Church Bells at Christmas Wake me to-night, my mother, dear. "Wake me to-hight, my mouner, usar,
That I may hear
The Christmas bells, so soft and clear,
To high and low glad tidings tell,
How God the Father loved us well,
How God the Eternal Son
Came to undo what we had done;
How God the Paraclete,
Who in the chaste womb formed the Babe so
sweet.

In power and glory came the birth to aid and

"Wake me, that I the twelvementh long
May bear the song
About with me in the world's throng;
That treasured joys of Christmas-tide
May with mine hour of gloom abide.
The Christmas Carol ring
Deep in my heart, when I would sing.
Each of the twelve good days
Its earnest yield of duteous love and praise,
Insuring happy months and hallowing com
ways. Wake me, that I the twelvementh long

Wake me again, my mother, dear, "Wake me again, my mother, dear,
That I may hear
The peel of the departing year.
Oh, well I love the step of time
Should move to that familiar chime;
Fair fall the tones that steep
The Old Year in the dews of sleep,
The New guide softly in,
With hopes to sweet, sad memories akin!
Long may that soothing cadence, ear, heart, conscience win!"

THE CHOICE OF THREE:

A NOVEL.

The row was this. Among the Boers assembled for the "nachtmaal" festival was a well-known giant named Van Zyl. This man's strength was a matter of public notoriety all over the country, and many were the feats which were told of him. Among others it was said that he could bear the weight of the after part of an African buck-waggon on his shoulders, with a load of three thousand pounds of corn upon it, while the wheels were greased. He stood about six foot seven high, weighed eighteen stone and a half, and had a double row of teeth. On the evening in question this remarkable specimen of humanity was sitting on his waggon-box with a pipe, of which the size was proportionate which the size was proportionate to his own, clinched firmly between his double row of teeth. About ten paces from him stood a young Englishman, also of large size, though he looked quite small beside the giant who was contemplating the phenomenon on the waggon-box, and wondering how much he measured round the chest. Thet young Englishman had the chest. That young Englishman had just got off a newly-arrived waggon, and his name was Jeremy Jones.

To these advance a cringing Hottentot boy of small size. The Hottentot is evidently the servant or slave of the giant, and a man standing by Jeremy, who under stands Dutch, informs him that he is tell ing his master that an ox has strayed. Slowly the giant rouses himself, and descending from the waggon-box seizes the trembling Tottie with one hand, and, taking a rim of buffalo-hide, lashes himself to the waggon-wheel.
"Now," remarked Jeremy's acquaint

ance, "you will see how a Boer deals with 'You don't mean to say that great brute

is going to beat that poor little devil?"

Just then a small fat woman put her head out of a tent pitched by the waggon and inquired what the matter was. She was the giant's wife. On being informed of the straying of the ox, her wrath knew

'Slaat em! slaat de swartsel!' (Thrash him ! thrash the black creature), she cried out in a shrill voice, running to the waggon, and with her own fair hands drawing out a huge "sjambock," that is, a strip of prepared hippopotamus-hide, used to drive the after-oxen with, and giving it to her spouse, "Cut the liver out of the black devil!" she went on, "but mind you don't hit his head, or he won't be able to go to work afterward. Never mind about making the blood come; I have got lots of salt to rub in."

Her harangue, and the sight of the Hottentot tied to the wheel, had by this time attracted quite a crowd of Boers and Englishmen who were idling about the market-square.

Vrouw, softly, I will thrash enough to satisfy even you, and we all know that must be very hard where a black creature is in question."

A roar of laughter from the Dutch people

round greeted this sally of wit, and the giant, taking the sjambock with a goodhumored smile, for he was, like mos giants, easy-tempered by nature, lifted it whirled his great arm, as thick as the leg of an average man, round his head, and brought it down on the back of the miserable Hottentot. The poor wretch yelled with pain, and no wonder, for the greasy old wore was divided clean in two, together with the skin beneath it, and the

blood was pouring from the gash.
"Allamachter! dat is een licker shaat" (Almighty ! that was a nice one), said the old woman, at which the crowd laughed

But there was one man who did not laugh, and that man was Jeremy. On the contrary, his clear eyes flashed, and his brown cheek burned with indignation. Nor did he stop at that. Stepping forward he placed himself between the giant and the howling Hottentot, and said to the former most nervous English, "You are The Boer stared at him and smiled, and

then asked what the "English fellow" was saying. Somebody translated Jeremy's remark, whereupon the Boer, who was not a bad-natured fellow, smiled again, and remarked that Jeremy must be madder than the majority of "accursed Englishmen." Then he turned to continue thrash ing the Hottentot, but lo! the mad Englishman was still there. This put him

'Footsack, carl; ik is Van Zyl!" (Get out, fellow, I am Van Zyl!) This was interpreted to Jeremy by the bystanders.

