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**THE PLEASURES OF WINTER.**

Canadians have their winter and the pleasures it brings. Its long evenings usually are spent around the fireside in readings and study or else outside in the bracing atmosphere enjoying the winter sports which have such attractions to those who once have enjoyed them. But those who have not experienced a Canadian winter seem to have a very different opinion of it and judge of it only by the record made on their thermometer on cold bleak days at home, when it registers a few degrees below the ordinary temperature.

The people of Montreal recognizing these facts, and finding it impossible to make people outside of their country believe in the pleasures of its winter, determined to bring as many of them as possible to their city in what is usually the coldest week of the year, the third week of January. As an inducement they built a palace of ice about ninety feet square having a tower at each corner fifty feet high and one in the centre over one hundred feet high, and all lighted up with twelve electric lights. The blocks of which the palace were built were cut from the the St. Lawrence, each one measuring three feet by one foot six inches in size, and all were frozen together to make one solid mass. In addition they promised their visitors slides down their toboggan hills, rides on their railway over the ice bridge that crosses the river at this city, a grand torchlight procession by the different snow-shoe clubs dressed in their pretty blanket uniforms, such a fancy dress carnival in the skating rink as they could see no where else, a grand curling bonspiel; dinners and other amusements. As a result during the week the city was crowded, the enthusiasm and pleasure of the visitors knew no bounds and the people of the city were asked to renew their invitation next year when, if accommodation could be obtained thousands of guests would flock to the cold frosty north to enjoy themselves.

No! the winter of Canada is not a draw-

back. It builds up strong, vigorous men and women, it makes roads in places that otherwise would be impassible, it is one of its greatest blessings and should be recognized as such.

**SOMETHING FOR JESUS.**

Though I am not much more than a child myself, there is something I should like to ask you to remember. It is that "we all can do something for Jesus." However young we may be, or in whatever circumstances, if we love Jesus, there is work for us to do for Him. He will not despise us

have to mourn that their early days were not spent for Him, and they did not learn to love and serve him until twenty or thirty years of their life had been wasted. If we love Jesus while we are children, what a beautiful, happy, and useful life ours will be! Every year we shall learn more about Him, and grow more like Him, and when we are old, how we shall praise God for a whole life spent in his service!

My youngest sister was converted while she was very young. When she was twelve years old, she asked our two servants if they were Christians, and spoke to them about

are but children may come rejoicing, bringing sheaves for our Master. God grant that when the great harvest-time comes, we may all be among the "reapers."—*The Christian.*

