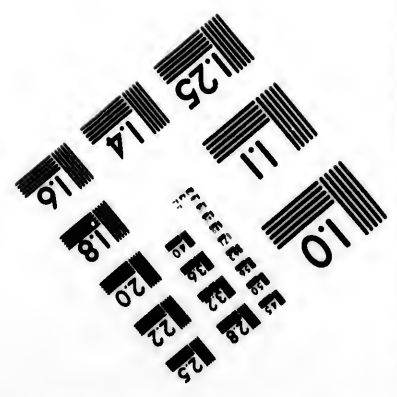
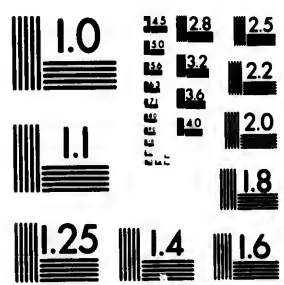


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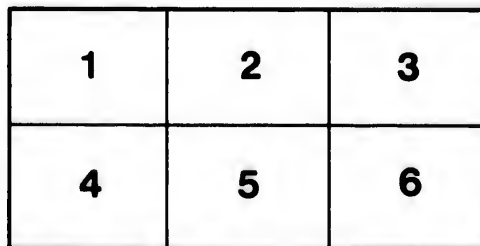
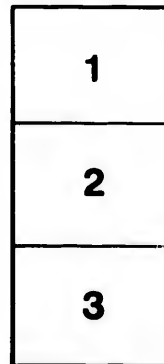
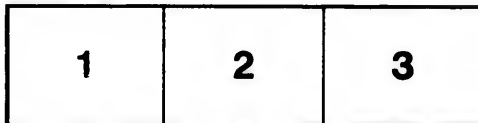
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STRAY LEAVES

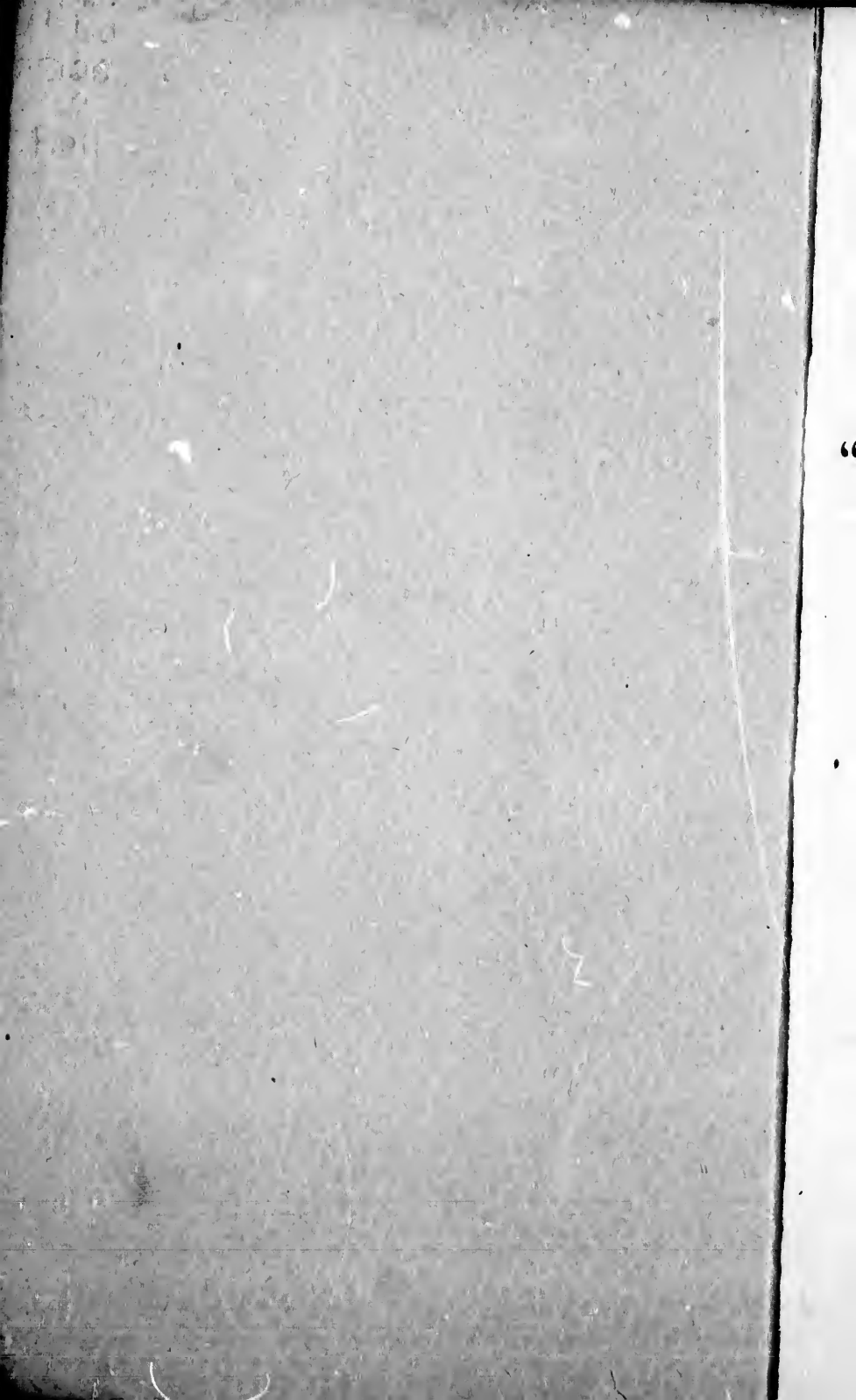
FROM

“Book of Wonders.”

With a Preface by Harl Harlee.

EDITED BY BEN ZEENE.

WOLFVILLE, N. S.:
Davison Bros.,
1890.



Ray. C. Archibald,
Halifax July 20th 1891

STRAY LEAVES

—FROM—

“Book of Wonders.”

WITH A PREFACE BY HARL HARLEE.

EDITED BY BEN ZEENE.

WOLFVILLE, N. S. :
DAVISON BROS.,
1890.

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PREFACE.

A PREFACE is a necessary thing. If I were writing a book it would be the first thing I would make, and it would probably be the last. Two things chiefly led me to commence this preface. The first was because they are seldom read. Boys sometimes do read the word Preface in a Peter-Ross-eats-fish sort of pronunciation, but they never go any farther. Girls and married women, I am told, do not go as far as that. The second was on account of the happiness it affords me to comply with the request of my friend, the editor, as well as the honor of appearing in such good literary company.

It gives me great pleasure to say a few words in recommendation of the "Book of Wonders." The name is an appropriate one, although given it by the author in his humorous way. It is a book of wonders. In reading its pleasing articles we regret that the author has gone, and that we will read no more. In his death Nova Scotia lost a promising writer. He was both a poet and a humorist. He was a Christian, too, just what poets and humorists should be, and so through every article we find a highly pure and noble sentiment.

The editor, Ben Zeene, one of the captivating writers of the day, has conferred a favor by publishing the book, and I feel certain that Nova Scotia readers will give it a welcome. Nova Scotians are always ready to acknowledge native talent wherever it appears.

HARL HARLEE.

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PLATE A .

LESLIE LORING DAVISON.

LESLIE LORING DAVISON was born at Wolfville, Nova Scotia, on the 18th day of April, 1871. He was the fourth son and sixth child of J. B. and Margaret A. Davison, in a family of nine children. In a tin-type in an album at home, taken when he was about four years of age, are his looks as I remember him first. Chubby face, bright, roguish eyes, which would twinkle in merriment at times, but with always something in their depths which one could not quite understand. He was characteristically thoughtful. As he grew in years he grew more thoughtful, but never melancholy. He could laugh and he could look sober. Never was a laugh more merry than his. However thoughtful he was, in an instant his face might light up with a smile, as the sunshine breaks through the clouds in a spring's day, and his looks be full of merriment.

Large of his age, he and I were nearly of a size, resembling each other so much that he was quite often taken for me, and I for him. He took it as a compliment in those days—to be taken for one older than himself. What a small part, after all, is years in one's life. One can live a lifetime in a few years; another must live till his hair is gray and his limbs are feeble and his strength is gone. One learns the lessons of this world in a short time, and passes to a higher grade: another toils and struggles and makes mistakes, and grows old in his life before he has learned enough to pass on to the higher school.

His childhood—our childhood, for we were always together,—was passed joyously. Sometimes I think that Heaven must be pretty near earth, for there are times in our lives when happiness runs high, when it seems that our lives could not be happier, even though Heaven were here. And those days were happy ones. Perhaps they look brighter to me now than they ap-

peared then—for they are gone—and things that are beyond our reach look always brightest—but they were joyous days. What rollicking times we had! What games and romps and plays! What fun! And, too—they will not be forgotten—what strifes! Ah! if they had not been! The darkness comes up with the brightness in the picture—the shade with the light. If we could live our lives over again, we say, how different they would be. Will we say the same about the remainder of our lives at their close?

There is one incident of those days which stands out prominent in my memory. I laugh now as I think of it, and of others which it calls up. How characteristic it was of those days. One day the thought struck us that we should like to go sailing. We had no boat, and there was no lake or stream near us on which to row or sail. But we were not to be baffled. Near the house was a pond, and we could make a boat. There is nothing that a boy wants that he can't make. It was a unique affair. We didn't spend any unnecessary time making it. In fact, we didn't make it; we discovered it. A deep, narrow box several feet long lay up in the loft over the wagon-house, and we brought it down and carried it to the pond. A rope was tied to a nail at one end, and one was to board the boat and the other to pull on the rope from the opposite end of the pond, and thus we were to sail by turns over its waters. The boat was too deep. No wonder our project didn't succeed. He boarded it, and I pulled on the rope. But the boat staggered, leaned over on one side, capsized. He lost his balance, and disappeared under the surface. In a minute he came up again, however, dripping and wet, and clambered to the shore. "Well," he said, when he could speak, "I had no idea I could swim before. That's a pretty deep pond, and I swam clear to the bottom and back." We voted the boat unfit for sea.

Those days seemed to pass slowly at the time, but how quickly they went, after all. School days came anon, and this is the way he speaks of his first day in school, in one of his articles:

"I can see it before me now—the old schoolroom. How the heart throbs at the mention of it. There the little seats and benches, the teacher's old-fashioned desk, with the great knot-hole in the top, through which we tried in vain to recover our confiscated playthings, when they were too large to admit of exit, but which did excellent service when small pears and plums found their way to those sombre quarters. But foremost in my mind is the old seat in the corner,—the seat whereon I sat on the first day of my eventful schoolboy life,—ink-stained, cracked and carven with many an initial and name.

"It was a momentful day to me—that early spring-day. The sun shone bright, and the wooded road rang out with the strain of a thousand spring-birds. Nearing the schoolhouse the peals of the bell, which in after days called to order us rollicking students, floated to my ears, and urged by my companions to hurry, we started off on a brisk run.

"We are there at last, and the teacher shows me to the little seat in the corner. Then the classes were called up, and the day's proceedings went on.—just as if no 'new scholar' were there, taking it all in! Then came singing—'Precious Jewels.' Oh, how that sounded! Two score of youthful voices, each bound to sing the loudest, swelled the chorus."

And the schooldays passed, and he had reached his fifteenth birthday. There being an opening in a grocery store in the town for a clerk, he accepted the position. During the summer of 1887 he acted in the capacity of head clerk, as he humorously termed it, in the retail house of W. D. Patterson, Wolfville. In the autumn he left the grocery business and became one of the staff of the *Acadian*. He soon succeeded in learning the art of type-setting, and very soon was an important member of the staff. As the winter came on he got his school-books out and commenced studying. That winter was a pleasant one to us both. We studied French and Latin together, and towards spring could converse in our own way in either language. But it was in our own way. In fact, it was so much in our own way

that we could converse about all our secrets, and there would be no danger of anyone finding out what we were talking about, however good a scholar he was in either language. During this winter—the winter of 1887-1888—and previously, all his articles published in this book were written. He was then sixteen years old. With the spring his health failed. In May he left the office to recruit, but never went back to work. The summer passed, but his health did not seem to mend. The next winter passed very differently from what the previous one had passed. No studying; no writing; no joviality. But he didn't give up. He looked for restoration of health in the spring. And we all did. Perhaps another climate might do him good. He was ever hopeful.

In January, Arthur S. Davison, an elder brother, and one of the editors of the *Acaulian*, who had been sick for a longer time, but who had not abandoned work till the autumn previously, passed away. Although expecting it, the suddenness of it all and the grief of losing a brother, wrought ill upon him in his present health. He never seemed to recover the shock. He gradually grew worse. On Saturday, the 13th of April, 1889, he passed away, within five days of his eighteenth birthday.

Early Friday morning he was taken worse. Before this time he had spoken as if he might get well again. Now he not only knew he would not, but did not wish it. I went in his room in the morning after his bad turn had passed, and asked him how he was. "Oh," he said, with a smile, "I am no good now." He was too weak to talk much, but he told me of a present which he wished to give me, and where it was. "Do you think you will not need it any more?" I said. "Oh, no," he answered, and there was not a touch of sadness in his tone. I was silent. I could not speak. Later he said: "There is only one reason why I should like to live longer, I would like to do something in the world." As the day wore on, all desire to remain vanished, and he prayed that he might soon go. As we sat around his bed, he asked us too to pray for his

speedy departure. Evening drew on. The moon rose high in the heavens, and shed its rays in through the half-drawn curtain. How silent it was. How slowly the hours dragged on through the night. Morning came. The April sun rose and welcomed in the day. Its light floated in through the window of the sick-room, but not to cheer. Did not the sufferer, as he lay upon his bed, watching the rays grow larger and the darkness vanishing, think perhaps of another dawn, which he pictured with his pen in other days? Perhaps so. At any rate, he watched the sun's rays wistfully. How different it was from that morn of a few short years ago. And did he think, too, of the "glorious Dawn" which he pictured then? Who knows? these might have been his thoughts. "Come, Jesus!" he whispered. He had not long to wait. Ere morning had given place to noon, ere the April sun had reached its zenith, he had bidden earth good-bye, and had seen the dawn of a new day which has no ending—the "glorious Dawn to come."

