However the important dates given herein are from the most reliable sources and are generally conceded to be correct. The scope of this article permits merely a review of the steps of advance, leaving out any mention of the legion of improvements and improvements so called. Even should an account of these be desirable it would involve a deep research in patent records and would fill columns of most interesting data.

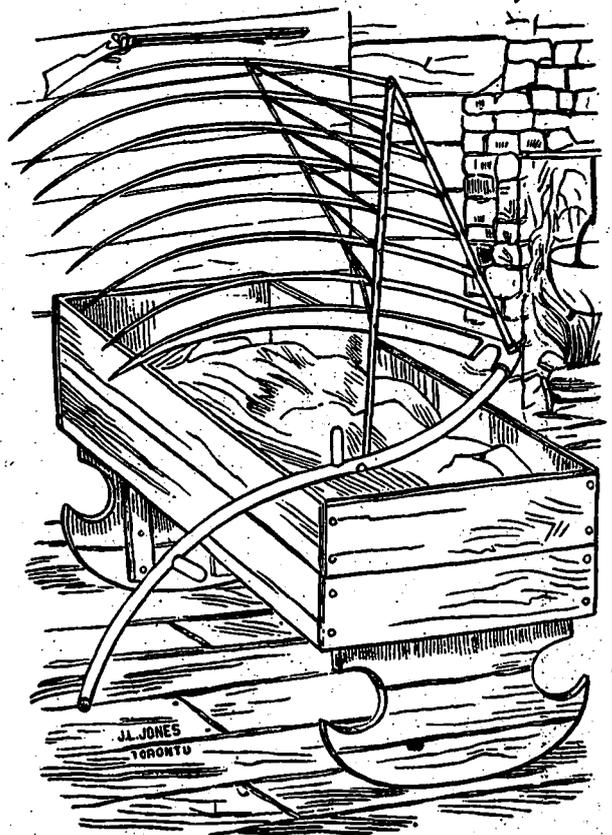
SICKLES.—

Reaping, the act of cutting grain, has been performed from time immemorial by means of a simple instrument called a reaping-hook or sickle. The reaping-hook employed by the ancient Egyptians, Jews, and Chinese varied but little from the form of the sickle known to us, and which we remember seeing our grandfather use to clear up fence corners, or to gather early feed grass. The harvester of old took the standing grain in his left hand, cutting the stalks as close to the ground as possible with the right, and placed the out wheat handful by handful, in bands of

grain till enough had been gathered to form a sheaf, when it was left for the "bandster" to tie up and stook, a "bandster" following every three or four reapers. To us of this generation, this method of harvesting appears exceedingly crude, yet there are those still living—octogenarians—who well remember having cut many an acre in their younger days, with nothing more than a sickle to work with, even in this fair Canada of ours. Nor is it in heathen lands alone, that fields still continue to be reaped in this ancient manner, for to this day in some small districts of the British Isles and in parts of Europe the sickle is the principal implement of the harvester. Two summers ago at harvest time, while travelling in northern Germany upon one of the railroads leading through the flat farm country, field after field was passed in which we observed both men and women (more women than men) cutting the grain with "reaping hooks." Reaping with the sickle is hard work, and is attended with great fatigue. One-third to one-half an acre per day of ten hours is an accomplishment of which the "best hand" need be proud.

SCYTHES.—

Scythes, as compared with the sickle are a more modern invention. Of the early varieties the Hain-



THE OLD FASHIONED CRADLE—1769.

"How well we remember that old fashion'd cradle,
As it rocked to and fro 'cross the rough-oaken floor;
The dear patient face of our mother above it,
With her sunny bright smiles in plentiful store."

"How well we remember that old fashion'd cradle,
That hung in the barn when the harvest was o'er.
Its keen cutting blade and long snaky fingers,
'Twas swung by our father, in wheat fields of yore."

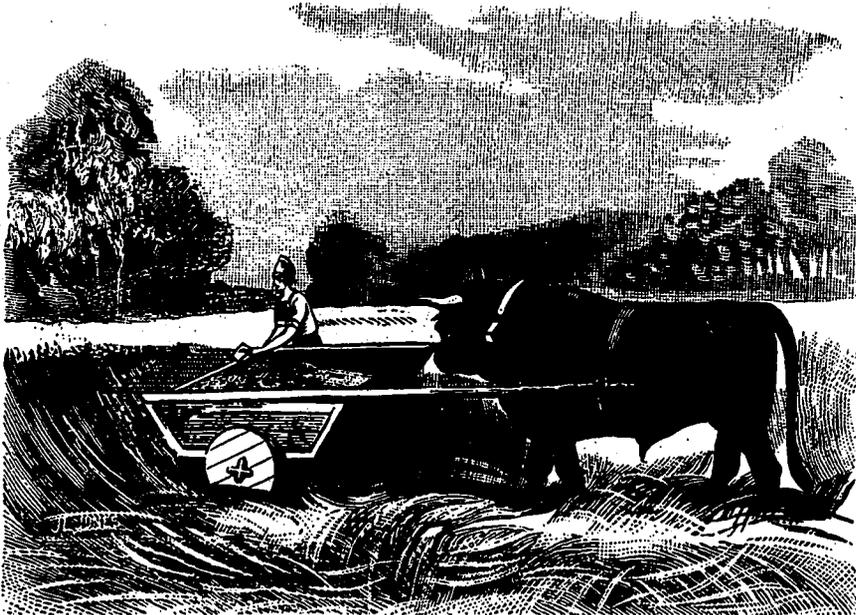
ault scythe, a Belgian invention, was most commonly used. It consisted of a blade 2 ft. 3 in. long, having a handle 14 in. long; this the reaper holds in his right hand, while in his left he carries a hook with a handle of equal length, or a crooked stick 2½ ft. or 3 ft. long. The hook was utilized to keep the grain from falling till sufficient had accumulated to form the sheaf, while the cutting was done close to the ground with the scythe by a free swing of the arm against the standing grain.

The next step was the addition to the scythe blade of a long helve or snath or sned 4 ft. long with two short handles attached, the same as the modern scythe still in use for mowing, where it is impracticable to use a machine.

CRADLES.—

The early Quakers in England now claim our attention, who in 1769 introduced what is now the "old-

possibility, since a sufficient number of hands could not be procured without emptying nearly every mill and factory of their mechanics. Yet it is, comparatively speaking, but a few years since the crops of this entire continent were gathered in this tedious way. "The 'mower went forth to mow,' and gathering all his forces together he went into the crowded ranks before him, with almost the same grim resolve and determination that animates the soldier on the battle-field. He earned his bread by the sweat of his brow; he gathered in his wheat, oats and hay by the strength of his back and arms. He entered upon his laborious task fully conscious of what was before him, and no better test of stalwart vigor and manhood exists than the ability to follow up this task from morning till night." When no methods of reaping were known but those we have mentioned, the farmer could but look forward to harvest with dread rather than with thoughts of pleasure, as the inventions of late years have enabled him to do.



Ancient Reaper used by the Gauls, A. D. 33.

fashioned cradle." The grain cradle was very slowly brought into use and was looked upon as entirely too progressive for that day and generation; and the green jacket boys who came over from Ireland with their sickles to cut the grain fields of England and Scotland, found little or no use for the cradle. Amusing stories are told of their efforts to prevent enterprising farmers cradling their crops. Notwithstanding this opposition, in time cradling became popular and the scythe and cradle were established as the standard grass and grain implements of the day. With the Hainault scythe (short handle) an extra good man could manage from 1 to 1½ acres per diem, while with the modern scythe 2 to 2½ acres, and with the cradle 3 to 4 acres may be considered a big day's work. Though the cradle was a great improvement it will be seen that even with this, to gather the enormous grain crops of a single season, from the thousands of large farms of our country, by such a slow and excessively laborious process would be almost, if not quite an im-

REAPERS.

The sickle, scythe and cradle were each such expensive and tedious means of harvesting, that enterprising men naturally made efforts to construct machinery for the purpose, and as usual in due season Necessity became the mother of Invention. However, to go back a little, reaping by machinery is not altogether a modern idea; at least Pliny the elder, who was born early in the first century of the Christian era, tells us in his writings that in A. D. 33 when making a tour through Gaul, he found the Gauls using what may be termed a reaping machine—a cart fitted with stationary combs for tearing off of the grain, the straw being abandoned. He says of it: "In the extensive fields in the lowlands of Gaul, vans of large size, with projecting teeth on the edge, are driven on two wheels through the standing grain, by an ox yoked in reverse position. In this manner the ears are torn off and fall into the van." Palladius about four centuries later found a

similar appliance for reaping in Gaul, of which he gives a like but more detailed description. This appears to have been the only machine known for eighteen centuries to lessen the labor of swinging the sickle.

In modern times the idea seems to have originated with Capel Lloft, an Englishman, who in 1785 suggested a machine something after the pattern of the ancient one just described and which received legal recognizance in England in 1799. Closely following this, came a machine invented by Walker, who it is thought invented the first reaping machine to be operated by horse power. His plan was to push the machine into the grain and cut the stalks by a number of sickle-shaped hooks, attached to revolving wheels; the sickles after cutting a handful of stalks, would fold into a groove and open out again as they neared the standing grain. But it is not recorded that either of these machines amounted to much. After this mechanical reaper patents became numerous, the most promising being those of Smith, Dobbs, Gladstone and Bell. In 1826 Rev. Patrick Bell, in Scotland, built and worked with partial success a simple machine pushed by horses—"cutting by a series of scissors, and moving the grain into swaths continuous around the field by a sidewise moving apron." But as America was so rapidly developing into a vast grain country the field of invention was transferred to this side of the water, where the reaping machine was first made a success. Although as early as 1812 a patent was granted in the United States on such a machine and other attempts were made

with reasonable success within the same decade, it is quite probable that the idea had its origin in the primitive English machines brought over by farmer emigrants.

The greatest stride toward the desired end was made by Obed Hussey, of Maryland, who in 1833 patented a mechanical reaper, the principal feature being the reciprocating wave-edged knife, moving as one blade of a pair of scissors in as many stationary blades—called guard fingers. This was at once adopted as, and is still, the standard cutting apparatus for all harvesting machinery. Hussey was a thoroughly practical man, experimenting long and faithfully in various parts of different States, lastly in Hamilton Co., Ohio, where he completed his invention. He may be said to have been the first to meet with real success, for his reaper with a good pair of horses, driver and extra hand to pull off the grain, would do passably good work.

Previous to Hussey's patent various movements of the cutters had been tried and many patented both in England and America, but none were sufficiently practical to bring them into prominence, being largely

experimental, but from this date the advance was most rapid, one of the greatest points having been gained. Cyrus H. McCormick, formerly of Virginia and late of Chicago, following next, in 1834, built and patented a reaper, which he further improved in 1845 and 1847, in all of which he adopted the "Hussey" knife. Probably the most important amongst other improvements was the attachment of a reel to the machine which served to bring in and incline the standing grain toward the cutters.

The Burrell Reaper was also one of the originals. This was so constructed as to be attached to the fore wheels of a waggon and required two horses, changed once an hour, a driver and a man to "rake off" the cut grain, to operate it.

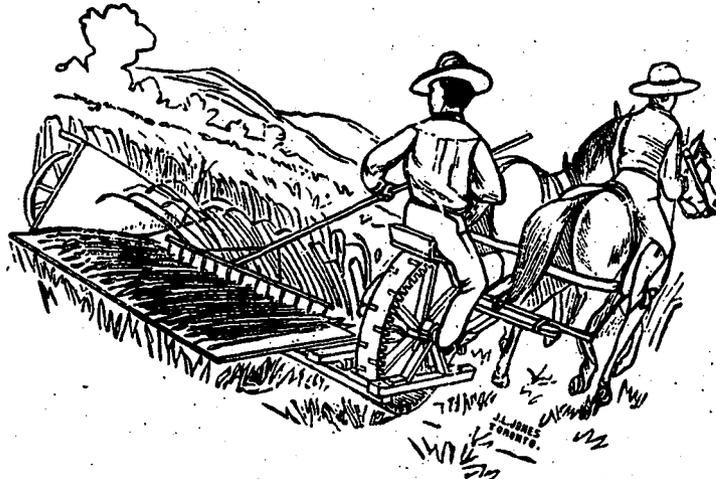
The "Manney" machine, one of the earliest, if not the earliest combined reaper and mower, included the first style of reel and was worked by a pair of horses, a driver, and, like all primitive machines, a man to "rake off." The "dropper"—a mowing machine with a dropping attachment used in reaping grain—also came in about this time. Though this implement

needed but a pair of horses and a driver to manage it, it was necessary that enough men follow up to bind and clear away the grain as fast as cut to avoid "tramping" at the next round; this was true also of some of the original platform reapers. At times it was decidedly lively work, and had a tendency to excite the ire and profanity of the laborers in the field.

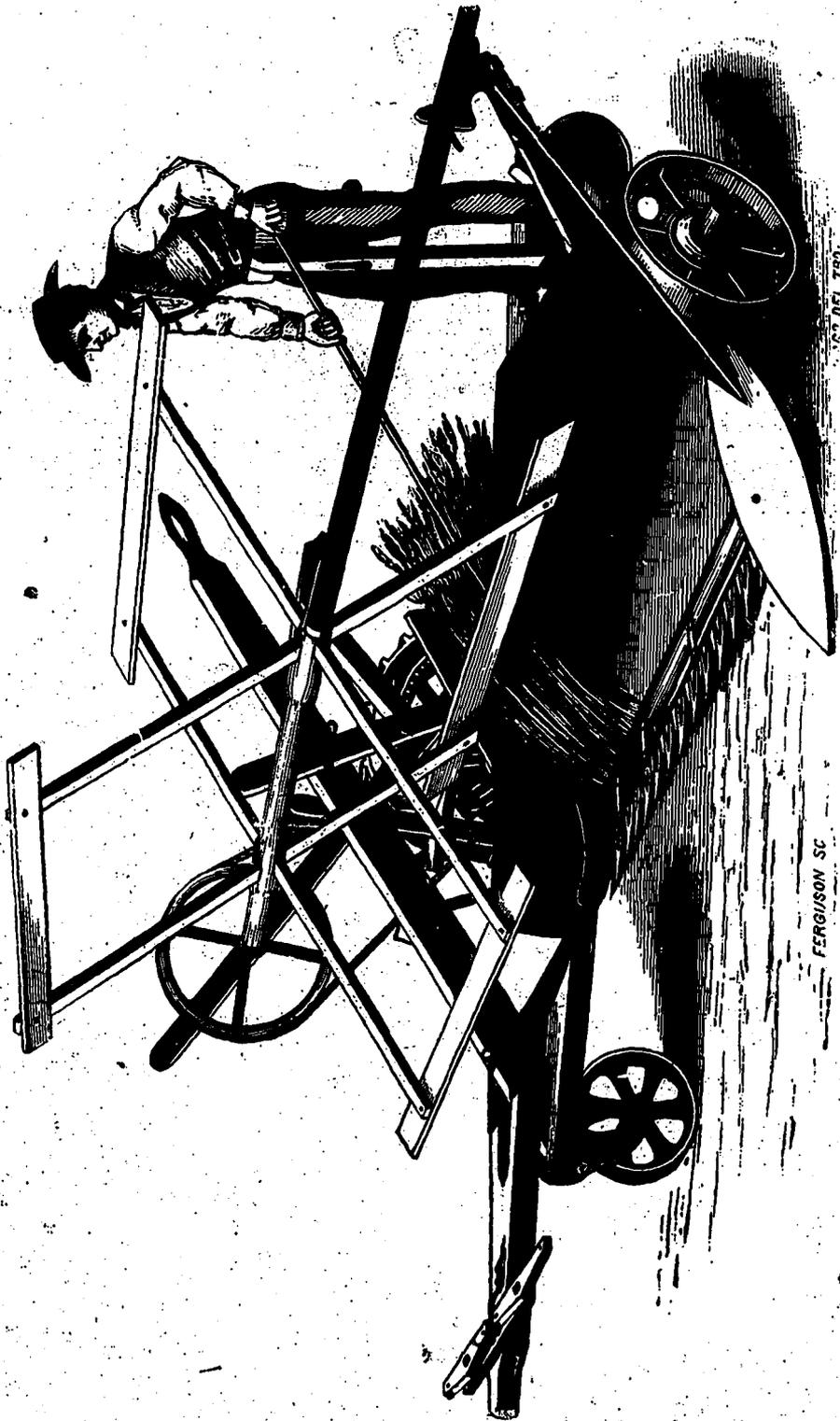
To do away with the "extra man" necessary to "rake off" the cut grain as it fell upon the reaper table

or platform by substituting some self-acting mechanism, was the next question solved. Numerous inventors sought to win this point, and several "self-rakers" came out in quick succession. Some of these at first were doubtful improvements, as they swept off the table regularly, and where the crops were uneven the bunches as thrown off to form the sheaf were of different sizes causing the inconvenience of various sized bundles, but this difficulty was soon overcome and the "self-rake" became one of the most important factors of a reaper, and now none but self-delivery machines are used. The movements of the rakers were various, some sweeping across the table, while others moved around it. The rake of the good old "Wood's Reaper," so familiar to all Canadian agriculturists, was possibly the most unique of any that ever came into use. It was not unlike a colossal human arm, the shoulder joint being attached at the back outer corner of the reaper table; and the hand fastened to a chain running around the platform cleared off the grain, the elbow joint giving it plenty of play.