"All right, and tell him that I am Jones, name he may have heard before," was

the reply.
"What does this brain-sick fellow "What does this brain-sick fellow want?" shouted the giant.
Jeremy explained that he wanted him to stop his brutality.
"And what will the little man do if I

refuse?"
"I shall try to make you," was the

This remark was received with a shout of laughter from the crowd which had now collected, in which the giant joined very heartily when it was interpreted to him. Giving Jeremy a shove to one side, he again lifted the great sjambock, for the purpose of bringing it down on the Hotten-tot. Another second and Jeremy had snatched the whip from his hand, and sent it flying fifty yards away. Then realizing that his antagonist was really in earnest, the great Dutchman solemnly set himself to crush him. Doubling a fist which was the size of a Welsh leg of mutton, he struck with all his strength straight at the Englishman's head. Had the blow caught Jeremy, it would in all probability have killed him; but he was a practised boxer, and without moving his body, he swung his head to one side. The Boer's fist passed him harmlessly, and striking the panel of the waggon, went clean through it. Next instant several of the giant's double row of Jeremy had returned the stroke by a right-hander, into which he put all his power, and which would have knocked any other man backward.

A great shout from the assembled counter-shout from the crowd of Dutchmen, who pointed triumphantly to the hole called out, saying that he was not a mortal, in the stout yellow-wood panel made by but a man possessed with a devil. Again their champion's fist, and asked who the Dutchman gripped him, and this time

The Boer turned and spat out some of his superfluous teeth, and at the same instant a young Englishman came and caught hold of Jeremy by the arm.
"For heaven's sake, my dear fellow, be

careful! That man will kill you; he is the strongest man in the Transvaal. You are

strongest man in the Transvaal. You are a fellow to be proud of, though."

"He may try," said Jeremy, laconically, stripping off his coat and waistcoat. "Will you hold these for me?"

"Hold them!" answered the young fellow, who was a good sort; "ay, that I will, and I would give half I have to see you lick him. Dodge him; don't let him strike you or he will kill you. I saw him tun an ox once with a blow of his fist."

Jeremy smiled.

Jeremy smiled.
"Stop," he said. "Ask that coward if I best him, if he will let off that miserable beggar?" and he pointed to the tremblin Hottentot.

The question was put and the great man answered "Yah, yah!" ironically, and then expressed his intention of knocking Jeremy into small pieces in the course of the next two minutes.

Then they faced one another. The giant was a trifle over six foot seven high: Jeremy was a trifle under six foot two and a half, and looked short beside him. But one or two critical observers, looking at the latter now that he was stripped for the encounter, shrewdly guessed that the Dutchman would have his work cut out. Jeremy did not, it is true, scale more than fourteen stone six, but his proportions were perfect. The great deep chest, the brawny arms, not very large, but a mass of muscle the short strong neck, the quick eye and massive leg, all bespoke the strength of a oung Hercules. It was evident too that though he was so young, and not yet come to his full power, he was in the most perfect training. The Boer, on the other hand, was enormous, but his flesh was somewhat soft. Still, knowing his feats, the Englishmen present sighed for their champion, feeling that he had no chance.

For a moment they stood facing each other, then Jeremy made a feint, and, get-ting in, planted a heavy blow with his left hand on his adversary's chest. But he was to pay for it, for next second the Dutchman got in his right hand, and Jeremy was lifted clean off his feet, and sent flying backward mong the crowd.

The Boers cheered, the giant smiled and the Englishmen looked sad. They knew how it would be.

But Jeremy picked himself up little the worse. The stroke had struck the muscles of his chest, and had not hurt him greatly. As he advanced the gradually-increasing crowd of Englishmen cheered him warmly, and he swore in his heart that he would justify those cheers or die for it. was at this juncture that Ernest and

Mr. Alston came up.
"Good heavens!" exclaimed the former. it is Jeremy.

Mr. Alston took in the situation at

"Don't let him see you, you will put him off," he said. "Get behind me." Ernest obeyed, overwhelmed. Mr. Alston hook his head. He recognized that Jeremy nad a poor chance, but he did not say so to

Meanwhile Jeremy came up and faced the Dutchman. Encouraged by his late success, presently his advers ry struck a tremendous blow at him. Jeremy dodged, and next instant succeeded in landing such a fearful right and left full on the giant's face that the latter went recling

A yell of frantic excitement arose from the English portion of the crowd. This was indeed a David.

The Dutchman soon recovered, and in his turn, rendered more cautious, kept out of Jeremy's reach, trying to strike him down from a distance. For a round or two no important blow was struck, till at last a brilliant idea took possession of the young fellow who had charge of Jeremy's

"Hit him about the body," he whispered; "he's soft."

Jeremy took the advice, and next round ucceeded in getting in two or three blows straight from the shoulder, and every one of them bruised the huge body sadly, and nade it rather short of wind.

Next round he repeated the same tactics receiving himself a stroke on the shoulder that for a moment rendered his left arm helpless. Before another second was over nowever, he had his revenge, and the blood

was pouring from his adversary's lips.

And now did the popular excitement on both sides grow intense, for to the interest attaching to the encounter was added that of national feeling, which was then at a or national feeling, which was then at a high state of tension. Englishmen, Dutch-men, and a mob of Kafirs yelled and shouted, and each of the former two felt that the honor of his people was on the

that the honor of his people was on the issue. And yet it was an unequal fight.
"I believe that your friend will be a match for Van Zyl," said Mr. Alston, coolly, but the flash of his eye belied his coolness; "and I tell you what, he's a devilish fine fellow too."

