CONVERSAZIONE.

Motto for the Week:

Dare to be true, nothing can need a lie:
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby.
—Herbert.

Longevity and Fame.

The Contributors' Club in the February Atlantic contains a curious paper on "Longevity and Fame." The writer says:

"Great as have been some men who died young, who knows how much greater they would have been had their lives been prolonged. Might not Marlowe have rivaled Shakespeare? Yet possibly Byron had already given up his best, and Shelley and Keats might not have surpassed their early efforts. Had the author of 'Festus' died at 23 there would have been lamentation as over Keats, but Mr. Bailey has lived half a century longer without producing a single poem. Tasso, though he lived twenty years after 'Jerusalem Delivered,' never equaled that epic written at 31. 'Still, there are men whose longevity has certainly stood for much. Michel Angelo showed astonishing precocity, but he owes to his 89 years his great renown as painter, sculptor and sonneteer. Voltaire's fame, again, rests on the entirety of his writings, not on any single work, and on the literary dictatorship with which age invested him. Cut off twenty years of his life, and his fame would perceptibly shrink. Goethe, Emerson, Carlyle, Longfellow, Tennyson, Hugo, Dumas all had the advantage of fullness of years, so as to be judged by bulk as well as quality. Humboldt, too, owed to his 90 years a portion of his reputation. The true comparison would obviously be between works produced at the same age, or between men dying at about the same; but it is much easier to test achievement than capacity. Perhaps the best books (in posse) have never been written, and we often feel that the men were greater than their works. Who knows, moreover, what geniuses have died in childhood?"

May His Tribe Increase.

The following remarkable advertisement appears (on one of the editorial pages) in the Boston Christian Register:

A gentleman about 40 years of age would like a situation in the community. He wishes to fill a vacant seat in some church which he may occupy every Sunday morning. He would prefer a church in which there are frequent opportunities to contribute to various good objects. Being of an active disposition, he would choose a church in which there is plenty of work to be done for his fellow-men. He would like also during the week a situation as errand boy for some charitable society. A place as visitor in the associated charities or a prison association would suit him well. He would like to visit the sick and the afflicted, if any one can tell him where they are. Being possessed of an ample fortune, he wants to know how to spend it. Societies in need of legacies, either of time or money, are invited to apply. If there is any society that needs him on its Board of Directors, especially on its Financial Committee, he would like a place as a public benefactor in which his yearly salary could be paid out of his own income. He is strong, healthy, and willing to work and can furnish the best of references as to education, character and bank account. Any church, society or community wishing man to put his life as well as his income out at interest, will please apply to Abou Ben Ahem, care of Christian Register.

Eclipses for the Year.

The eclipses announced for this year are noteworthy. On the 23rd of May the moon will rise in eclipse at 7:55. At the antipodes her face that evening will be seen wholly obscured. A total eclipse of our satellite will begin at 1035 on the 15th of November. This will be visible. There will be two solar eclipses—one annular and visible in this country as a partial eclipse on the upper limb, begining at 5:02 on the 6th of June; the other a partial eclipse on the 1st of December, which will be visible chiefly in the South Pacific. Besides these, there will be, on the 10th of May, a transit of Mercury over the sun's disc, which will be only partially visible in this part of the globe.

Moving Mountains.

[Philadelphia Inquer.]

A most curious event is said to have happened in the year 1571 in Herefordshire, Eng. On the 17th of February, which was Saturday, at 6 o'clock in the evening, the earth began to open and a hill with a rock under it, making at first a loud, bellowing noise, which was heard several miles off, lifted itself up to a great height and began to travel, bearing along with it the trees growing on it, sheepfolds, sheep and cattle that happened to be grazing on the hill at the time. It left a gap in the ground about 50 yards broad and 100 long. The size of the hill was about twenty acres at the base. Passing along, it overthrew a chapel standing in the way, removed a yew tree planted in the churchyard from the east side to the east side and with the same tree thrust before it highways, sheepfolds, hedges and trees. Tilled ground was made pasture, and pasture was turned into tilled grounds. The hill continued to move by fits and starts from the Saturday evening until noon on Monday, when it stopped, having in that time moved a distance of over a mile. A like circumstance is reported to have occurred in Dorsetshire in 1588. A field of over three acres in extent at Blackmore moved bodily a distance of some 500 yards. The trees and fences upon it were but little disturbed but it knocked down a church and sundry dwellings on another field; crossing the high road to Herne, blocking it up, and there it stayed. These curious earth-convulsions are alluded to by many writers of the period, and give rise to no end of litigation respecting property rights. In the royal archives is an exact account of these events which are described under the heading of "Prodigies of Nature."