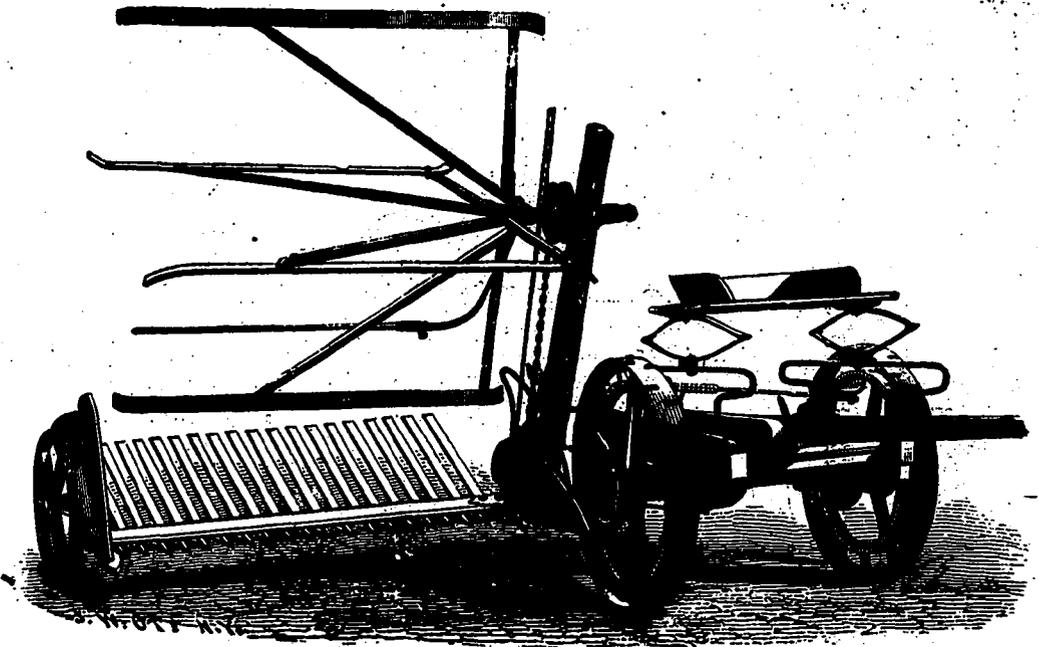
The reaper table was changed to a quadrant shape



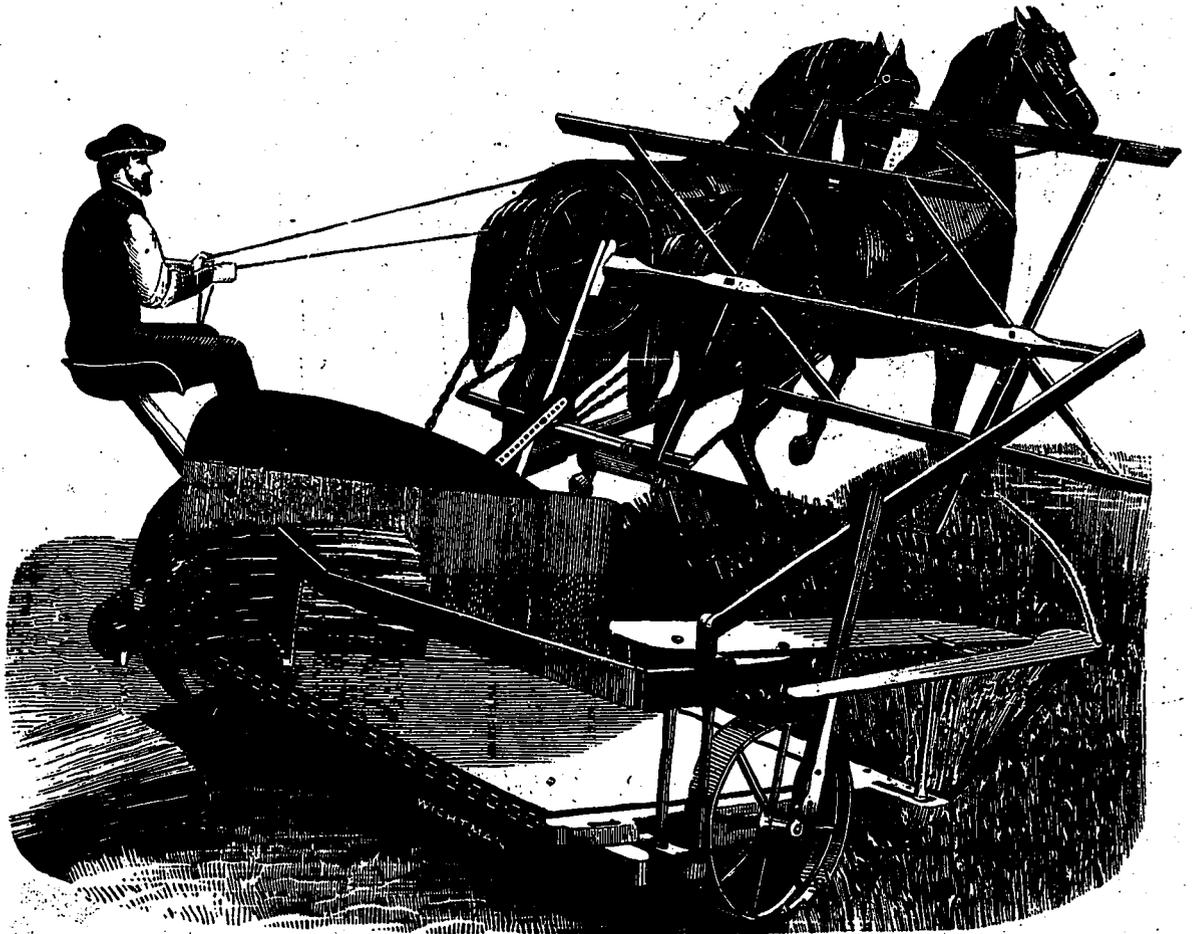
Hussey's Reaper, 1833.



Early Manual Delivery Reaper, invented by Manney.



An Old Style Dropper—(The "Hubbard.")



The Original "Wood's" Self-Rake Reaper.

in 1851 by Seymore of Brockport, N. Y., and Palmer and Williams, who employed a vibrating rake from the centre of the platform circle. Dorsey, of Maryland, in 1856, added to the rake over the quadrant, four additional rakes, and made their motion continuous. These served a double purpose, taking the place of a reel and also acting as table rakes.

The reel, nevertheless, continued to be used on some special machines, notably the "Wood's Reaper" and is universally used on the self-binding harvesters of to-day. Samuel Johnston of Brockport next made valuable improvements on the Dorsey rake; and so inventors continued to simplify and improve the machine—one improving the other's improvements—somewhat over eleven hundred patents having been taken out in the United States during the first twenty years after the "Hussey" reaper made its appearance, with a largely increased ratio since, till we have the modern single reaper; a machine of beauty and symmetry, combining in its simple mechanical principles extremely light weight and great strength; capable, with a light pair of horses and driver, of cutting an average of ten or more acres per day, laying off the bunches of wheat, oats or barley—or to speak in technical terms, the "gavels"—of equal size either automatically or by a foot trip at the will of the driver. The driver, who in case of the best machine, may be but a boy of eight or ten years, comfortably sitting on his spring seat, is in perfect control of machine and team; and, with the greatest ease, may tilt the cutters up or down, or raise or lower either the outer or inner end of the platform, adapting it to the worst tangled and fallen grain or rough land. But, even the single reaper in all its perfection, is likely to be laid aside; is already fast passing out of use, to be replaced by something vastly superior—one of the greatest inventions of man—a *Self-Binding Harvester*.

MOWERS.—

Nearly every mind that struggled with, and finally perfected a reaping machine, also wrestled with a mowing machine, the two keeping pace in the advance; and, besides, there were those who made the subject a special study. Primitive mowers were as inferior to the mowers now in use, as the primitive reapers were inferior to the modern single reaper. Notwithstanding the mower is a very much simpler machine, the work it is required to do necessitated the introduction of some new principles which were by no means easily developed. Early mowers were of two classes; the one-wheel class, which originated with Ketchum and Kirby, and those having two drive-wheels, such as the Wheeler type, invented in 1854; the "Buckeye" of the same year, invented by Lewis Miller; also the Ball's Ohio, and later the "Champion" patented by Wm. N. Whiteley, and many others. The old "Ketchum" mower with its clumsy drive-wheel, its wooden cutter bar lined with sheet iron (how absurdly this sounds in these days of steel!), and roughly wrought guard-fingers—the bar held stiffly to the machine, it being impossible to fold it, tilt it, or adapt it to rough meadow lands, would greatly amuse the boys on the farms of to-day, and they would laugh at the thought of mowing grass with such an implement. Yet, we will treat it with due respect, for it was the beginning of great things, and in its day did good service. (See page 153.)

The leading point of difference in all grass machines

is the varied combinations of gear, and the curious mechanical movements used to transmit the power from the drivers with increased speed to the knife.

After years of experimenting, manufacturers have settled down upon two general principles—the one a variety in arrangement of spur and bevel gearing; the other a "differential gear," first applied to a grass machine by Igmeyer, and Dutton, and introduced by Whiteley (known in Canada as the Toronto Mower), and is a more recent discovery.

All the best of these do good work, but some permit of a very much better handling of the cutter bar than others; are less liable to get out of order, freer from wear, run easier and have the working parts so enclosed as to afford better protection from dust and dirt.

Rear-cut machines find few advocates in these days, and are considered quite out of date. They offer a great many objections, the first and foremost being the imminent danger of the driver in case he chance to be thrown from the machine.

With such a hay harvester as the Toronto Mower the farmer can mow his grass in comfort and safety with the greatest facility and ease, never leaving the seat except to "oil up." He may throw the machine in and out of gear with his foot; may raise the cutter bar to any desired angle—and in case of the particular mower mentioned, while the knife is in full motion—to pass a stump, stone, tree or other obstacle, or may tilt the guards up or down, accommodating the machine to the roughest ground.

COMBINED MACHINES.—

A machine that would, when complete, reap grain well and with the grain attachments removed, mow grass successfully—in other words, a "combined machine"—was a "bone of contention" amongst early inventors in harvesting machinery, and as many appeared about the same time it is a difficult task to establish to whom the honor of being first is due.

Probably the earliest was the "Manney" previously named, but this machine had no self-rake attachment and was very crude. As early as 1856, Wm. N. Whitely, of Springfield, O., brought out a combined sweep-rake reaper and mower, known as the "Champion No. 1," and not long after this many others made their *debut*. In some a single drive wheel was used, but in the majority, the power was gained from two, the appearance of the driving mechanism being like that of an ordinary mower.

A "mowing attachment," a peculiar looking machine, was invented somewhat before 1860, to go with the "Wood's Reaper" utilizing some of the larger portions of the reaper and did fairly good work.

Though combined machines have been, and are still made which will do satisfactory work, it has nevertheless been found impracticable to put into one machine the elements of a mower, that will mow grass as a machine made for that special purpose has proved it can be mowed, and the elements of a reaper that will reap grain as the best single reapers have demonstrated it can be reaped; hence, a single machine of each class is nearly always preferred, and now that *self-binders* are being so extensively used it is only a question of time when the "Combined" will be no more.

SELF-BINDING HARVESTERS.—

In the year 1858, two ingenious fellows by the name

of Marsh, invented what has since been known as the "Marsh Harvester," and from this machine, no doubt, sprang the idea of a self-binder.

The grain as it was cut and fell upon the platform, instead of being swept off in "gavels" by a rake, was transported across the table by a wide conveyor belt to elevator belts, which brought it up as fast as cut to a raised platform upon which two men were carried, who bound the grain in the usual way by hand, each receiving in his arms, alternately, a sufficient quantity from the "elevator" to form a sheaf. This "manual binder" was not unsuccessful, and notwithstanding that it made pretty lively work for the two "handsters," and beside these required a driver and three good horses to work it, it was considerably used at one time. The principal point in this novel machine was the plan of conveying and elevating the cut grain to the binding platform, which was so well conceived in the original machine that, with but slight change, it forms one of the fundamental principles in the modern self-binding harvester.

Nearly all admit that the "Marsh Harvester"—which is no less than an "elevator" binder of to-day, carrying instead of a "mechanical" a "manual" binder—first suggested to the minds of men alive to the question, the idea of a mechanical attachment to bind with wire or twine.

WIRE BINDERS.—

With this end in view a large number of men began experimenting and as a result several different machines were completed, patented and put on the market almost within a few months of each other, making it next to impossible to determine to whom the claim of priority belongs, the claimants being numerous. The intermediate step to an automatic wire binder was a small device worked by hand with which the operator could fasten a wire band about the sheaf instead of the long-used band of grain. We do not hear that this scheme ever met with much favor, and it is likely to be handed down to time as a curiosity of the patent office.

Automatic wire binders as applied to the "Marsh Harvester" as a substitute for the "manual binder," made their appearance at various dates between 1875 to 1879. The first notable builders were McCormick and Osborne; Deering, Miller and others soon followed. These machines were all constructed on one general principle, and would each do good work. As the grain left the "elevator" it fell upon the binder table where "packers" brought it down to a "compressor," which, when a large enough quantity had accumulated to form the sheaf, "tripped" the binder and the "needle" starting up, encircling the sheaf, further condensed it and fastened a wire band about it, an "ejector arm" next throwing out the tied bundle upon the ground—all the parts working in as perfect harmony and time as those of a piece of clock-work. But the wonderful wire-binder was destined to a very short life, for in 1880 and 1881 its manufacture

was entirely abolished, the more wonderful twine binder taking its place, notwithstanding that thousands and thousands of dollars had been spent in introducing it, and that during its short run thousands of them were made and sold.

The wire binder was open to objection on account of small bits of wire getting into threshers and mill machinery, causing much trouble and great annoyance, but had not the twine binder been invented it would doubtless have been the great harvester of the day.

TWINE BINDERS.—

In the twine-binder, as it is now manufactured and sold, the form of the wire-binder has been retained, also its general features, except the necessary changes in the binding apparatus to handle the twine. How to make the machine tie a knot under the peculiar conditions which have to be contended with was a problem of no easy solution, and after long and faithful labors and many failures, but two men produced really practical "knotters," namely: the "Appleby," and "Holmes," the former being recognized as standard. The discovery of a successful "knotter," at once made twine binders feasible, and its invention was immediately followed by the advent of a half dozen or more machines which varied only in minor details.

To simplify and improve what had already been done, was the next aim; the process of improving being continued till, instead of the three horses necessary to draw one of the original clumsy machines, two horses handle easily the light and beautifully constructed self-binding harvesters of the present day, with which most of us are more or less familiar.

Attempts have been, and are being, made at what is termed a "low down binder," with a view to dis-

posing of the "elevator," greatly reducing the size and weight of the machine, and machines of this class have been gotten up, which will do splendid work, but none of those extant can compete with the excellent work of the best "elevator" binders.

One of the latest, amongst other additional attachments for binders, is a "sheaf carrier," a simple device suspended from the binding attachment of the machine, capable of holding from three to five sheaves as they fall from the binder and which the driver drops at will in stated intervals around the field, leaving them in windrows for shocking.

This simple attachment alone does away with the services of one man, since when it is in use one good hand can shock all the grain after the machine, the sheaves are so conveniently placed.

To have cut and bound ten acres of grain in a day of ten hours with the old sickle hook—since at best one man could cut but one-third to one-half an acre, and a "bandster" followed every three or four hands—it will be readily seen that the services of *thirty-one men* would have been necessary. To-day, with a self-binder, and a pair of horses and a driver, and if a "sheaf carrier" be attached, one man to shock, other-



Modern Single Reaper of the Quadrant Form, saving fallen grain.

wise two, ten acres is not a hard day's work. Think of it! a machine that will, with the aid of a pair of horses and two men, do the work of *thirty-one men!* What a boon to the farmer! Harvest no longer looms up before him the long and arduous undertaking it used to be in days gone by, filled with thoughts of hard and most fatiguing labor, but is now rather a delightful break in the routine of his work.

The farmer's wife, too, possibly more than the farmer himself, should revere the memory of the men who through their earnest efforts and untiring labor have been the means of bringing such a marvellous machine into existence. The host of farm hands it was once her lot to make provision for is reduced to a minimum, and she, too, may anticipate harvest time with very different feelings than in former years.