At that moment, however, an untoward the same of the

thing happened. The giant struck out his strongest, and Jeremy could not succeed in entirely warding off the blow, though he habe it force. Carefully through his broke its force. Crashing through his guard, it struck him on the forehead, and for a moment he dropped senseless. His second rushed up and dashed some water over him, and in another instant he was on his legs again; but for the rest of round he contented himself with dodging his adversary's attack, at which the Dutch men cheered, thinking that his iron

strength was broken.

But presently, when for the sixth time Jeremy came up with the same quiet look of determination in his eyes, and, except that the gaping of the nostrils and the twitching of the lip showed a certain measure of distress, looking but little the worse, they turned with anxiety to examine the condition of the giant. It was not very promising. He was perspiring profusely, and his enormous chest was rising and falling irregularly. Wherever Jeremy's strokes had fallen, too, a great blue bruise had risen. It was evident that his condition was the worst of the two, but still the Boers had little doubt of the issue. It could not be that the man who had once for a bet quelled the struggles of a wild ox, holding it for the space of five minutes by the horn, could be worsted by an English lad. So they called on him to

stop playing with the boy and crush him.

Thus encouraged, the giant came on, striking out with fearful force but wildly, for he could not box. For thirty seconds or more Jeremy contented himself with avoiding the blows; then, seeing an opportunity, he planted a heavy one on his adversary's chest. This staggered him and threw him off his guard, and, taking the offensive, Jeremy dodged in right under the huge fists, and hit upward with all his power. "Thud, thud!" The sound of the blows could be heard fifty yards off. Nor were they without their effect. The giant staggered, and, amidst fearful shouts and groans, fell like an oxe struck with a poleaxe. But it was not over yet. In another moment he was on his legs again, and, spit-ting out blood and teeth, came reeling straight at Jeremy, a fearful and alarming spectacle. As he came, Jeremy again hit him in the face, but it did not stop him, and in another second the huge arms had closed round him and held him like a vice. "Not fair! no holding!" shouted the Englishmen, but the Boer held on. Indeed, he did more. Putting all his vast strength into the effort, he strained and tugged, meaning to lift Jeremy up and dash him on the ground. But lo! amid frantic Englishmen followed this blow, and a shouts from the crowd, Jeremy stood firm, moving not an inch. Whereupon the Boers

the ground.
"By George, he will throw him next said Mr. Alston to Ernest, who was shaking like a leaf with the excitement; "look! he is turning white; the grip is

choking him. And indeed Jeremy was in evil case, for his senses were fast being crushed out of him in that fearful embrace, and he was thinking with bitter sorrow that he must fail after all, for an Englishman does not like to be beat even when he has fought his best. Just then it was, when things were beginning to swim around him, that a voice he loved, and which he had been listening for this many months, rang in his ears; whether it was fancy or whether he really heard it he knew not.
"Remember 'Marsh Joe,' Jeremy and

lift him. Don't be beat. For God's sake, lift him! Now there was a trick, which I will not tell you, my reader, but which a famous Eastern counties wrestler, known as Marsh Joe, had taught to Jeremy. So well had he taught him, indeed, that at the age of 17,

Jeremy had hoisted his teacher with his Just at the moment that Jeremy heard he voice, the giant shifted his hold a little preparatory to making a fresh effort, and thus enabled his antagonist to fill his lungs with air. Ernest saw the broad white chest heave with relief (for by this time most of the upper clothing of the combatants had been wrenched away), and the darkening eye grow bright again, and he knew that Jeremy had heard him, and that he would

conquer or die where he was.

And then, lo and behold! Just as the And then, to and bendut years as the Boer, leisurely enough—feeling that he was master of the situation—prepared himself for the final struggle, suddenly the Englishman advanced his right leg a few inches, and with the rapidity of lightning entirely shifted his grip; and then he gathered himself for the effort. What mighty reserve of strength he drew on, who can say? but Ernest's voice had excited it, and it came at his call; and he did a thing that few living men could have done, and the fame whereof will go down in South Africa from generation to generation. For the lithe arms tightened and gripped till they sunk in almost level with the flesh of his mighty foe, and then slowly he began to gather purchase swaying backward and

"Make an end of him! Make an end of him!" shouted the Boers; but behold! their champion's eyes are starting from his plackened face: he cannot stir.

To and fro sways Jeremy, and now the giant's feet are lifted from the ground. And then one mighty effort—O gallant Jeremy! up, still up above the gasping of gallant the wonder stricken crowd, up to his shoulder—by Heaven, over it! Crash! Van Zyl fell, to be carried away

by six strong men, a cripple for life.

CHAPTER XXV. ERNEST'S LOVE-LETTER.

