

## THE PLEASURES OF WINTER.

Canadians have their winter and the pleasures it brings. Its long evenings usually are spent around the fire 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 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 drawback. It builds up strong, vigorous men and women, it makes roads in places that otherwise would be impassable, it is one of its greatest blessings and should be recognized as such.

## FROM THE SALOON TO THE PRISON.

Mrs. Emma Molloy relates the following incident in one of her speeches referring to the relation of intemperance to crime:

In a recent visit to the Leavenworth, Kans., prison, during my address on Sabbath morning, I observed a young boy, not more than seventeen or eighteen years of age, on the front seat intently eyeing me. The look he gave me was so full of earnest longing, it spoke volumes to me. At the close of the service I asked the warden for an interview with him, which was readily granted. As he approached me, his face grew deathly pale, and as I grasped his hand he could not restrain the fast-falling tears. Choking with emotion he said:

"I have been in this prison two years, and you are the first person that has called for me, the first woman that has spoken to me."

"How is this, my child?" I asked.

"Have you no friends that love you? Where is your mother?"

The great brown eyes swimming with tears, were slowly uplifted to mine as he replied—

"My friends are all in Texas. My mother

is an invalid, and fearing that the knowledge of my terrible fall would kill her, I have kept my whereabouts a profound secret. For two years I have borne my awful homesickness in silence for her sake."

As he buried his face in his hands, and heartick sobs burst from his trembling frame, it seemed to me I could see a panorama of the days and nights, the long weeks of homesick longing, that had dragged their weary length out over two years.

So I ventured to ask, "How much longer have you to stay?"

"Three years!" was the reply, as the fair young head dropped lower, and the frail little hand trembled with suppressed emotion.

"Five years at your age!" I exclaimed, "How did this happen?"

"Well," he replied, "it's a long story, but I'll make it short. I started out from home to try to do something for myself. Coming to Leavenworth, I found a cheap boarding-house, and one night accepted an invitation from some of the young men to go into a drinking saloon. For the first time in my life I drank a glass of liquor. It fired my

look upon it. Oh! I am so homesick for my mother."

The head of the boy dropped down into my lap with a wailing sob. I laid my hand upon his head. I thought of my own boy, and for a few moments was silent, and let the outburst of sorrow have vent. Presently I said, "Murray, if I were your mother, and the odor of a thousand prisons were upon you, still you would be my boy. I should want to know where you were. Is it right to keep that mother in suspense! Do you suppose there has ever been a day or night that she has not prayed for her wandering boy? No, Murray, I will only consent to write to your mother on consideration that you will permit me to write the whole truth, just as one mother can write it to another."

After some argument, his consent was finally obtained, and a letter was hastily penned and sent on its way. A week or so elapsed, when the following letter was received from Texas:

DEAR SISTER IN CHRIST:—Your letter was this day received, and I hasten to thank you for your words of tender sympathy and

him that when he is released, his place in the old home-nest and in his mother's heart is waiting for him.

Then followed loving mother words for Murray, in addition to those written. As I wept bitter tears over the words so full of heartbreak, I asked myself the question, "How long will this nation continue this covenant with death and league with hell to rob us of our boys?"—*Inter Ocean.*

## 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, snatching 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.

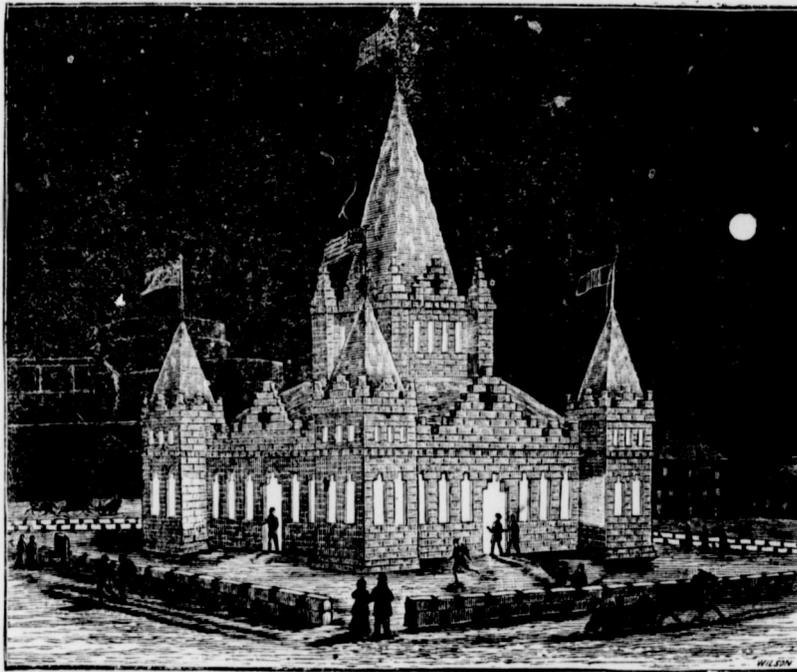
Janet thought it all over, and between the buttons and her very unhappy day I think she learned never again to forget to look out for the first wrong deed.—*Herald of Mercy.*

THE "TEMPERANCE SCHOOL" is a little five-cent hand-book describing that institution from superintendent to infant class, and telling how to organize and conduct it. For fifty cents the teacher's outfit will be sent post paid, containing, "Temperance School Catechism," "Manual," "Ripples

of Song," and tracts. A temperance school is better than a Band of Hope, because it is the proper place for children to be learners. They have no resources to conduct a society, and there is no real advantage in setting them to play at it. They are quite content without office in the Sunday-school and in day-school, and they will be in the temperance school if it is not put into their heads. Young people make excellent teachers in the temperance school, but sometimes it is desirable to have older people come in to start the work until the young people become interested.—*Youth's Temperance Journal, published by the National Temperance Society, New York.*

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 agast and terrified.—*Fuller.*

DISCONTENT is the want of self-reliance; it is infirmity of will.—*R. W. Emerson.*



MONTREAL ICE PALACE.

brain. There is a confused remembrance of a quarrel. Somebody was stabbed. The bloody knife was found in my hand. I was indicted for assault with intent to kill. Five years for the thoughtless acceptance of a glass of liquor is surely illustrating the Scripture truth that 'the way of the transgressor is hard!'"

I was holding the cold trembling hand that had crept into mine. He earnestly tightened his grasp as imploringly he said,

"Oh, Mrs. Molloy, I want to ask a favor of you."

At once I expected he was going to ask me to help obtain a pardon, and in an instant I measured the weight of public reproach that rests upon the victims of its legalized drink traffic. It is all right to legalize a man to craze the brains of our boys, but not by any means wise to ask that the State pardon its victim. Interpreting my thought, he said, "I am not going to ask you to get me a pardon, but I want you to write to my mother, and get a letter from her and send it to me. Don't for the world tell her where I am. Better not tell her anything about me. Just get a line from her so I can

for tidings of my boy—the first word we have had in two years. When Murray left home we thought it would not be for long.

As the months have rolled on, the family have given him up as dead, but I felt sure God would give me back my boy. As I write from the couch of an invalid, my husband is in W. nursing another son, who is lying at the gates of death with typhoid fever. I could not wait his return to write to Murray. I wrote and told him, if I could, how quickly I would go and pillow his dear head upon my breast, just as I did when he was a little child. My poor, dear boy—so generous, so kind and loving. What could he have done to deserve this punishment? You do not mention his crime, but you say it was committed while under the influence of drink. I did not know he even tasted liquor. We have raised six boys, and I have never known one of them to be under the influence of drink. Oh! is there no place in this nation that is safe when our boys have left the home-fold? O God! my sorrow is greater than I can bear. I cannot go to him, but, sister, I pray you to talk to him, and comfort him, as you would have some mother talk to your boy were he in his place. Tell

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