

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

To the brethren who have written us concerning the prospects of the JOURNAL, we return our hearty thanks. Those—and there are many of them—who have spoken words of encouragement, and given promise of help, deserve our special gratitude; and our thanks are also due to the few who have expressed their doubts of our success, because we know their warnings have been given out of pure friendship, and with a desire to save the members of the Association from loss. These latter brethren will rejoice if they

should be disappointed in their fears, and we will do our best to secure their disappointment.

P. S.—All the necessary stock to run the Association and the JOURNAL for a couple of years, has already been taken up. But if you wish to invest, some of the stockholders can no doubt be found who will transfer a few shares to you at par. If you wish, you can send us a power of attorney to transfer, and we will try and effect it for you. The shares are \$10 each—half to be paid down, and the balance whenever called for.

RECESS.

Before we proceed to close, we will take a recess for a minute or two, and fill up with nonsense and wisdom mixed—in prose and verse.

—A busybody is like a rich cheese—full of little things.

—True happiness consists in having plenty to do, and then keep doing it.

—Naomi, the daughter of Enoch, was 580 years old when she married. Let no woman despair before that age.

—About as low down as a man can get without spoiling is to live on his wife's reputation.

—The poorest education that teaches self-control is better than the best that neglects it.

—An old gander was recently killed near London at the age of ninety. The name of the fortunate boarding house that drew the prize is not given.

—A Toronto woman has realized \$50,000 from the insurance on the lives of two husbands, and they weren't very good husbands either.

—It has been decided that if a woman will shorten pie crust with butter at thirty cents per pound her husband has good grounds for divorce.

—Garters with monogram clasps are now all the fashion with pretty girls. Bro. Jones, a judge of style, says that this is convenient and elegant, and he hopes to see more of it.

—A German tailor living near Berlin, having in a most improper way married No. 2 in a very short time after the death of No. 1, was visited by the outraged young men of the town, and treated to several tin-horn overtures. Coming out, he addressed to his unwelcome visitors the following expostulation: "I say, poys, you ought to be ashamed of yourselves to be makin' all this noise ven there vas a funeral here so soon."

Christmas is here!
Ring out, ye old bells!
For I love to hear

Your musical peals with their joyous spells;
For they seem to fall from their starry spheres
Like an angel's song in a world of tears;
Enchanting my thoughts to the realms of bliss,
And a better and happier home than this.
And to Him who was crowned the Prince of Peace;
That war, and oppression, and wrong might cease.
Oh! dawn on the world, thou glorious day,
When monarchs the sceptre of love shall sway;
For love through life shall be king of all,
And love shall triumph when kingdoms fall.

Christmas is here!

—"Mother, mother," cried a young rook, returning hurriedly from its first flight, "I'm so frightened! I've seen such a sight!" "What sight, my son?" asked the rook. "Oh! white creatures, screaming and running, straining their necks, and holding their heads ever so high. See, mother, there they go!" "Geese, my son; merely geese," calmly replied the sapient parent bird. "Through life, child, observe, that when you meet any one who makes a great fuss about himself, and tries to lift his head higher than the rest of the world, you may set him down at once to be a goose."