Cheer after cheer arose from the English men around, and angry curses from the Dutchmen, as Jeremy turned to look at the senseless carcass of the giant. But, even as he turned, exhausted Nature gave out, and he fell fainting into Ernest's arms. Then did selected individuals of his

fellow-countrymen come forward and bear nim reverently to a restaurant called the "European," where the proprietor—him-self an old Eton fellow—met him, and washed and clothed and restored him, and vowed with tears in his eyes that he Jeremy, should live at his expense for as long as he liked—ay, even if he chose to drink nothing meaner than champagne all day long; for thus it is that Englishmen greet one who ministers to that deepest rooted of all their feelings—national pride. And then, when at length he had been brought-to, and refreshed with a tumblerfull of dry Monopole, and wonderingly shaken Ernest by the hand, the enthusiasm of the crowd outside burst its bounds, and poured into the restaurant, and, seizing Jeremy and the chair whereon he sat, they bore him in triumph round the market square to the tune of "God Save the Queen," a proceeding that would have ended in provoking a riot had not an aidede-camp from His Excellency the Special Commissioner, who sent a message begging that they would desist, succeeded in per-suading them to return to the restaurant. And here they all dined, and forced Jeremy to drink a great deal more dry Monopole than was good for him, with the result that for the first and last time in his life he was persuaded into making an after-dinner speech. As far as it was reported it ran

something like this:

"Dear friends (cheers) and Englishmen" (renewed cheers) pause—" all making great fuss about nothing (cheers, and shouts of 'No, no!'). Fight the Dutchman again to-morrow—very big, but soft as putty—anybody fight him (frantic cheering). Glad I wasn't thrashed, as you all seem so Pleased. Don't know why you are pleased; spose you didn't like the Dutchman. Fraid he hurt himself over my shoulder. Wonder what he did it for? Sit down, now. Dear friends, dear old Ernest, been looking for you for long while," and he turned his glassy eye on to Ernest, who cheered frantically, under the impression that Jeremy had just said something very much to the point. "Sit down, now (' No, no; go on'). Can't go on, quite pumped—very thirsty, too ('Give him some more champagne; open a fresh case'). Wish Eva and Doll were here, don't you, (loud cheers)?

Gemman (cheers), no, not gemman, friends (louder cheers)—no, not gemman, friends—English brothers (yet louder cheers), I give you a toast. Eva and Doll, you all know'em and love'em, or if you don't you would, you see; if you did, you know."
Frantic outburst of cheering, during which Jeremy tries to resume his seat, but grace-fully drops on to the floor, and begins singing "Auld Lang Syne" under the table, whereupon the whole company rises, and, with the exception of Ernest and a jovial member of the Special Commissioner's staff, who get upon the table to lead the chorus, join hands and sing that beautiful old song with all the solemnity of intoxication, after which they drink more cham pagne and jointly and severally swear eternal friendship, especially Ernest and the member of His Excellency's staff, who shake hands and bless each other, till the warmth of their emotions proves too much for them, and they weep in chorus there

upon the table.

For the rest, Ernest had some vague recollections of helping to drive his newlyfound friend home in a wheelbarrow that would persist in upsetting in every sluice or ditch, especially if it had running water in it; and that was about all he did

remember. In the morning he woke up, or rather first became conscious of pain in his head, in a little double-bedded room attached to the hotel. On the pillow of the bed opposite

to him lay Jeremy's battered face.

For awhile Ernest could make nothing of all this. Why was Jeremy there? Where were they? Everything turned round and seemed phantasmagorial; the only real, substantial thing was that awful pain in the head. But presently things began to come back to him, and the sight of Jeremy's bruised face recalled the fight, and the fight recalled the dinner, and the dinner brought back a vague recollection of Jeremy's speech and of something he had said about Eva. What could it have been Ah, Eva! Perhaps Jeremy knew something about her; perhaps he had brought the letter that had been so long in coming. Oh how his heart went out toward her! But how came Jeremy there in bed before him kow came he to be in South Africa at all At that moment his reflections were interrupted by the entry of Mazooku, bearing the coffee which it is the national habit in South Africa to drink early in the

table in South Africa to drink early in the stated in the stated in the stated in the state of t morning.

madman was who dared to stand against su ceeded in lifting him a few inches from curiously out of place carrying aups of the ground. saluted him with the customary "Koos," lifting one of the cups of coffee to give emphasis to the word, and nearly upsetting

it in the effort.
"Mazooku," said Ernest, severely, "how

did we get here?" The substance of the retainer's explana tion was as follows: When the moon was getting low, vanishing, indeed, behind the "horned house" yonder (the Dutch Church with pinnacles on it), it occurred to him, waiting on the verandah, that his master must be weary; and as most had departed from the "dance" in the "tin house restaurant), evidently made happy by the 'twala" (drink), he entered into the tin house to look for him, and found him over come by sleep under the table, lying next to Lion - who - threw - oxen-over-his shoulder" (i.e. Jeremy), so overcome by sleep, indeed, that it was quite impossible to conduct him to the waggon. This being so, he (Mazooku) considered what was his duty under the circumstances, and came to the accurate conclusion that the best thing to do was to put them into the white man's bed, since he knew that his master did not love the floor to lie on. Accordingly, having discovered that this was a room of beds, he and another Zulu entered, but were per-plexed to find the beds already occupied by two white men, who had lain down to rest with their clothes on. But, under all these circumstances, he and the other Zulu, con sidering that their first thought should be oward their own master, had taken the liberty of lifting up the two white men, who were slumbering profoundly after the "dance," by the head and by the heels, and by the heels, nd putting them out in the sweet cool air of the night. Having thus "made a place," they then conveyed first Ernest, and having removed his clothes, put him into one bed, and next, in consideration of his undoubted greatness, they ventured to take the "Lion-who, etc.," himself and put him in the other. He was a very great man the "Lion," and his art of throwing greater men over his shoulder could only be attributed to witchcraft. He, himsel (Mazooku), had tried it on that morning with a Basutu, with whom he had a sligh difference of opinion, but the result had no been all that could be desired, inasmuch at the Basutu had kicked him in the stomach

and forced him to drop him.