The following week, the *Acedian*, in an article on his death, concluded as follows:

"And he is gone. His work is done. His last 'take' is set. The 'form' has been 'made up' and the 'proof' has been 'taken.' But the great 'Proof Reader,' who sees all 'mistakes,' and is willing to blot out all 'errors,' has 'corrected the proof'; and when the great 'press day' comes at last, and the 'proof' of every life will be revealed, his will be found marked 'correct' by Him who will not be 'proof reader' then, but 'editor in chief.'"

"Though our tears flow fast and faster,
 Yet we would not call him back;
 We are glad his feet no longer
 Tread life's rough and thorny track.
 We are glad our Heavenly Father
 Took him, while his heart was pure;
 We are glad He did not leave him
 All life's troubles to endure;
 We are glad, and yet the tear-drop
 Falleth, for alas! we know
 That our fire-side will be lonely,
 We shall miss our loved one so."

BEN ZEENE.

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STRAY LEAVES FROM
"BOOK OF WONDERS."

No. 1.

ON the initial page of an old scribbling book, filled with articles which he and I have often read over together—I with surprise and pleasure, he with good-natured ridicule,—a page every now and then adorned with odd and fantastic pictures and initial letters, so characteristic of his penmanship, is the quaint title, "Book of Wonders, by L. L. Davison." I remember how he laughed as he showed me the book for the first time and I read the title. He always depreciated his literary talent, and this was the satirical appellation he gave his book of manuscripts. Ah, Les! how bright he was and jolly, always ready with some droll remark to set one laughing; but beneath it all was something deeper than jocoseness, something loftier than mirth. He had sober moments—moments of thought and meditation—and in these many of his manuscripts were written. One day, not long before the spirit left the quiet sick-room, and winged its way to fairer shores, "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," sitting together and conversing with him, he said: "You remember my 'Book of Wonders?' I wish, if you could in any way muster up the courage and patience, you would read it over again, and if there is anything in it that's worth preserving, you would take care of it, and burn the rest." I told him that I would, and that I thought there was a good deal in it worth preserving. He smiled, and answered: "If there is anything in it of any use to you, you can have it; I wouldn't have the heart to give it to anybody else on the same conditions." I took the book and read it over there, agreeably surprised at what I saw, and asking him why he had never had them published; his

answer was, that they never satisfied him. Perhaps they appeared better to my eyes than to his. When the dread messenger came at last, and he was called hence, I read the book over again, and what seemed good to me before now seemed doubly so. I determined that I would give them to the public, as the last memento of one who showed himself by his life and writings to be both talented and good.

* * *

In the village of Wolfville, on the 18th of April, 1871, Leslie L. Davison first saw the light of this world. Had he lived five more days he would have reached his eighteenth birthday, and lived eighteen years. These years were busy ones. His thoughts seemed always busy. Whatever he wanted done, he could do it, and do it well. He was a genius. He attempted printing, and in a very short time excelled. Spare hours he spent successively at wood-work, drawing, wood engraving, studying and writing. He was always skilful with the plane and saw, and in wood-work he succeeded so that when he was very young he could make the carpenter's tools do wonders. Drawing and wood-engraving had great attractions for him, and several of his efforts in this line have appeared in the *Acadian*. Studying he liked better, seemingly, after he had left school than while attending. He continued studying Latin on leaving school, and became quite far advanced. When he was sixteen he wrote a journal in Latin and English. But chemistry he preferred to Latin, and after making wood-cuts and stereotypes, he was not satisfied till he had acquired the process of making electrotypes. Writing he always loved. Had he not, he never could have written what he had. In the articles that are to follow the contents of the "Book of Wonders" will be given.

No. 2.

"BOOK OF WONDERS." Let us open the book and read the pages. What is this—the first article? "Dawn."

An appropriate title it is for the initial article. Let us read it over.

DAWN.

Again the darkest hour; again the stars slowly dissolve; again the darkness silently steals away, borne on the wings of the new day. So still, so calm, so tranquil! The air so clear and fresh, free of dust and smoke, and sweet and pure. A bird twitters above your head; you look up, and see him on the wing—an early riser seeking material to build a nest wherein to raise his brood. Floating upon the still air, borne on the gentle morning zephyr, from some distant fold come the music-tinkling tones of the belled herd, as driven up from their night's abiding-place to be milked. The dew is on the meadow grass, and on the flowers and plants in the garden, and the delicate spider-webs by the roadside are covered with it. Soon the long white cloud in the east gradually lowers, and slowly, silently, a ray of golden light gleams from the horizon, and almost before one knows it, the sun is up, shining with all its heat and brightness upon the fair, still earth. The delicate folds of the flowers, which last night were wrapped so protectingly around the less hardy pistils and stigmas, are now being unrolled by its heat, and the dew on the spider-web and meadow is rising to the clouds. Tiny curls of smoke begin to rise from the chimneys around, and another day is commenced—a day of strife and labor—a day of tears and sorrows to some, a day of joy and blessings to others. How many there are who may look on this same quiet picture—look, perhaps, for the last time on home and friends—on meadow and on forest, on familiar nook and dell, wherein are associated so many happy reminiscences of youthful days; and from the old home, whose homely walls have sheltered them from April flood and December storm, where trouble was unknown and joys were many, they take their departure out into the great world. And what may be in store for them? Joy—sorrows; strife—victory; tears—blessings; rejoicings—death. The scene of the

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morning of their departure from friends and fireside will never be forgotten, and its chastity, purity, serenity, may be a lesson which may keep them from walking in the paths of sin and strife—a lesson which, may we hope, will guide them through an unlighted world to one of joy and gladness, and where there is no night but e'll morning. And as the day grows on and the sun rises toward its zenith, we also grow from youth to manhood, and the quickly descending sun will soon set behind the distant hills of the west, when we, too, must lay down the scythe and the sickle and give our place to others. May our decline leave behind a brilliant sky, and as the setting sun is only outrivalled in splendor by its rising, let death come on unshielded against, for we know of the glorious Dawn to come.

* * *

DAISIES.

Down in the meadows and up on the mountains,
 Alike the daisies I see—
 The prettiest, sweetest, dearest flowers
 In all the world to me :
 Their little white petals sparkling—
 Sparkling so beautifully.

Out in the pasture and here in the garden
 I see them where'er I go—
 Beauty and innocence conmingled
 And white as December's snow.
 To you it maketh small difference
 If in garden or roadside you blow.

No. 3.

OLD SCHOOLDAYS! How bright the picture seems in after years as we look back upon them. The brightest days of our life. The old schoolhouse, with its desks and walls carved here and there with some oddly-shaped letters, the initials of those, perhaps, who played and studied around the old place when we were boys and girls there, and of those who since have laughed and cheered in schoolboy glee around the old schoolhouse as we in other days have done; the yard around the schoolhouse where recess and nooning found us playing

all the games that could enter a schoolboy's head to play; the long summer afternoons, when through the windows the sun's hot rays poured in and made us impatient to hear the bell for dismissal, and when it did ring at last bounding out with skip and jump, as free as the air and as gay as the birds that chirped and twittered in the green foliage without. Oh, they were happy days. How their memory comes up and makes us long for just one day at the old school as it was in the old days. The friends we made there are always the dearest in our memory—our schoolday friends—and none among those whom we meet and cherish in after years can fill the place in our hearts that they won years ago. But how the friends of those old days are scattered. They have wandered, many of them, in divers ways, and few of us are left behind.

"Some have left this world forever,
Longer here they might not stay;
They have sought a fairer city
Far away."

On a page in the "Book of Wonders," the only article on the page, standing alone and apart from the rest, as if the placing of another article beside it would be obtrusion, are the three stanzas:—

Our names are carved together
Far up on the wooden wall,
And oft have I sat there watching
The evening shadows fall.

And as the darkness gathers
I sit and think of him,
And our old schooldays together,
Until my eyes grow dim.

Those days are passed forever,
But their memory's ever dear,
And our names up there together
Tend to strengthen and to cheer.

The names are up there yet, perhaps, on the wooden wall, but their owners have both left this land of sorrows and disappointments, this land of separations and heartaches, and have met above in the better land, where partings never are. That name beside the author's was Harry McDonald's. Never were friends

more close than they—Harry and Les—and when the former left Wolfville and moved with the family to Truro two friends were parted never to meet again on earth.

* * *

On the next page of the book is a poem entitled "The Happy Hunting Grounds," an Indian's soliloquy. At the close of the poem are the words, "Finished Nov. 25, '87." This is the poem :—

THE HAPPY HUNTING GROUNDS.

Far beyond the leaden cloudlets,
And beyond the set of sun,
Is a land of peace and plenty,
When on earth our toil is done.

There the rabbit and the bison
Live within that hunting ground ;
There the partridge and the wild duck
And the caribou abound.

In those forests, where the wigwams
Are of gold and silver made—
There the red-face is the ruler
In the Indian's forest shade.

There the white man ne'er intrudeth
On the Indian's own domain ;
There the white man's law existeth
Not, nor sorrow, death, nor pain.

There the forest lakes are tranquil ;
There the mighty ash-tree grows,
With a texture like the whalebone—
Strong, elastic, fine and close.

There the birch-tree spreads its branches
Where no tempest ever blew ;
And the wood for spears is sized,
And the Indian's light canoe.

All the trees, the ash, the maple,
To the Indian were given
By the Great Spirit of the red-face,
Who doth dwell above in heaven.

Let us while on earth obey him,
And our enemies here love ;
And when death on earth doth part us,
We shall meet again above.

No. 4.

THE next article we come to is "Content," an article characteristic of the author, who was always cheerful and contented. This is what he says of content:—

CONTENT.

"My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;
Not decked with diamonds nor Indian stones ;
Nor to be seen ; my crown is called content ;
A crown it is that seldom kings enjoy."

"This world's a wilderness of woe," is what I heard an old man say the other day. That's just like some people. They wouldn't be satisfied with anything. That same man always wants rainy weather when it's dry, and *vice versa*. Look at the great North-west ; look at the Bermudas, "where everlasting spring abides"; and look at our own little village, and they say, "This world's a wilderness of woe."

It is said that people grow fat on content, and I don't see why some of these old lean, lanky grumblers don't get some of it. I know some people who don't possess much of anything else but content. Now I don't say that I'd care to be such a man ; but I do say that I'd rather be one of them than to have a million a year and not content.

Content is a funny thing some ways. It doesn't make much difference how poor one's clothes are ; how much flour costs ; or how much one owes so long as he has a little of it. Content and happiness go hand in hand along the great highway of life, and if you meet one you meet both.

But there are two different kinds of content. There is a kind we like to see, and there's a kind we don't. You very often see a man walking about the streets, in his shirt sleeves, his hands in his pockets, and whistling "All for money," refusing work, and with not a cent to pay his many debts. He acts as though he didn't have very much sorrow, but that kind of content doesn't count for much except to the possessor.

Again there's the other kind. There's the man who flourishes amid adversity and smiles at misfortune. There's the man who "counts not his toil obscure," e'en

though he can get but 75 cents a day for hard labor, but goes home happy. We like to see that kind.

Now, a friendly word of advice in conclusion. You know "work never kills people," but grumbling and fretting does. Therefore don't complain even when you do lose your vote; even when the weather doesn't suit you; and when you can't have things exactly as you would like to. But be content with life and it will stay with you longer and you'll enjoy it more.

* * *

On the next page is "Greed." This article was written in the spring of '87, and as a humorous production it excels. A wonder it is that he never submitted it for publication. How many articles there may be that were really meritorious that have perished on account of modesty or self-depreciation on the part of the author. How many more that might have been read and appreciated that were thrown aside, neglected, and lost, to the might-have-been reader. If the public could realize the amount of enjoyment there is in reading there would be fewer books in the library unread, fewer papers thrown down with a glance for want of time. The article "Greed" comes in very appropriately after "Content." Let us shun the one and seek the other.

GREED.

"Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long."

That's just what I think exactly. Don't wish for everything you see. There was a man in the States by the name of Vanderbilt died the other day worth two hundred million dollars! That's a big pile of money for one man, but he hasn't got that now. He isn't worth a cent now. Shortly after he died his will was read, and between his children and the lawyers they got it all away from him.

Then there's Jay Gould. I heard he made nine million dollars in one week this spring. Just to think of that! I think that's too much for even Jay Gould to make in one week. I never made nine million dollars

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in all my life! A million in the bank, a \$50,000 house and a railway pass would be all I would want.

Sam Tilden has got the best house in New York city. I suppose it cost nearly a million. I think that's going too steep, especially for a man like Tilden. I wouldn't live in such a house!

As to farms, I would say that I couldn't ask for a farm like Bell's. To think of one man owning a farm 100 miles square! A farm of 200 acres is big enough for any man.