The Relative Strength of Ice.

The fact is recorded of a gentleman having driven a tandem team across the Serpentine. The ice on the Serpentine was about nine inches or so thick. The following figures are taken from Spon's Engineers' Tables: "A thickness of two inches will allow the passage of men in single file on a line of planks placed on the ice. No other row of planks should be placed nearer than six feet. A thickness of four inches will allow the passage of cavalry, carts or light guns, with a moderate interval between each. A thickness of six inches will allow the passage of wagons drawn by horses, etc. A thickness of 10 to 12 inches will support the heaviest loads ever likely to pass over ice."

Why She Wrote It.

Some of the most stimulating hymns have been "songs of the night." The whispered slanders of gossips begot the hymn, "I Love to Steal Awhile Away," which has been the consoler of thousands of tried men and women.

Phebe Brown, its author, a wife and mother living in poverty, used to stroll away at dusk to a neighboring grove, where she could meditate and pray.

The village gossips put their own coarse construction upon these evening walks. One of them, a woman whose house adjoined the grove, said to her, with a tone and manner more irritating than the words:

"Mrs. Brown, why do you come up at evening so near our house, and then go back without coming in?"

That evening Mrs. Brown, grieved in spirit, sat in the kitchen, rocking her babe and weeping. Then she laid the infant in its cradle, and gave expression to her feelings in nine stanzas of verse, which she entitled, "My Apology for My Twilight Rambles, Addressed to a Lady."

Several years afterwards she prepared it as a hymn, suppressing four stanzas and altering a few expressions.

A Good Suggestion to Men.

Men who are critical about the appearance of their wives are sometimes painfully indifferent about their own clothes and the way they are worn. A very good suggestion as to the way clothes should be worn is made by a tailors' journal: "If a coat is not drawn up close to the neck, it bags or sets loosely in the neck; if drawn up too high at the neck, it has a tight away at the waist. If not buttoned well made to be worn so, it naturally presents an untidy appearance; and if in any way it is carelessly or indifferently put on, it fails to look like the same coat as when donned with care and brought close to the body at the neck, at the waist, at the shoulders, etc. Before putting on an overcoat, the undercoat should be first buttoned, the overcoat drawn up closely to the neck, and the undercoat pulled well down. Then sitting down the pantaloons should be drawn up to avoid bagging at the knees."

WORDS THAT BURN.

BEREAVED.

Let me come in where you sit ing—aye
Let me, who have not any chi lie,
Weep with you for the little one lost love
I have known nothi

The little arms that slowly, sl closed
Their pressure round your neck hands you used
To kiss. Such arms, such han ever knew
May I not weep wit

Fain would I be of service—say thing
Between the tears that would b orting,
But ah! so sadder than yours
Who have no child t
—[J. W. Riley. in century.

"THE REFINER OF S."

(Mal., 3.)

"FEAR NOT."

TWO "LEAFLETS" SENT BY UNKNOWN FRIEND ON CHRISTMAS DAY.

"God has burned up your dross. Be thankful that you have been found worthy of the fire of trial."—[Rev. S. Brook.

"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God (to work for good ends) to them who are the called according to His purpose."—[Heading of the Leaflets—from Romans viii., 28.

Serenely on my thorny way
From year to year, from day to
My steps are led by guiding H
From land to sea, from sea to

I know though molten heat b
Who sits to watch the liquid
When His blest image falls w
Then doth the Master's work

He will not make the flame
He will not leave the flame too
No fear have I of furnace-fire,
Since what He wills I most des

In all His words believe I must
For though He slay, in Him I t
He is my Light, my Life, my A
What could affright?—what ca

His purpose chose me in the pa
When, in the billowy fire cast,
My dazed eyes all my treasures
Burn like the stubble and the

No, not my erring will be done
The Master's work is but begun
He'll take the silver from the f
To stamp His image and His na
—[Clara Jessup Moore, in Marcott's.

VALUATION.