Ernest laughed as heartily as his headache would allow at this story, and in doing so woke up Jeremy, who at once clasped his hands to his head and looked round, whereupon Mazooku, having saluted the awakened "Lion" with much fervor, and spilled a considerable quantity of hot coffe over him in doing so, took his departure abashed, and at length the two friends were the glory of their undress uniform into the middle of the little room, and, after the manner of Englishmen shook hands and called each other "old fellow." They then went back to bed and began to converse.

" I say, old fellow, what on earth brought ou out here ?" "Well, you see, I came out to look you You did not write any letters, and they began to get anxious about you at home, so I packed up my duds and started Your uncle stands unlimited tin, so I am travelling like a prince in a waggon of my own. I heard of you down in Maritzburg, and guessed that I had best make for Pretoria, and here I am and there you are, and I am terribly glad to see you again, old chap. By Jove, what a head I have ! But, I say, why didn't you write? Doll half broke her heart about it, and so did your uncle, only he would not say so."

"I did write. I wrote from Sikukini's country, but I suppose the letter did not fetch," answered Ernest, feeling very guilty. "The fact is, old fellow, I had not the heart to write much, I have been so confoundedly down on my luck ever Ince

(To be continued.)

Little Paragraphs About the Holiday Sea son--Poetry and Pastery.

The Christmas feast beyond all question Would test an ostrich's digestion. Buy wooden toys for your children When they are broken next week they won't

be entirely useless. They can at least be used as firewood. Christmas comes but once a year, and it Christmas comes but once a year, and it is very lucky for the man with a large family that he has fifty-two weeks to catch flint to be taken out of their muskets and

up before the next one arrives.

Young men who have pawned their overcoats to make a raise for Christmas wil take notice that the new Eastern weather prophet declares that "it will be very cold in January."

Now Christmas comes with much good cheer: With some 'twill be a day of beer; Next day, with heads both dull and sore, They'll swear that Christmas was a bore.

The laziest boy on record is one who wouldn't hang up his stocking on Christmas. His mother had to hang it up for him and make the present also. She will always have that boy to support.

Girls, if you want to discover your futur husband, place the wish bone of the turke above the door. If you have no turkey ar old buckle will do just as well. Grab the irst man who enters and jump heavily or his toes. If he swears, you haven't hold of the right man.

The sweetest day in all the year Is Christmas day, so jolly, When loved ones come from far and near To dance beneath the holly. Are you mad at your neighbor? Well don't kill his chickens nor stone his cat because that's silly and childish. Just make his boy a Christmas present of an accordeon and you have heaped coals of firon his head which will soothe and singe his devoted scalp till the last inharmonious discord has been yanked out of the old

machine. The Little Boy's Gift. I have a true story which is well worth the telling. Last Sunday a young clergy-man from a young congregation preached by exchange, to a congregation which is one of the serene, old-fashioned, undisturbed sort, where the rising generation's undoubted human nature is allowed for in a quiet and sensible way. The visiting clergyman remained to the Sunday School, and after the exercises were about half finished he rose to make a little speech. "I know that you are an enterprising Sunday School," he said, "because I see you have so many new books. I know that you are a happy Sunday School because I see so many smiling faces around me. And I know that you are a generous Sunday School, because that little boy over there by the long pew door offered me a pea-nut as I came in." The attention of the nut as I came in." The attention of the assembly was instantly directed to the little boy, who began to snicker uncontrolably to himself. "Well, what's the matter, my little man?" asked the clergyman. "You're not sorry you offered me the peanut are you?" "Did you th-think that was a peanut I gave you?" asked the little boy, still snickering violently. "Why, yes; wasn't it?" "No-o-o!'twas only a hell!"—Boston Post.

A Pure Woman's Worth. Dr. Elizabeth H. Bradley, of London, a ader in the social movement, who lately addressed a Chicago audience under the auspices of the W.C. T. U., says to mothers: "Don't let your daughter marry a man to save him." This is not Christian sentimentality, it is better—it is Christian expediency. A pure woman is worth a legion of corrupted men."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

to publish any military news that would be of use abroad. It is stated that the Russian reserves

The French press has been warned not

Reminiscences of the Battle in 1813.