Honor is due every man who has had a hand in helping to make harvesting machinery what it now is, but more especially is credit due such men as Cyrus H. McCormick, late of Chicago; Wm. N. Whiteley, of Springfield, O.; Lewis Miller, of Akron, O.; Walter A. Wood, of Hoosick Falls, N.Y.; Wm. Deering, of Chicago, and some others in the United States, who having taken hold of this branch of the manufacturing art in its small beginning have by their means and life's energies lifted it up to its present high standing, and whose machines now reap the fields of every grain-growing country on the face of the globe.

In England, the names of Hornsby, Howard, Nicholson, and others have been long associated with this line of manufacture, but while the early movement was set on foot, and the idea of reaping by machinery received its first impetus in the hands of English inventors, whose names we have before mentioned, it remained for Americans to do the work and to arrive at these great results.

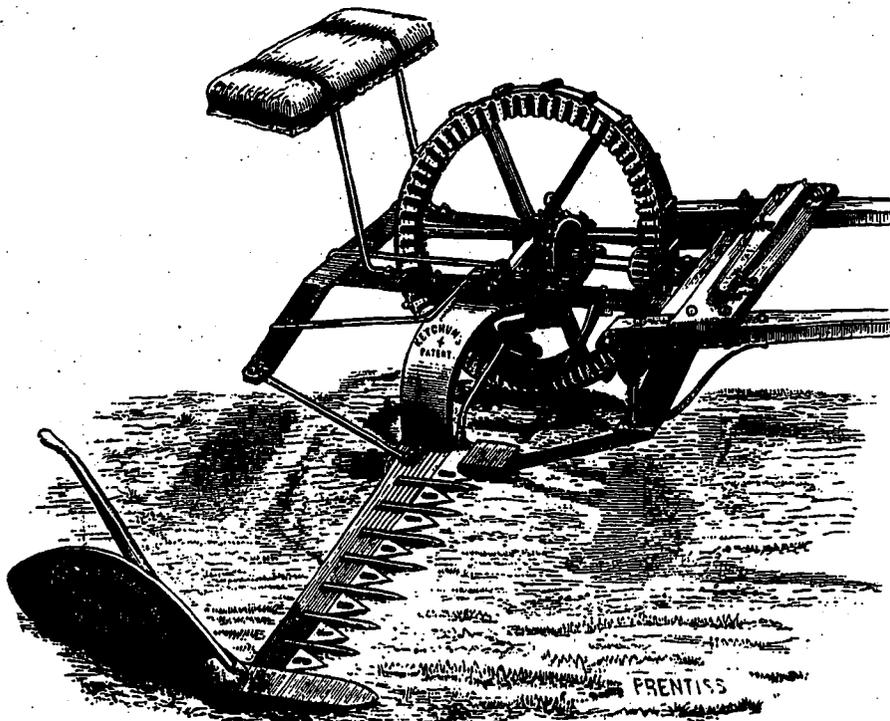
We in Canada cannot claim for ourselves the honor of bringing into light many of the great principles of these machines, but we have not been far behind the ingenious Yankee in getting out valuable improvements, and are decidedly ahead of our mother country.

The farmers of this period, provided as they are with such superb facilities, have deduced systems of agriculture which lie close to the borders of perfection. Tilling the soil by these systems is an art, and farm life is becoming more and more desirable. We poor mortals who drag out our existence amid the bustle and excitement of crowded cities and towns can but envy the quiet, open-air life of our rural friends.

We sometimes hear people using the expression: "independent life of a farmer." If his life has hitherto been "independent" it must be doubly so now that he has implements of such great variety to lessen his labors and free him from his utter dependence on outside help when at harvest time labor is high and laborers few. The husbandmen of this generation have a far better chance of enjoying life and rising to position than had their fathers; they have better and more comfortable homes; they have a better opportunity to educate their children; they have more time for recreation; they have all these advantages and many more, almost directly traceable to the superior methods of farming made possible by the machinery and implements put within their reach.

The reaper of the first part of this century, monotonously swinging the sickle or scythe from morning till evening, freely perspiring over his arduous task, and coming in at night thoroughly fatigued from his hard day's work, had a widely different lot, and makes a strange comparison with the reaper of to-day, who comfortably mounted on the spring seat of his self-binder, his head protected from the rays of the

sun by a convenient shade, being himself quite out of danger, pilots it around the field, having the horses and machine under most perfect control, starting and stopping the machinery at pleasure. The levers of adjustment all being within easy reach with but little effort, at a moment's notice he raises or lowers the cutters by the tilt lever, without stopping machine or team, (this method of raising and lowering is practiced on Whiteley's binder only, [Toronto Light Binder], and is superior to any other)—with another lever he moves the reel up or down, or forward or back, suiting it to long or short grain; at will he dumps the "sheaf carrier" of the bound sheaves, leaving them in handsome windrows ready to shock. All this he does so easily that he may be but a boy of twelve years, provided the machine be one of the best.



A Primitive Mower—The "Ketchum."

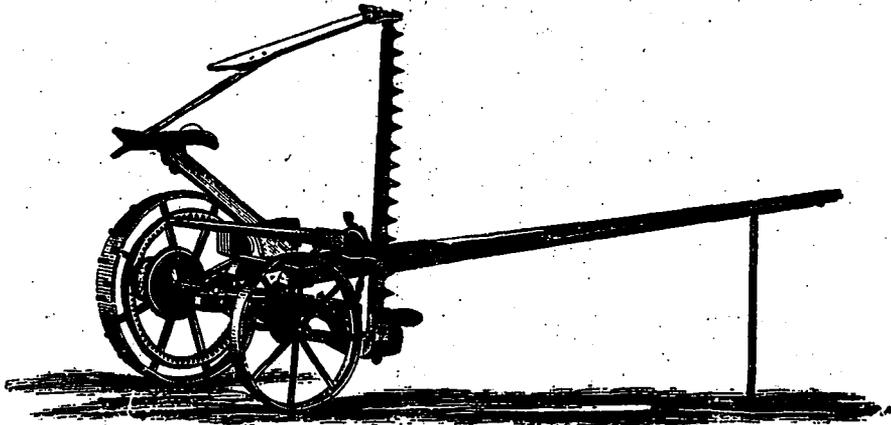
(The first Mower made in Canada was after this pattern.)



Modern Spur and Bevel Gear Mower
on the Road.

The poet may regret that "the sweet song that the corn-reapersung" may no longer be heard in the harvest field, that all has been exchanged for the more vulgar, almost silent low rumbling of revolving wheels and the regular click of the "knotter," but these are days of new things—days of machinery; and "old ways," poetical though they be, must give place to progress. Though we may reverence the ways of our grandfathers, when new and better means of accomplishing certain ends come up, the spirit of the age is to adopt them—and so it should be.

As to the future of harvesting machinery, we can say but little, and that "little" could be but imaginary. We will not say it has reached perfection, for we believe there are yet strange developments to be made, as to what these may be we cannot prophesy. It is not at all improbable that some day in the dim future electrical science, which is only in its infancy, may be applied to such a machine as a Self-Binder; and—but this is only a dream, and as we have been dealing with a practical subject we will not allow ourselves to indulge in it further.



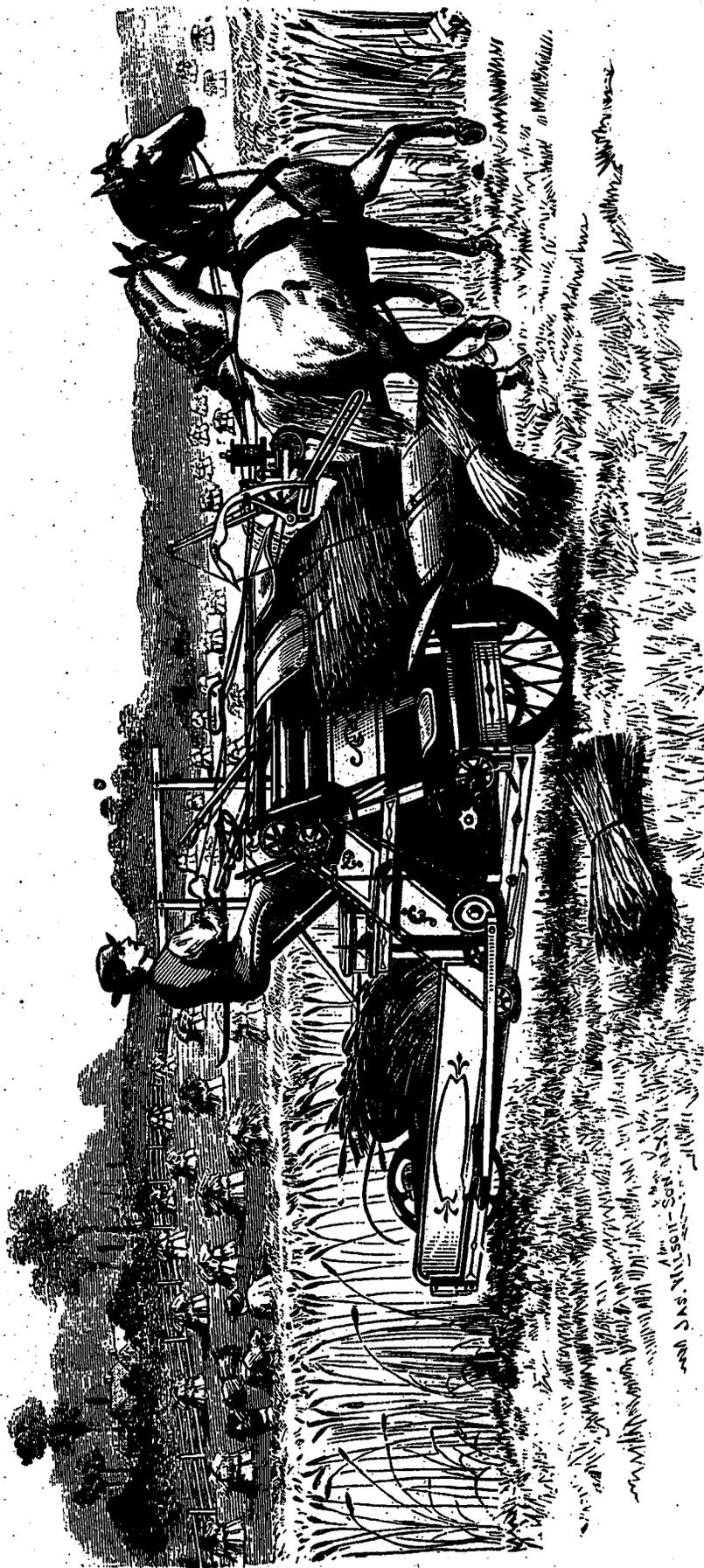
Wood's Mowing Attachment for the Wood's Reaper (about 1860).

The duty of driver is simply to guide the team and adjust the machine to the condition of the crops and lands; the machine itself automatically doing the work. "The keen knife speeds through the fast falling grain; while the untiring elevator catches it and hurries it to the 'binder,' which folds it in a loving embrace and winks to the 'knotter,' which immediately comprehends the situation, springs to duty, and the graceful sheaf falls gently into the arms of the 'carrier,' soon to be left behind."

At evening, when ready to depart for home, the machine is quickly loaded on a triangular transporting truck by the driver alone—in less than five minutes, so complete is the appliance—and the reaper drives through the gate to the lane, leaving his field of ten to twenty acres covered with windrows of tightly bound sheaves, which in the morning had been standing wheat, having accomplished the work of *thirty men* equipped with sickles, and man and team feeling very much less fatigued than after a day's ploughing!



The Wonderful "Differential Gear" Mower
passing over a stone.



One of the most successful Wire Binders (The "Buckeye.")

LETTERS FROM AN ESCAPED LUNATIC.

I HAVE said that I enjoyed a considerable amount of happiness with my new friends. I worked hard and found pleasure in my work, and if I could have forgotten the past, might have been content to spend the remainder of my days in rural simplicity, such as I now experienced. The farmer and his wife were a quaint, middle aged, or perhaps elderly couple, who had known each other all their lives, he being the descendant of the original occupant of the farm; she, the daughter of a neighbor. They had attended the old schoolhouse (now roofless and deserted for a loftier structure) together more than forty years ago; had shared their dinners with each other, had flirted across the school room when the eye of the master was busy with other scholars, had thrown paper wads filled with a ten year old love from desk to desk, and when the hour of liberty came had walked home together through fairy land and parted at her gate, while he went on dreaming of to-morrow. Later they had attended singing school together in the same old school house; she waiting for him as she used to wait when they were children. As they passed arm in arm down the white country road with the moonlight sleeping on the snow, reflected from the shiningsleigh tracks stretching away before them, silvering the leafless branches of the woods on one side of the road, there stole into their hearts a sweet peace in unison with the scene, such as the conventional dwellers in cities can never know. The crisp snow made music under their feet and their whole beings were filled with the softening influence of the calm winter evening. Then the greetings round the roaring wood fire, the merry talk and laughter, hushed too soon by the arrival of the singing master with his fiddle, which he used to accompany himself, or to start the tune; the blending of their voices in the good old tunes which their fathers and mothers before them had sung, the dismissal, the walk home again over the sparkling snow—these and many more were the remembrances the old couple delighted to recall and to which I used to listen with much pleasure as we sat on the "stoop" in the autumn evenings in the moonlight after the day's work was done.

"You mind the sleigh ride we once had to Miller's Corners, don't ye Mirandy?" said the farmer one evening to his wife, when we had been talking of country life and its pleasures.

"We used to have lots o' sleigh rides to Miller's Corners; which one d'ye mean, Nathan?" replied his wife with well affected indifference, bending lower though, over the stocking she was knitting.

Nathan nudged me with his elbow in great glee, and said:—

"But wasn't there one pertickler ride 't seems kinder to come back to ye more easier like than the others?" and again I felt his elbow in my side, and heard a faint chuckle expressive of intense enjoyment.

"Well, I d'know—Oh, yes, I do though, I mind the one you mean now. That was the night Abner Jackson drove his team into the snow drift and pitched us all out. Oh, yes, I mind now. My sakes, wasn't it fun to see the boys and gals piled up together in the snow!" and the buxom dame laughed heartily at the remembrance.

"Now Mirandy, none o' yer nonsense, you know well enough—"

"Of course I do. Don't ye mind how we laughed

at Si Wilkins an' Mandy Taylor cos he'd got his arm wound up so tight in her shawl he couldn't git it 'way from round her quick enough as we went over, 'n there they were fastened together with their heads in the drift. Ha! ha! law bless me, it seems like yesterday."

"I spose there wasn't enny other feller with his arm round his gal was there," said Nathan, nudging me so hard, that, in self-defence, I thought I had better try the railing for a while, which I did.

"Oh, I dessay there was, the men folks were just as big fools then as they are now, some on 'em bigger mebber."

"Now Mirandy, ye needn't try to pass off that upset on me; ye know well enough that aint the time I mean."

"Well, what time do you mean then?" and the still comely head bent lower over the heel as if its complexities required unusual care.

"Mr. Rex," said Nathan, "I'm agoin to refresh this old lady's memory; I'm agoin to tell ye a story of woman's cunnin' that I know ye'll hardly believe, but its true, every word on it."

"Now, Nathan,—"

"Now, Mirandy, you begun it, talkin' about yer sleigh rides an' sich, an' I'm agoin' to tell it. I haint told it—well I can't remember when I did tell it last—"

"Humph," said the dame, "as if ye didn't tell it to Squire Harper when he was down from the city askin' for yer vote and interest, as they always call it."

"Why, so I did, I mind now, so I did; and didn't he say it was the best story he ever heard? Didn't he?"

"Of course he did, he'd say anything long's ye promised to vote for him," said the good woman defiantly, but with a lurking smile in her eyes and about the corners of her mouth, which told of inward delight in some youthful recollection.

"I'm a goin' to make it jest as much like a story out 'n a book as I can," said the farmer, gleefully, "and you're not to mind Mirandy when she pitches in an' denies things, cos its all true, and it all happened jest as I'm goin' to tell ye."