The old Squire said, as he stood
And his neighbor, the Deacon,
"In spite of my bank stock and
You are better off, Deacon, th

"We're both growing old, and th
ing near.
You have less of this world to
But in heaven's appraisal your as
Will reckon up greater than mi

"They say I am rich, but I'm feel
I wish I could swap with you
The pounds I have lived for and lore
For the shillings and pence you

"Well, Squire," said the Deacon
common sense,
While his eyes had a twinkle
"Let your pounds take the way
and pence,
And the thing can be easily don
—[John

TEMPERANCE NOTES.

The National Temperance
sent out a call for a National
Convention to be held at Sara
commencing July 15, 1891. This
is extended to all associations
and churches and to all
societies, each of which will
seven delegates. The call says
at the threshold of a new era in
effort. The unscrupulous
liquor interest, the bold steps
stroy the force of restrictive le
open violence to prevent citiz
ing against them, which nas
down in broad daylight those
their nefarious schemes, the
craze which has swept over the
perplexity occasioned by supre
cisions, and the heartless in
multitudes to the increase
ance, poverty and crime, as th
of the liquor traffic, compel
tion of thoughtful citizens, an
perative that something be d
stand this tide of sin. In eve
this many-sided subject, but
its moral, political and educ
ings, the drink problem is re
the first importance. The mis
of the South, and especially
condition of the colored peopl
increase of intemperance and
political demagogues, form no
the problem. On the other h
ance matters have never had
nition from all classes of soc
day. More than ever curse us
ont threatenings against us, b
pray and work for us. Lines
are more sharply drawn, and
the indifferent is being steadil
is therefore in the highest deg
that all friends of temperanc
new perils and new opportu
counsel together for a forwar
against this special agent
trinity—the world, the flesh
devil."

More and more is the convi
itself upon the minds of carn
there is but one sound and
aggressive work against the
in the legislative line, and that is on the basis of absolute prohibition. So long as the State and the people through the State give a legal recognition to the liquor traffic in the shape of license so long will there be an insuperable obstacle in the way of the emancipation of the race from the slavery of the drink habit. In the light of all past and present experiences it is vain and useless to talk of further compromises with the drink traffic. The policy of compromise has availed nothing to stay the tide of misery and woe rising from the sale of strong drink. In the face of all license laws, high and low, drunkenness and all the crimes and diseases incident to intemperance have been increasing from year to year. It is only where the policy of prohibition has prevailed that there has been any certain and appreciable diminution in the evils of intemperance. The lesson is plain and the Christian church and all Christian men will do well to heed it. It is worse than vanity to endeavor to overthrow a power so strongly entrenched and so satanic in character as the liquor traffic by nibbling at the edges of it. We must aim at its vital part. We must strike our blows at its life.

GLAD TIDINGS.

Dr. Pentecost's Work in India.

[We are permitted to copy the following paragraphs from a private letter written by Dr. Pentecost from Calcutta under date of Dec. 30, 1890, to an intimate friend in this city.]

I have been so very busy of late that I have found it hard to write even a few lines. And yet believing you are always interested to know how the work goes on I send you a little letter this week. The meetings in the opera house closed last Friday.

We have every reason to be encouraged by the results. It is said that no religious meeting was ever so well and so long sustained in this city. There have been between 50 and 60 open conversions, and we have reason to believe many more, who, for various reasons have hesitated to make declaration of their faith, principally perhaps because there are already members of some church, particularly the English State Church. Of course I am speaking of Europeans now. We have kept a daily prayer meeting going, and though not largely attended has been a power and has served as a testimony. I have been in daily communication more or less with inquirers, and have given addresses to them on their own ground.

During the last part of last week and the first three days of this one, there has been in session what is known as the National Indian Congress. It is made up entirely of native gentlemen from every part of the empire, representing every one of the many distinct people that form the heterogeneous population of this country, and also every different religion—Brahmin, Hindu, Parsi, Jain, Buddhist, Mohammedan and Christian. The object of the Congress is agitation for a voice in the Government of India. The members of it are all educated men, many of them men of great wealth and commanding influence. I attended several of their sessions and heard as many fine speeches in English as I have listened to in any assembly of America, one or two of them magnificent pieces of oratory and couched in matchless English. It is a remarkable fact that there is no language (that is no one language) which the proceedings of this Congress could be held but the English. Another astonishing feature of the Congress was that there were lady delegates present, and on last day one lady, a pure native of high caste, appeared on the platform, dressed, and delivered an address, extraneously, in purest English. This is an innovation so marked that it will do much toward shaking the foundations of the fearful and terrible zenana of India. One women are set free in India, then away to the iron fetters of caste, and the whole empire will be freed from superstition. There were about 6,000 in daily attendance upon the Congress, all of them educated gentlemen.