STONEY CREEK. SIR,-If you will favor me with the use of your valuable paper for a few reminiscence of one of the veterans of the war of 1812 and 1813, who took an active part in the battle of Stoney Creek, I will be grateful to you. I have read with interest the war stories i your paper of your correspondent Hans B. B. E. He has told you and your many readers how the British got possession of the American countersign on the eve of the battle of Stoney Creek, the 5th of June 1813; how Isaac Corman got it from one of the American officers while he was a prisoner in charge of the Americans; how on his way home after his release from imprisonment he met the gallant young scout. William Green, to whom Mr. Corman communicated the American countersign Let us now follow this gallant young hero who had not yet reached his 18th year of age, as he dashes away with the fleetness of an Indian through the woods to his home at Stoney Creek, where he procures a horse, mounts it, and rides with all possible haste to General Vincent's headquarters at Burlington Heights. General Vincent's position on Burlington Heights was a most critical one. York on one side was a most critical one. York on one side and Fort George on the other had both fallen; his ammunition, which he was obliged to abandon or destroy before evacuating Fort George, was now reduced to ninety rounds of ball cartridge for each man, and were he forced to continue his retreat, unless the British continue his retreat, unless the British fleet, under Sir James Yeo, could reach the anchorage near the Brant House, four miles from his position and carry off his small force, he would have to continue it by way of York (Toronto), thence to Kings ton over 200 miles of hard country roads -not such roads as we have at the present The reader will remember that York was then at the mercy of the American fleet. Vincent's position, as we said before was a most critical one, having a comparatively powerful army in full pursuit, seven miles distant (at Stoney Creek), following closely on his tracks, he had to choose between making a most desperate stand there or to abandon his post with all its stores, etc., and continue his retreat to Kingston. Such of our readers as have travelled over the line of Vincent's retreat from Fort George to Burlington Heights will remember and call to mind that narrow neck of land between the Barton Heights and the head waters of Burlington Bay, on which the British force stood that Saturday night, the 5th of June, 1813. There were many young Canadians serving in that little British force—plucky boys whose names will ever live, cherished a "household words" in many a Canadian home. Some of them afterwards rose high at the Bar, on the Bench, in the legislativ halls, or as colonels of the Upper militia. We may here note that at "Queenston Heights Annual Dinner," over thirty years ago, Sir Allan MacNab gave as a toast, "The Fighting Judges of Upper Canada." There were at that time five of those judges still living who had served through the whole war. The young Canadian reader may thus form his estimate of the men who stood in the ranks of our Niagara frontier army in 1812-13, doing battle for their king and country. We will now return to that evernemorable day, Saturday, the 5th of June 1813. The advance guard, or rather rear guard, of the British that afternoon was stationed two miles in rear of the entrenched camp, near the present Court House and square in the city of Hamilton. Hamilton was then nowher Hamilton was then nowhere—not even a village. On that spot, half an hour before midnight, the attacking party of 704 men was formed and took up its line of march on Stoney Creek, under Colonel Harvey. During the day—Saturday, the 5th of June, 1813—Colonel Harvey (afterwards Sir John Harvey, Governor of New Brunswick.) had acqueinted futnessly with the American position. Some say that he the American position. Some say that he had visited their camp at Stoney Creek during the day disguised as a farmer on his way to his work. Be this as it may, Harvey made himself thoroughly acquainted with the American position, and, having got possession of the American counterpossession of the American counter-sign from the heroic young William Green he proposed a night attack, which General Vincent approved of. Let us now follow this brave little army, with their 704 unloaded muskets and flintless locks, on their

not to even whisper, so as to prevent the possibility of an accidental alarm. Every man, however, had his well filled cartouche box, containing sixty rounds of ball cartridge, and his trusty bayonet by his side. The fate of Upper Canada depended upon the success or failure of this night surprise. Silently they moved, not a whisper was heard; there was silence deep as death in the ranks during that midnight march of seven miles. On and on they tread through that dense forest in the solemn hours of the night. So silently did they move that not a sound was heard, not a sound to quell the dreadful silence that prevailed, save now and then the cracking of a stray dry branch under foot, an occa-sional splash of some unfortunate fellow who makes a misstep into some mud hole the howl of the wolf or the hoot of the night owl, or a whispered word of command. Have you ever, reader, walked at night along a country road of Upper Canada in the old time, the road often times only a narrow trail and so dark that you could no see your hand before you, with great towering trees of oak, elm, walnut, pine, etc., over-hanging, adding to the darkness? If you have you can picture the road over which this forlorn hope had to travel. Thence, emerging from the thick darkness of their midnight tramp, they had to face an enemy's camp having six to one to greet their early, unexpected Sunday morning visit. "Hush," said Harvey to a young man, the late Judge Jarvis, "Hush, we are on them!" In an instant the bayonets of two of the leading men pierced the first sentry—the second shared a like fate. One of them was standing leaning against a large oak tree, quietly sleeping with his arms folded around his musket. William Green, the scout, who was in the advance close by Harvey in the beginning of the battle, related to me that with his sword he silenced one sentry at Lewis' Lane, who was in the act of bayoneting him. The fourth escaped, discharging his gun and alarming the camp. "Bayonets to the front" were the words passed quietly and quickly through the ranks, and our leading files were soon in front of and our leading files were soon in front of the camp fires, bayoneting many of the sleeping enemy. A detachment of the small army, under Harvey, who was guided to the chapel door, or as it is better known as \(\begin{array}{ccc} \text{the old Methodist meeting house,} \end{array} \) by the young scout William Green. I have already stated that the fourth sentry, who was standing near the door of the church was standing near the door of the church, raised the alarm by discharging his musket, but the poor fellow had to pay the penalty for that act by having a bayonet thrust through his body, who, as the scout related, had only time to say, "O, Lord God!" and threw up his hands and fell backwards dead. The coast being clear they surrounded the church, and captured thirty Americans, who were bivouacked in the church fast asleep. The main body at "the double" pressed on into the valley under a cloud of fire bursting from an unseen enemy. The men then prepared to adjust their flints. It was first, "handle cartridge, prime, load draw ramrods, ram down cartridge, return ramrods (all this had to be done with the old musket), then ready—fire!" Volley after volley followed, but with little execution, as they fired into the darkness, not see ing the enemy. During this operation