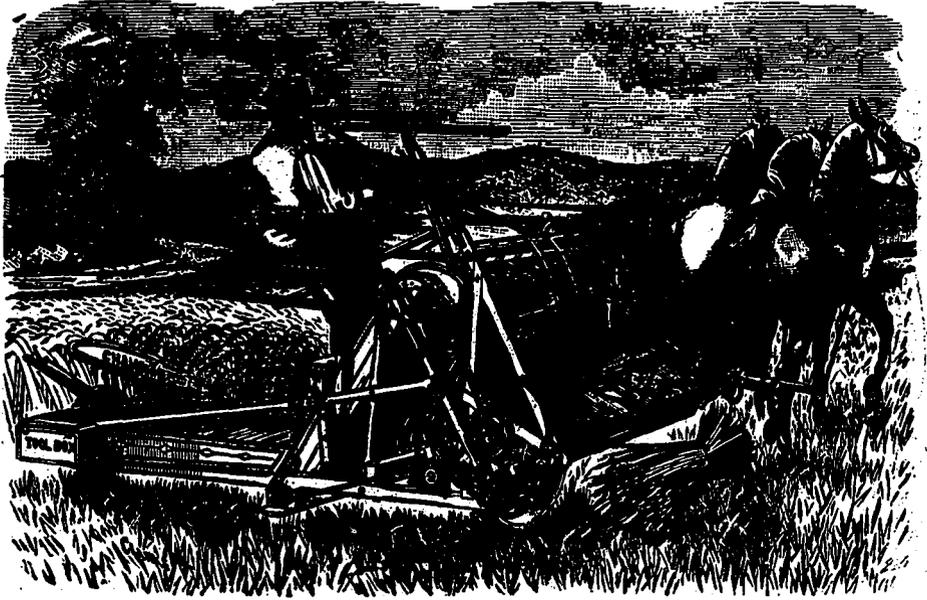
"It'll be thirty years ago come Christmas. I was about twenty-one, and Mirandy—well I guess Mirandy was movin' along up to twenty three—"

"Nathan! if you dare to say 't I'm older 'n you I'll—well I do declare! That's somethin' new. I was jest nineteen Mr. Rex, and he knows it well, 'cos the sleigh ride was from our house and was got up in honor of my birth-day by the young folks in the neighborhood."

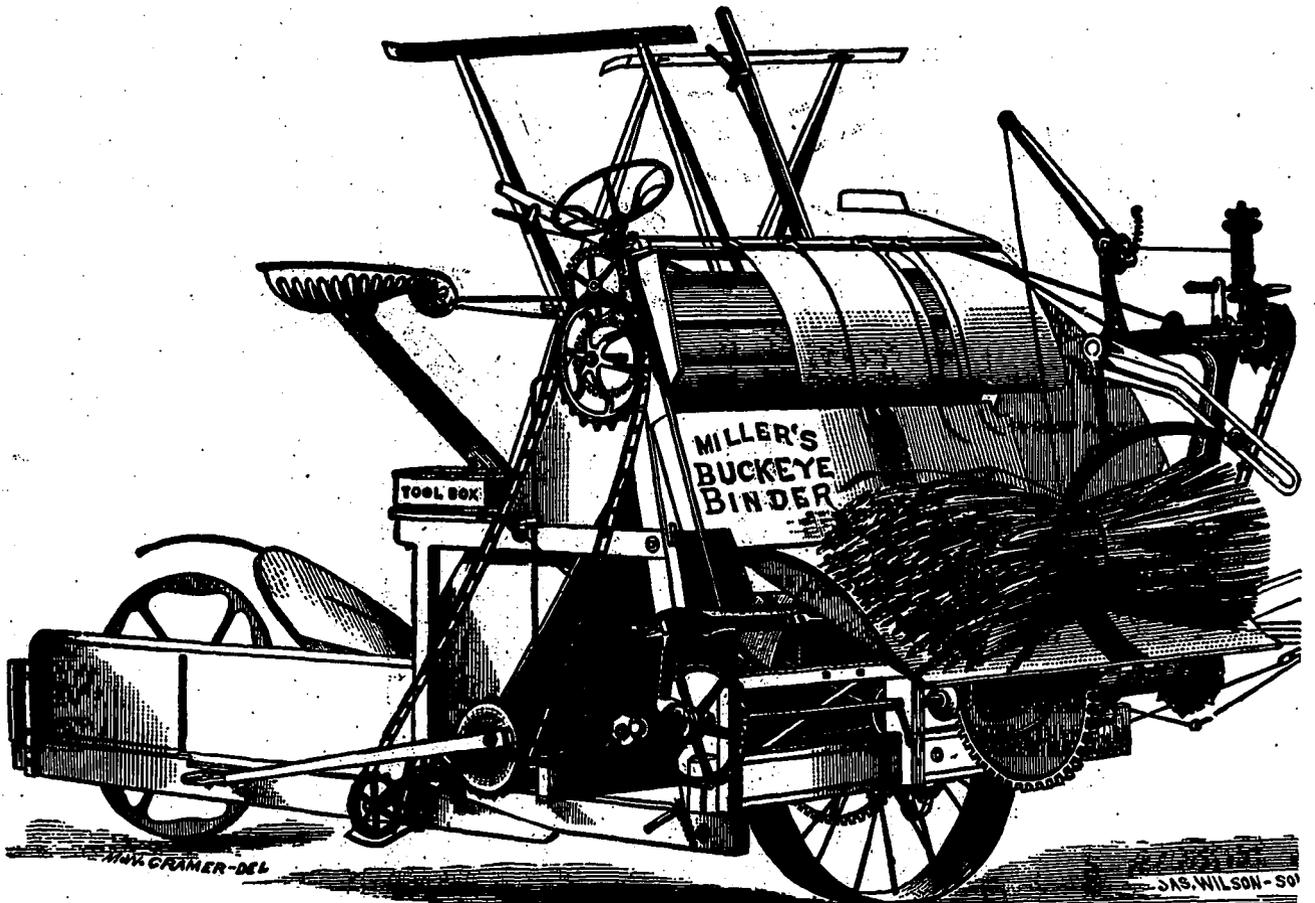
"Ha, ha! then you do remember that partickler sleigh ride after all, don't ye?" and the old man made a lunge at me with his elbow, which, if it had caught me, would have knocked me off the railing. "Caught ye, didn't I old woman? I put that in on purpose, cos I knew ye would't stand no nonsense on the age question. Ha, ha! caught ye didn't I?" and the old man leaned back in his chair and indulged himself in a roar of laughter so hearty that even Julius Caesar, my canine friend, looked up with some surprise depicted on his countenance.

"Yes, you're makin' it like a story out 'n a book, aint ye? You told Mr. Rex you were goin' to tell him a true story—you're makin' a good beginnin' aint ye?"

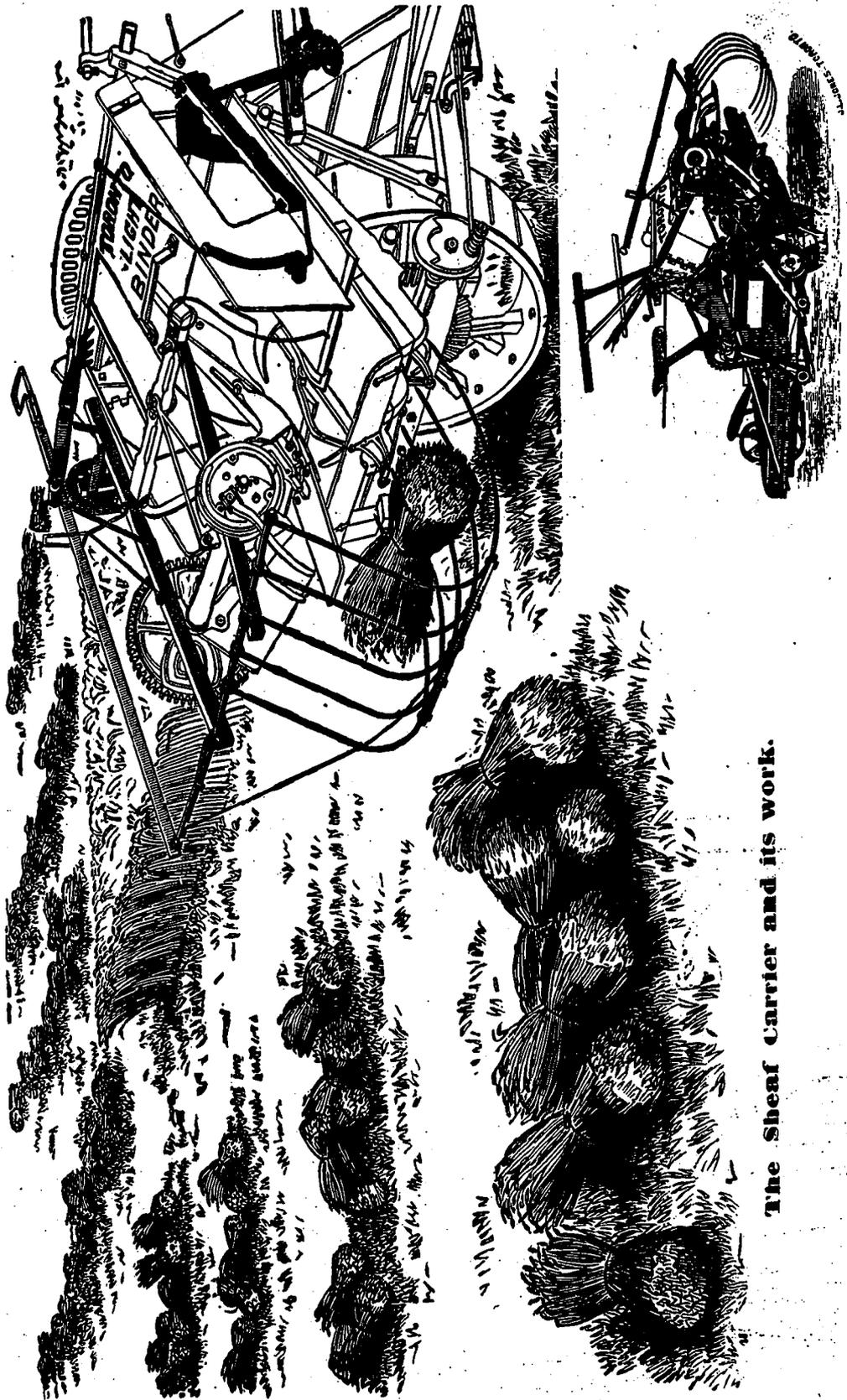
"Wanted to ketch ye, Mirandy, wanted to ketch



Early Three-Horse Twine Binder.



One of the First—Miller's "Buckeye" Twine Binder.



The Sheaf Carrier and its work.

A MODERN TWINE BINDER.

EVENTFUL HISTORY OF TOMMY AND THE LION.

BY THE LATE RICHARD DOYLE.—See Sept. No., Page III.

VII.



J. L. JONES.
ENGRAVER

*To be continued from
month to month till the
completion of the series.*

The Lion lays his paw upon Tommy

EVENTFUL HISTORY OF TOMMY AND THE LION.

BY THE LATE RICHARD DOYLE.—See Sept. No., Page 111.

VIII.



The Lion swallows Tommy

J. L. JONES,
WOOD ENGRAVER,
10 KING E TORONTO

To be continued from month to month till
the completion of the series.

ye, but I'm goin' to stick to the truth now, Mr. Rex, right along."

I may explain that I had given them my name as George Rex, and, of course, they never thought for a moment but that Rex was my family name. If they had only known that the Majesty of England was tossing their hay into winrows and hoeing their potatoes! But I must not wander in that direction. "In that way madness lies."

"I was jest about twenty-one," continued the old man, and Mirandy was nineteen—yes, it *was* nineteen; I acknowledge I'm two years older 'n her, though you mightn't believe it, Mr. Rex.—head tossing on the part of "her."—"The boys an' gals had arranged for a big sleigh ride to Miller's to celebrate Mirandy's birthday—Miller's was the hotel at the corners, ye know, burnt down long ago, not much loss either, but we didn't think so in them days. The tavern keeper was about head man in the deestrick thirty years ago; he kep the post office, was one of the select men of the county, and was counted a right smart man all round. He used to hev a big dinin' room that was jest the nicest ball-room you could think of, and many's the dance we used to hev there. Some of the boys, a few on 'em, that is, the wild ones you know, used to drink a good deal of whiskey too, I'm afraid, an' I guess, on the hull, its a good thing that there aint so many taverns scattered round through the country as there used to be. Well, we were goin' to hev a big dance at Miller's, and everybody was invited. The young folks was to meet at Mirandy's father's and start from there at six o'clock; drive out past Miller's to Whiteville, about nine mile, and then back again, and fetch up at Miller's at about nine o'clock. Most of the young folks went in the sleighs, but some on 'em had rigs of their own and took their gals with them. Our folks had jest got a new cutter and a new set of silver mounted harness, and I made up my mind I was goin' to drive Mirandy in that rig. I had to coax father a long time though before he'd let me hev it. He did at last and I tell ye I felt big as I hitched my chestnut four-year-old before the cutter, and spread the buffalo robes over the seat. There aint no better rig now-a-days than I druv that night. Sultan wa'n't no slouch I tell ye. I'd give the best ten dollar bill I ever seen if I could pull the reins over him now for one mile. Ye mind him don't ye Mirandy?"

"Yes, Nathan, I mind him well."

"I'll bet you do. Well, I druv down through the gate and onto the road long before the time, cos I wanted Mirandy to see me before it was dusk. Jest as I turned out'n the gate who should come up but Lizzie Stephens—Lizzie's father lived next farm to ourn.—goin' down to Mirandy's, she said. Now, I don't think ever Mirandy *hated* anybody, but if there *was* anybody she hadn't any great love for I guess mebbe Lizzie was the gal. She was a reg'lar flirt always havin' new beaus, and none of the girls liked her partic'ler. Well, who should come up but Lizzie.

"Oh, how do you do, Mr. Walker," said she; "my, what a nice rig you've got, to be sure—goin' down the road?—well, so am I. I'm jest goin' down to Mirandy's. Won't you take me!" Seein's how she had her foot on the fender, I couldn't very well refuse, and so she got in and away we went. Now, I suppose I was the most bashfullest fellow in them days in the hull deestrick—wan't I, Mirandy?"

"You've got over it, Nathan."

"Yes, sir, I was jest like a big school-boy, and, of course Lizzie knew it. How that gal's tongue did go! It was half a mile to Mirandy's, and I warn't more than two minutes makin' it, but she talked enough in them two minutes to last me for a week. Soft!—well, I should think so. She snuggled up close to me, drew the robes up high as she could round her, and jest as I turned into Mirandy's gate, and saw Mirandy standin' in the door, what d'ye 'spose that 'ere gal did? She jest laid her head over on my shoulder as if I'd been her best beau, and I was so all fired mixed up and bashful, I jest let her do it, and we druv up to Mirandy's door jest in that shape!"

G. R.

THE CHRISTMAS DAYS OF OLD.

IAN ROY.

¶ DREAM beside my waning fire
On Christmas Eve, alone:
The house is still, the tired feet
At length to rest have gone.
The well-filled stockings careful hung,
Their simple Treasures hold,
Recalling those enchanted days,
The Christmas days of old.

Fair visions of the long ago
Amid the embers rise,
And shadowy forms flit to and fro
In old familiar guise.
Dim features of departed friends
Are one by one unrolled;
Low voices call me softly back
To Christmas days of old.

Dead faces 'neath the spreading yews,
That mouldering long have lain,
Start up at memory's magic call,
And smile on me again.
From silent caves beneath the sea,
And from the Churchyard's mould
They come, the friends of vanished days,
The Christmas days of old.

Oh, blue eyes 'mid the tender glow
How radiantly ye shine!
How fast the swelling tears o'erflow
These dimming eyes of mine—
As I recall thy love for me,
Thine arm's encircling fold;
The hours beside my mother's knee
In Christmas days of old.

And thou, my father, once again
I see thy silvered hair,
Once more I hear thy pleading voice
Arise for us in prayer:
Once more I watch thy coming feet,
Once more thy hand I hold,
And walk beside thee as I walked
In Christmas days of old.

Oh, sister, from thy blissful home,
Dost thou come back to me,
To breathe again thy parting prayer
That I might follow thee?

Long years have faded since the day
Thy sad, sad death-bell tolled ;
Ah, how we wept our one ewe lamb,
In Christmas days of old.

And thou, true heart, forever still,
Ere half thy days were done,
Say, dost thou from some happier clime—
Beneath some fairer sun—
Survey the well-remembered scenes—
Those far-off fields behold—
The fields, dear brother, where we played,
In Christmas days of old.

They pass, their smiles upon me still,
While other faces come ;
Some dead and gone, some far away,
And some, thank Heaven !—some,
Yet warm with life and living love,
Close to my heart I fold—
The dear companions of my youth
In Christmas days of old.

The clock strikes twelve, my fire sinks low,
The phantoms glide away ;
While chiming bells with joy proclaim
A new born Christmas day.
Dear Spirits of the Past farewell :
Though bleak the night and cold,
My soul still basks in genial airs
From Christmas days of old.

The wee, wee stockings of my babe,
More sacred now have grown :
I see some future Christmastide
When he shall sit alone—
And watch the faces passed beyond
As, one by one unrolled,
They call him back to childhood's home
And Christmas days of old.

Oh Father, grant that we may walk
Before our children so
That our example still may live
When we are sleeping low !
That no regretful thoughts may dwell
In memory's secret hold,
As by their firesides they recall
The Christmas days of old.

