

with a living power of evil, which no repentance or reparation could ever restrain or restore; and thus, he said, the cruel act of my unhappy husband had pursued himself with relentless malignity up to the hour in which he wrote to me. It had driven him an outlaw and an exile from his native land, and he had fled into distant regions where he hoped his dishonoured name would not be known, and a peaceful life might yet be permitted to him, though in a very different sphere from that he should have occupied, and in order to dispel his utter loneliness, cut off from all who had been known to him heretofore, as he then was, he married the young daughter of a man of influence in the city beyond the Atlantic where he had made his home. Vivian went on to say that he strove to forget in her love the disgrace and anguish of the past, never having revealed it to any of his new connections, but he found that it pursued him still. Some sinister rumour brought suspicion to the mind of his father-in-law. This gentleman made searching inquiries, and discovered that he had given his only child to a man who had fled, disgraced, with a dark stain on his reputation, from the country that would harbour him no more; and the father—a magistrate in high position—was driven almost frantic with furious indignation when the whole truth was made plain to him. He came to Vivian's house in a paroxysm of rage, and dragged his daughter away, declaring she should not remain with a man who had married her under false appearances; and when Vivian resisted her being thus torn from him, so terrible a scene ensued that the shock was too much for the poor young wife. She was taken ill, and in four-and-twenty hours she was dead, leaving him alone with a little motherless infant, to fight with his hard destiny as best he might. He had been compelled to fly once more; public execration drove him from the town so soon as his young wife was buried out of his sight, and at the time he wrote to me he had resolved, utterly broken down, embittered, and despairing as he was, to take refuge in some spot where he might for ever hide himself from the sight of men, and live with God and nature only."

(To be continued.)

BIRDS IN WINTER.

"How do the birds manage at night and in tempestuous weather?" is a question often asked me. I was when it was believed that many of them hibernated—especially the swallows—burying themselves in the mud like frogs, or curling up in rocks like the bats; and the phenomenon of the appearance of a few summer birds during "warm spells" in winter was assumed to prove that they had been torpid, but had been waked up by the genial warmth, as bats often are. It was not three months ago that I saw in an English newspaper a letter from a man who claimed to have found a hedge-sparrow (I think) torpid somewhere in the mud. But the search for proofs of this theory discovered that the birds supposed to hibernate migrated, while of the birds which remained in this latitude through the cold months we saw more in warm, fine weather, for the reason that they then forsook the sheltered hollows and cosy recesses of the woods where they had retreated during stormy days, and came out into the sunlight. The dense cedars and close branches of small spruces and other evergreens afford them close shelter, and thickets of brambles are made use of when these are not to be found; hollow trees are natural houses in which large numbers huddle, and the cave-like holes under the roots of trees growing on steep banks are favorite hospices. The grouse plunges through the snow down to the ground, where it scrapes bare a "form," or crawls under the hemlock and spruce boughs which stoop to the earth with the weight of snow, and allows the white mantle to drift over it, subsisting the while on the spruce-buds. When the storm ceases it can easily dig its way out, but sometimes a rain and hard frost follow which make such a crust on the snow that it cannot break its way up through, and so starves to death. The more domestic sparrows, robins, and flickers burrow into the hay-mow, find a warm roost in the barn near the cattle, or, attracted by the warmth of the furnace, creep under the eaves or into a chink next the chimney of the greenhouse or country dwelling. The meadow-lark and quail seek out sunny nooks in the fields, and crouch down out of the blast; while the woodcock hides among the moss and ferns of the damp woods where only the severest cold chains the springs. Along the coast many birds go to the sea-shore for a milder climate.—*Appleton's Journal.*

TO BE PITIED AND BLAMED.

The public is startled every now and then by the report that some girl, well educated and respectably reared, has gone from parents, home, and all the attractions of refinement and social position, with some man whom she had known for only a short time and of whose history and character she is entirely ignorant, who has ruined and then deserted her, leaving her to shame and remorse. So frequently has this occurred and so generally has it been made known, that one would suppose that every young woman of ordinary intelligence would be so effectually warned against the consequences of such a course as to deter her from it, even if her own delicacy and sense of propriety did not do it. But repeated examples do not seem to be successful in keeping pure-minded girls from the wiles of skilful scoundrels. No longer than two weeks ago a beautiful and accomplished woman, who had been a teacher in a western city, came to this city with a "commercial traveller," to whom she had been engaged to be married on the 1st of September, but who persuaded her to leave home without having the ceremony performed and accompany him to this city, where he promised to marry her. On the way thither they stopped at various places where he professed to have business, and after having spent a few days with her here, he deserted her.