were on low ground and the level fire of the enemy passed over them. Harvey ordered two companies of the gallant 49th Regiment to the right to attack, or rather to throw into confusion, the left and centre of the enemy. Those flank movements of the 49th threw the enemy into terrible confusion. Three of their guns posted in the centre on the main road were captured: scarcely a gunner escaped. The late Col. Fraser, of Perth, Ont., then serving as a sergeant in the 49th, having twelve men with him, was one of the first among the guns, bayoneting seven of the gunners with his own hands. He was present at the capture of the two American Generals Chandler and Winder, near the guns. young Canadian militic being so familiar vith the Indians that they could imitate their warwhoop to perfection, they knew that the Americans dreaded the Indians more than the whites. There was fearful confusion in the American camp. Being ignorant of the strength of the attacking party, they fell back in great disorder. Hundreds of them scrambled to the heights on their left. Colonel Burns, on whom the command of the Americans now levolved, was among the first to mount his horse and start eastward with his 250 brave cavalry, reaching the Forty-mile Creek in a few hours, on their way to For George. It is not our intention to par-ticularize or chronicle the many daring feats and hand-to-hand encounters during the darkness of that ever-memorable Sun day morning, the 6th of June, 1813. Suffice it to say that Harvey's surprise was most successful and complete, causing th breaking up of the American camp and their subsequent retreat. Sunday morning before break of day the now scattered parties of this forlorn hope fell back, return by the road over which they had advanced. They had suf-ferred fearfully. They were not now the "seven hundred and four" of the previous night! Over one hundred and fifty of them, between killed, wounded and missing, did not answer the roll call that morning Let us take a peep at the shattered rem-nant of this forlorn hope as they muster and reform for their return march to Burlington Heighis. They are gathering and coming in from all parts of the field, some in small squads, some in twos, some in threes, others singly, some bearing and carrying off wounded comrades. Over one hundred and fifty of them are missing; but they have swelling their ranks two American Generals. Chandler and Winder: seven officers and one hundred and sixteen men, prisoners, with their guns as trophies of war—gracing their blood-stained bayonets, thus rendering Stoney Creek the most gallant affair for the British arms during war of 1812. There was only one mistake made that night—a fatal one—that of our men placing themselves in front of the camp fires as living targets for the bullets of the unerring American rifle This ends our sketch of the battle of Stoney Greek.

And now as nearly all of those gallant men who fought and bled to maintain our rights and liberties as well as theirs have passed away, the best thing we of the present can do to commemorate that victory

will be to erect a suitable monument on that old battle-field near Stoney Creek. John W. Green, Stoney Creek.

A Lonely Christmas.

(Detroit Free Press.)

There was a pair of stockings to hang up at our house last Christmas, a pair of stockings with a hole worn in one little foot and the heel worn thin in the other. This year there are none to hang up. Last year we haunted toy stores and confectioners for the newest and nicest things for our boy. This year we passed the gay windows with bowed heads and aching

nearts. I see tears in my wife's eyes as we pass some happy mother with a blue or white mittened little hand held tightly in white initial title hand held tightly in her own, while the merry little lad by her side looks laughingly up in her face.

I cannot keep my own lips from trembling, or my tear-dimmed eyes from gazing wistfully at that dear little fellow with the plue eyes and golden curls, perched high on his father's shoulder so that he can over the heads of the crowd standing in front of the gay toy store. I held my own boy so last year. He walked these same gay streets with his little hand held in his

mother's.

He rode home on my lap in the horse cars that day before Christmas. He climbed up and put his arms around my neck to whisper to me a wonderful " seekit." This

whisper always was: I lub you, papa. And after we had coaxed him into his night clothes that night, and after we had heard his little prayers with the final "God bless papa and mamma," we put him to bed and filled the two little blue stockto bed and filled the two little blue stockings so full and piled high the chair on which they hung. We could hardly sleep for thinking of what he would do and say when the Christmas morning came.

This year we rode home alone in the car. We sat silently in our little parlor. My wife tried to read a new copy of her favorite magazine, but I could see that her eyes were closed behind its pages.

I said I would go out on the porch and make a put were the process of the process of

moke. But my cigar was not lighted in the whole hour I remained without They were having a Christmas tree for my neighbor's little boy in the house across the street. I could see the tree with the pretty boy dancing around it. I knew and felt that he was safe in th arms of One who carries the young lambs

was around him, a love that could forever shield him from all trials and sorrows; but I could not help crying out:

"My baby, my boy, I want you myself."
The curtain of our parlor was up a few inches, and I could see my wife on her knees, and what did she have in her hands.

in His bosom, that greater love than mine

kissing them again and again, with sobs and tears? The little stockings we hung up last Christmas eve. Perhaps we will, as the neighbors say outgrow it" by and bye, or "get used oit;" but this is the first Christmas we to it ; have had to live through since the baby

My wife carries this little verse in her pocket-book: We shall roam on the banks of the River of

Peace, And dwell on its crystal tide, And one of the joys of our Heaven will be The little boy that died. A Key to His Habits.