As to the fish question, I would say, "Let the Yankees have all the fish they can get"—outside, of course, the three-mile limit. I don't like to see even fishermen too grasping. We may want to get some fish from the Yankees some day. I say, give them all the fish they want. There's the gulf of Mexico, the Pacific ocean, and the Mississippi river; if that doesn't satisfy them, why, *they're* greedy too!

No. 5.

The scene is fair;
To north, to south, to east, to west,
No cloud is there,
To dull the blueness of the autumn's sky.

AN AUTUMN PICTURE! How grand and beautiful it is. This is the way he describes it—in the language of the stanza above. This little stanza, at the head of a page in the "Book of Wonders," is worthy of a place there. It is beautiful in its simplicity. Autumn was a favorite season with the author. He loved the golden grain, the ripened fruit, the crimson leaves. In boy-hood days how we two used to love to saunter 'neath the richly-burdened branches of the fruit-trees when mellow autumn came, and pluck the ripened fruit, or stand before some great mound of red and yellow apples fallen from the trees and heaped there beneath some grand old apple-tree, and help ourselves. In an article on "The Autumn" he laughingly refers to those old days. Following is the article:—

"When the leaves begin to fade
And the nights are growing cold."

THE AUTUMN.

That's the time of year for me. When the leaves begin to fade, and slowly grow yellow and then gold, and then along comes the gentle autumn breeze, blowing through the hand-painted forests of nature, and flits them through the air; when the apples, after slowly growing through the long, hot months of summer, begin to catch the red and gold of the trees; and when all the grain is gathered by hard work into the barns for the coming winter: then comes the season of thanksgiving and resting.

Yes, autumn, with its other innumerable charms, brings also Thanksgiving Day, with "no school" for the schoolboys, an extra sermon for the minister to prepare, and a Thanksgiving dinner for all.

There is always something to look ahead to in the autumn. Christmas for the children; winter for them that like skating and coasting that January brings; and for them that don't like the cold winter days, the next summer to look ahead to.

Apples, pears and plums all go to make autumn the king of seasons, and a stroll through a good orchard when the fruit is ripe and mellow is what every boy likes. Boys like apples. I know they do. I used to like them myself, and if there is anything I like to see it is a boy enjoying himself over a good gravenstein, sitting on the fence of a neighbor's orchard.

Leaves have their place to fall,
And trees to blossom 'mid the spring-bird's joy,
And plums to fall, but all—
Thou hast all orchards for thine own, O Boy!

* * *

On the next page is an unfinished poem on "Autumn." Four stanzas of this were finished and are as follow:

AUTUMN.

Resplendent autumn, king of all the seasons,
The lord of Ceres' feast and Harvest Home,
Thy hills are gaily dyed in brightest crimson,
Thy fields will soon a golden plain become.

The gentle autumn zephyrs softly blowing
 Among the crimson and the golden trees ;
 And as they blow the leaves are softly flying
 Like home-returning, honey-laden bees.

The cows returning from the scented pastures
 Are lowing now to each departing herd ;
 Behind, the youthful teamsters now are loitering,
 To seek some nest, or watch the mother-bird.

Behind the crimson hills the sun is shining,
 And round about the evening shadows fall ;
 Within their nests the birds have ceased their twittering,
 And stillness, sweetly silence reigns o'er all.

No. 6.

A LITTLE poem on "Spring," written on a scrap of paper lying loosely within the pages of the "Book of Wonders," is the next we come to. Full of life and hope, we can almost, in reading it, hear the chirp of the spring-bird, the babble of the brook, and feel the soft breath of Auster as we see, or fancy we see, the farmer sowing the seed as he looks forward to the golden harvest time. This is the poem :—

SPRING.

Winter has gone, and over the mountains
 Auster's mild-breath blows mildly along ;
 The snow is dispersed, the brooks are like fountains,
 And the forests ring out with many a song.

Up from the ground the primrose is springing,
 Fair are the heavens, soft is the air ;
 Out in the forests the spring-birds are singing,
 Nature is smiling, all things are fair.

Chirp ! a-chirp ! a-chirp !
 The birds in the garden are singing,
 Chirp ! a-chirp ! a-chirp !
 And down in the meadow,
 O'er its stony bed, oh,
 The brook winds along,
 Headless of bird or song,
 Down to the river.

Out in the field goes the farmer a-sowing
 Seed which will sprout and ere long have begun
 Sending forth shoots, till at autumn a-growing,
 Wave will like gold in the rays of the sun.

Spring is the season of faith ; without knowing
 Whence comes the harvest, the farmer doth bring
 Seed from his store-house and scattering, sowing,
 Plans and looks forward in the spring, oh, the spring.

Chirp ! a-chirp ! a-chirp !
 I hear a robin singing ;
 Chirp ! a-chirp ! a-chirp !
 The day is near its close,
 As the creeping darkness shows ;
 But the brook winds along,
 Heedless of right or wrong,
 Till it reaches the river.

* * *

On the next page is a reminiscence of the author's schooldays, entitled

BACK TO THE LONG AGO.

I can see it before me now—the old schoolroom. How the heart throbs at the mention of it. There the little seats and benches, the teacher's old-fashioned desk with the great knot-hole in the top, through which we tried in vain to recover our confiscated play-things when they were too large to admit of exit, but which did excellent service when small pens and plums found their way to those sombre quarters. But foremost in my mind is the old seat in the corner,—the seat whereon I sat on the first day of my eventful schoolboy life,—ink-stained, cracked and carven with many an initial and name.

It was a momentful day to me—that early spring day. The sun shone bright and the wooded road rang out with the strain of a thousand spring-birds. Nearing the schoolhouse the peals of the bell, which in after days called to order us rollicking students, floated to my ears, and urged by my companions to hurry, we started off on a brisk run.

We are there at last, and the teacher shows me to the little seat in the corner. Then the classes were called up and the day's proceedings went on—just as if no "new scholar" were there, taking it all in! Then came singing—"Precious Jewels." Oh, how that sounded! Two score of youthful voices, each bound to sing the loudest, swelled the chorus.—

And there the reminiscence ends, and we have to supply the rest for ourselves. How we would like to read the whole reminiscence which the author evidently intended to write. But we shall have to content ourselves with what we have. And as we read over these articles in the "Book of Wonders," how strange it seems to us that one who was so gifted in verse and prose should be so soon to be called away. But we are on the outside as yet of God's plans and purposes: we do not see the inside.

No. 7.

THE next we come to in the "Book of Wonders" is "Their Last Journey," a prairie sketch. It is as follows:—

THEIR LAST JOURNEY.

"Ripple, ripple, ripple."

The little brook sings away as though it never had nor saw a trouble, and o'er its stony bed its waters glisten in the golden rays of the autumn morning's sun. The long grass of the prairie waves mournfully, and across to the westward a great flock of ducks spot the sky.

In the little settlement—a dozen or more houses and as many farms—the smoke is commencing to rise from the chimneys; and curling upward to the sky, it, too, seems happy in its short existence, before it reaches the heavens. The farmers one by one are coming out into their prairie fields to finish their mowing and reaping, for soon the sun, which has just risen, will be beating down in all its noonday strength.

How different a scene will the sun shine upon ere it has reached its setting!

In a barren section of country far to the eastward a small settlement of emigrants had settled. The crops, which in the past few years had been almost a failure, were this year far from good. The poor unfortunate farmers had become almost discouraged. So much so that they were glad to leave their homes and come out

into the great prairie to seek a home—to help the settlers harvest their crops for enough to keep them till spring again smiled around them—till seed-time again played his time. And now, far away in the distance, the great emigrant wagon stands still to allow the hungered cattle a time for feeding on the prairie grass.

The sun is shining down with all its noonday heat. The fields, which but last night waved in the autumn sunset, are looking bare and more bare, through the sturdy strokes of the pioneer farmer with his scythe. The barns are bursting with hay, and soon the grain, too, will be added to their giant hoard. Over the fields—up on yon hill—the mighty sails of the wind-mill will soon be whizzing, while the farmer's grain is being converted into flour and meal for the farmer and his stock.

Suddenly, across the broad expanse, a white speck is seen against the horizon. The farmers notice it and watch with no little interest the novel sight—the approach of the emigrant wagon—for such it is.

The oxen's slow pace through the tall, thick, matted grass, the dull monotony of the prairie, make the journey anything but pleasant to the poor, worn-out emigrants, and throughout the long day the white sides of the emigrant's wagon keep barely in sight of the reapers' wondering gaze.

What is that noise?

Bang!—Bang!!

A score of Indians break from a clump of trees a dozen rods from the emigrant's team!

A shout from the children playing around the back of the wagon soon bring the men to the front. To the right, a score of red-faced Indians; to the left, a half-dozen men, some with guns, some unarmed. Beyond the hills the smoke and flame of a prairie fire burst to the sky.

* * * * *

The blackened ground—the slight wind blowing the smoking dust about—a dozen or more blackened stumps of trees sticking upright—the remains of the little clump of bushes—and the brook, blackened by

the surrounding ashes, still rippling and singing away, but there is a different tone in it.

"Ripple, ripple, ripple."

How mournfully it winds along its gloomy banks, like a caged bird. The tall grass is no longer there to wave its mournful song in the wind. Desolation reigns.

The weary travellers have reached the prairie. It is a different prairie from what they expected. No Indian lurks 'neath the tall, verdant grass, awaiting their approach to scalp and massacre. Here the Indian and the pale face are friends. Hardships and privations are unknown. How different! They have reached the Great Prairie above, and have had on earth Their Last Long Journey.

No. 8.

How careful we should be of our moments: for in an instant we may do a deed or speak a word whose sad remembrance we may carry throughout the remainder of our lives. Every new leaf we turn over, there is that ugly blot staring at us. It is as dropping a single drop of ink on a pile of blotting paper—every sheet will have a blot.

The foregoing is the commencement of an article in the "Book of Wonders," entitled the "Work of a Moment," which the author never finished. The thought is an original one, and a pity it is that this, like several other articles in the book, was left unfinished.

* *

Another article, entitled "Trifles," is in much the same line of thought and I will insert it here.

TRIFLES.

Shakespeare speaks of "trifles light as air," as though they amounted to naught, as some may suppose. But to look into it—how light a thing is air! What would be the population of this old globe if it

Mary Mellish
Archibald
Memorial

were not for air? How many stars would lighten the firmament if it were not for air? Not one! Air is nothing that we can have or not, just as we like; we must have air or die.

Just so is his comparison—trifles. Trifles are no light matter. We may look at the greatest thing we ever saw, and ask, "Of what is this earth made?" It is made of trifles—the smallest of trifles. Little grains of sand, little globules of water, little particles of mineral, and what have we? A mighty planet—mightier than the mightiest work of man. Look at a great book, perhaps large enough to contain the names of all the inhabitants of London, and of what is it made? Little leaves. Look again at a great newspaper, which you would think would have taken a man a year to duplicate. How was it made? By the use of little types, one of which, perhaps, you would walk over in the street a dozen times without picking up. The mighty empire of Great Britain is composed of different countries, which are made up of provinces, which you may trace down through counties, townships, sections, villages, to a single man. The German army is made, not of thousands, but of single men.

Life is composed of trifles, and not of great things, although some would have nothing to do with them had they their own way. And in order to live a successful life, we must look well to the trifle.

All of Vanderbilt's fortune was made of cents—all of his millions. Had all the cents and the factors of cents of his vaults disappeared, he would have been a poor man, instead of the richest man of his time.

The simple pen is a trifle in itself, yet, were it not for it, some of the greatest thoughts which are the world's inheritance to-day, would have been lost in the ages that are gone.

Guard well the trifle, for out of it proceed the greatest feats of chivalry, wisdom, and power. Life would be not worth living were it not for the minutes; and so on through our lives the great deeds which we see as done by the great men of the past, would not be great if they had commenced at the top round of the ladder.

"Think not a trifle, though it small appear ;
Sands make the mountains, moments make the year,
And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Else you may die, ere you have learned to live."

No. 9.

WHAT is this we see on the next page of the "Book of Wonders?" It is poetry, and the title of it is, "The Graveyard Vision." A temperance poem, and we haste to read it. Always staunch on the side of temperance, always with pity in his great, generous heart for those who had fallen under the fatal cup, and with a hate intense and undying for the demon that tempted men to drink and urge others to drink of that, which, by the drinking of it, meant death,—we look for something from his pen expressing his sentiments on this great evil. This is the poem :

THE GRAVEYARD VISION.

I lay me down the other night to rest my fevered head,
When a vision strange came to me from the city of the dead.
A light gleamed from the window of the dead house on the hill ;
A coffin in a sombre hearse stood at the door-post—still !
And from the veiled windows six lighted candles—all
Of them enshrouded by a thin but blacken pall.
Across the sodden acre, thick spotted with many a mound,
A hollow deep, a pile of earth, broke the smooth, even ground.
Within a distant corner a fog unpiercing spread,
And out of it, above it, rose a fiery lion's head.
With mane of smoking cinders, and eyes of flashing fire,
He reigned this land of solitude with cursed wrath and ire.
I looked not little on him, for he was a wonder rare,
With his eyes of burning sulphur, and his long and flaming hair.
But as I looked upon him he suddenly was gone,
And in his place a coffin, black and sombre, stood alone.
A crown of gold was on the head, a cross was at the feet,
And round it, wrapped with many a furl, a snowy waving sheet.
And out of it a cry arose, but the language was unknown ;
And after thrice repeating it, it sank into a groan.
Suddenly a change in all things, and I saw a gleam of light,
And from the coffin there arose an angel clothed in white.
And where the lion's head had been he reigned there in his stead,
With a timbrel in his hand, and a crown upon his head.

