

THE FAMILY.

OLD WINTER IS COMING.

Old Winter is coming again—alack!

How icy and cold is he!

He cares not a pin for a shivering back—
He's a saucy old chap to white and black;
He whistles his chills with a wonderful knack,
For he comes from a cold countree.

A witty old fellow this Winter is,

A mighty old fellow for glee!

He cracks his jokes on the pretty sweet Miss,
The wrinkled old maiden, unfit to kiss,
And freezes the dow of their lips: for this
Is the way with old fellows like he!

Old Winter's a frolicsome blade I wot—

He is wild in his humor and free!

He'll whistle along for "the want of a thought,"
And set all the warmth of our furs at naught,
And ruffle the faces by pretty girls bought—
A frolicsome fellow is he!

Old Winter is blowing his gusts along,

And merrily shaking the tree!

From morning 'till night he will sing his song,
Now moaning, and short, now howling, and
long,

His voice is loud, for his lungs are strong—

A merry old fellow is he!

Old Winter's a tough old fellow for blows,

As tough as ever you see!

He will trip up our trotters, and rend our
clothes,

And stiffen our limbs from our fingers to toes—

He minds not the cries of his friends or his
foes—

A tough old fellow is he!

A cunning old fellow is Winter, they say,

A cunning old fellow is he!

He peeps in the crevices day by day,

To see how we're passing our time away,
And marks all our doings from grave to gay;
I'm afraid he is peeping at me!

—HUGH MOORE.

MALIBRAN AND LITTLE PIERRE.

In an humble room in one of the poorest streets of London, Pierre, a faithful French boy, sat humming by the bedside of his sick mother. There was no bread in the closet, and for the whole day he had not tasted food. Yet he sat humming to keep up his spirits. Still at times he thought of his loneliness and hunger, and he could scarcely keep the tears from his eyes; for he knew that nothing would be so grateful to his poor mother as a good, sweet orange, and yet he had not a penny in the world.

The little song he was singing was his own—one he had composed both air and words—for the child was a genius.

He went to the window, and looking out saw a man putting up a great bill with yellow letters, announcing that Madame Malibrán would sing that night in public.

"Oh, if I could only go!" thought little Pierre; and then pausing a moment, he clasped his hands, his eyes lighting with a new hope. Running to the little stand, he smoothed his yellow curls, and, taking from a little box some old stained paper, gave one eager glance at his mother, who slept, and ran speedily from the house.

"Who did you say was waiting for me?" said Madame to her servant. "I am already worn out with company."

"It's only a very pretty little boy, with yellow curls, who said if he can just see you he is sure you will not be sorry, and he will not keep you a moment."

"Oh, well let him come," said the beautiful singer, with a smile, "I can never refuse children."

Little Pierre came in, his hat under his arm and in his hand a little roll of paper. With manliness unusual for a child, he walked straight to the lady, and bowing, said, "I came to see you because my mother is very sick and we are too poor to get food and medicine. I thought, perhaps, that if you would sing my little song at some of your grand concerts, maybe some publisher would buy it for a small sum, and so I could get food and medicine for my mother."

The beautiful woman arose from her seat. Very tall and stately she was. She took the roll from his hand and lightly hummed the air.

"Did you compose it?" she asked; "you, a child! And the words? Would you like to come to my concert?" she asked.

"Oh, yes!" and the boy's eyes grew bright with happiness; "but I couldn't leave my mother."

"I will send somebody to take care of your mother for the evening, and here is a crown with which you may go and get food and medicine. Here is, also, one of my tickets. Come to-night; that will admit you to a seat near me."

Almost beside himself with joy, Pierre bought some oranges, and many a little luxury besides, and carried them home to the poor invalid, telling her, not without tears, of his good fortune.

When evening came and Pierre was admitted to the concert hall, he felt that never in his life had he been in so great a place. The music, the myriad lights, the beauty, the flashing of diamonds, and rustling of silk bewildered his eyes and brain.

At a glance she came, and the child sat with his glance riveted on her glorious face. Could he believe that the grand lady, all blazing with jewels, and whom everybody seemed to worship, would really sing his little song?

Breathless he waited—the band, the whole band, struck up a plaintive little melody. He knew it, and clasped his hands for joy. And oh, how she sang it! It was so simple, so mournful. Many a bright eye dimmed with tears, and naught could be heard but the touching words of the little song—oh, so touching!

Pierre walked home as though he were moving on the air.

What cared he for money now? The greatest singer in all Europe had sung his little song; and thousands had wept at his grief.