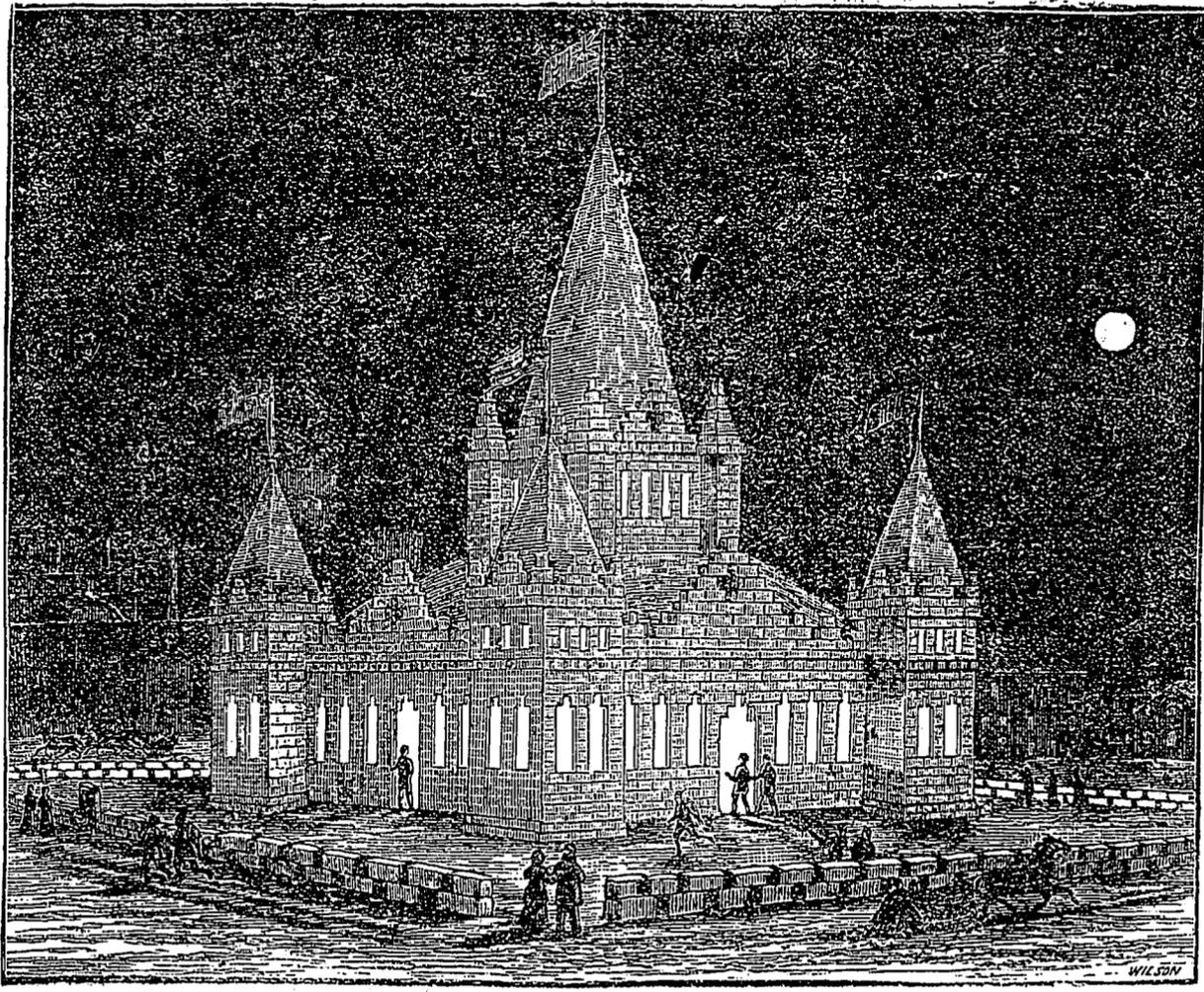
**THE FIRST BUTTON WRONG.**

"Dear me!" said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong and that made all the rest wrong!" and Janet tugged away, and fretted, as if the poor buttons were quite to blame for her trouble.

"Patience! patience!" said mamma, smiling at the little fretful face, "and next time look out for the wrong button; then you'll keep all the rest right. And," added mamma, as the last button was put in its place, and the scowling face was smooth once more, "look out for the first wrong deed of any kind; another and another are sure to follow."

Janet remembered how, one day not long ago, she struck baby Alice; that was the first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it: that was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had told a lie. What a long list of buttons fastened wrong just because one went wrong—because her naughty little hand struck baby! The best thing she could do, to make it right again, was to tell mamma how naughty she had been, and ask her to forgive her; but that was much harder than just to do the buttons again.

Janet thought it all over, and between the buttons and her very unhappy day, I think she learned never again to forget to look out for the first wrong deed.—*Herald of Mercy.*



MONTREAL ICE PALACE.

because we are but children, for he loves his "lamb" and has work for each one to do. He has given each of us talents to use for his glory, and there is a special place for each, in which we can glorify God.

Are we trying day by day to do something for Jesus? If we are his little servants He will help us to work for Him, each in our "small corner," that we may shine for Him, and show to those around us the reality of our profession.

It is such a blessed thing to begin to work for Jesus while we are young. So many

Jesus. They became very anxious to be saved and Jesus answered their prayers, and made them happy in his love. They told my mother after they were converted that it was through my sister's speaking to them that they first began to see their need of a Saviour. So God used her, you see, although she was little more than a child. Let us never be afraid to speak for Jesus, or to show to those around us that our aim is to please Him in our lives, and He will bless us, and make us a blessing to others. Then, when the "sowing" is all over, even we who

WE NEED TO LEARN the lesson that this life is given us only that we may attain to eternal life. For lack of remembering this, we fix our affections on the things of this fleeting world, and when the time comes that we must quit it, we are all aghast and terrified.—*Fuller.*

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