And where the graveyard once had been, a city now appeared ;
 And instead of death there being, life's tall tower skyward reared.
 But at last the vision left me and I woke me from my sleep,
 But the picture, strange and wondrous, ere before my eyes would keep.
 And I thought, 'tis Temperance sleeping in the coffin in the hearse,
 Sleeping in the territory of the devil—hell, far worse.
 And the lights within the coffin that I saw within the hearse
 Were the various temperance orders, obscured by the liquor curse.
 The fog was sin and treachery, and the fiery lion's head
 Was the demon of Intemperance by alcoholic fires fed ;
 And the angel from the coffin that arose with flag unfurled
 Was the angel Prohibition, hither come to save the world.
 And no longer Death aboundeth in our country pure and free,
 But instead Life now shall flourish and eternal it shall be.
 Now the greatest reformation that the world has ever seen
 Is in progress, soon to meet us, it to save the world, I ween.
 Onward, friends of Prohibition, onward, soldiers true and brave ;
 Let us march, and let us conquer, and our country bravely save.

 No. 10.

Further on in the book we come to several pages reserved for an intended series of articles. Only one, however, of the series was written, and this will be produced here. The title of the series is this: "Some Sketches from Nature. By Jaco Hollie. No. 1. The Sleet Storm." This is the article:

THE SLEET STORM.

What can art, with all the modern inventions, with all the genius of a modern inventor, construct so beautiful as a single tree after a sleet storm? I remember, once long ago—'twas in February—there was a terrible storm. The day commenced by a slight snow storm, which slowly turned into rain. The temperature suddenly lowered, and the wind shifted to the north. The cold weather had such an effect on the rain as to cause it to freeze immediately on reaching the earth, or aught else between sky and earth, and stick like wax to it. The afternoon was a very disagreeable one. The houses, the barns, the trees, the fences, and even the stubborn sheep, which would not go under shelter.

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were coated with the cold, transparent sleet. The wind howled during the night, driving the seeming "molten ice" into every crevice and crack, and the next morning the panes and sashes were coated nearly an inch thick, and so uneven that we could hardly see anything through it. The wind had completely gone down during the night, and the sun rose into a clear, cloudless sky, and shining on wall and window, reflected its rays like a mirror. The snow which had fallen on the previous day was also sheathed in a transparent mantel, and sparkled and shone till the eye was glad to let the lid drop, and shut out the all-glorious picture.

It was a beautiful day for a sleigh-ride, and many availed themselves of this rare opportunity. Far along the wooded road the storm had done its work most effectually, and though here and there a stately spruce or sturdy willow lay bowed humbly to the ground beneath its unbearable load broken and bleeding the sap of its existence, the picture on a whole tended to make one think and wonder how so much beauty and chastity could proceed from a howling, blinding storm, which the day previous had witnessed. Far in the distance the sun shone on the icy fences, and all the colors of the rainbow could be seen alternately, sparkling like diamonds. Down by the gate the stately old willow, that had stood the mighty blasts of October nearly three-score years, has at last lost one of its branches, and there it lay on the ground—severed from the parent trunk, soon to be gathered up and cut into fuel.

But alas for the orchards! The sun set in a reddened sky, and now and then a gentle breeze shakes the limbs and crackles the ice-enclosed boughs. Hark! The wind grows louder and louder! The house fairly trembles, and far away down along the beach the breakers roar, bearing the cold ice-cakes up to the rocky shore—only to be dashed back, broken into a hundred pieces. The next morning all the beauty had fled from the trees. Bare and grim, low and broken, they stood pointing their remaining branches to the sky. Under each tree lay sleet-covered pieces of the tree's best boughs laden with the last-autumn-formed

buds that, had they been spared, would have welcomed the spring birds to build their summer's nests among them. And this is an end of all the previous day's glory and splendor. What a contrast!

No. 11.

ON the next page, in letters ornate and odd, standing at the top and embellishing the whole page—letters quaint and artistic that the writer used to love to draw and carve—is the word "Home," and beneath it is the article:

HOME.

"There is no place like home."

Those words of Paine are as true as the axioms of Euclid. Home is different from any other place on earth. It may not have as fine furniture as neighbor Smith's; it may not have a carpet on every room, or a piano or organ; but there is something—something apart from splendor and Sunday company—that makes it dear. Perhaps we cannot name that quality, but we know what it is.

To the far-away stranger home means rest and happiness. And though he left it years ago for his own pleasure, yet he will feel a longing for the home of his birth—there where he learned to walk; there where he went to school; there where he played in childhood's days; there where he left all the dear ones to go out into the wide world to fight his own battles, and be his own counsellor.

"There is no place like home!"

That's what we used to think when we were young, and didn't know what work was; no place where they had so many potatoes to hoe; no place where they burned so much wood; no place where they hired so little help; no place where fun was so scarce. And though some people may still think that there is no place where flour goes off so fast, and money comes in so slowly, still there is something about it that none of us would exchange for millions. Canada wouldn't be

half so prosperous as she is to-day if it wasn't for home and its remembrances.

* * *

Following this is a fragment bearing on the same subject—*dulce domum*:

I see it before me now—the old homestead. It is even. I see it to-night as I saw it years ago—those happy days of old. The hayfield is alive with childish voices, and now and then a great load of the sweet, new hay is stored away in the cosy barns. The clink of the scythe when being sharpened and the merry laughing of the juveniles commingle with the music of the birds, as they sing their evening song.

Again,—it is harvest. The golden fields are being shorn of their beauty, as the mower with scythe slashes to right and left through the innocent and unprotected grain. What is lovelier than an autumn sunset? But *there*, the sunsets were always grand—if I could see them now!—and the *autumn* sunset was as a dream.

Listen! You hear the tinkling of the bells. Yes, there up the road they come—the cows. Lowing to each departing member of their herd they slowly walk adown the road.

The barns are filled, the fields are empty, the cows are milked—all done. What now? Out in the garden where the trees are the highest and the leaves the reddest, is the table—a long, bounteously-laden one, and now all is ready, and each and all—both neighbors and friends—sit down to share the dainties that the good folk indoor have prepared. Harvest Home.

No. 12.

ONE evening in the winter of '87-'88—that winter in which the author of the "Book of Wonders," when the day's work in the office was over and the quiet evening had come, his pile of paper before him and pen in hand, used to write away till bedtime on some sketch or poem or story—one evening, coming in out of the crisp, frosty air, seeing him writing thus, I said:

"Well, Les, what are you at work on now?" for the effort was somewhat lengthy, as the great pile of written paper at his right showed. "Oh," said he, "a little story I've been working at. You can read it if you like." I picked up the manuscript and began to read it. It was entitled "Afar," and was a narrative of two boys who were compelled to shift for themselves, the scenes of the story being laid in the great North-west. The story was told by one of the boys. It was late that night when I put the manuscript away, half read, and sorry that the hour was so late, for the story was interesting. The next evening when I was talking to him about it, telling him how I liked it, he said: "It doesn't suit me altogether somehow. I've written it in too much of a hurry. I guess I'll finish it up as soon as I can and commence another one and take pains. And he did, and in a few nights he had it completed and I had it read. I liked the story and wanted him to go over it again and fix it up for publication, but he declared it was not worth it. "But," he said, "I'm thinking out a story now which I'm going to do my best on, and if you think it's worth it, will have it published." Alas! The story was begun, but never finished. The unfinished manuscript is within the pages of the "Book of Wonders," and it is as follows:

THE HOME ROOF.

CHAPTER I.—"ASLEEP."

Slowly the long, dreary day passes, and now it is even. The birds have ceased their twittering in the orchard as the sun's last rays gleam over the western hills, and homeward is the course of all the laborers—from the distant fields the ploughman,—from the verdant pastures the milkmaid.

The evening shadows deepen, and the old farm-house, half hidden by majestic elms, looks like some grim prison, alone there in the darkness. At last the sound of wheels is heard coming down the street, and a carriage turns up at the old farm-house. A light gleams from the thick green foliage of the elms, and the old house puts on a still more sombre look.

"John, is that you?"

The speaker was a thin, pale woman, lying on a bed, and but one look would suffice to tell the story that life for her was soon over.

"Yes, my dear,—come at last. So Lib is gone?"

"Yes, the old man came shortly after you left, and said she couldn't stay any longer—had done without her long enough."

"Humph," muttered the old farmer, half aloud, as he busied himself about finding something to satisfy his hunger, which had had nothing to check it since early morn.

His little bite over again, he sits down by the bed of his wife.

"How have you been since I left you?" he asked her, in tones gentle and pathetic, for the form of the old man's face was wrinkled with trouble and hardness.

"Better," was the simple, low answer; but the weak tone in which it was uttered seemed rather to sadden his spirits than cheer them.

* * *

This was all that was written. We cannot help regretting that the story was not finished. If the opening paragraphs are an index, "The Home Roof" would probably have been his best work. Being but sixteen years of age when the most of the articles in the "Book of Wonders" were written, is it not possible—nay, probable—that, had the author lived, his career as a *litterateur* would have been a bright one?

No. 13.

"FARMIN' AN' WORKIN'," a dialect poem, is the next one come to in the "Book of Wonders." It reads thus:

FARMIN' AN' WORKIN'.

It's all very well fur 'em city folks,
 Who live by writin' and sich,
 To say that us old farmin' hands
 Are all well-to-do an' rich.

It's all very well fur 'em writin' folks
 To throw out their bits of talk
 'Bout fertilizers an' ploughin' land
 An' best ways o' keepin' stock.

I see their agricultural books,
 And their stuff in the papers too ;
 I'm not what you call a prejudiced man
 For I read 'em through an' through.

They say that the world couldn't get along—
 An' they're not far off the track—
 Ef 'twasn't fur the stuff us farmers raise—
 The stuff what the cities lack.

But then what sorter breaks me up
 Is thinkin' they know such a deal
 More'n us ole hands 'bout everything—
 From ploughin' to raisin' veal.

They say that farmin's a noble work—
 A farmer's a noble man—
 But never a word 'bout the work you see
 There is in workin' the lan'.

Now, if you're talkin' of buyin' a farm
 And haven't much money, why,
 I'd like to tell you a thing or two
 Before you decide to buy.

The farm is a place where work abounds ;
 But if that you intend to do,
 No better place in the great wide world
 Than the farm there is for you.

But if you're lookin' around for fun
 And an' easy life an' gay,
 You'd better get as far from a farm
 As you can tramp in a day.

For there's enough of that 'ere kind
 Who live by other's toil—
 Who will not work as others do
 For fear their hands they'll soil.

I'd like to see you on a farm,
 But look, my son, don't shirk,
 For if you're going on a farm
Don't be afraid to work.

*
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 *

How like the author was the poem above. He could laugh—right merrily ; it was like him to laugh. Sunny-hearted and jovial, his humor was always bright and pure—never coarse and boorish. Many articles of

a humorous character he wrote, and good ones. In his article on "Noses," which appeared in the *Acadian* with others from his pen, during that winter of '87-'88 when his pen ran so busily, humor of a striking character is displayed. But the majority of his humorous productions were never published. For reasons known to himself, he never submitted them for publication. He was too severe a critic on his own writings. Too many of them were written, only to be destroyed. In one article from his pen, on "Dress," I remember a sentence which struck me as peculiarly original. I shall always remember it. After describing dress—the different kinds which different people wear, he said, "Some people think if they wore a fifty-dollar suit, they would be good-looking; other people know that in plain clothes they are handsome." And this was the way he would sign his name to the article,

Yours truly, neverthe LESS.

An autograph of his I remember of seeing once which struck me as comical. It was this:

May your shadow never grow LESS.

* * *

Two little stanzas stand on the top of the next page. They were evidently the opening stanzas of a poem which the author intended to write. This is how they run:—

Over the meadows brown and sere,
Over the mountains dark and drear,
Where the birches and the maples rear
Their summits to the sky,—

The south winds softly, mildly blow;
And from the quickly-thawing snow
That down the mountain soon will flow,
The river takes its rise.

No. 14.

We are drawing towards the end of the book. Our readings have not been uninteresting—to me, at least—and it is with regret on my part that we are so soon to close the "Book of Wonders," that we are so soon to

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read the last of our articles from the bright, jovial and thoughtful pen of "Jaco Hollie." "His Last Hour" is the next we come to. Here it is:—

HIS LAST HOUR.

"Hark!"

"'Tis nothing but the wind blowing through the spruces."

The old Indian lay back again on his blanket, and shut his eyes once more in sleep.

Without, the chilly north wind howled and roared among the trees, and the waters of the lake at the north dashed against the rocky, treacherous shore, only to be abashed and dashed back again in the form of frothy foam. The old Indian lay on his bed of furs, watched over by a dozen faithful subjects of his tribe.

"Hark!"

"'Tis nothing but the Great Spirit punishing the waters of the lake."

Once more the old warrior lay back again, resting assured that nothing was awrong. Again the wind howled, and the waters dashed against the rocks. The tall trees without groaned and creaked in the chill November blast, as if beseeching mercy from the un-sparing tempest.

But see! The trees have stopped their groaning and are still again. The waters of the lake still dash against the shore, but the breakers are growing fainter. There at the east, through the little clearing, you can see a long white cloud, stretching nearly half way around the horizon. It grows larger! It rises into the sky. By and by a ray or two appears beneath the cloud. The Bright Star is the only one visible in the blue sky. The sun is slowly rising and another day dawns. The partridge and the wild goose take wing as you pull apart the skin that forms the door of the chief's wig-wam, and their flight frightens others near by, and a great flock fly to the southward. The waters of the lake cease entirely, and the sun shines on a fair prospect.