Over such wrecks as this the tear of pity must be shed, while indignation must burn against the betrayer and destroyer. Injury has been done which can never be repaired. Prospects have been blighted which can by no ordinary possibility be restored. And then this is generally the beginning of a career whose only progress is to lower depths. How terrible

the blow to parents and friends! What agony to those who watched so carefully over the ruined one and nursed her so tenderly! But then the inquiry comes up, Did she not know that she was doing wrong? The very fact of listening to the addresses of one of whom she knew nothing, without consulting parents or friends, was a very gross impropriety. And that she should entertain the thought of leaving home clandestinely with a mere adventurer, proves her to have been either silly or sadly inclined to evil ways. That the result of such conduct could be only ruinous was as plain as daylight. Therefore, whilst we pity the ruined one from the depths of our hearts, she cannot be acquitted of blame.

The time has come when girls and young women should know that those who solicit their company without being introduced by responsible persons, ought to be looked upon with suspicion and avoided; that strangers who seek to allure them from home while parents and friends are to be kept in ignorance, are villains; and that men who ask them to go anywhere or to do anything which must be kept from the knowledge of mothers and fathers, should be at once scorned and driven away.—*Pres. Banner.*

SWILL-FED.

Perhaps you have heard of animals that were fed upon the swill of distilleries, and have learned how diseased they become on such bad food. The swill is probably not very unpleasant to the taste. Perhaps it is a little exciting and enlivening in its effect, and easy enough to swallow. But it does not make good blood and solid muscle. The distillery has spoiled it. It is unwholesome slop, and it cannot nourish and strengthen the animals as rich corn and sweet clover would.

You think it bad enough to feed the bodies of animals on swill, do you not? But what would you think were you told that multitudes of boys, and girls too, are feeding their immortal minds and hearts on stuff that is worse than the swill from foul distilleries! Sloppy "story papers" and thin "dime novels" make up a mess that is enough to bloat and infect the souls of those who read them. There are many vile books, papers, and pictures that are poisonous in their impurity.

Yes, we repeat, and would press the thought upon you, that flashy, exciting, and long-strung-out tales in cheap "story papers" furnish a swill-like reading that is as bad for your minds and hearts as the distillery swill is bad for the bodies of animals.

What food for the mind can there be in foolish, lying tales about bloody "Indians," coarse "scouts," tricky "trappers," or lawless, cruel "pirates" and "robbers"? What kind of manliness and common sense and business judgment will a fellow have who soaks his mind in that bad kind of swill? What sort of manners and morals will he be likely to grow into while he keeps the memory and heart full of the unnatural, silly stuff spouted by make-up characters in a flimsy story about thieves, robbers, pirates, or "Indians"? Will not crazy schemes and wild dreams run through his head? Will he not be aimlessly thinking about sudden good fortune, mighty feats of foolish strength and unheard-of courage, and about distressed "maidens" and lucky "lovers"?

If you want to be a MAN among men some day, if you want to be a real hero, you must not feed yourself on swill, but on true, good, sensible things. Turn away from the sloppy flood of "story papers" and cheap novels, and feed your heart and fill your mind with the stirring facts of real soldiers in history. Read the wonders of science and discovery. Drink in the beauties of real poetry. Enjoy the sweet charm and uplifting influence of the noble life-stories of men and women who have lived and worked and loved and suffered in real life.

Above all, feed on God's Book. In it you will find wonderful history, sweetest story, finest poetic thought, and deepest wisdom. Grow up on Christ's words; they are "Spirit and life." Read and obey them, and be strong and good and wise forever.

A LAUGHABLE FRENCH MIRACLE.

Father Bridaine was always poor, for the simple reason that he gave away everything that he had. One evening he asked for a night's lodging of the curate of the village through which he passed, and the worthy man, having only one bed, shared it with him. At daybreak he rose, according to his custom, and went to say his prayers at the neighbouring church. Returning from his sacred duty, he met a beggar, who asked alms. "Alas, my friend, I have nothing," said the good priest, mechanically putting his hand into his breeches pocket, where, to his astonishment, he found something hard, wrapped up in a paper, which he knew he had not left there. He hastily opened the paper, and seeing four half-crowns in it, cried out that it was a miracle. He gave the money to the beggar, and hastened to the church to announce the miracle. The curate soon after arrived there, and Father Bridaine related the miracle with the greatest unction; the curate turned pale, put his hand in his pocket, and in an instant perceived that Father Bridaine in getting up in the dark, had taken the wrong pair of breeches; he had performed the miracle with the curate's crowns.

CONSOLATORY THOUGHTS ON THE MANKIND OF CHRIST.—Did the Word become flesh? Then He can supply us with a perfect pattern and example for our daily life. Had he walked among us as an angel or a spirit, we could never have copied Him. But having dwelt among us as a man, we know that the true standard of holiness is to "walk even as he walked." (1 John ii. 6.) He is a perfect pattern, because He is God. But He is also a pattern exactly suited to our wants, because He is man. Finally, did the Word become flesh? Then let us see in our mortal bodies a real, true dignity, and not defile them by sin. Vile and weak as our body may seem, it is a body which the Eternal Son of God was not ashamed to take upon Himself, and to take up to heaven.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

MESSRS. MOODY & SANKEY began their work in Providence, December 1.

THE Boston Y.M.C.A. gave a Thanksgiving dinner to 175 young men. A thoughtful, homelike act.