And Thou of Bethany who bore
The children on Thy breast,
Look down on childless hearths to-night
And send the mourners rest.
Beside a brother's grave Thy tears
Not sternly were controlled—
Have pity, Lord, on those who weep
For Christmas days of old.

And you, ye bleeding, stricken hearts
Of kindred hearts bereft,
Remember one unfailing hope,
One pitying friend is left.
Down through the centuries His fame
Has been, shall be, extolled
The Gracious One, who came to save
One Christmas Day of Old.

FAREWELL.

BY J. B. H.

THE full round moon
Is sailing high,
She waits, Old Year,
To see thee die.

The twinkling stars
Still shining on
Shall dim no ray
When thou art gone.

But from yon tower
One star I see,
Across the snow
It beckons me.

I go to kneel
Beside thy bier,
And close thine eyes,
O dying Year.

For thou hast been
A friend to me ;
Some happy days
I've spent with thee.

And so I grieve
To see thine end,
As one beside
A parting friend.

Farewell, Old Year,
Our heads bend low
In silent prayer,
While, tolling slow,

We sadly hear
Thy funeral knell.
Farewell, Old Year,
Farewell, farewell !

SELECTED.

POOR DICK'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

IT was Christmas eve. A cold old-fashioned Christmas, with snow lying thick on the ground and still falling heavily, with a touch of fog in the air. It was past ten o'clock, and the streets and lanes of the great city were all but deserted. Merchant and bro-

ker, clerk and warehouseman, and the rest of the busy crowd who had thronged those streets by day, had one by one drifted away to their homes, and the lofty warehouses loomed black and forbidding over the silent thoroughfares. Here and there the gleam from a solitary window struggled ineffectually with the outer darkness, and served but to bring into stronger relief the general gloom and solitude.

And nowhere was the darkness deeper or the sense of desolation more profound than in St. Winnifred's Court. St. Winnifred's is one of those queer little alleys which intersect the heart of eastern London, and consists, with one exception, of houses let out as offices, and utterly deserted at night. The court is bounded on one side by St. Winnifred's Church, while in one corner stands a quaint old house, occupying a nearly triangular piece of ground and forming the exception we have referred to, having been for many years the residence of St. Winnifred's organist, Michael Fray.

Many of these ancient churches still remain in odd nooks and corners of the city, relics of a time when London merchants made their homes in the same spot whereon they earned their daily bread, worshipping on Sunday in these narrow aisles, and when their time came asking no better resting place than beneath those venerable flag-stones on which they knelt in life. The liberality of ancient founders and benefactors has left many of these old churches richly endowed, and still, Sunday after Sunday, rector and curate mount their respective desks, and struggle through their weekly task; but portly aldermen and dignified burgesses no longer fill the high-back pews. A wheezy verger and pew-opener, with a dozen or so of ancient men and women, care-takers of adjoining warehouses or offices, too often form the only congregation.

St. Winnifred's, like many of its sister edifices, though small in extent, is a noble monument of ecclesiastical architecture, having been designed by an architect of world-wide fame, and boasting stained-glass windows of richest color and exquisite design, and oaken carvings of flower and leaf, to which the touch of a master has imparted all but living beauty. The western extremity of the church abuts upon a narrow lane, on a week day one of the busiest in the city; but on Sundays the broad portal is flung open in vain, for its invitation is addressed to empty streets and deserted houses.

The only sign of life, on this Christmas eve, in St. Winnifred's Court, was a faint gleam of flickering fire-light proceeding from one of the windows of the quaint three-cornered house in which Michael Fray passed his solitary existence. Many years before the period of our story, the same month had taken from him wife and child, and since that time Michael Fray had lived desolate, his only solace being the rare old organ, the friend and companion of his lonely hours. The loss of his wife and daughter had left him without kith or kin. His father and mother had died in his early youth, an only brother, a gifted but wayward boy, had in early life run away to sea, and had there found a watery grave. Being thus left alone in the world, Michael Fray's love for music which had always been strong intensified into an absolute passion. Evening after evening, when darkness had settled on the city, and none could complain that his music interfered with business, or distracted the attention from the nobler clink of gold, he was accustomed to creep quiet-

ly into the church and "talk to himself" as he called it, at the old organ, which answered him back again with a tender sympathy and power of consolation which no mere human listener could ever have afforded. The organ of St. Winnifred's was of comparatively small size and made but scanty show of pipes or pedals; but the blackened case and yellow, much-worn keys had been fashioned by the cunning brain and skilful fingers of "Father Smith" himself, and never had the renowned old organ-builder turned out a more skilful piece of workmanship. And Michael Fray by use of years and loving, tender study, had got by heart every pipe and stop in the rare old instrument, and had acquired an almost magical power in bringing out its tenderest tones and noblest harmonies.

Hear him this Christmas eve as he sits before the ancient key-board, one feeble candle dimly glimmering over the well-worn page before him; flickering weirdly over the ancient carving, and calling into momentary life the effigies of mitred abbot and mailed crusader. A feeble old man, whose sands of life have all but run out; a sadly weak and tremulous old man, with shaking hands and dim, uncertain eyes. But when they are placed upon those yellow keys, the shaking hands shake no longer, the feeble sight finds no labor in those well remembered pages. Under the touch of Michael Fray's deft fingers the ancient organ becomes instinct with life and harmony. The grand old masters lend their noblest strains, and could they revisit the earth, need ask no better interpreter. From the saddest wail of sorrow to sweetest strain of consolation—from the dirge for the loved and lost to the pean of the jubilant victor—each shade of human passion, each tender message of divine encouragement, take form and color in succession, under the magic of that old man's touch. Thus, sometimes borrowing the songs of other singers, sometimes wandering into quaint Æolian harmonies, the spontaneous overflow of his own rare genius, Michael Fray sat and made music, charming his sorrows to temporary sleep.

Time crept on, but the player heeded it not, till the heavy bell in the tower over his head boomed forth the hour of midnight and recalled him to reality again. With two or three wailing minor cords he brought his weird improvisation to an end.

"Dear me," he said, with a heavy sigh, "Christmas again! Christmas again! How many times, I wonder have I thought to myself, 'Well, this will be the last?' and yet Christmas comes again, and finds me here still, all alone. Dear, dear! First poor Dick; and then my darling Alice and little Nell—all gone! Young, and bright, and merry—all taken! And here am I—old, sad and friendless; and yet I live on, live on! 'Well, I suppose God knows best!' While thus thinking aloud, the old man was apparently searching for something among his music books, and now produced an ancient page of manuscript, worn almost to fragments, but pasted for preservation on a piece of paper of later date. "Yes, here it is—poor Dick's Christmas song. What a sweet voice he had, dear boy! If he had only lived—but there! I'm murmuring again. God's will be done!"

He placed the music on the desk before him, and, after a moment's pause, began in tender flute-like tones, to play the melody, at the same time crooning the words in a feeble voice. He played one verso of the song, then stopped and drew his sleeves across his

eyes. The sense of his desolation appeared to come anew upon him; he seemed to shrink down, doubly old, doubly feeble, doubly forsaken—when, lo! a marvel! Suddenly from the lonely street without, in that chill midnight, came the sound of a violin, and a sweet young voice singing the self-same words to the self-same tender air—the song written by his dead and gone brother forty years before.

The effect on Michael Fray was electrical. For a moment he staggered, but caught at the key-board in front of him and held it with a convulsive grasp.

"Am I dreaming, or are my senses leaving me? Poor Dick's Christmas carol; and I could almost swear the voice is my own lost Nellie's. Can this be death at last? And are the angels welcoming me home with the song I love so dearly? No, surely; either I am going mad, or that is a real living voice? But whose—whose? Heaven help me to find out!" And with his whole frame quivering with excitement—with-out pausing even to close the organ, or extinguish its flickering candle—the old man groped his way down the narrow winding stair which led to the street, and hurriedly closing the door behind him, stepped forth bareheaded into the snowy night.

For some hours before Michael Fray was startled, as we have related, by the mysterious echo of his brother's song, an old man and a young girl had been making their way citywards from the southeastern side of London. Both walked wearily as though they had tramped from a long distance; and once or twice the young girl wiped away a tear, though she strove hard to hide it from her companion, and forced herself to speak with a cheerfulness in strange contrast with her sunken cheeks and footsore gait. Every now and then, in passing through the more frequented streets, they would pause; and the man, who carried a violin, would strike up some old ballad tune with a vigor and power of execution, which even his frost-nipped fingers and weary limbs could not wholly destroy; while the girl with a sweet though very sad voice, accompanied him with the inappropriate words. But their attempts were miserably unproductive. In such bitter weather, few who could help it would stay away from their warm fires; and those whom stern necessity kept out of doors seemed only bent on dispatching their several tasks, and to have no time or thought to expend on a couple of wandering tramps singing by the roadside. Still they toiled on, every now and then making a fresh "pitch" at some likely corner, only too often ordered to "move on" by a stern policeman. As they drew nearer to the city and the hour grew later, the passers-by became fewer and farther between, and the poor wanderers felt that it was idle even to seek for charity in those deserted, silent streets. At last the old man stopped and groaned aloud.

"What is it grandfather dear? Don't give in now, when we have come so far. Lean on me—do; I'm hardly tired at all; and I dare say we shall do better to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" said the old man bitterly; "to-morrow it will be too late. I don't mind cold; but the shame of it, the disgrace, after having struggled against it all these years—to come to the workhouse at last! It isn't for myself that I mind—beggars musn't be choosers; and, I dare say, better men than I have slept in a casual ward; but you, my tender Lily. The thought breaks my heart! it kills me!" And the old man sobbed aloud.

"Dear grandfather, you are always thinking of me and never of yourself. What does it matter after all? it's only the name of the thing. I'm sure I don't mind it one bit." The shudder of horror which passed over the girl's frame gave the lie to her pious falsehood. "I dare say it is not so very bad; and after all something may happen to prevent it, even now."

"What can happen, short of a miracle, in these deserted streets?"

"Well, let us hope for a miracle, then, dear. God has never quite deserted us in our deepest troubles, and I don't believe He will forsake us now."

As she spoke she drew her thin shawl more closely round her, shivering in spite of herself under the cold blast, which seemed to receive no check from her scanty coverings. Again the pair crept on, and, passing beneath the lofty wall of St. Winnifred's church, stood beneath it for a temporary shelter from the driving wind and snow. While so standing they caught the faint sounds of the organ solemnly pealing within.

"Noble music," said the old man, as the final chords died away; noble music, and a soul in the playing. That man, whoever he may be, should have a generous heart."

"Hush, grandfather," said the girl, "he is beginning to play again."

Scarcely had the music commenced, however, than the pair gazed at each other in breathless surprise.

"Lily, darling, do you hear what he is playing?" said the old man in an excited whisper.

"A strange coincidence," the girl replied.

"Strange! it is more than strange! Lily darling, who could play that song?"

The melody came to an end, and all was silence. There was a moment's pause, and then, as if by a common impulse, the old man drew his bow across the strings, and the girl's sweet voice caroled forth the second verse of the song. Scarcely had they ended, when a door opened at the foot of the church tower just beside them, and Michael Fray, bareheaded, with his scanty locks blown awry by the winter wind, stood before them. He hurried forward and then stood still, shamefaced, bewildered. The song had called up the vision of a gallant young sailor, full of life and health, as Michael had seen his brother for the last time on the day when he sailed on his fatal voyage. He had hurried forth forgetting the years that had passed, full of tender memories of happy boyish days, to find, alas! only a couple of wandering beggars, singing for bread.

"I beg your pardon," he said, striving vainly to master his emotions; "you sang a song just now which—which—a song which was a favorite of a dear friend of mine, many years ago. Will you—will you tell me where you got it?"

"By the best of all titles, sir," the old fiddler answered, drawing himself up with a touch of artistic pride; "I wrote it myself, words and music both."

"Nay, sir," said Michael, sternly, "you rob the dead. A dearly loved brother of mine wrote that song forty years ago."

"Well, upon my word!" said the old fiddler, waxing wroth; "then your brother must have stolen it from me. What might this precious brother's name be, pray?"

"An honest name—a name I am proud to speak," said Michael firing up in his turn; "his name was Richard Fray."

The old musician staggered as if he had received a blow.

"What?" he exclaimed, peering eagerly into the other's face; "then you are my brother Michael, for I am Richard Fray"

Half an hour later, and the brothers so long parted, so strangely brought together, were seated round a roaring fire in Michael Fray's quaint, three-cornered parlor. Michael's stores had been ransacked for warm, dry clothing for the wanderers. Drawers long closed yielded, when opened, a sweet scent of lavender and gave up their treasures—homely skirts and bodices, kept still in loving memory of little Nell—for Lily's benefit, and Richard Fray's snow-sodden clothes were replaced by Michael's best coat and softest slippers. The wanderers had done full justice to a plentiful meal and a jug of fragrant punch now steamed upon the hob, and was laid under frequent contributions, while Richard Fray told the story of thirty years' wandering, and the brothers found how it had come to pass that, each thinking the other dead, they had lived their lives and married and buried their dear ones, being sometimes but a few miles apart, and yet as distant as though severed by the grim Divider himself. And Lily sat on a cushion at her grandfather's feet, a picture of quiet happiness, and sang sweet songs to please the two old men, while Michael lovingly traced in her soft features, fanciful likenesses to his lost Nellie, the strange similarity of the sweet voice aiding the tender illusion. And sure no happier family was gathered together in all England, on that Christmastide, than the little group round Michael Fray's quiet fireside.

"Well, grandfather dear," said Lily, after a pause, "won't you believe in miracles now?"

"My darling," said the old man, his voice broken with emotion, "God forgive me for having ever doubted Him."—*London Society.*

We do not publish the following little poem because of its literary excellence but because it is brimful of the spirit which should prevail in the sacred Christmas time. We hope if there is any father who has inwardly resolved that this Christmas, the children's dream of Santa Claus shall be a vain one, he may be softened by reading the prayer of these little ones. Christmas above all other times should belong to the children because "its Mighty Founder was himself a child." Dispel not the sweet illusions of Santa Claus. Let the stockings be hung up, and when the eager feet rush down stairs on Christmas morning let it be to dance with glee at finding Santa Claus has not forgotten them. Risk not the darkness of heart which will surely come to you (on that day of all others when the sweetest light of the year should fill your soul), if you hear your children's sobs as they turn away from empty stockings, forgotten by Santa Claus.

SANTA CLAUS.

(By *Sophia P. Snow*, in the *Christmas Number of the Christian Million*.)

IT WAS the eve before Christmas; good-night had been said,
And Annie and Willie had crept into bed.
There were tears on their pillows and tears in their eyes,

And each little bosom was heaving with sighs;
For to-night their stern father's command had been given

That they should retire precisely at seven
Instead of at eight; for they troubled him more
With questions unheard of than ever before.
He had told them he thought this delusion a sin;
No such creature as "Santa Claus" ever had been;
And he hoped, after this, he should never more hear
How he scrambled down chimneys with presents each year.

And this was the reason that two little heads
So restlessly toss'd on their soft, downy beds,
Eight, nine, and the clock on the steeple tolled ten;
Not a word had been spoken by either till then;
When Willie's sad face from the blanket did peep,
And he whispered—"Dear Annie, is 'ou fast asleep?"
"Why no, Brother Willie," a sweet voice replies;
"I've long tried in vain, but I can't shut my eyes;
For somehow it makes me so sorry because
Dear papa has said there is no 'Santa Claus.'
Now we know there is, and it can't be denied,
For he came every year before dear mamma died;
But, then, I've been thinking, that she used to pray—
And God would hear everything mamma would say—
And maybe she asked Him to send 'Santa Claus' here
With the sack full of presents he brought every year."
"Well, why tan't we p'ay dust as mamma did, den,
And ask Dod to send him with presents aden?"
"I've been thinking so, too;" and without a word more

Four little bare feet bounded out on the floor,
And four little knees on the soft carpet pressed,
And two tiny hands were clasped close to each breast.
Now, Willie, you know, we must firmly believe
That the presents we ask for we're sure to receive;
You must wait just as still till I say the 'Amen,'
And by that you will know that your turn has come then.

"Dear Jesus, look down on my brother and me,
And grant us the favours we're asking of Thee.
I want a wax dolly, a tea-set, and ring,
And an ebony work-box that shuts with a spring;
Bless papa, dear Jesus, and cause him to see
That Santa Claus loves us as much as does he—
Don't let him get fretful and angry again
At dear brother Willie and Annie, Amen."
"Please Desus, 'et Santa Taus tum down to-night,
And bring us some presents before it is 'ight;
I want he sood div' me a nice tittle sed.
Wid bright shinin' 'unners, and all painted 'ed;
A box full of tandy, a book and a toy,
Amen. And den, Desus, I'll be a dood boy."
Their prayers being ended, they raised up their heads,
And with hearts light and cheerful, again sought their beds;

They were soon lost in slumber both peaceful and deep,
And with fairies in dreamland were roaming in sleep.
Eight, nine, and the little French clock had struck ten
Ere the father had thought of his children again;
He seems now to hear Annie's half-suppressed sighs,
And to see the big tears stand in Willie's blue eyes.
"I was harsh with my darlings," he mentally said,
And should not have sent them so early to bed;
But then I was troubled; my feelings found vent;
For bank stock to-day has gone down two per cent.;
But of course they've forgotten their troubles ere this,
And that I denied them the thrice-asked-for kiss;

But just to make sure I'll steal up to their door—
To my darlings I never spoke harshly before." ^s
So saying, he softly ascended the stairs,
And arrived at the door to hear both of their prayers;
His Annie's "Bless papa," drew forth the big tears,
And Willie's grave promise fell sweet on his ears.
"Strange, strange! I'd forgotten," he said with a sigh,
"How I longed when a child to have Christmas draw
nigh.