The old chief's mind is wandering.

"My bow! my hatchet!"

The old hero, who has fought in so many fights, is handed his bow and hatchet, and he is still again.

Years ago the old Indian was the chief of a dozen hundred red faces, who would, as the remainder now would do, lay down all and all for their honored chief. But the pale-faces came, and drove him from his hunting-grounds, and cut his forests, and now the old Indian and his scattered band are once more far from the much-hated pale-face, and once more the moose and caribou are none but the Indians'. And over the lake that lies near the wigwam of the old warrior, nothing floats but the birchen canoes of the tribe of Black Feather. There where the camp fire was once lighted; there where assembled the friends of Black Feather; there where the peace-pipe was lighted and smoked—there stands the city of the pale-face. But here no white man e'er hath trod, and once more reigns supreme the red face of the forest.

"Hark!"

Again the old chief wakes, and again the faithful watchers gather around his lowly couch of furs.

"Hark!"

"'Tis but the wild goose or the partridge."

"No; not that"—

The sound grows louder. It is unmistakable now. The shrill war-whoop of the tribe of Strong Bow—that tribe above all other tribes which the Black Feather and his band have reason to hate—bursts on the air. The faces of a dozen Indians turn ghastly pale, and the old chief clutches his bow and hatchet and makes a vain effort to arise.

"Rise not, Black Feather. We will fight for you now as you would for us. We will convey you to the river cove, where you will be safe."

"Think you," and the old chieftain makes another effort to arise, and again falls back helpless—"think you that I, who have so many times fought with my noble band against the proud Strong Bow, and chased him from our hunting-grounds; who led the noble band when the treacherous Strong Bow, beaten and driven back by us, joined with the pale-face and drove

us from our rightful domain into this far-off region—think you when my noble band has fought and bled for me, that I would at the end turn coward, and let them save my life at the expense of their own? No! My life is well nigh spent now. Escape!"

The war-whoop sounds louder. Strong Bow and his tribe are on the trail of Black Feather, and woe to the little band and the brave chief under whom they have fought so many times. The old chief is motioning to his followers. They approach his couch.

"Escape!" he says, once more, and his voice sinks into a whisper. "Escape while there is time. The scalp of a dying Indian—e'en though a chief—will be small satisfaction. The Great Spirit will protect me."

But the Indians do not stir. They will not leave their chief. The war-whoop sounds louder, and the look of deathly pallor of the Indians has given way to one of fierce determination.

* * * * *

Across the waters of the lake a canoe is being pushed by two stalwart Indians. On the shore the wild shrieks and yells of the baffled band of Strong Bow rend the air. The canoe is beyond the reach of their arrows, which they have at last ceased to throw. See! The canoe has reached the opposite shore, and the two braves have landed. What is it they are carrying?

Back from the shore a grave is dug. The Indians have reverently laid their old chief at rest, for it was he that they bore. When Strong Bow and his band had reached the camp of Black Feather, that old chief had new life given him. As of old, he leaped ahead in front of his valiant band, and fought as in the days when he routed the proud Strong Bow and drove him from his hunting-grounds. As long as their chief fought before them the band of Black Feather fought like lions, but when he fell, into the very midst of the fight, there they rushed like lions with their young, and out of the dozen braves who fought and bled for their honored chief, two escaped, and hither have

brought him across the placid lake to his woodland shore and buried him beneath the birches.

No. 15.

We have reached the end of the "Book of Wonders." On the last page is the poem, "The Long Ago," which, though not the last of his productions, having been written in the September of 1887, serves as an appropriate finale to the book. The autograph at the bottom of the poem is a wood-engraving, done by the author's own hands. It was found among other wood-engravings of his, in his "study." This is the poem :

THE LONG AGO.

We were sitting alone in the study,—
My dear old friend and I,—
And as we sat in the twilight,
A tear was in his eye.

We were talking of past recollections—
Of memories ever dear—
When the old man spoke unto me
In a low voice and not clear :

"To me there is nothing dearer
Than down memory's stream to row
In the boat of past recollections
To the Lake of Long Ago."

We were silent then for a little,
Thinking of former years,
Of the happiness of boyhood,
When we knew not care nor fears.

As the old man had said unto me,
On memory's stream we rowed,
And as I glanced o'er its waters
I saw that the river flowed

With a greater speed and volume
Than was its wont to do ;
And as I approached the mill flume
The waters look darkly blue.

As I glanced unto the westward
I saw a little boat,
With sails as white as the lilies
That on the waters float.

I looked again on the picture
My eyes to me had shown,
And as I looked upon it
It suddenly went down.

And then I awoke from my vision
And glanced about the room ;
It had an icy coldness
And a chill, uncommon gloom.

I touched the old man's shoulder
And called him by his name ;
But I received no answer,
And the gloom was just the same.

My dream had been a true one—
His boat had just gone down
In the waters of Memory's River,
For the spirit of life had flown.

But 'twas received by a pilot
From the City of the Blest,
And there 'tis havened safely
And forever is at rest.

Yours.

L. L. Davison.

* * *

The "Book of Wonders" is done. The last poem is written, the last sketch is penned. The author has left this land of joys and sorrows, pleasures and disappointments, and his bright, genial presence we miss. But we only miss; we do not mourn. How can we mourn when we know that our loss is such gain to him? And what a time that must have been when the spirit, released at last from the sufferings of the body, reached the joyous home where all is happiness! No, we do not mourn. But, when we think of the happy days that were, when his bright companionship cheered us and made the days pass more joyously, and then think of the days and months and years to follow in which, in place of his companionship, will be a blank—oh, how we miss him!

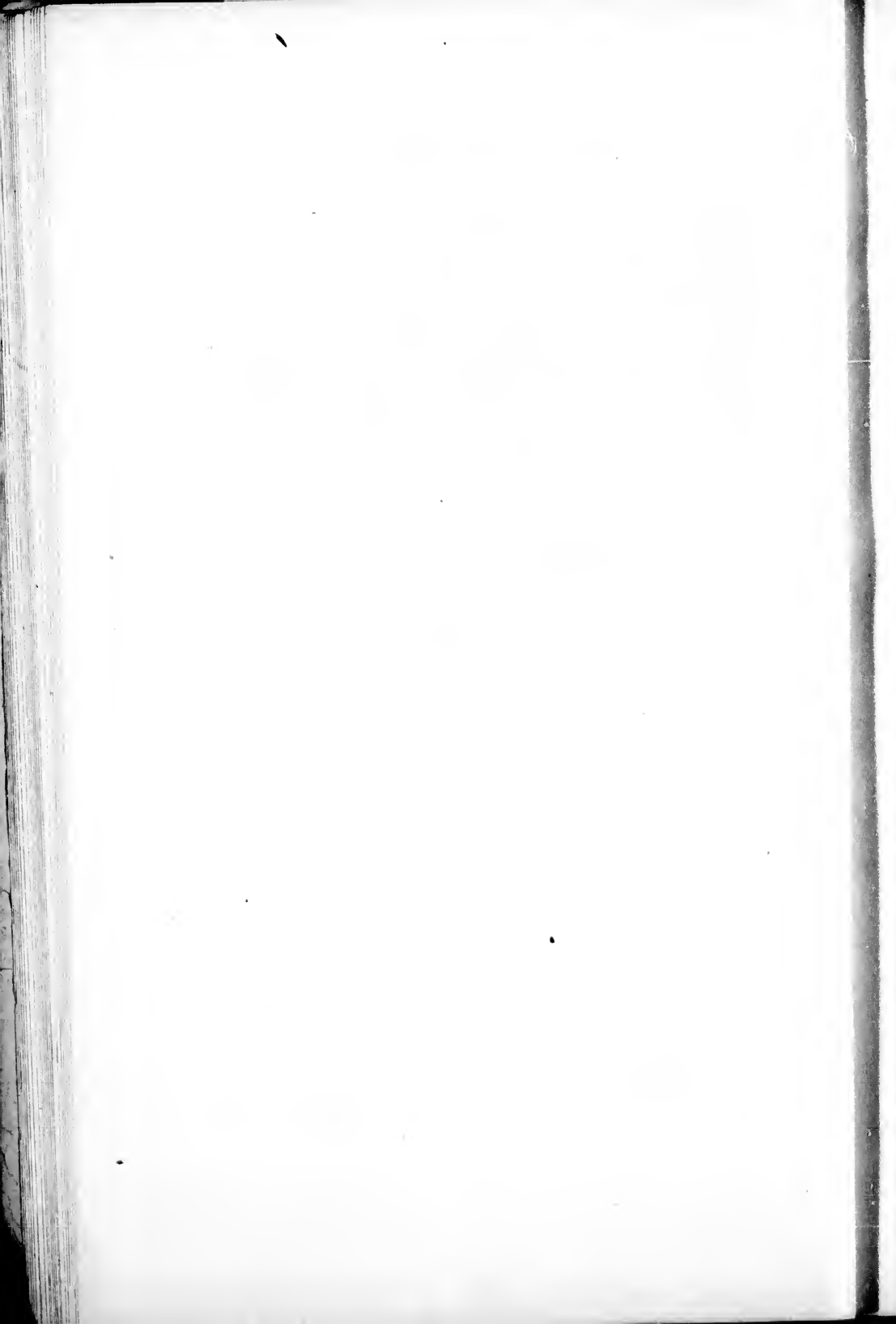
"Oh, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still."

"May our decline," he writes, in his article on

"Dawn," "leave behind a brilliant sky, and as the setting sun is only outrivalled in splendor by its rising, let death come on unshielded against, for we know of the glorious Dawn to come." Thus was the death of Leslie Loring Davison. Death, by him, was looked forward to with eagerness, or rather "the glorious Dawn." As we sat about the bed during his last hours, listening eagerly to what he said and ministering to his wants, his constant prayer was that he might soon depart. "Pray," he said, "that I may soon go." He kept looking and longing for the Pilot from the other shore. At last when death came, and the spirit was released, we were glad—glad for his sake—for we knew

"It was received by a Pilot
From the City of the Blest,
And there 'tis havened safely
And forever is at rest."

BEN ZEENE.



A FAR.

BY L. L. DAVISON.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE OFFICE.

PICK, PICK, PICK.

Picking away at my case, stick in hand, and galley in front of me almost full. The clock's hands almost forming a straight line as six o'clock hastened to take the place of five. Yes, this was my last galley, and my quickly-filling stick would fill it at my next emptying.

Upstairs in a dim little office we worked, and by the united efforts of the editor,—who also acted in the capacity of compositor, pressman and foreman—Ben Boyle and myself, the *Nugget*, a paper of six columns, the local paper of Sanville, was ground out each week, well-filled with patent medicine advertisements, selected matter, and the little news that transpired in this youthful metropolis.

There I had worked for nearly two years, thus managing to get a living, and there it was that I heard the saddest news in my life. It was the day before we went to press, and after we had left for the night I thought I would come back, and perhaps "catch up" and get the paper off early. The sun had just gone down, and the April moon was just rising above the eastern hills, making a beautiful landscape. As I approached the office I heard voices inside, and soon recognized the voice of the editor, who had doubtless come on the same errand that I had.

He was talking by no means low to a man whom I did not know, and as I was turning about to go back I heard my name mentioned. I stopped to hear what

he was talking about in which my name would be uttered. I caught the following conversation :

"Dume?" Why, yes : his nephew is working here."
"What?"

"Yes! his nephew is working with me. You knew William Martell, the big merchant up in Orinto? Well, when he went on his voyage with his wife—you know her health was all broken up, and he went on a voyage with her to Sydney, Australia,—they left the boy with his cousin, Dume, until they returned—left money for his education and all that,—but they never returned, and I guess they never will, now ; and Dume, as you said, isn't a very charitable man, or honest either, I might say, so he brought the lad down here two years ago to learn the printing business, and he took possession of all the boy's money. Martell made a will before he left, that if they should get shipwrecked or anything should happen to them, that his property in Orinto should be divided between his son and Dume, and a pretty large property it was. Dume got it all into his hands before they were gone a year, and some say that he contrived some way to get them shipwrecked, although I scarcely believe that."

Then the conversation drifted to various topics, and finally I heard the following :

"Well, Will, perhaps you could make something out of it, but I can't. I'll tell you what I *will* do. You can have the paper for say two years, and pay me five hundred. If at the end of that time you want to sell, I'll buy out for two hundred, but if you don't you can pay me five hundred more."

After some talk a bargain was completed, and the terms above decided on.

I had always liked the editor, for he seemed more like a friend to me than any one else, unless it was my old chum, Harry Monté. The editor was a young man not more than twenty-five or six, and was liked by all, but not enough to make them subscribe for his paper.

Sanville was a good place to run a paper for fun, but a poor place to run one for profit. The people were not of the class who thought that their local paper

was doing more for them than all their hoarded gold that they had striven so many years to gain; and if a man could borrow the paper every week of his nearest neighbour before he himself had read it, it was no more than what some of the Sanvillians did.

If you asked the greater part of these unknowing, ungrateful farmers to subscribe for a paper, you would invariably get the answer: "My darter in the States sends me more'n I can read now."

More than they can read! And what good would it do them if they read all the papers that their "darters" and their sons could send them? City dailies filled with crime and casualty; cheap weeklies filled with detective stories and lies; miserable magazines of the lower class, filled with nonsense and advertisements. They would read the paper, though, read it every week—if they could get it without paying for it, and use this for an excuse. "More'n they can read now." No wonder the young editor was discouraged; no wonder he wanted to try a new hand for the head.

The advertisers in Sanville were few; two stores, a blacksmith shop, a carpenter's shop, and a grist mill, were the chief centres of business. There wasn't much competition and consequently not much advertising, and so the editor had to trust to outside work and to large advertisers, for the Sanvillians "didn't think it paid to advertise."

I was walking down the street thinking to myself, thinking and wondering how I would like the new editor; whether he would employ any new help; whether a "new dress" for the paper should be the order, and so on; and perhaps—yes, more than likely—as the *Nuy,et* would change hands, there would also be other changes, new hands, new type, new everything, would probably come in to take the place of the old *regime*. No more pleasant hours within the precincts of the cosy and homelike office. No more would the editor tell me that if it weren't for me he would find it harder to get along. No more articles would perhaps flow from my pen. But perhaps—and how I hoped it might be so—perhaps the new editor would sell the

paper again to the original owner, and once more, when I had acquired a Croesian fortune, I would return again to the village where my first money was earned, and where I had conquered the first storm on the sea of life; where the memory of so many happy days put to route the reminiscence of the stormy ones.

Perhaps there was to be a great change in my life—which would it be, for better or for worse?

I remembered the words of the editor to that strange man in the office—"They never returned, and I guess they never will now."

"Never will,"—what pain these two words wrought on my youthful heart. My mother and father would never return again. I would never see them again—never again!

How plainly could I remember the day they went away, when they walked into the great dining-room and told me that I must be a good boy; that they would soon be back, and that when they came back mother would be well again. How I looked forward to the time when they should return. But the days grew into weeks, and the weeks into months, and the months into years, and as the years flew by I became older and looked forward to their coming back more longingly. And how I remembered when uncle Dume told me that my father and mother were lost and never would return. How lonely I felt. The days were like weeks then, and the weeks as years.

I was only a little child when they left—only four years old—gone twelve years! Yet how well I remembered the look on my mother's face on that sad day when she was to sail on that "last long voyage," so my father had said; and now I thought he was right—the last long voyage she would ever take on earth—the last long voyage before her voyage to the spirit land. I could not go with them, so the doctor had said, because the worry and anxiety would only tend to make my mother worse. And so I was left with uncle Dume. Money was left to me, so I learned afterwards, but this must be considered as past.

As I was walking, little caring where, and thinking

to myself, I heard the clock in the house near by strike twelve. Could it be so late? It seemed so short a time. And so I retraced my footsteps, and soon was seated in my own room. I lay down to sleep, but everything came up before my mind so I could not sleep. All the happy days of my life appeared and passed as in a broad panorama. At last, however, I was dreaming that I was in the office again.

CHAPTER II.

BAD NEWS AND NEW PLANS.

MONDAY morning dawned at length, and a beautiful morning it was. The sun was not up so soon as I, and not until I had had my morning walk did he put in his appearance. After rambling through my favourite pasture, looking at my "cane grove," where I had several dozen canes growing in every design imaginable, I turned my steps toward my breakfast board. After disposing of my morning meal I left for the office as usual.

Although being earlier than I was accustomed, the editor was there before me, and as I entered the door I saw him engaged in writing—"fixing up the books," he said.

We worked as usual that day—Ben and I,—but shortly before 6 p. m. that strange man came in again, and after talking lowly to the editor went down stairs. 'Twas then the editor told me that he wanted to see us down stairs. So we went wonderingly down, little dreaming what his business with us could be. He then told us that the *Nugget* was to be changed, and to effect the change it would require time. Therefore the *Nugget* office would be closed from this day forward, until everything was straightened up, and our services were no longer required—until further notice at least.

This was not much to Ben, as he had been planning on going away for the last three months,—but would not until he could get some one to take his place. But

to me, it might mean all. I had no friends in all the broad world to care for me—none to whom to go for help. I had not yet learned my trade, and perhaps the two years that I had worked so hard might be of no great use. I did not go directly back to my boarding-house as usual that night, but strolled along the street, thinking and trying to plan for the future. After walking along the road that led to the station for half a mile, I turned into my "cane grove," and after sitting down there for a few minutes, I was startled by the report of a gun, and in a second a nice plump goose fell a little distance from me. I jumped to my feet, and confronted Harry—my only friend, Harry Monté, as he came forward to secure his prize.

"Ugh! Oh, you startled me!"

"Not more than you did me, I guess," said I.

"What are you doing here anyway, Lee?"

"Just thinking," I answered him; for in truth that was all I was doing.

"A very good place to think, but what are you thinking about anyway? Have you got some new invention?"

I soon explained all to him, how I must go away from the few chums and acquaintances I had at Sanville, and how, perhaps, we would never see each other again, when he turned my sadness and despondency into mirth by breaking out with,—

"Well, what can't be cured must be endured, I suppose; I'm just as sorry as you are and perhaps a shade sorer. But I don't know. I've got to go away before June, for Crane is going away, and he says he's going to give up the carpenter business, so you and I can stick together still perhaps.

Mr. Crane was a carpenter with whom Harry was learning the carpenter trade, and he was going away! Harry was in truth as badly off as I, for he had no parents living either.

"Where will we go, Lee, anyway—to Port Moody?"

"What on earth possessed you to think of Port Moody?" I asked him; but he answered me with a fact that he had never told me before.

"Oh, I was only fooling. I just mentioned Port Moody because Uncle Maurice—did you know I had an uncle?—Uncle Maurice went to Port Moody just before he went away to China, and perhaps some one there knows just where he went. He said he would be back in five years. That was just after father died, but that was nearly ten years ago."

"But we haven't enough money to go away out there," I reminded him. "I only have fifty dollars, and that wouldn't be much in clothes, board and train fare to Port Moody."

"That's so, Lee, I haven't as much as you, but we could work our way there, couldn't we? I don't care where we go, though. I can get on anywhere, I guess, and I'll go just where you say."

I answered him, "Port Moody," for I knew that it was the place "to his heart dear."

Then time for starting, clothes to take, etc., was decided on, and the time for our departure from Sanville was no further distant than the following Monday. This was Monday. Only one short week in which to prepare for our long journey. Only one short week to bid good-bye and purchase our little needs for the travel.

It was our intention to go until we saw any prospects of earning anything, and then to try our hands at what presented itself, and after earning sufficient money to start for the point which we had first decided on.

Saturday came only too soon, and then a pic-nic on the lake a mile from Sanville, given by Mr. Crane as a farewell token of esteem, made us forget our sad news as well as our new plans for the future.

CHAPTER III.

ON THE JOURNEY.

MONDAY morning's sun rose in due time, and as fine a day as ever dawned followed its rising.

Harry and I were up that morning long before sun-

rise—making ready for the great day to us. The sun was just rising as we left Sanville for the station, and in the east its rays extended in all directions, reddening and gilding the sky; and shining on the last night's looking-glasses, made them look like nets spun by fairy looms. The road-sides were lined with buttercups and daisies, and across the road in the fields they looked like silver and gold.

The train left our station at 6.30, and the short drive of nearly a mile was soon ended. Just as our tickets were safely in our pockets, the brazen-banded engine blew its warning blast, and, whirling along the iron track, was soon ready for us to board. A half an hour later our last farewell was said, and we were whirling along a good fifty miles an hour. The first two hours driving was thoroughly enjoyed, but it soon grew monotonous, and we were heartily glad when the time for "turning in" came.

The next morning we were in a different kind of country from the one we had left. Instead of the little, sleepy, one-horse town of Sanville, great cities were passed every now and then. Platforms loaded with men, women and children, and excitement and bustle was in lieu of Sanvillian sleepiness.

I should have liked to have tried my hand in one of these cities, but Harry "didn't think much of them," he said. He was anxious for the broad, undulating prairies, with the grass growing tall and spotted with new settlements.

The next morning the scene was changed again. Instead of giant cities, broad fields met the eye. The farms and houses near the track were passed without our getting more than a glance, while those further off and on the hill that extended the length of the tract for miles, we could distinctly see. Snugly-built houses surrounded on every side by cultivated fields, while barns of enormous proportions stood in the background with stacks of hay leaning on them as if for support; flocks of poultry cackling and crowing as the train went by, and pretty little gardens filled with early vegetables, all reminded the stranger of home, and

made him feel like walking up and sharing their comfortableness.

The night was quickly descending as the train blew its warning whistle for the next station, and as the conductor popped his head in the car door and shouted "Orint-o," dwelling long on the final o, Harry thought this a good place for our first trial, and so we left the train for the night, hoping that Orinto might have something in store for us.

After making arrangements with the station agent to take care of our valises, we walked up to a home-like-looking farm-house to see if we could get a night's lodging, and look around town on the morrow.

Two great barns with eaves almost reaching the ground stood to the north of the house, and in front, in place of the pretty little flower-gardens we have in the East, was a garden of radishes, cabbages, cucumbers and such, and as I caught sight of cucumbers already large enough for use, I was hungrier than ever.

After knocking at the back door, which was answered by a kindly-looking woman, Harry asked if we might get a tea and a night's lodging, to which question he was peculiarly answered by another question,—

"Where are you from?"

After satisfying her curiosity as to our whereabouts, I answered that we were from the East.

She said something about a "Yankee agent cheating her once," but finally told us to "walk in."

"How much would you charge," I asked, hoping to get a better answer than did Harry, "to give us a tea and a night's lodging?"

"Oh, we'll see," said she. "There's no one home but me," she went on, "and if you think you could milk our cows, I'll give you as good a supper as ever you eat, and a bed too. Robert went away to town with old Nole, and I don't believe he'll be home to-night, for it's getting dark right quick."

After acquainting her with the fact that her proposition was most gratifying to us, I asked for the milk pails, which were handed to us.

CHAPTER IV.

A COW ADVENTURE.

HARRY and I were delighted with our touch of Western farm life as we lifted the great latches on the barn where the cows were kept. There stood two as fine-looking specimens of the bovine family as ever chewed a cud. Yes, there were two of them—one apiece for us. The elder (at least I supposed it was) was a brindle cow with evenly-shaped horns, looking like the ribs of the buffalo, and with dark, mild-looking eyes. She had probably spent a good many summers in this sorrowing world, and she looked as though her family were scattered beyond the regions of which her voice could them all once more re-assemble. She looked as if she had seen a great deal of, and therefore knew how to sympathize with, trouble, for she had a careworn look on her brow, which was quite gray. Harry wisely picked for this cow. I would rather have taken her, but I wasn't the one to say so. I said not a word.

The other cow was a younger-looking creature. She was not out of her teens, I should judge by looking at her. She had a white face, and four small wiry legs, and a tail of dark brown color. The fire of youth was in her eyes and the dexterity of lightning in her legs. Of course this cow fell to me. It wasn't just the cow I should have picked on had I been at a country fair, but it wasn't the *first* evil-looking cow that I had ever milked, and it wasn't in me to object. Harry called out to me that he had that cow nearly milked, and that she was "a splendid milker." So, fearing that he would be done first, I proceeded to milk. I quickly caught the milking-stool, and sitting it down about two feet from the cow, began drawing it nearer.

As I approached the cow, she shrank back further and further until she could go no farther unless she went through the side of the barn, which she didn't seem inclined to do, for she came to a sudden halt.

Then I gained on her, and as I was within a few feet of her I noticed in her right eye the pupil expand and a look of determination, resolve and liberty-or-death take the place of the look of mirth that she had when I first approached her. She looked unruly. I said "so" in somewhat the same tone that an angry tailor might say to a lazy apprentice, and I guess she thought she was the apprentice, for of all the motions she went through I never saw anything to compare with them.

I had heard somewhere that by placing one's head against the cow's thigh-bone it would prevent her from kicking. I tried the experiment—but I forgot the rest, or else I never knew. Anyway, when I came to, I heard Harry telling that woman that it was a pity her pail got broken, never mentioning the teeth I had lost in the accident. He helped me up, though, and then the woman who had been so near my personal destruction apologized by saying that she forgot about the heifer, and that "Robert always tied up her legs to keep her from kicking, as she had a sore teat."

But I politely refused to have any further dealings with a cow that had used me the way she had used me, and that I guessed she would be all right till her husband came home. She complied, and then we left for the house where our host set a sumptuous supper before two as hungry boys as ever "milked a cow." Nine o'clock saw us snugly asleep in our bed, sleeping as sweetly as any maltese kittens.

CHAPTER V.

ORINTO.

THE next morning was beautifully fine, and after eating our breakfast and milking the *old* cow, and gratefully thanking the woman who had been so kind to us, we started for the town of Orinto. It was only a few minutes' walk, and we were soon in the nearest store, a quite large grocery store. I asked the clerk,

for he was the only person in at that early hour, if there was any newspaper published there. He answered in the affirmative, and directed me to a large building a little distant.

Harry and I walked towards it, and soon read the sign "*Journal Office.*" We walked in, but the editor was not yet there; and after asking one of the compositors how they were off for hands, he answered me that two of their compositors had recently left and were starting a paper at Sanville.

I felt quite elated over this, as I was pretty sure of getting a situation on the *Journal*. Soon after this the editor came in, and after a short consultation with him in his own office, telling him how it happened that I had left the *Nugget* office, he said he would give me a trial, and that I could come as soon as I liked.

I was all right now, for I knew I could suit him; but with Harry it was different. We went up to the farm-house again to see if I could get any board there, and after making a successful bargain went down to the station for our valises.

Then we looked for work for Harry. But there weren't many carpenters there, and what were there weren't very busy.