THE Duke of Norfolk, at his recent marriage, presented his wife the pearl necklace of Mary Queen of Scots.

THE bullion product of the Pacific Coast for nine months ending October 1st, was \$36,053,700, nearly half of which is gold.

NEVADA men do not dare now to beat their wives, as whipping-posts for such brutes have been authorized by the Legislature.

THE playing of a music-box and talking were lately distinctly heard by telephone through the cable under the English Channel.

THE railway bridge, two miles long, spanning the Tay, at Dundee, Scotland, has been officially pronounced safe and ready for traffic.

NOVEMBER 17 the bells of Westminster Abbey pealed their annual commemoration of the accession of Queen Elizabeth, its second foundress.

TEMPLE BAR, the gateway to the city of London, is to be removed, and the end of Fleet street, which it separates from the Strand is to be widened.

A MISSIONARY at the Tombs, New York, says that of 1,030 boys under fourteen imprisoned there, a little over 200 were Protestants and over 800 were Roman Catholics.

THE Maharajah Dhuleep Singh has forwarded his annual gift of \$5,000, a thanksgiving memorial of his good wife, to the United Presbyterian Mission in Egypt, which educated her.

A FRENCH Huguenot congregation that has for generations met in the nave of Canterbury Cathedral has celebrated its 327th anniversary. They are about to join the Presbyterian Church.

THE Rev. T. K. Cheyne, of Balliol College, Oxford, has prepared a list of the principal Biblical proper names, with explanation, arranged on a consistent and strictly philological method.

SOME Koords sacking an Armenian town found three boxes of Bibles which they took, selling as many of them as they could. They were not the regular Bible Society colporteurs.

PIAZZI SMITH, the astronomer royal of Scotland, after careful observations on the weather for thirty-nine years, warns the people of Great Britain of the coming of a cold wave at the end of this year.

DR. NEUBAUER, sub-librarian of the Bodleian Library, has found in a recently-acquired Hebrew MS. a Chaldee text of the Book of Tobit, which is in all probability that from which St. Jerome mainly prepared his version.

THE degree of Dr. of Civil Law has been conferred upon Charles Robert Darwin by Cambridge University, England. At the gravest part of the ceremony there was lowered from the ceiling the effigy of a monkey, bearing the inscription "Missing Link."

THE "National Baptist" says that Mr. William Quarrier of Glasgow has, by his own efforts, lifted 600 children out of the gutters and placed them in comfortable homes in Canada and elsewhere. He is now building cottage homes where he means to train boys to useful trades and girls for domestic service. Such a man is a public benefactor.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made for the supply of the Chair of Evangelistic Theology, occupied by Dr. Duff, who is at present laid aside by severe bodily ailment. In Edinburgh the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Barclay Church, has agreed to take the first year's, and the Rev. Dr. Thomas Smith the fourth year's students. In Glasgow the work has been undertaken by Drs. Smith and Murray Mitchell, and Mr. Wilson. In Aberdeen it is proposed that Dr. Murray Mitchell should occupy the chair in March.

A PRIVATE telegram from Rome to the *Scotsman* says that the following ecclesiastics will be created Cardinals in a Consistory to be held in December, namely: The Nuncio at Paris; the Nuncio at Vienna; Monsignore Agostini, Archbishop of Venice; and Monsignore Celesia, Archbishop of Palermo. In the same communication the hierarchy for Scotland is set down as follows:—(1) Archbishop of St. Andrews, residing at Edinburgh; (2) Bishop of Glasgow; (3) Bishop of Lismore, residing at Oban; (4) Bishop of Aberdeen; (5) Bishop of Whitmore (canonically a casa), residing at Dumfries; and (6) Bishop of either Dunkeld or Dunblae.

A LIBERAL JEM IT.—It is thus that Pere Curci is designated in all the papers; but this designation is not quite correct, seeing that Pere Curci was never liberal, and is no longer a Jesuit. Pere Curci is a Neapolitan, refined, enlightened, brilliant, fertile in talent. As a preacher he has been listened to in every part of Italy; as a politician he started the *Ortola Cattolica*, the organ of the Jesuits. For some time, impressed by the danger threatening Roman Catholicism in Italy, he dreamt of a reconciliation between the Pope and Victor Emmanuel. This accommodation had nothing very liberal in it, but it was an accommodation. On reading his memorial on the subject, the Pope expressed much displeasure, and returned it to the General of the Jesuits with this annotation—"A tissue of impertinences and follies." Suddenly this memorial appeared in a Florentine Review. Hence the action which was taken with regard to Pere Curci, and his condemnation and expulsion from the order of Jesuits. Now, what did this memorial propose? To accept Victor Emmanuel as the King of Italy on condition that the Pope should be sovereign, that the Roman Catholic religion should be the religion of the State, that all anti-Christian laws should be repealed, and that the Pope should reside at Rome as the Sovereign of Italy. And this it is that is intolerable and that could not be entertained by a Roman Catholic.—*Christianisme au Dix-neuvieme Siecle.*