There were some Christian among the delegates (about 60), and they tested me of to give some addresses at the close of the Congress's daily sessions in the compound of the Bishop's college near by. I so, and we managed to get some 200 delegates to come. They were of classes as to religion and nationality. I spoke to them apologetically concerning claims of Christ upon their thoughtful attention, upon their hearts and conscience. The addresses were carefully listened and apparently well received. Thus I had a kind of Pentecost opportunity, that the Holy Ghost might have d led in power upon them! Perhaps he h so, who can tell? On Sunday I assed about 500 of them in town hall on the reasonableness of Christianity as seen in the history of Christ Jesus, in his marvelous life, and in the new moral and spiritual life which he has communicated to the world through the faith of his disciples. I believe God helped me to preach to them though the address was in the natural discussion. At the close of the address I was introduced to many of the distinguished men present. There was one gentleman about 60—a fine looking man—who evident interest in the address had attracted my attention. He lingered behind almost all the rest had gone, as if he wanted to speak to me. So I approached him and, holding out my hand, said:

"Are you a Christian, sir?"

"No," was his reply, "I am a Hindu."

"But you are not without interest in the matter evidently; I wish you were a Christian," I ventured to say.

"No, I am not a Christian. I am a Hindu and I suppose I will die a Hindu; but I am certainly interested in what you have said and in everything appertaining to the Christian religion, for," he added with emphasis, "we see that Christianity is coming to this land, and it is right that we should be intelligent about it, even if we do not embrace it." Then he went on to say:

"I would be very glad to see you in other part of the country, and if you will come, I will undertake to gather the leaders of the Hindu community together to hear what you have to say to us about Christ."

The time is here, if it ever was, when it is needful to send the very best men we have, if we send at all to these rapidly awakening people; to these already well-educated men who are being impressed with the fact that Christianity is coming to this land, though they have not yet grasped the fact that it has come. My own judgment is that the native religious leaders are vastly more impressed with the fact of Christianity, and of its having come to India, than we ourselves are enthusiastic in our hopes of its sure progress. With 5,000,000 to 7,000,000 educated and English-speaking natives in the land already and the number rapidly increasing every year, I would suggest that many of our ablest and best men come out to India on a year's leave, if nothing more, and spend a week or two in the different great centers of population and preach Christ or deliver a series of historical and apologetical lectures, such as Peter and Stephen delivered to the Jews. What greater service could some of our great churches do than to send their pastors for a year to India and let them go through the land preaching and testifying the Gospel and then go home and tell our people what they have seen and heard. What an awakening there would be among the churches! It only needs a great onward movement to carry India for Christ, I am sure.

I am to begin a series of daily meetings with the Bengali students of the various colleges in Calcutta next week. I hope to speak to them daily for two or three weeks. Such a continuous meeting has never been held with them, and I have great hopes that some substantial result will come out of it.—[New York Independent.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

LETTER BOX.

[Under this heading we will insert letters on any subject from boys and girls. The letters must be brief and written on one side of the paper. The name and address must be given, to appear with the letter. Address: "AUNT PRUDENCE, ADVERTISER Office, London, Ont."]

EDEN, Feb. 2, 1891.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

I am a little girl 7 years old. I go to school when the roads are good. My papa has taken the ADVERTISER fifteen years and he thinks it is a splendid paper. If you put this in the ADVERTISER I will write again. Good-bye. Your loving niece,

NELLIE M. GRAY.

[Well, you HAVE given your home a queer name. How did you ever come to think of it?—AUNT PRUDENCE.]

SILVER HILL, Jan. 26.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

I read your letters in the ADVERTISER, so I thought that I would write one. I am 14 years old, I go to school winters, but not much in summer for I have to help my pa on the farm. I study at school arithmetic, grammar, reading, geography, history, writing, drawing, literature and composition. Our teacher's name is Miss Jamison: it is her first year teaching; we like her; she is kind to us. We have had a warm time ever election here. Mr. Charlton is a Reformer, and was elected in South Norfolk. I am afraid I am taking up too much time. Hoping to see my letter in print, I remain your nephew.

CHARLEY BENNET.

[I am very glad to have you for one of my wide-spread family. School is closed the greater part of the summer anyway, is it not?—AUNT PRUDENCE.]