But Harry wasn't one to give up and sit down and wish he hadn't come; but going up to the book-store he bought a copy of the *Toronto News*, and wanted me to go up to my room while he looked over it.

After seating himself, he took up the *News*, and pointing to the "Help Wanted" column, asked me to commence at the bottom and read up. After reading of help wanted in nearly every line of business except carpentering, I caught a glance of one headed "A Carpenter," in which it stated that a carpenter was wanted who had recently learned the trade. Harry was jubilant over this, and wanted to start right off; but after thinking that I couldn't go, his high spirits were somewhat crushed.

But a little talk soon reminded him that we could not be always together, and he then said, as though it was the last journey he ever expected to make, "Well,

I suppose we can write to each other, and you can come up once in a while.

We then went down to the station to inquire when the first train for Toronto would leave. After receiving the answer that it would leave the following morning, we left again for our boarding-house, where our dinner was awaiting us.

The afternoon was spent in rambling through Orinto, and after we had taken Harry's valise to the station it was tea time.

Robert had come home in the meantime, and we didn't milk that night. We went to bed early, and as I was almost asleep I heard Harry say :

"Please give me a ticket for Toronto !"

CHAPTER VI.

HARRY'S DEPARTURE.

THE next morning before breakfast Harry and I were up, and after the very scanty breakfast which we ate were on the way to the station. The train came in shortly after our arrival, and soon "good-bye" was said and Harry was on his lonely journey.

I walked slowly from the station to the *Journal* office, and as I got there the editor of that paper was just entering the office. After a little conversation he handed me some "copy," and set me to work at a case of bourgeois, setting locals.

The forenoon was a pretty busy one, and the compositor next me said he was "glad I came," for there was lots of work for us all. There were only two of us, and it was "press day," and running off even a small edition of a newspaper on a "Washington" press is no easy task. I did the "inking," as I had done in the *Nugget* office, but the edition was larger, and I was quite tired before they were all off.

At last the day's work was done and the clock struck six, and I was soon walking in to supper in my new home. The sun was nearly down, and in the west

its rays reddened nearly the whole sky. Far away in the little village to the east its rays were reflected by the windows, and made it look as though they were on fire.

Farmer Doucet was coming from the barn with two buckets filled with new rich milk, and his hospitable wife was in the garden picking some of the finest cucumbers for our tea. I went up to my room, but before I got to work writing I heard the old-fashioned horn blow in the kitchen below, summoning us to the evening meal.

Well, I remember that meal. It was the best supper I have eaten since I can remember. Bread, though not the whitest, was as sweet and moist as *ambrosia*; cucumbers—oh, cucumbers! whenever I think of those cucumbers it makes me hungry again. But they were *good*, I can tell you.

Shortly after tea Mr. Doucet started up and said he was going to the post-office. In a few minutes back he came again looking excited as possible, and exclaimed, "Burglars!"

"What!" screamed his wife.

"Yes, burglars busted into Smith's store in Drapden last night, and some one said he saw some suspicious-looking characters there this morning. Say," said he, looking at me, "will you watch with me to-night? They'll be here the first place they strike, and by the jabars if they come within my sight I'll rivet 'em with bullets till their own mothers won't know 'em."

After this direful threat, he went up and took down both his guns and put a bullet in each. I daren't refuse him. I told him he could depend on me.

What a night that was! We took for our watching place the roof of a little porch, and from there we could see in nearly every direction. The seven stars of the Dipper showed clearly out, and Cassiopeia had gone to sleep in her chair. The Milky Way had drifted pretty well around to the west, and the old farmer was to the east.

We watched and waited, but up to 11 o'clock no loungers came. We nodded and yawned. One o'clock

came, but no burglars put in an appearance. We slept and——

“Hark! what was that?” I asked the old farmer; but he was already flying with gun in hand, yelling as he went: “Them burglars! them durned burglars!” I followed him down the road. Just as we were opposite the store wherein Harry and I had stopped on the day of our arrival at Orinto, two lonely figures rushed past us. The farmer jumped, and before he could get “You miserable——” something out of his mouth, was shut up by one of them pointing a revolver in his face. Bang! it went, but it glanced and struck my gun. Bang! again, and the bullet wasn’t in Mr. Doucet’s gun. But I guess this too was a poor shot, as he ran off like “the roe when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman.”

Soon a gang of a dozen or so men surrounded us, asking questions and swearing, when the owner of the store rushed in and opened the door. We all ran in, and, after going into his office, saw what the burglars had done. The door of the safe was lying flat on the floor, and paper and books were scattered round about. But they had only got a very little booty, as the merchant said there wasn’t more than five or ten dollars therein. We were just about leaving when one of the men picked up a penknife with “Harris Murphy” etched on the escutcheon. That settled it. On the point was a little black substance which one of the crowd said was dynamite, but I do not think it was.

The people of Orinto got abundance of excitement that night, and the next week an editorial appeared in the *Journal* explaining who Murphy was, etc., for he was one of that class of people who “left his country for his country’s good.” He was an Orintonian.

CHAPTER VII.

HARRY’S LETTER.

ABOUT a week after Harry’s departure I went to the office as usual for a letter from him, as he had not

written since he left. To my delight, after my knock, was handed me an envelope with my name in unmistakable characters, and the post-mark, "Toronto, June 4, p. m., Canada." I knew the writing, and it wasn't long before I was reading:—

"DEAR OLD LEE:—

"I got here safe and sound on Friday morning. I had a splendid ride up, and wasn't near as tired as when we got off the train at Orinto. After I arrived at Toronto, I went as quick as my feet could carry me, as I didn't want to spend any more money than I could help on street cars, to Mr. Godey's carpenter establishment; but you can hardly imagine my disappointment when he calmly informed me that the position was filled yesterday—had had a dozen applications. Well, I didn't know what to do. 'A stranger in a strange place,' sure enough. I went down to a restaurant to get a bite, when a man came in and asked the proprietor if he knew of any one he could get to help him—said he had a rush of business. I heard them talking about drawers and such, and I started up and asked him if he was a carpenter. He said he was a kind of a one, and I asked him if he would hire me. He wanted to know if I ever worked at carpentering, and at what kind. On my answering him 'house carpentering,' he said I wouldn't be worth a 'haw-bee' to him—he wanted a cabinet-maker. I was disappointed again. After my lunch was through I walked out again. As I was walking down a little lane I ran across a shop with windows, sashes and doors in the windows. I ran in and asked the proprietor if he wanted to hire a hand. He, said he guessed not. I told him I would work cheap and good. He thought a while, and after a little talking and reckoning to himself, said he would give me a trial. I get my board—I board with him—and two dollars a week. I am suiting him pretty well, I guess, for he says he may increase my wages soon.

"Have you milked the heifer since I left? and how is everything on the farm? I was very sorry to hear of the burglary in Orinto; but how did you happen to be around at that unseemly hour? It looks kind of suspicious, I think. Mr. Joky—he's the carpenter I'm working with—says I can go down to Orinto in a month and stay, perhaps, a week.

"Well, I'm awfully hard up for time, and I'll have to stop. Write soon.

"Your old friend,

"HARRY MONTÉ."

After reading my letter carefully, I folded it up and put it in my pocket. I then started for the office. I

met Frank Hue on the way for the same destination, and he wanted me to go over to his house in the evening, as he was going to be alone. I told him that would be impossible, but asked him to come over to my room. After a little he said he would. Then we set to work, and soon came six o'clock. We walked out, and as we were just around the building Frank startled me by whispering, "Hark! I thought I heard some one whisper." We listened, but could hear nothing, so we started on. We spent a very enjoyable evening, and at ten o'clock Frank was on his way for home and I tucked up in bed trying to get asleep. But somehow or other sleep wouldn't come to me. You may think it was because of my troubled conscience, and I must admit it looked as though I had something to do with the great disaster that soon will follow in this short story; but I can assure you I did not.

CHAPTER VIII.

FIRE!

I HAD just got into a nice little nap on the night above mentioned, when I was rudely awakened by the proprietor of my boarding-house. He looked just as he did on the night of the burglary—his eyes nearly as big as saucers.

"The world's afire! Get up! Get up!" And with this he rushed down stairs in his shirt sleeves, running for the village. I got up and looked out. Yes, there was unmistakably a fire. The *Journal* office and a large building adjoining were in flames! I rushed out of bed, and dressed as hurriedly as ever I did. In two minutes I was down to the *Journal* office.

The fire by this time was rapidly spreading, and the whole town was as light as day. Sparks and cinders were falling all around us—a perfect storm of fire. The roof of a house on the other side of the street was soon in flames and smoke, and the road in front was filled with household goods and half-crazed men and women. Great sheets of fire burst from the buildings.

Bits of the roofs of houses and stores sailed across the sky—borne on the wings of the roaring south wind. A little rain was beginning to fall, but its effect on the fire was as a single grain of sand to wreck a train. The sky that an hour ago was as clear and tranquil as a lake, was now alive with great fiery sparks and flashes with a background of dark smoke. "Fire! Fire!" burst from hundreds of lips. Oh, terrible fire! But of what use would all this flame be if divided into proper proportions to the freezing inhabitants of this great country when the chill blasts of winter bluster the treacherous snow over all, and to the poor strangers who are caught in the death-dealing blizzards!

By this time nearly the whole village was in flames, and it was difficult to get from one end to the other. To the east a large white cloud spread its delicate folds over the horizon, and the large stars were the only ones visible in the sky. Soon the golden rays of the June sun began to show themselves; but what a dreary scene its harsh face would look on this day! Only yesterday it shone on the pretty little village, with its happy inhabitants, surrounded with its green maples and ashes, and here and there a little garden with its patches of green vegetables and herbs; but to-day the same sun must see many blackened, smoking ruins of where once assembled the family around the yule-log, or where they gathered to hear the head of the family reading from some favorite book.

But it would not be interesting to dwell on the sad scene, so I will leave it to the imagination of the reader.

A great tent was pitched the following day for the shelter of the furniture that was saved, and also for the shelter of the unfortunate ones who were rendered homeless by the fire.

The old farm-house on the hill, by which poetical name I like to remember the old place now, was spared by the much-demanding flames for some other fate, and the old farmer and his hospitable wife did a bountiful share in relieving the poor and hungry sufferers. But what was there now in Orinto for me? I could do naught but spend money, and this I certainly could not

afford to do. So I decided on going once more to visit Harry, and perhaps he could help me once more. Packing my little property in my trunk, I took it down to the station,—or rather what was the site of the station, for it was now in ashes,—in the farmer's best truck that night, preparatory for an early start the next morning.

CHAPTER IX.

ANOTHER DISAPPOINTMENT.

IN the morning the smoke of the fire was dispersed, and the clear air seemed healthful to breathe once more. I got up early that morning. The train came in due time, and before an hour I was travelling through a strange country to me. Toronto was reached ere long, and I hastened my steps to the place where Harry's address directed me. I opened the door of the little establishment on which the number of the street was painted, and entering, asked one of the employees if Harry Monté worked there.

"He *did* work here, but not now," came the answer.

"Where is he now?" I asked, fearing the worst.

"I dunno," was the rather brief answer, so I inquired for the manager. I was directed to a little office in the end of the establishment, and entered to find Harry's old employer seated at his desk writing.

"Good day," said he, as I entered, in a rather pleasing and affable manner.

"Good day. Does Harry Monté work in your establishment?" I asked.

"No; he did, but not now," was his answer, which was also brief.

What is it? I asked myself. Why doesn't he answer me a little definitely?

I questioned him still further:

"Where is he now?"

"Don't know."

"Do you object to telling me for what reason he left?"

He looked at me, surprised, and asked me if I was any relation to him. I told him we were no relation—only friends.

“Well,” said he, “Harry was a good boy to work—wouldn’t want better; but boys differ, you know. I have only two employees now, and last week this time I had four. Yes, well, don’t be uneasy, and you’ll see how it happened. You see this safe here? Well, that’s what caused the trouble; and it was kind of my fault too. I left it unlocked the other night, and I don’t know what I could have been thinking of, for it was the first time in my life I ever did such a thing. One morning last week as I came down, I went to get some money out of the safe, and I put my hand in my pocket for my key; but just as I did so I saw that the door wasn’t shut quite to. I took hold of the knob here, and, sure enough, it was unlocked. I looked to see if any money was missing, and there, as sure as you live, was a pile of bills I put in there the day before—over a hundred—missing. I didn’t say anything first about it, but was bound to find out. That was Saturday morning. Things all went quietly that day, and Harry, I thought, worked better than usual. Saturday night came around, and I went to pay off the hands. I called each one separately into my office to pay them, and the last one was Harry. I paid him two dollars a week then, but as I didn’t have anything smaller than a five-dollar bill, I asked him to change it. He pulled out his wallet, remarking that he had lots of small bills now, and handed me three one-dollar bills. Yes, as sure as you’re born, there was one of the very bills that was missing, for I remembered the tear as I counted them the day before. And then I thought what he said about ‘plenty of small bills,’ and I laid the theft to him right there and then. I told him about the robbery, and how sorry I was that he turned out to be so ungrateful for my kindness to him. He said he was sorry that I should suspect him of such a thing, and protested that he did not commit the theft. But I wasn’t going to listen to anything like that from him,—for was there not the bill as plain as need be?—so I

told him that his services were no longer needed. He never said a word, but went right out, and I've never seen him since. But I've repented it before this, for that miserable, lying, ungrateful thief of a Donnel, as mean a rogue as ever stepped, took that money, and I expect he got Monté to give him some large bills for the smaller ones. I found it out three days after Harry left, but before I secured the thief he was gone. I'd give another hundred if I could find out where Harry is, for I believe he was honest as he was clever."