I'll atone for my harshness," he inwardly said,
"By answering their prayers ere I sleep in my bed."
Then he turned to the stairs, and softly went down,
And threw off his slippers and warm dressing-gown,
Donned hat, coat, and boots, and was out in the street,
Determinedly facing the cold, driving sleet!
Nor stopped he until he had bought everything,
From the box full of candy to the tiny gold ring:
Indeed, he kept adding so much to his store
That the various presents outnumbered a score,
Then homeward he turned, when his holiday load,
With Aunt Mary's help, in the nursery was stowed.
Miss Dolly was seated beneath a pine tree,
By the side of a table spread out for her tea;
A work-box, well filled, in the centre was laid,
And on it the ring for which Annie had prayed;
A soldier in uniform stood by a sled,
"With bright shining runners, and all painted red."
There were balls, dogs, and horses; books pleasing to
see;

And birds of all colours were perched in the tree,
While Santa Claus, laughing, stood up in the top,
As if getting ready more presents to drop.
Now as the fond father the picture surveyed,
He thought for his trouble he'd amply been paid;
And he said to himself, as he brushed off a tear,
"I'm happier to-night than I've been for a year;
I've enjoyed more true pleasure than ever before:
What care I if bank-stock fall two per cent. more!
Henceforward I'll make it a rule, I believe,
To have Santa Claus visit us each Christmas-eve."
So thinking, he gently extinguished the light,
And slipping downstairs, retired for the night.
As soon as the beams of the bright morning sun
Put the darkness to flight, and the stars one by one,
Four little blue eyes out of sleep opened wide,
And at the same moment the presents espied.
Then out of their beds they sprang with a bound,
And the very gifts prayed for were all of them found.
And they laughed and they cried in their innocent glee,
And shouted for papa to come quick and see
What presents old Santa Claus brought in the night,
(Just the things that they wanted!) and left before light.
"And now," added Annie, in voice soft and low,
"You'll believe there's a Santa Claus, papa, I know;"
While dear little Willie climbed up on his knee,
Determined between them no secret should be,
And told, in soft whispers, how Annie had said
That their blessed mamma, so long ago dead,
Used to kneel down and pray by the side of her chair,
And that God up in heaven had answered her prayer.
"Den we dot up and p'ayed just as well as we tood,
And Dod answered our p'ayer now wasn't He dood?"
"I should say that he was, if He sent you all these,
And knew just what presents my children would
please."

("Well, well, let him think so, the dear little elf!
I'd be cruel to tell him I did it myself.")
Blind father! who caused your stern heart to relent,

And the hasty words spoken so soon to repent?
'Twas the Being who bade you steal softly upstairs,
And made you His agent to answer their prayers.

BEN-HUR: A TALE OF THE CHRIST.

BY LEW. WALLACE.

[We have thought that we could not do better for one of our selected Christmas stories than choosing three chapters of the beautiful tale, "Ben-Hur," which give an account of the visit of the three wise men to Bethlehem. The work is published by Harper & Brothers, and may be had at the leading bookstores.]

CHAPTER XII.

THE eleventh day after the birth of the child in the cave, about mid-afternoon, the three wise men approached Jerusalem by the road from Shechem. After crossing Brook Cedron, they met many people, of whom none failed to stop and look after them curiously.

Judea was of necessity an international thoroughfare; a narrow ridge, raised, apparently, by the pressure of the desert on the east, and the sea on the west, was all she could claim to be; over the ridge, however, nature had stretched the line of trade between the east and the south; and that was her wealth. In other words, the riches of Jerusalem were the tolls she levied on passing commerce. Nowhere else, consequently, unless in Rome, was there such constant assemblage of so many people of so many different nations; in no other city was a stranger less strange to the residents than within her walls and purlieus. And yet these three men excited the wonder of all whom they met on the way to the gates.

A child belonging to some woman sitting by the roadside opposite to the Tombs of the Kings saw the party coming; immediately it clapped its hands and cried, "Look, look! What pretty bells! What big camels!"

The bells were silver; the camels, as we have seen, were of unusual size and whiteness, and moved with singular stateliness; the trappings told of the desert and of long journeys thereon, and also of ample means in possession of the owners, who sat under the little canopies exactly as they appeared at the rendezvous beyond the Jebel. Yet it was not the bells or the camels, or their furniture, or the demeanor of the riders, that were so wonderful; it was the question put by the man who rode foremost of the three.

The approach to Jerusalem from the north is across a plain which dips southward, leaving the Damascus Gate in a vale or hollow. The road is narrow, but deeply cut by long use, and in places difficult on account of the cobbles left loose and dry by the washing of the rains. On either side, however, there stretched, in the old time, rich fields and handsome olive-groves, which must, in luxurious growth, have been beautiful, especially to travellers fresh from the wastes of the desert. In this road, the three stopped before the party in front of the Tombs.

"Good people," said Balthasar, stroking his plaited beard, and bending from his cot, "Is not Jerusalem close by?"

"Yes," answered the woman into whose arms the child had shrunk. "If the trees on yon swell were a little lower, you could see the towers on the market-place."

Balthasar gave the Greek and the Hindoo a look, then asked,

"Where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

The women gazed at each other without reply.

"You have not heard of him?"

"No."

"Well, tell everybody that we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him."

Thereupon the friends rode on. Of others they asked the same question, with like result. A large number whom they met going to the Grotto of Jeremiah were so astonished by the inquiry and the appearance of the travellers that they turned about and followed them into the city.

So much were the three occupied with the idea of their mission that they did not care for the view which presently rose before them in the utmost magnificence; for the village first to receive them on Bezetha; for Mizpah and Olivet, over on their left; for the wall beyond the village, with its forty tall and solid towers, superadded partly for strength, partly to gratify the critical taste of the kingly builder; for the same towered wall bending off to the right, with many an angle, and here and there an embattled gate, up to the three great white piles Phasælus, Mariamne, and Hippicus; for Zion, tallest of the hills, crowned with marble palaces, and never so beautiful; for the glittering terraces of the temple on Moriah, admittedly one of the wonders of the earth; for the regal mountains rimming the sacred city round about until it seemed in the hollow of a mighty bowl.

They came at length, to a tower of great height and strength, overlooking the gate which, at that time, answered to the present Damascus Gate, and marked the meeting-place of the three roads from Shechem, Jericho, and Gibeon. A Roman guard kept the passage-way. By this time the people following the camels formed a train sufficient to draw the idlers hanging about the portal; so that Balthasar stopped to speak to the sentinel, the three became instantly the centre of a close circle eager to hear all that passed. "I give you peace," the Egyptian said, in a clear voice.

The sentinel made no reply.

"We have come great distances in search of one who is born King of the Jews. Can you tell us where he is?"

The soldier raised the visor of his helmet, and called loudly. From an apartment at the right of the passage an officer appeared.

"Give way," he cried, to the crowd which now pressed closer in; and as they seemed slow to obey, he advanced twirling his javelin vigorously, now right, now left; and so he gained room.

"What would you?" he asked of Balthasar, speaking in the idiom of the city.

And Balthasar answered in the same.

"Where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

"Herod?" asked the officer, confounded.

"Herod's kingship is from Cæsar; not Herod."

"There is no other King of the Jews."

"But we have seen the star of him we seek, and come to worship him."

The Roman was perplexed.

"Go farther," he said, at last. "Go farther. I am not a Jew. Carry the question to the doctors in the Temple, or to Hannas the priest, or, better still, to Herod himself. If there be another King of the Jews, he will find him."

Thereupon he made way for the strangers, and they passed the gate. But, before entering the narrow street, Balthasar lingered to say to his friends, "We are sufficiently proclaimed. By midnight the whole city will have heard of us and of our mission. Let us to the khan now."

CHAPTER XIII.

That evening, before sunset, some women were washing clothes on the upper step of the flight that led down into the basin of the Pool of Siloam. They knelt each before a broad bowl of earthenware. A girl at the foot of the steps kept them supplied with water, and sang while she filled the jar. The song was cheerful and no doubt lightened their labor. Occasionally they would sit upon their heels and look up the slope of Ophel, and round to the summit of what is now the Mount of Offence, then faintly glorified by the dying sun.

While they plied their hands, rubbing and ringing the clothes in the bowls, two other women came to them, each with an empty jar upon her shoulder.

"Peace to you," one of the new-comers said.

The laborers paused, sat up, wrung the water from their hands, and returned the salutation.

"It is nearly night—time to quit."

"There is no end to work," was the reply.

"But there is a time to rest, and—"

"To hear what may be passing," interposed another.

"What news have you?"

"Then you have not heard?"

"No."

"They say the Christ is born," said the news-monger, plunging into her story.

It was curious to see the faces of the laborers brighten with interest; on the other side down came the jars, which in a moment were turned into seats for their owners.

"The Christ!" the listeners cried.

"So they say."

"Who?"

"Everybody; it is common talk."

"Does anybody believe it?"

"This afternoon three men came across Brook Cedron on the road from Shechem," the speaker replied, circumstantially, intending to smother doubt. "Each one of them rode a camel spotless white, and larger than ever before seen in Jerusalem."

The eyes and mouths of the auditors opened wide.

"To prove how great and rich the men were," the narrator continued, "they sat under awnings of silk; the buckles of their saddles were of gold, as was the fringe of their bridles; the bells were of silver, and made real music. Nobody knew them; they looked as if they had come from the ends of the world. Only one of them spoke, and of everybody on the road, even the women and children, he asked this question: 'Where is he that is born King of the Jews?' No one gave them answer—no one understood what they meant; so they passed on, leaving behind them this saying: 'For we have seen his star in the east, and are come to worship him.' They put the question to the Roman at the gate; and he, no wiser than the simple people on the road, sent them up to Herod."

"Where are they now?"

"At the khan. Hundreds have been to look at them already, and hundreds more are going."

"Who are they?"

"Nobody knows. They are said to be Persians—"

wise men who talk with the stars—prophets, it may be, like Elijah and Jeremiah.”

“What do they mean by King of the Jews?”

“The Christ, and that he is just born.”

One of the women laughed, and resumed her work, saying, “Well, when I see him I will believe.”

Another followed her example: “And I—well, when I see him raise the dead, I will believe.”

A third said, quietly, “He has been a long time promised. It will be enough for me to see him heal one leper.”

And the party sat talking until the night came, and, with the help of the frosty air, drove them home.

Later in the evening, about the beginning of the first watch, there was an assemblage in the palace on Mount Zion, of probably fifty persons, who never came together except by the order of Herod, and then only when he had demanded to know some one or more of the deeper mysteries of the Jewish law and history. It was, in short, a meeting of the teachers of the colleges, of the chief priests, and of the doctors most noted in the city for learning—the leaders of opinion, expounders of the different creeds; princes of the Sadducees; Pharisaic debaters; calm, soft-spoken, stoical philosophers of the Essene socialists.

The chamber in which the session was held belonged to one of the interior court-yards of the palace, and was quite large and Romanesque. The floor was tessellated with marble blocks; the walls, unbroken by a window, were frescoed in panels of saffron yellow; a divan occupied the centre of the apartment, covered with cushions of bright-yellow cloth, and fashioned in form of the letter U, the opening towards the doorway; in the arch of the divan, or, as it were in the bend of the letter, there was an immense bronze tripod, curiously inlaid with gold and silver, over which a chandelier dropped from the ceiling, having seven arms, each holding a lighted lamp. The divan and the lamp were purely Jewish.

The company sat upon the divan after the style of Orientals, in costume singularly uniform, except as to color. They were mostly men advanced in years; immense beards covered their faces; to their large noses were added the effects of large black eyes deeply shaded by bold brows; their demeanor was grave, dignified, even patriarchal. In brief, their session was that of the Sanhedrim.

He who sat before the tripod, however, in the place which may be called the head of the divan, having all the rest of his associates on his right and left, and, at the same time, before him, evidently the president of the meeting, would have instantly absorbed the attention of a spectator. He had been cast in large mould, but was now shrunken and stooped to ghastliness; his white robe dropped from his shoulders in folds that gave no hint of muscle or anything but an angular skeleton. His hands, half concealed by sleeves of silk, white and crimsoned striped, were clasped upon his knees. When he spoke, sometimes the first finger of the right hand extended tremulously; he seemed incapable of other gesture. But his head was a splendid dome. A few hairs, whiter than fine-drawn silver, fringed the base; over a broad full-sphered skull the skin was drawn close, and shone in the light with positive brilliance; the temples were deep hollows, from which the forehead beetled like a wrinkled craig; the eyes were wan and dim; the nose was pinched;

and all the lower face was muffled in a beared flowing and venerable as Aaron's. Such was Hillel the Babylonian! The line of prophets, long extinct in Israel, was now succeeded by a line of scholars of whom he was first in learning—a prophet in all but the divine inspiration! At the age of one hundred and six, he was still Rector of the Great College.

On the table before him lay outspread a roll or volume of parchment inscribed with Hebrew characters; behind him, in waiting, stood a page richly habited.

There had been discussion, but at this moment of introduction the company had reached a conclusion; each one was in an attitude of rest, and the venerable Hillel, without moving, called the page.

“Hist!”

The youth advanced respectfully.

“Go tell the king we are ready to give him answer.”

The boy hurried away.

After a time two officers entered, and stopped one on each side of the door; after them slowly followed a most striking personage—an old man clad in a purple robe bordered with scarlet, and girt to his waist by a band of gold linked so fine that it was pliable as leather; the latches of his shoes sparkled with precious stones; a narrow crown wrought in filigree shone outside a *tarbooshe* of softest crimson plush, which, encasing his head, fell down the neck and shoulders, leaving the throat and neck exposed. Instead of a seal a dagger dangled from his belt. He walked with a halting step, leaning heavily upon a staff. Not until he reached the opening of the divan, did he pause or look up from the floor; then, as for the first time conscious of the company, and roused by their presence, he raised himself, and looked haughtily round, like one startled and searching for an enemy—so dark, suspicious, and threatening was the glance. Such was Herod the Great—a body broken by diseases, a conscience seared with crimes, a mind magnificently capable, a soul fit for brotherhood with the Cæsars; now seven-and-sixty years old, but guarding his throne with a jealousy never so vigilant, a power never so despotic, and a cruelty never so inexorable.

There was a general movement on the part of the assemblage—a bending forward in salaam by the more aged, a rising-up by the more courtierly, followed by low genuflections, hands upon the beard or breast.

His observations taken, Herod moved on until at the tripod opposite the venerable Hillel, who met his cold glance with an inclination of the head, and a slight lifting of the hands.

“The answer!” said the king, with imperious simplicity, addressing Hillel, and planting his staff before him with both hands. “The answer!”

The eyes of the patriarch glowed mildly, and, raising his head, and looking the inquisitor full in the face, he answered, his associates giving him closest attention,

“With thee, O king, be the peace of God, of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob!”

His manner was that of invocation; changing it he resumed:

“Thou hast demanded of us where the Christ should be born.”

The king bowed, though the evil eyes remained fixed upon the sage's face.

“That is the question.”

“Then, O king, speaking for myself, and all my

brethren here, not one dissenting, I say, in Bethlehem of Judea."

Hillel glanced at the parchment on the tripod; and, pointing with his tremulous finger, continued, "In Bethlehem of Judea, for thus it is written by the prophet, 'And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Judea, art not the least among the princes of Judah; for out of thee shall come a governor that shall rule my people Israel.'"

Herod's face was troubled, and his eyes fell upon the parchment while he thought. Those beholding him scarcely breathed; they spoke not, nor did he. At length he turned about and left the chamber.

"Brethren," said Hillel, "we are dismissed."

The company then arose, and in groups departed.

"Simeon," said Hillel again.

A man quite fifty years old, but in the hearty prime of life, answered and came to him.

"Take up the sacred parchment, my son; roll it tenderly.

The order was obeyed.

"Now lend me thy arm; I will to the litter."

The strong man stooped; with his withered hands, the old man took the offered support, and, rising, moved feebly to the door.

So departed the famous Rector and Simeon, his son, who was to be his successor in wisdom, learning, and office.

Yet later in the evening the wise men were lying in a lewen of the khan awake. The stones which served them as pillows raised their heads so that they could look out of the open arch into the depths of the sky; and as they watched the twinkling of the stars, they thought of the next manifestation. How would it come? What would it be? They were in Jerusalem at last; they had asked at the gate for Him they sought; they had borne witness of his birth; it remained only to find him; and as to that, they placed all trust in the Spirit. Men listening for the voice of God, or waiting a sign from Heaven, cannot sleep.

While they were in this condition, a man stepped in under the arch, darkening the lewen.

"Awake!" he said to them; "I bring you a message which will not be put off."

They all sat up.

"From whom?" asked the Egyptian.

"Herod the king."

Each one felt his spirit thrill.

"Are you not the steward of the khan?" Balthasar asked next.

"I am."

"What would the king with us?"

"His messenger is without; let him answer."

"Tell him, then, to abide our coming."

"You were right, O my brother!" said the Greek, when the steward was gone. "The question put to the people on the road, and to the guard at the gate, has given us quick notoriety. I am impatient; let us up quickly."

They arose, put on their sandals, girt their mantles about them, and went out.

"I salute you, and give you peace, and pray your pardon; but my master, the king, has sent me to invite you to the palace, where he would have speech with you privately."

Thus the messenger discharged his duty.

A lamp hung in the entrance, and by its light they

looked at each other, and knew the Spirit was upon them. Then the Egyptian stepped to the Steward, and said, so as not to be heard by the others, "You know where our goods are stored in the court, and where our camels are resting. While we are gone make all things ready for our departure, if it should be needful."

"Go your way assured; trust me," the steward replied.

"The king's will is our will," said Balthasar to the messenger. "We will follow you."

The streets of the Holy City were narrow then as now, but not so rough and foul; for the great builder not content with beauty, enforced cleanliness and convenience also. Following their guide, the brethren proceeded without a word. Through the dim starlight made dimmer by the walls on both sides, sometimes almost lost under bridges connecting the house-tops, out of a low ground they ascended a hill. At last they came to a portal reared across the way. In the light of fires blazing before it in two great braziers, they caught a glimpse of the structure, and also of some guards leaning motionlessly upon their arms. They passed into a building unchallenged. Then by passages and arched halls; through courts, and under colonnades not always lighted; up long flights of stairs, past innumerable cloisters and chambers, they were conducted into a tower of great height. Suddenly the guide halted and pointing through an open door, said to them,

"Enter. The king is there."

The air of the chamber was heavy with the perfume of sandal wood, and all the appointments within were effeminately rich. Upon the floor, covering the central space, a tufted rug was spread, and upon that a throne was set. The visitors had but time, however, to catch a confused idea of the place—of carved and gilt ottomans and couches; of fans and jars and musical instruments; of golden candlesticks glittering in their own lights; of walls painted in the style of the voluptuous Grecian school, one look at which had made a Pharisee hide his head with holy horror. Herod, sitting upon the throne to receive them, clad as when at the conference with the doctors and lawyers, claimed all their minds.

At the edge of the rug, to which they advanced uninvited, they prostrated themselves. The king touched a bell. An attendant came in, and placed three stools before the throne.

"Seat yourselves," said the monarch, graciously.

"From the North Gate," he continued, when they were at rest, "I had this afternoon report of the arrival of three strangers, curiously mounted, and appearing as if from far countries. Are you the men?"

The Egyptian took the sign from the Greek and the Hindoo, and answered with the profoundest salaam, "Were we other than we are, the mighty Herod, whose fame is as incense to the whole world, would not have sent for us. We may not doubt that we are the strangers."

Herod acknowledged the speech with a wave of the hand.

"Who are you? Whence do you come?" he asked, adding significantly, "Let each speak for himself."

In turn they gave him account, referring simply to the cities and lands of their birth, and the routes by which they came to Jerusalem. Somewhat disappointed, Herod plied them more directly.

"What was the question you put to the officer at the gate?"

"We asked him, Where is he that is born King of the Jews?"

"I see now why the people were so curious. You excite me no less. Is there another King of the Jews?"

The Egyptian did not blanch.

"There is one newly born."

An expression of pain knit the dark face of the monarch, as if his mind were swept by a harrowing recollection.

"Not to me, not to me!" he exclaimed.

Possibly the accusing images of his murdered children flitted before him; recovering from the emotion, whatever it was, he asked steadily, "Where is the new king?"

"That, O king, is what we would ask."

"You bring me a wonder—a riddle surpassing any of Solomon's," the inquisitor said next. As you see, I am in the time of life when curiosity is as ungovernable as it was in childhood, when to trifle with it is cruelty. Tell me further, and I will honour you as king's honour each other. Give me all you know about the newly born, and I will join you in the search for him; and when we have found him, I will do what you wish; I will bring him to Jerusalem, and train him in kinglycraft; I will use my grace with Cæsar for his promotion and glory. Jealousy shall not come between us, so I swear. But tell me first how, so widely separated by seas and deserts, you all came to hear of him."

"I will tell you truly, O king."

"Speak on," said Herod.

Balthasar raised himself erect, and said, solemnly,

"There is an Almighty God."

Herod was visibly startled.

"He bade us come hither, promising that we should find the Redeemer of the World; that we should see and worship him, and bear witness that he was come; and, as a sign, we were each given to see a star. His Spirit stayed with us. O king, his Spirit is with us now!"

An overpowering feeling seized the three. The Greek with difficulty restrained an outcry. Herod's gaze darted quickly from one to the other; he was more suspicious and dissatisfied than before.

"You are mocking me," he said. "If not, tell me more. What is to follow the coming of the new king?"

"The salvation of men."

"From what?"

"Their wickedness."

"How?"

"By the divine agencies—Faith, Love, and Good Works."

"Then"—Herod paused, and from his look no man could have said with what feeling he continued—"you are the heralds of the Christ. Is that all?"

Balthasar bowed low.

"We are your servants, O king."

The monarch touched the bell, and the attendant appeared.

"Bring the gifts," the master said.

The attendant went out, but in a little while returned, and, kneeling before the guests, gave to each one an outer robe or mantle of scarlet and blue, and a girdle of gold. They acknowledged the honors with Eastern prostrations.

"A word further," said Herod, when the ceremony was ended. "To the officer of the gate, and but now to me, you spoke of seeing a star in the east."

"Yes," said Balthasar, "his star, the star of the newly born."

"What time did it appear?"

"When we were bidden come hither."

Herod arose, signifying the audience was over. Stepping from the throne towards them, he said, with all graciousness,

"If, as I believe, O illustrious men, you are indeed the heralds of the Christ just born, know that I have this night consulted those wisest in things Jewish, and they say with one voice he should be born in Bethlehem of Judea. I say to you, go thither; go and search diligently for the young child; and when you have found him bring me word again, that I may come and worship him. To your going there shall be no let or hindrance. Peace be with you!"

And, folding his robe about him, he left the chamber.

Directly the guide came, and led them back to the street, and thence to the khan, at the portal of which the Greek said, impulsively, "Let us to Bethlehem, O brethren, as the king has advised."

"Yes," cried the Hindoo. "The Spirit burns within me."

"Be it so," said Balthasar, with equal warmth. "The camels are ready."

They gave gifts to the steward, mounted into their saddles, received directions to the Joppa Gate, and departed. At their approach the great valves were unbarred, and they passed out into the open country, taking the road so lately travelled by Joseph and Mary. As they came up out of Hinnom, on the plain of Raphaim, a light appeared, at first widespread and faint. Their pulses fluttered fast. The light intensified rapidly. They closed their eyes against its burning brilliance; when they dared look again, lo! the star, perfect as any in the heavens, but low down and moving slowly before them. And they folded their hands, and shouted, and rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

"God is with us! God is with us!" they repeated, in frequent cheer, all the way, until the star, rising out of the valley beyond Mar Elias, stood still over a house up on the slope of the hill near the town.

CHAPTER XIV.

It was now the beginning of the third watch, and at Bethlehem the morning was breaking over the mountains in the east, but so feebly that it was yet night in the valley. The watchman on the roof of the old khan, shivering in the chilly air was listening for the first distinguishable sounds with which life, awakening greets the dawn, when a light came moving up the hill towards the house. He thought it a torch in some one's hand; next moment he thought it a meteor; the brilliance grew, however, until it became a star. Sore afraid, he cried out, and brought everybody within the walls to the roof. The phenomenon, in eccentric motion continued to approach; the rocks, trees, and roadway under it shone as in a glare of lightning; directly its brightness became blinding. The more timid of the beholders fell upon their knees, and prayed, with their faces hidden; the boldest, covering their eyes, crouched, and now and then snatched glances fearfully. Afterwhile the khan and every-

thing thereabout lay under the intolerable radiance. Such as dared look beheld the star standing still directly over the house in front of the cave where the Child had been born.

In the height of this scene, the wise men came up, and at the gate dismounted from their camels, and shouted for admission. When the steward so far mastered his terror as to give them heed, he drew the bars and opened to them. The camels looked spectral in the unnatural light, and, besides their outlandishness, there were in the faces and manner of the three visitors an eagerness and exaltation which still further excited the keeper's fears and fancy; he fell back, and for a time could not answer the question they put to him.

"Is not this Bethlehem of Judea?"

But others came, and by their presence gave him assurance.

"No, this is but the khan; the town lies farther on."

"Is there not here a child newly born?"

The bystanders turned to each other marvelling, though some of them answered, "Yes, yes."

"Show us to him!" said the Greek impatiently.

"Show us to him!" cried Balthasar, breaking through his gravity; "for we have seen his star, even that which ye behold over the house, and are come to worship him."

The Hindoo clasped his hands, exclaiming, "God indeed lives! Make haste, make haste! The Saviour is found. Blessed, blessed are we above men!"

The people from the roof came down and followed the strangers as they were taken through the court and out into the enclosure; at sight of the star yet above the cave, though less candescent than before, some turned back afraid; the greater part went on. As the strangers neared the house, the orb arose: when they were at the door, it was high up overhead vanishing; when they entered, it went out lost to sight. And to the witnesses of what then took place came a conviction that there was a divine relation between the star and the strangers, which extended also to at least some of the occupants of the cave. When the door was opened, they crowded in.

The apartment was lighted by a lantern enough to enable the strangers to find the mother, and the child awake in her lap.

"Is the child thine?" asked Balthasar of Mary.

And she who had kept all the things in the least affecting the little one, and pondered them in her heart, held it up in the light, saying,

"He is my son!"

And they fell down and worshipped him.

They saw the child was as other children; about its head was neither nimbus nor material crown; its lips opened not in speech; if it heard their expressions of joy, their invocations, their prayers, it made no sign whatever, but, baby-like, looked longer at the flame in the lantern than at them.

In a little while they arose, and, returning to the camels, brought gifts of gold, frankincense, and myrrh, and laid them before the child, abating nothing of their worshipful speeches; of which no part is given, for the thoughtful know that the pure worship of the pure heart was then what it is now, and has always been, an inspired song.

And this was the Saviour they had come so far to find!

Yet they worshipped without a doubt.

Why?

Their faith rested upon the signs sent them by him whom we have since come to know as the Father; and they were of the kind to whom his promises were so all-sufficient that they asked nothing about his ways. Few there were who had seen the signs and heard the promises—the Mother and Joseph, the shepherds and the Three—yet they all believed alike; that is to say, in this period of the plan of salvation, God was all and the Child nothing. But look forward, O reader! A time will come when the signs will all proceed from the Son. Happy they who then believe in him!

Let us wait that period.

HER GOOD CHILDREN.

There are few places where the lights and shadows of human life so flicker as in a police court. One may there see the brutal, besotted husband contrasted with the gentle, self-sacrificing wife, or even, as in the following case, reported by the *Chicago Tribune*, a bad mother accompanied by good children.

When the case of Mary Silk was called in Justice White's court, the most interested spectators were a little boy about seven years old and a girl a year or two older. The woman had been disorderly, and had been fined eleven dollars and costs.

The boy stepped up to an officer and asked, "What are they going to do with my mamma?"

"I am afraid they will have to send her to Bridewell, unless you can raise eleven dollars to pay her fine," was the response.

The boy looked up at him a moment, while his under lip quivered and his eyes grew moist. Then, with an air of determination, he said, "Come, Hattie, we'll get the money."

A few hours later the lad came back to the station, and stood in front of the desk-sergeant, twirling his hat in his hand. His head just came above the desk.

"Well, my little man," said the sergeant, "what can I do for you?"

"Please, sir, I came to see if I couldn't get my mother out of jail," replied the urchin, as two big tears rolled down his cheeks. "I've got two dollars and sixty cents which was given to me. Please take it, and let me go in mamma's place. I can't work as hard, but I'll stay longer."

With this the little fellow broke down, and commenced to sob.

"Don't cry, my lad," said Bailiff Kelly, who had overheard the conversation. "I'll not send your mother to Bridewell. I'd pay ten fines myself first."

The officers of the station became interested in the poor boy's manly bearing and his efforts to get his mother released.

Justice White was seen, and consented to suspend the fine. The children were taken down to their mother, who was told how they had tried to beg the money to pay for her release.

It was the one touch of nature, and mother, children and officers held a little jubilee in the station.

"A woman with such children as yours ought not to be here," said the bailiff.

"No," was the sobbing answer; "and I never will be again."—*Youth's Companion*.

SHOP INDEPENDENCE.

UNLESS one has an "independent fortune," one making him independent of financial circumstances, there is no condition in civilized life preferable to that of a shop mechanic. Especially is this the fact if the mechanic is competent and feels an interest in his work. He has a comfortable shop, pleasant fellow workmen, good tools, and a job that will amount to something when it is done; this is enough to content a man who has a pleasant home or a comfortable boarding place. And yet there are some who look upon shop life as irksome and perfunctory.

There are others who do not. An illustration is recent. A fine workman, a machinist, possessing other valuable qualifications as an executive manager, a public speaker, and with great personal power of persuasion, was induced to take the superintendency and management of a Young Men's Christian Association. He filled the position satisfactorily and creditably; but at last he tired and resigned. Strong influences were brought to induce him to change his determination. He refused, and for nearly two years has worked in the shop as a tool maker. He gets good pay, but refuses to be a boss—only an inspector—and works every day as any ordinary workman.

Recently he was seen, and asked if the change from a public life to a shop life was agreeable. He was quite enthusiastic in his praise of shop life; he was independent; had no meddling suggestors to bother him; could scan his day's work in the morning, and see it done in the evening; was nobody's slave or servitor; did not have to modify his plans to suit a committee; his eight or ten hours per day was his absolute limit of work; and all the remainder was absolutely and really his and his family's. This is the sort of mechanic that recommends shop life, and proves that it is one of the most independent that a sensible man can follow.—*Scientific American*

THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY.

THE following lines have been handed to us by one of the employes with a request for their publication, and we publish them not because we agree with the doctrine they enunciate, but because we should like to have an expression of opinion from some of our readers as to the prevalency of such a doctrine among them. The writer is, we understand, one of those who incline to the negative theories of the Agnostic; who cannot believe because he does not know; who denies the existence of a God because he has not seen Him; who refuses to accept the doctrine of the soul's immortality because he has no certain proof of a life beyond the grave. He therefore makes man his own saviour and holds up "Humanity" as the only true object of his worship. Among all the momentous questions which crowd upon mankind to-day there is none so momentous as this. If we who strut our little hour upon life's stage—on that "small eminence, which high above the grave," are to retire behind the scenes when we have played our part to sleep the never-to-be-broken sleep of annihilation and everlasting forgetfulness, surely it were wiser for most of us to have recourse to the "bare bodkin" without loss of time. But we have no intention of enlarging on this subject now, and shall await with interest the opinions we have spoken of, from among which we shall select a few for our

letter department. We have taken upon ourselves to head the production—

"THE RELIGION OF HUMANITY."

Let love be your religion,
Let justice be your aim,
Let all that's good and noble
Your strict attention claim;
Do always unto others
As you'd have done to you,
Whatever you are doing,
Be always good and true.

Let virtue be your helmet,
Let honor be your shield,
Then you need fear no weapons
Your enemies may wield;
Let actions be your saviour,
Humanity your God,
Live not your life in secret—
But send your light abroad.

J. A. LINDBERG.

PROBLEMS FOR ATHEISTS.

If you meet with an Atheist do not let him entangle you into the discussion of side issues. As to many points which he raises you must learn to make the Rabbi's answer, "I do not know." But ask him these seven questions:—

First. Ask him, Where did matter come from? Can a dead thing create itself?

Second. Ask him, Where did motion come from?

Third. Ask him where life came from, save the finger tip of Omnipotence.

Fourth. Ask him whence came the exquisite order and design in nature. If one told you that millions of printers' types should fortuitously shape themselves into the divine comedy of Danté, or the plays of Shakespeare, would you not think him a madman?

Fifth. Ask him whence came consciousness.

Sixth. Ask him who gave you free will.