The next day he was frightened at a visit from Madame Malibrán. She laid her hands on his yellow curls, and turning to the sick woman said: "Your little boy, Madame, has brought you a fortune. I was offered this morning by the best publisher in London, £300 for his little song, and after he has realized a certain amount from the sale, little Pierre, here, is to share the profits. Madame, thank God that your son has a gift from heaven."

The noble-hearted singer and the poor woman wept together. As for Pierre, always mindful to Him who watches over the tried and tempted, he knelt down by his mother's bedside and uttered a simple but eloquent prayer, asking God's blessings on the kind lady who had deigned to notice their affliction.

The memory of that prayer made the singer more tender-hearted, and she who was the idol of England's nobility went about doing good. And in her early, happy death, he who stood beside her bed and smoothed her pillow and lightened her last moments by his undying affection was little Pierre of former days, now rich, accomplished, and the most talented composer of the day.—*Christian World*.

Since printing our Receipts we have received a number of payments for subscriptions, which will be acknowledged in our next issue.

CURRENT EVENTS.

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN.

The basis of agreement likely to be arrived at between the Suez Canal Co. and English shipowners is that the administration of the company shall be forty-four per cent. English and fifty-six per cent. French; that England as well as France, shall be the seat of administration; that all differences that may arise shall be settled by English tribunals, and that all surplus dividends shall go towards the reduction of transit dues. It is generally supposed De Lesseps will not consent to the proposition that all surplus earnings shall go towards the reduction of tolls, but will insist that a portion of the surplus shall go to shareholders. Part of the agreement will be that the English government shall lend £8,000,000 sterling to help in construction of the second canal.

Three thousand Chinese troops attacked Haidong on the 17th. The French garrison, supported by a gunboat, held the fort from nine o'clock in the morning until four p. m. when the Chinese retreated. The loss of the French land forces was twelve killed and wounded. The French gunboat had its hull penetrated by the enemy's shot in several places and eight of the crew wounded.

A despatch from Cairo, Nov. 22nd, says: Hicks Pasha and his army of about 25,000 men have been completely annihilated by the forces of the False Prophet. A treacherous guide led them to a rocky, wooded defile, without water, and where an ambuscade had been prepared by the rebels who were armed with rifles and artillery. Hicks Pasha was unable to use his guns, but for three days the army famishing for water, defended itself, but on the fourth day was annihilated to a man.

During the past month the papers have been filled with copious accounts of the Luther celebrations in Germany and various parts of England, Roman Catholics and English High-Churchmen, in many places, vainly protesting against the honour paid to the great German reformer. In Berlin, Nov. 10, the Luther festival opened by a gathering of 80,000 school children, who formed in 83 divisions and accompanied by bands of music, marched to the various churches to attend religious services in honour of the reformer. The Emperor and Crown Prince accompanied by the officials of the Imperial University, all the city officials, and clergy, proceeded in a grand procession to St. Nicholas' Church to attend service.

The historical procession at Eisleben, the birth-place of Luther, was a great success. It represented Luther's reception by Count Mansfeld, and consisted of heralds, trumpeters, bannermen, huntsmen, knights, squires, councillors, noblemen, with attendants, all nicely dressed in correct costumes of the time of Luther. Luther sat in a decorated carriage with his three sons, followed by the city guilds with banners, miners' trades associations, and citizens generally in antique costume. The whole made a splendid spectacle, eliciting continuous cheers and shouts of admiration along the whole route.

UNITED STATES.

The new meeting house in New York City situated on the north side of Fifty-sixth street, between Eighth and Ninth Avenues was opened on Lord's day, Nov. 15th, under most favorable circumstances. Bro. Powers of Washington preached the morning sermon. Subject "The Divine Creed" reading John 5:39; Matt. 16:16. In the evening Bro. Powell—"The beginning of Christianity."

A cyclone struck Springfield, Missouri, at two p. m. Nov. 5th and in a minute a hundred houses were demolished and many unroofed, twisted, moved from their foundations or otherwise damaged. Ten persons were killed in town and in the surrounding country, and fifty or sixty injured. The tornado then passed to Bridgetown a suburb of North Springfield. The loss is estimated at \$150,000 to \$200,000. Probably seven persons are killed and many injured.

One hundred years ago, on Sunday, 25th ult., the last of the British soldiers left the shores of what then became the United States of America, the British flag was hauled down and the stars and stripes run up in New York City. On Monday, the 26th, the people of New York celebrated the event with a great procession and much enthusiasm.