GRANDIN, Jan. 21, 1891.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

I have three sisters and one brother. I go to school every day. I am a girl 14 years old. I am in the Fourth reader. We have our grandma and grandpa with us. Pa takes the ADVERTISER, and we like it better than any other paper. Pa plays in the band. My youngest sister is 3 years old; my brother is 11 years old, and my other sisters are aged 9 and 6 years old. This is all to-day. From your loving niece,

JEAN ANDERSON.

[How nice for you to have your grandparents living with you. What sort of an instrument does your father play in the band?—AUNT PRUDENCE.]

THAMESVILL, Ont., Jan. 21.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

I am a little girl 12 years old, and go to school every day, and I study reading, arithmetic, writing, grammar, geography and spelling. I have one brother and two sisters. I have a pet cat; we call her Winnie. I have a doll, I call her Lucy. We live on a farm. My papa has taken the ADVERTISER for three years and likes it very well. Please put this in the ADVERTISER. Your loving niece

MARY HANLEY.

[You don't live very far from London. Have you ever been in this pretty little city?—AUNT PRUDENCE.]

BRYANSTON, February, 1891.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

I thought I would like to write to you. I'm a little girl, 9 years old. I live with my grandpa. He has taken the ADVERTISER for fifteen years; he likes it very much. I have one sister, 7 years old, and one brother, 10 years old. I go to school and study grammar, reading, geography, arithmetic, spelling and writing. I take lessons on the piano, but I do not care much for it. Your loving neice.

ALICE DOWNHAM.

[Study as hard as you can for awhile at music, and you will soon get over the drudgery. Then won't it be nice when you can give people pleasure by your playing?—AUNT PRUDENCE.]

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

I have just been reading the letters in the ADVERTISER from the little boys and girls, and I thought that I would like to become your nephew too. I am only 10 years old. I go to school: I am in the Third book. I study arithmetic, geography, hygiene, composition, drawing, literature and grammar. I like skating very much, but there has not been much ice to skate on this winter, but we may have plenty yet before spring. I hope so. We take a good many papers, but I like the ADVERTISER best. We have taken it ever since I can remember. From your little nephew,

CYRILLE G. MUNRO.

[Yes, I hope there will be more skating before spring, but I am afraid not, though. Our winters in Ontario have been acting very strangely for the last two or three years.—AUNT PRUDENCE.]

ARVA, Feb. 12.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

Having seen so many letters in the ADVERTISER, I thought I would write to you. I am in the fourth class, and am 12 years of age. I go to school every day and expect to try the next entrance examination in July. There is a toboggan slide near our school and we spend our noon hour tobogganing. We have a concert every Friday afternoon and have a very good programme. I will close, hoping to see this in next week's ADVERTISER. I remain your affectionate niece, MABEL ANDERSON.

[If you could have seen the big pile of letters on my desk before yours came, Mabel, you would not have been surprised that it has not come out till this week.—AUNT PRUDENCE.]

PANELY, Feb. 7, 1891.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

I think you would be tired reading so many letters, but as you read all the rest, I hope you will be so good as to read mine. I am 15 years old, and that is a little older than most of your nieces, I think. I have been thinking this long time how much I would like to write a novel, and not long ago I started it. I am trying to write it as well and as unlike other stories I have read as possible. I think I will write to the editor of the ADVERTISER, and see if he will buy it. When you are answering my letter please tell me his address. I do hope he will take it for I have been thinking about it the last two years, and have set my heart on it, and will be very much discouraged if he will not. If he could put it in the ADVERTISER for the continued story or he might print a number of books of it. Well, am afraid I am making my letter too long, but I hope it will appear in the paper. We have taken the ADVERTISER a long while, and I am going to try to get some new subscribers soon. Your loving niece,

CORAL SUNDERLAND.

[If the editor should buy your story, of which I am not at all sure, what kind of binding would you like for your books, nothing less than green plush, I am sure!—AUNT PRUDENCE.]

"A Pretty Kettle of fish?" No. A kettle of hot water; a cake of "Surprise" Soap; a quantity of cold water, either hard or soft; a little rubbing, and—presto. Your wash is done; sweat, clean, white—laces, cottons, linens, flannels—all well washed without injuring and quickly, too. The dirt comes out and is not rubbed in. This is the "Surprise" way. You can use any other way if you wish. "Surprise" is a great father with remarkable cleaning powers. READ the directions on the wrapper.

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urest of the Pure,
inest of the Fine,
heapest—the Best.

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