Seventh and last. Ask him whence came conscience.—*Archdeacon Farrar at Philadelphia.*

CHRIST'S NATIVITY.

"See how from far upon the eastern road
The star led wizards haste with odours sweet

And peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began;
The winds with wonder whist
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed
wave."
—*Milton.*

WORKMANS' LIBRARY ASS'N.

The Society has got matters well in hand, and proposes to drive them with energy. The first concert of the season was a success, and to

judge from the expression of the audience future entertainments will be popular. We give the programme below. The Society has decided to meet weekly for purposes of instruction, and for the discussion of salient questions, the first meeting having been held on Friday evening, Dec. 4th, when the best methods of compounding gears for screw cutting were discussed, Mr. Ferson taking the initiative. The question of Chinese immigration was then taken up and proved to be deeply interesting. It was moved by Mr. McNab, and seconded by Mr. Ferson, "That Chinese immigration is detrimental to the interests of the country," and in support of his motion laid before the meeting a mass of evidence going to show that the Chinese were immoral, such of them at least as came here under present conditions; that they had no desire for citizenship, no interest in the progress of the country, no ambition except to make money enough to take them back to their own country and lay their bones there. Their habits were filthy, and on the whole they had no business among decent people.

Mr. W. F. Johnston in reply took the ground that it was our duty as Christians, even if the Chinese were as bad as depicted, to receive them in a Christian manner, and help them if we could. Several gentlemen spoke for and against the resolution, none of them, strange to say, touching the labor aspect of the question, which some regard as the most important of all. Both subjects will be taken up again on Friday evening next, Dec. 11th.

The debate on the Chinese question was finished on Friday evening last, 11th inst., after a lengthened discussion in which several gentlemen took part, John Chinaman finding some able defenders among those who volunteered in his behalf. Messrs. Johnston, for the negative, and McNab in support of his resolution, then summarized the arguments, and the case was placed before the jury, who immediately found the Mongolian guilty of being "detrimental to the interests of this country."

We hope it is thoroughly understood that these discussions are free to all members of the Association. Anybody who wishes may speak, and there is no limit as to time any more than in any other public meeting.

The M. M. Co. have placed a fine piano in the Hall for the use of the Association, and we

trust their liberality will be appreciated as it deserves to be. The conditions under which the Society may use the instrument are so easy that no trouble will be found in fulfilling them. We trust many pleasant hours may be spent in the Memorial Hall this winter.

W. L. A., OPENING CONCERT.

Friday, Nov. 20th, 1885.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. Selection.....The Orchestra,
2. Reading.....J. G. Turton.
3. Trio.....Messrs. McCoy, Harris and Curran.
4. Solo.....Miss Herdman.
5. Reading.....J. H. Stanton.
6. Solo.....C. McCoy.
7. Solo.....Prof. Bohner.
8. Vocal Duett.....Misses Herdman & Woods.
9. Solo.....Mr. Curran.

Intermission.

10. Reading.....J. B. Harris.
11. Instrumental Duett...Misses McCuaig.
12. Solo.....W. F. Harris,
13. Solo.....Miss Rowe.
14. Recitation.....Mr. Pease.
15. Solo.....Mr. Spice.
16. Reading.....J. W. Clokey.
17. Solo.....Mr. Curran.
18. Trio.....Messrs. McCoy, Harris and Curran.

NIGHT SCHOOL.

Pursuant to a resolution passed at the preliminary meeting, the first session of the W. L. A. night school was held in the lecture room, on Tuesday evening, the 8th instant. Although the weather was very stormy, and the cosy fire-side must have been a strong temptation to many to remain within doors, yet the attendance and enthusiasm was all that the most sanguine promoter of the movement, could have asked for. One of the pleasing features of the evening, was the presence of Mr. J. L. Hughes, Inspector of the City Public Schools, who very kindly made it his business to make enquiry as to the prospects of a successful school being instituted, for the sole benefit of the Massey Employés, and to obtain other information necessary to making a report to the City Public School Board, with a view to having teachers appointed by that Board, to carry on the school. In a short address delivered in his usual well known happy manner, he explained the method and range of studies usually pursued in night schools. He very encouragingly referred to

the value of hand training as accessory to mental discipline, believing that a boy or man who knew how to use his hands, dexterously and skilfully, would be more likely to be a successful student, than one who had not the advantage of such physical discipline. After a few questions as to the branches of study desired to be taken up, and examining those present as to their educational acquirements, he stated that he would have great pleasure in recommending to the School Board, the appointment of two teachers, and had not the slightest doubt that so long as the men did their part by attending the school, and taking an interest in their studies, the School Board might be relied upon to do their share towards making the school an efficient and successful one. At the close of these remarks, he was tendered a hearty vote of thanks for the interest manifested, and having another engagement that evening, then withdrew.

The next thing on the programme, was to proceed to business. After registering the names of those present and distributing a supply of stationery, Mr. W. Turton, who has been engaged as teacher pending the appointment by the School Board, proceeded to organize by testing in arithmetic and arranging into classes according to the various grades of advancement. Altogether the start thus made may be regarded a pronounced success. The evening passed very pleasantly, and judging from the determined business-like way in which the pupils went at their work, we think it pretty safe to predict a useful and prosperous future for the W. L. A. night school.

The number of names already registered is sixty-six.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

For several weeks past, religious services have been held in the Lecture Room of the Massey Memorial Hall, under the auspices of the Local Preachers Association of the City. The time of services is Sabbath Evening, at 7 o'clock, and Wednesday Evening at 8 o'clock in each week. Hitherto the attendance has not been large—but were it generally known that services were being held under the direction of able speakers, no doubt the attendance would be much larger.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

On Sunday 29th ult., a number of persons

interested in the welfare of the children in the neighborhood, met in the Massey Memorial Hall, to consider the question of organizing a Sabbath School. The conclusion was reached that such a school would be both practicable and desirable, and resolved to make a move towards establishing one, by starting out to canvas the immediate vicinity of the works, and invite children to attend at 3 o'clock on the following Sabbath afternoon. As a result of this action, about forty children and grown people assembled in the lecture room at the time stated, and proceeded to open the School. Amongst those present were the Rev. Mr. Douse, Messrs. McKay M. P.P. for South Simcoe, Lelean, W. F. Johnston, McCoy, Bambridge, J. G. Turton, Miss Prest, Mrs. Johnston, and perhaps most important of all, the irrepressible small boys who were on hand in good force, and evidently quite ready for anything that might turn up. After the School was dismissed, some five or six persons volunteered to act as teachers, and it is evident from the interest taken in the movement at the start, that with judicious management, and in the hands of a good live man for Superintendent, the School may soon become a large and successful one, and a great power for good to the little folks of the west end.

MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY.

Paid out for month of November \$19. Balance on hand \$130.70. Four members at present on sick list.

MUSICAL.

We were confidentially informed to-day that the Band "has got another rink." If they go on like this they will have to open a recruiting office, and engage a sergeant to go round with shillings in one hand and ribbons in the other, as they used to do in Her Majesty's Army. Their services are so much in demand that they are constantly obliged to decline engagements. And this notwithstanding the fact that some of them have lately, we regret to hear, been detected in the act of blowing discordant notes. Harmony, gentlemen, harmony is what you have built up your reputation upon. If one man's instrument is inclined to blow a little too sharp there is nothing for it but to pull out the slides. We must all pull out our slides, more

or less, or push them in if we want to be in tune with our neighbors in this little world of ours.

Mr. A. Judge, cornet, has been appointed to lead a division of the band at one of the rinks.

A fund was started some time since called the "Band Fund," which has been quite a success. Music amounting to \$51 has been purchased from this fund in the past eight months, and there is still a handsome sum in the treasury. We congratulate the band on its position and prospects.

HISTORICAL DIARY.

NOVEMBER.

- 1st.... Death of the Duke of Abercorn.
 2nd.... First through C. P. R. train leaves Montreal for the Rocky Mountains.
 3rd.... Turning of the first sod on the Niagara Central Railway.
 4th.... Niagara Falls Park Commission put down the line stakes of the proposed new park on the Canadian side.
 5th.... Meeting of the Balkan conference at Constantinople.
 6th.... Train robbed in Italy = The Str. *Quebec* raised in 125 ft. of water = The Queen sends a message congratulating Canada on the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway.
 7th.... The last spike driven in the C. P. R.
 8th.... Two unknown men go over Niagara Falls = Eleven of the Frog Lake murderers sentenced to hang = Wreck of the C. P. R. Str. *Algoma* on Lake Superior = Turkey informs the Powers that she will regard the invasion of Bulgaria by Servia as a cause of war.
 10th.... The French Chamber of Deputies meets = Mr. Stead, of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, sentenced to three months imprisonment for the abduction of Eliza Armstrong.
 11th.... Eight young men at Ottawa sentenced to life imprisonment.
 12th.... Wreck of a train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railway, 21 persons injured.
 13th.... Servia declares war against Bulgaria = Galveston, Texas, visited by a terrible fire, scores of blocks destroyed.
 14th.... Servians gain a victory.
 16th.... Riel hanged at Regina.
 17th.... Black Flags defeated by the French in Annam.
 18th.... Bulgarians defeat Servians at Slivnitza = British victory in Burmah = Germany accepts the Pope's settlement of the Caroline Islands dispute.
 19th.... Bulgarians gain another victory near Sofia.
 20th.... Great earthquake wave on the Pacific coast.
 21st.... Frightful storm sweeps over the Phillipine Islands = Str. *Iberian* from Boston wrecked on the Irish Coast = Central Prison Commission report to the Government.
 23rd.... Widin bombarded by the Servians.
 24th.... Servians driven out of Bulgaria = Imperial elections being held.

25th.... Death of Alfonso, King of Spain = Death of Hendricks, Vice-President of the United States = Scott Act defeated in the United Counties of Russell and Prescott.

27th.... Mr. Gladstone elected in Midlothian = Eight of the Indians sentenced to death for the Frog Lake murders hanged at Battleford.

29th.... An amnesty agreed upon between Bulgaria and Servia.

30th Small-pox subsiding in Montreal.

LETTERS AND QUESTIONS.

As requested in a former issue, we now give a few ideas concerning

VOLCANOES.

A volcano is a mountain which throws out melted rock, fire, smoke, and occasionally showers of ashes and stones. It may have its origin on a flat plain or even at the bottom of the sea, but the gradual accumulation of the ejected material all around the opening through which it has been forced, forms a mountain if allowed to remain.

This method of accretion gives the uniform conical outline to volcanoes, without the terraced appearance observed in nearly all other mountains. The opening from which the fire and melted lava are ejected is termed the *crater*. It is more or less circular in shape with one side lower than the other, depending upon the direction of the wind during the eruption.

In many instances the crater is not at the top of the mountain, for a large hollow, often of great depth, technically called the *caldera* occupies the summit, and the crater is at the bottom of this monster cup.

This caldera appears to be formed by the falling in again of melted rock, and sometimes is very large. That of the island of Palma, one of the Canaries, is three miles in diameter and fifteen hundred feet deep. Some idea of the enormous quantity of matter thrown out by an eruption, may be gathered from the statement that in 1783, a prodigious stream of lava flowed from Mt. Hecla and moved slowly down the mountain side, reaching a distance of fifty miles in forty-two days, it then branched into two main streams, one running forty and the other fifty miles further. Its depth varied from six hundred to one thousand feet, and its greatest width was fifteen miles.

But the lava stream does not always run slowly. It is said that in 1805 at the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius, the molten torrent rushed down a space of nearly four miles the first four minutes, but then widened and descended more slowly.

The view of a volcanic eruption must be terrible in its grandeur.

At the eruption of Vesuvius in 1779, the jets of liquid lava mixed with scoriæ and stones were thrown to a height of ten thousand feet, giving the appearance of a column of fire. The lava, however, generally issues from openings in the sides of the mountain, pouring forth in a perfectly liquid state, bright and glowing with the splendor of the sun. At first it flows rapidly, but as its surface becomes cooled and converted into slag, its velocity diminishes. It has to burst the hard coating before it can proceed, and the liberated lava bears on its surface, masses of scoriæ resembling in appearance the slag from an iron furnace. Sometimes the sides of the moving mass

look like huge embankments, or the large mounds of clinkers seen in a manufacturing district. The advancing end of the mass is often much steeper, creeping onward like a great wall or rampart, down which the rough blocks of hardened lava are ever rattling.

Showers of dust are a conspicuous feature of volcanic eruptions, and in many instances a vast column of exceedingly fine dust rises out of the crater, sometimes to the height of more than a mile and then spreads.

Sometimes this dust cloud is so dense that the sun is obscured, and for days together the darkness reigns for miles around the volcano. On one occasion utter darkness prevailed over a circle of seventy miles in diameter, the ashes falling so thickly that at a distance of twenty-four miles, the ground was covered to the depth of ten feet.

Besides lava and dust, large quantities of water and mud accompany volcanic eruption. During the eruption of Vesuvius in 1662, a torrent of water and mud poured down, overthrowing the houses and burying the inhabitants of villages. In 1691, one of the volcanoes of Equador threw up mud and water so filled with dead fish, as to cause a pestilence. Gases and vapors are the earliest developments of volcanic action. Steam is most abundant of all, which condenses and falls as rain.

Volcanic action is either constant or periodic. Stromboli in the Mediterranean, has been uninterruptedly emitting steam and lava from the dawn of history. But the general rule is that a volcano has periods of greater or less fury, followed by intervals of quiescence.

The cause of volcanoes, like that of earthquakes, is a matter of conjecture, though scientists generally adhere to the theory, that the great moving power is the expansive force of steam.

The principle of right or wrong involved in using a postage stamp the second time should not be a difficult point to decide whatever the practice may be.

What is an uncanceled postage? It is virtually a receipt from the Government for payment of their charges for carrying a letter from one place to another.

Why is it attached to the letter? As a convenient method of showing to all parties concerned that the charges of transmission have been paid.

Why is it defaced when being used? To make it worthless to the receiver on delivery of the letter, and is more expeditious for the postal authorities than removing the stamp.

Have the postal authorities a right to deface the stamp? Yes. Having performed the work for which the stamp is a voucher of payment, they have a right to take means to prevent it from doing duty a second time when it passes out of their hands.

Have I a right to an uncanceled stamp delivered to me through the mail? No. My right begins where the Government's right ends and their right embraces the cancellation of the stamp.

If a letter is delivered to me through the post-office with the stamp uncanceled, how am I affected by it? I have then in my possession that which does not belong to me and to which I have no right. The voucher belongs to the Government after it comes into their possession on the letter, until they release their right to it by cancelling it.

If a creditor sends me five hundred dollars by special messenger, and gives the messenger one dollar for his trouble, and he unwittingly places the five hundred and one dollars in my hands, am I justified in retaining the extra dollar if I know it, and he does not appear to miss it? No. If I knowingly hold in my possession anything except what I have received as a gift, bought and paid for, bought with the intention of paying for, or borrowed with the intention of returning in as good condition as I received it, I am stealing.

Is there any difference between my using for my own benefit the dollar or stamp above referred to? Yes, in degree, but not in principle—it would be a theft in either case.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. Lawson, of the Machine Shop, met with a serious accident some days since by which he had two ribs fractured. Glad, however, to see him out again.

We regret to hear that Mr. Robert Virtue and Mr. W. M. Dalton, both of the moulding shop, have had their feet very badly burnt while pouring off. Mr. Virtue's being the most serious—we hope by the time they read this, their wounds may be healed.

All our patients are recovering, we are glad to say. Mrs. Garvin, Mrs. Harmer and Mrs. Harris, thanks to the care and skill of their physician, Dr. W. W. Ogen.

A little boy and a little girl only a few days ago—she in short clothes, and he with a face as smooth as the face of any other good little boy. To-day he walks the earth bearded like the pard, the father of a family! She, the little girl in short clothes a few days ago, now holding confidential conversations with her son, having reference to "mamma's itty tootsy wootsy—and did it tick a ittie darly parly," etc., while that individual pokes his fist in his eye and "hollers." We have not yet had the pleasure of being introduced to the young gentleman, but we are assured that he is a person of the most lofty and dignified character, whom it will be a privilege and honor to know. He is said to be of a meditative turn of mind, and frequently indulges himself in reveries of the most solemn nature, the purport of which he has not yet made public. He has on several occasions made incoherent remarks to himself, when he thought he was alone. Possibly he is trying to solve the question as to "whose baby he is." He has heard himself spoken of as "George's baby," and the next moment some one has called to see "Lizzie's baby"; and when he has bewildered himself trying to understand how this can possibly be, he has been reduced to the brink of idiocy, by a good looking middle aged lady, who bounced him up and down in a most violent manner, and called him "gamma's baby, so it was." In such circumstances of course, the only correct thing for a baby to do, is to "holler." We wish him "more power."

NOTICES.

WILLIAMS.—At 20 King St., Parkdale, on Wednesday, Nov. 18th, 1895, the wife of G. Williams, of a son.