Mr. Winks-I wish, Mrs. Winks, you would read this article on the duties of Mrs. Winks—I haven't time now. What does it say?
"Well, it says, for one thing, that it is the duty of a wife to cultivate assimilation and, so far as possible, have the same tastes

as her husband.' "I never thought of that." "I suppose not."
"No, but if you'll bring a bottle of whis-

key home with you, I'll try.' A Sure Sign of Age.

"Why, my dear, what's the matter?" kindly asked a lady of her friend. "Oh, I feel I'm beginning to look quite old," was the mournful reply. " Nonsense! Whatever put such an iLea nto your head!"

"Because," was the reply, "I notice that whenever I cross Broadway the policemen never take my arm as they used to do."—

Equal to the Emergency. An irate female seeks admittance to the editor's sanctum. "But I tell you, madam," protests the attendant; "that the editor is too ill to

DROWNING HIS CHILDREN.

Dreadful Story Told by Mr. James Heekin. They tell a good story on James H.

A friend met him one day at the Little Miami Railroad, just as he was returning from his suburban home in Linwood.

"Where've you been?" was the natural inquiry.
"Been out home drowning four of my children.'

"What !—" in a half shriek. "Been out home drowning four of my

children.' " For heaven's sake explain what you

mean.' "Well, it is just this. Yesterday I sent up to Levi Goodale at Bradstreet's to get the commercial standing of a New York merchant. This morning I got the report. It said that the man was honest, his business was flourishing, and that his credit was Al. However, it wound up with the suggestive remark, 'But he has a large family of children.' I thought that family of children.' I thought that over, and saw that the inference was that the large family of children was draining his pocket-book, and that it might be held up against him. Now, I have about ten children myself, and as I didn't want my business standing questioned I at once went home and drowned four of them.

Mr. Heekin, it may be remarked, is still at large. - Cincinnati Times-Star.

A New Train Game.

A drummer fresh from a southern trip sat in a Boston liquor dispensary the other day and said: "Boys, I've struck a new game since I saw you last, and it is going to be popular sure enough. Cards are all right in a smoking car with the boys, and what a fellow wants is something that will keep his mind off from the fatigue of travelling, and at the same time give him some amusement. Well, when we left Atlanta I ran up against another drummer who knew all about this new game, and we hadn't been at it more than an hour before the whole train, men, women and children, were playing at it. Now, the modus operandi was something like this: The game is to count 1,000 points. My friend sat on one side of the car and I on the other. A boy, dog, cow, sheep or horse counted 10 each, a man 15, a woman 20, a girl 25 and a cat 30. A red headed girl counted 100. We watched the car window until we reached Alexandria, Va. His score was 875, and I saw that in ten minutes he was likely to make the 1,000. I had 730 and I felt pretty certain that I would have to pay for that box of cigars. Well, the train drew into Alexandria and there were three red-headed girls standing on the platform, and I ran the game out on him there."

Perhaps There are Chips and-Chips.

"I used to think that men had an awfully easy time," said Mrs. Franks, ' but I've changed my mind, and hereafter m going to take all the care off Charles I possibly can. You see the other morning I told Charles we wanted some wood and to be sure and order some. Well, I waited all day, and that wood didn't come, and I was almost angry, for, said I, 'he has forgotten it, as usual.' Charles didn't come home until late, long after I had retired. He had to go to his club, and it seems he was detained until after midnight. He was awfully restless, and kept while, 'Give me another dollar's worth of chips.' So you see I knew that his mind was troubled about that wood. How much t must have worried him, to thus disturb his rest! Hereafter I'm going to attend to all house matters myself. Poor man! he has enough to bother him without doing nome errand."—Boston Transcript.

Will You Try Nerviline

For all kinds of pain? Polson's NERVILINE is the most efficient and prompt remedy in existence for neuralgia, lumbago and headache. For internal use it has no equal. Relief in five minutes may be obtained from Nerviline in any of the following complaints, viz.: Cramps in the stomach, chills, flatulent pains. Buy a 10 cent sample bottle of Nerviline at any drug store and test the great remedy. bottles 25 cents.

The Ideal Boot for Women.

The Christmas shopping is fairly under through the deep slush and snow of the streets with what patience they can muster. Women can't legislate on the cleaning of the streets, indignation is of little use, and only one thing can be done in the way of self-defence, and that is to wear rubber boots. "But rubber boots are such ungainly things," urges the prejudiced person. Granted; rubber boots are ugly, and all of womankind are waiting eagerly for the promised beautiful boot which is to fit the foot, to lace up over a rubber, and be generally good to look at, as well as good to keep the feet dry and warm. The ideal boot has not yet appeared in the market, but when it does come, if it is to come, if it be not a chimera, it will be welcomed warmly.—Boston Record.

How to Save Money.

Wherever you live you should write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and learn about work that you can do while living at your own home at a profit of at least from \$5 to \$25 end unwards daily. Some have made over \$50 in a day. All is new. Either sex. All ages. Hallet & Co. will start you. Capital not needed. All purticulars free. Send along your address at once and all of the above will be proved to you. Nothing like it ever known to workingmen.

-Despite the pride of museum "freaks" n their own peculiarities, the living skeleton looks enviously upon the fat women when it comes to a matter of hanging up he Christmas stockings.



Branch Office, 37 Yonge St., Toronto.

D C N L. 1. 87. DUNN'S BAKING POWDER talk to any one to-day.
"Never mind, you let me in. I'll do the THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND