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THE AMBUSCADE.

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
 At first thin wavering; till at last the flakes
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
 With a continual flow. The cherished fields
 Put on their winter robe of purest white.
 'Tis brightness all; save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current.

Where are there any young folks who do not look forward to the advent of winter with much pleasure? The bracing atmosphere makes outdoor sports so exhilarating that it is no wonder that this season of the year is a great favorite with all who are blessed with health and buoyant spirits.

Tobogganing, snow-shoeing and skating all have their patrons, and the good old-fashioned game of snow-balling is not without its votaries.

In the very lively picture given below, called "The Ambuscade," the artist has vividly depicted this amusement. The two boys, who are jogging merrily along drawing their sisters on a home-made hand-sleigh, are suddenly surprised by some of their companions, who have been waiting in ambush behind the trunk of a huge tree. The snow balls fly, a well directed one hitting the smaller of the boys on the ear, and making him put up his arm as a guard against more. The girls appear to enjoy the fun, and will probably jump off the sleigh and themselves engage in the harmless warfare.

AN OFFICER WHO NEVER DRANK.

When General Grant was in command of the army before Vicksburg, a number of officers were gathered together at his headquarters. One of them invited the party to join in a social glass; all but one accepted. He asked to be excused, saying that he "never drank." The hour passed, and each went his way to his respective command. A few days after this the officer who declined to drink received a note from General Grant to report at headquarters. He obeyed the order, and Grant said to him, "You are the officer, I believe, who remarked the other day that you never drank." The officer modestly answered that he was. "Then," continued the General, "you are the man I have been looking

for to take charge of the Commissary Department, and I order that you be detailed to that duty." He served all through the war in that responsible department, and afterwards, when General Grant became President, the officer who never drank was again in request. The President, needing a man on whom he could rely for some important business, gave him the appointment.

GIVE what you have. To some one it may be better than you dare to think.—*Longfellow*

OF ALL the anguish in the world, there is nothing equal to this—the sense of God without the sense of nearness to Him.—*Elizabeth Prentiss*



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