This conversation ended as a gentleman came in, and I left the building where Harry had worked so hard, and been falsely accused, with a feeling not unlike anger at his old employer who had taken such hasty steps in his dismissal.

Alone again. Little money and no knowledge of the whereabouts of the only friend on earth, I was indeed in a rather pitiable position.

An immigrant train was to leave Toronto on the following day for the North-west, and I thought, in my folly, that possibly Harry had gone to the place where he had said his only relative lived—Port Moody. So, by taking this train, I could get half-way to that place at a much lower cost than by going in any other, so the next day saw me, together with hundreds of homeless, friendless pilgrims, going to the great wheat country, where they anticipated employment in reaping and harvesting the great crops of the Western farmers.

The train moved fast, no doubt, but it seemed so slow to me then, and it was a long, long journey. But soon the train was lessened, and only a few cars remained. I got out at a place where not another thought it a suitable place for their labor, but of which I liked the appearance.

It was only a little hamlet—only about half a dozen houses within a two-mile radius. I don't know what put it into my head to get out at this secluded spot, but it seemed to me then as though I had started out on purpose for this destination.

My money was down almost into cents, and I thought that perhaps I might get work in helping the

farmers harvest their abundant crops. I went up to the first house I arrived at, and asked the woman who came to the door if her husband wanted to employ any help. She told me she guessed not, but directed me to a large field, where I could see several men at work mowing and reaping—a quarter of a mile away. I walked over to where I was directed, and asked the first man that I met if he knew of anyone who wanted any farm help. He answered me that they did the day before, but that morning he had employed two men, who had walked nearly five miles for the job.

“But,” he added, “John Small—he lives in that big white house over there—told me Sunday he wanted to get a man. I don’t know whether he has got one yet or not.”

I thanked him for his direction, and went on my way to the romantic-looking farm-house over the way. The day was nearly done. The heat of the day had abated in a large degree, and the farmers in the fields along the road were taking advantage of the short cool part of the day by giving more energy to their work.

The long steel rails ran parallel with the little road, and stretched far and far to the west, the parts at my feet shining and sparkling in the rays of the setting sun—running close beside each other until it looked as though they were blended into one in the distance. An incoming train was barely visible far away to the west, and the little curls of smoke that silently crept upward to the clouds; and it slowly but surely was creeping up to the town. Soon it dashed by me, shortly to stop at the little station a half-a-mile further on.

I soon was at the little gate in front of the house I was going to, and walking up the little path lined with rhubarb plants and garden herbs, I knocked at the front door. The knock was answered by an old man who, I should judge from appearances, had reached the allotted age of three score years and ten. I asked him if he wanted to hire any help, and he answered me by taking me by the arm and leading me in. He then asked me where I was from, my name, age, and a dozen or more other questions, all of which I answered him

and all of which he seemed to turn over in his mind as though to remember. Answering in the affirmative his question if I was hungry, he went into the large pantry and brought out cakes, milk, honey, bread and butter, etc., and an appetizing meal was spread out on the table. Then he bade me to help myself, while he took his cane and went out. It was a puzzle to me, why he should be so kind to me—a stranger.

Soon he returned and told me that Mr. Small would be in soon and see whether I would suit or not. In a few minutes the farmer came in, and in a jovial way asked me if I was a farmer. I told him I wanted to raise money to take me away to another town, and consequently would work at anything, adding that the printer's trade was my "strong point."

He told me that he was short of help, and that probably there was a storm coming, and that he would hire me for a week and see what I could do.

Well, the week was one of hard work, but was thoroughly enjoyed by me. The farmer said I worked very well, and so I staid with him quite a time.

CHAPTER X.

THE BLIZZARD.

CHRISTMAS passed, and the winter was before us. Still I was "on the farm," and Mr. Small said if I wanted to stay with him till spring, when I could get into an office, he would give me my board for my work which offer I refused. He then bettered his offer by saying that he would give me my board and a few dollars a month. I accepted his offer, and the twentieth of January saw me there—in a bad situation.

Mr. Small, the farmer, had always been a healthy man, so he told me, but January that year was a very trying one for anyone at least susceptible to colds, and poor Mr. Small having got his feet wet one fine, warm day, and neglecting to give them proper care, a bad cold was soon in his possession, which led to a severe

attack of rheumatism. After nearly every remedy known by him and the old man,—who, I learned afterward, was living in this strange and secluded spot writing a work on the inhabitants of the prairies,—had been tried, they both thought it advisable to have a doctor. So the next morning saw me on the way for the doctor, who lived nearly twenty miles distant.

The morning dawned clear and bright, and the sun shining on the frosty but scanty snow-drifts, looked like diamonds. It was just the morning for a prairie scene to be portrayed on canvas by a master artist.

“Uncle Maurice,” as the farmer called the old man, and which name I had also adopted, had the horse saddled and at the door by the time my breakfast was eaten; and seeing me safely in the saddle, and giving me no small amount of advice about roads, etc., I was on my journey.

It was the first journey I had ever made on the prairie outside of the train, and although I was glad to see the country, I felt kind of “skittish” on going it alone. The morning was indeed fine, and the roads could not be better. About two or three inches of snow was on the ground, outside of the fields and smooth tracts, where the stiff breezes had blown it off. After going about five miles the sun shone less brightly, and a cloud or two were gathering quickly in the west. These, though white and feathery at first, were growing larger and darker very rapidly.

I rode on quicker, and the horse, turning to the west, with distorted nostrils, gave a plunge and a leap, and away it went—twenty miles an hour its rate seemed to me. Although I had but ridden very little on horse-back, and consequently was not an expert, I did not attempt to rein it in, for I could plainly see that a storm was rising. The gentle spring-like breeze had turned into a boisterous gale, and only a few more miles were crossed by Mohawk’s speedy feet, when—it seemed instantly—all the clouds of heaven burst and fell in the form of snow, blustered and drifted by the united winds of all the points of the compass.

The fine, hail-like snow filled my eyes, and the

horse broke to a swift gallop for a wood of spruces, and within its precincts it stopped, with eyes looking wild and large. I dismounted, and suddenly the horse left me and dashed for the open field, and the next time I saw it it was in the stable. The wind, though blowing like a tornado outside, was less severe in the shade of the little forest, and I was much better off than had the horse gone straight ahead.

I found a little nook between two great boulders, with trees on every side, which made me a safe, though not very comfortable retiring place, and soon "nature's sweet restorer" was at my hand.

CHAPTER XI.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN.

"THE wind is rising fast, and I fear we are going to have a storm," said "Uncle Maurice" to farmer Small, as he took him in a cup of ginger-tea of his own manufacture. "I wish," he went on, "that I'd gone for the doctor myself. I'm afraid he'll have a bad time of it."

Soon the wind was blowing a hurricane, and the snow drifting and blustering so as to prevent one from seeing a yard before him.

"I'll have to go for that boy," again "Uncle Maurice" addressed the invalid farmer, "for if he gets out there on the prairie where he doesn't know the way he is going, he's gone for it. You can take care of yourself, can't you, John, for I must go out and see if I can find the boy?"

"Oh no; you'll get lost yourself," returned the farmer, "and probably the boy is there by this time."

"But there can't be any risk about it," said the old man, "I always took a liking to the boy, for he reminded me of my own nephew, and as like as not he's out there now—half smothered in the storm. I *must* go, and I'll take old 'Gray' with me."

"Old Gray" was soon saddled, and the old man, who

had braved so many storms,—who had weathered so many of life's troubles,—went out on this life-saving errand. After a journey of a mile or two a horse, saddled, rushed past him at an almost lightning speed, and this made the old man urge his desperate beast to a still greater speed.

The wind rises! The snow thickens! It darkens! The beast falls!

Drearly howls the wind, and the sun is clouded. Soon the wind lessens. The snow becomes less thick. The sun's rays peer faintly out through its lair of clouds. The wind goes down.

Far over the broad expanse of the prairie one can see nothing but the earth clothed in the beautiful white, spotless snow, smoothing every irregularity on the road or field, lightening the darkness caused by the sun's quick descension and brightening "all things of earth."

The sun goes down, and silence, sweetly silence reigns o'er all.

* * * * *

The next morning I woke up and saw the sun shining brightly. I walked out into the level and saw that the day was beautifully fine. I turned my head toward the direction I had started for, and saw a team on the road. I walked rapidly on and soon was up to it. I asked the driver if that was the road to the doctor's. He replied in the affirmative, so I went on.

I reached the doctor's house, but was told by the maid who came to the door that the doctor was away visiting a patient several miles distant. I left word for him to go to Mr. Small's as soon as possible, and started on my long walk back again.

I reached the farm-house about dusk and entered the door. But the old man whom I had got used to look for first, was not in his accustomed place with his writing. The farmer met me on my way to his bedroom and asked me where "Unele Maurice" was. He then told me all about how he had got uneasy and left for me in the midst of the storm, and also told me that

he himself was a great deal better, and was able to go out of doors.

A band of farmers, all mounted on good steeds, scoured the prairie for miles around on the following day, but no trace of the brave old hero could be seen. Finally it was concluded that it was no use to look for his body any more, and thus we left him—alone, alone on the prairie.

CHAPTER XII.

A LETTER IN TIME.

Poor old "Uncle Maurice" had been mourned for a month, and it seemed as though he could never be forgotten. His trunks—locked and strapped—were never opened, and his things were left just as they had been left by him.

Nearly a month after the day mentioned in the chapter above, I was returning from the barn where they kept the cows with two buckets full of milk, when farmer Small, who was returning from the post-office, shouted out to me that he had a letter and a paper for me. I nearly dropped the milk in my excitement, and ran to get my letter. I *knew* it was from Harry, and I broke it open hastily, not looking at the address. Unfolding it as quick as my numb fingers could, I read:—

"MY DEAR FRIEND:—"

(It wasn't Harry's way of commencing a letter, nor was it Harry's writing. It was only a short one, and I read on:)

"Having learned your address from an old traveller, who told me you were on the way for 'Prairie Farm,' I think I will ask you to come and help me once more in the printing office. I have just purchased the — — *Farmer*, an agricultural paper, and I only have two compositors. If you will come and again try your hand at the case, I will be greatly obliged. I will pay you well if you conclude to come.

"Your old friend,

"E. H. SOMMEL.

"P——, B. C."

The letter almost stunned me, for of all things I expected a letter from my old friend, the editor, the least. But soon "it all came round," and three days after that I was on my way for P——, where the *Farmer* was published.

It was a long, long journey to British Columbia, but it seemed twice as long to me, for what seems longer than time spent in going to a friend, when you want to see him so much?

P—— was reached in due time, and after the situation of the *Farmer* office was ascertained, I was not very long going to it. Mr. Sommel was in his office, writing, when I entered. After shaking hands for fully five minutes, he told me to sit down and wait for dinner time, when he could get off for the afternoon and show me the town.

The next morning I went to work in the office. It seemed much better than working on the farm, and I was feeling in high spirits. That evening I asked the editor if he had heard anything of Harry Monté, but he was as ignorant of Harry's whereabouts as I.

Time passed on in the *Farmer* office, and in time June once more came around—the very anniversary of the day we left Sanville.

It was just such a morning as that on which we had left that village, and I thought of how many things had taken place in that one short year.

"Lee, a letter for you," said the editor that night as he came in to tea in the hotel. It was unmistakably Harry's writing. It was a short one, and ran:—

"DEAR LEE:—

"I haven't time to write you much of a letter, but I got a letter from my old friend, Arthur Lathrop—perhaps you never heard of him—who lives now in Wellington, New Zealand, and he wrote this paragraph:

"I am in a grocery store—Mr. Martell is the proprietor. He came from Canada, he says."

"I was sure this was your father, from some reason or other, so I wrote to him, and he answered it, and also wrote a note which I enclose."

CHAPTER XIII.

A MERRY RE-UNION.

MONTHS passed on and I received an answer to the letter I had written to my father on receipt of the one given me by Harry, saying that they were on the way for Canada, and on Christmas Day my father and mother, Harry Monté and myself, gathered round the Christmas dinner.

* * * * *

Time has passed since then. Troubles and storms have been plentiful, but I have come out none the worse for them.

There is to be a big time over at Sanville to-night. It is to be at Mr. Crane's house. You probably remember Mr. Crane. He was the old carpenter with whom Harry worked while I was in the office. Yes, there is to be a big time over there to-night. They were baking up cake this afternoon by the ovenful, and I expect they will eat it all up before morning.

A wedding is an uncommon thing in Sanville, and it has caused quite an excitement.

Harry is going to be married!

I'll have to go over, I suppose, and report the affair for the *Nugget*, which everybody in Sanville, as well as the surrounding country, reads now. The *Nugget* is mine now, but it isn't what I get a living out of. Three years ago I started the *Loyalist*, and it turned me out money so fast that I bought out the *Nugget*. And then I like to go and see the compositors at work in the same place that I commenced my journalistic life.

Harry is no longer an "ordinary carpenter," but a contractor, and Sanville is building up pretty fast.

But you don't want to know any more about Sanville, and perhaps you have heard enough about Harry and me. So I will leave you to find out as best you can about my future biography. But I will say right here, if you want to subscribe for a paper that will give you good reading matter for Sunday or Monday,

take the *Loyalist*; and if you want to advertise in a paper that reaches all classes of people, advertise in the *Loyalist*.

Good day.

THE END.



Mary Mellen
Archibald
Memorial

