

" Ah! He could, but He does not any the more."

" In the Book, this morning, our mutter read us that He make the money in the fish's mouth to pay the taxes."

" That was true when He was on earth, but now that He is up in the sky, no more He does that way."

" He was no more strong on the earth than in the sky, and mutter says He knows we need some shoes, else after the Easter we cannot go to the school, till comes the weather warm, and we go with the bare feet, at the night I shall pray the good Lord to let the black hen lay a golden egg, and Him's great blue eyes glowed with excitement at the thought."

" A true golden egg would buy much of the shoes, it is but one dollar for each pair that wants Mr Green's store for shoes," said Gretchen

George had been listening attentively as well as his mother, but just then Mr. Flack, who had been away for a week, came in; the children politely made their funny little courtesies, and saying " Goot morgen," went home.

That afternoon George and his mother had a long talk. He had two gold dollars, and he decided to give them to his little friends. His mother made a small hole in each end of some eggs, she blew the contents out, pasted a paper over the end, and filled the shells with melted maple sugar, dropping a gold dollar in each of two of the eggs.

When the sugar hardened she gilded the shells, and early Easter morning George slipped into the coop and laid them in the old black hen's nest. She was already on the nest to lay, and her cackling brought the children out. From behind a barrel George heard Hans cry, " Ah, but the good Lord has made the black hen lay two golden eggs, and now we can have our shoes! Did I not tell you so He could if I prayed to Him?"

And the apple checked children pattered round in their stout shoes all the spring, and many a comfort went into the good widow's house, because of Hans' faith in " the good Lord up in the sky."

Everything Frozen Solid?

THE markets of Irkutsk are an interesting sight in the winter time, for everything on sale is frozen solid. Fish are piled up in stacks like so much cord wood, and meat likewise. All kinds of fowls are similarly frozen and piled up, many of them being stuck up in corners, in fanciful attitudes. Some animals brought into the market whole are propped up on their legs and have the appearance of being actually alive, and as you go through the markets you seem to be surrounded by living pigs, sheep, oxen, and fowls standing up and watching you as though you were a visitor to the barnyard. You can scarcely realize that they are dead, so natural and life-like do they appear. But, stranger yet, even the liquids are frozen solid and sold in blocks. Milk is frozen into a block in this way, with a string or stick frozen into or projecting from it. This is for the convenience of the purchaser, who can take his milk by the string or stick and carry it home, swung across the shoulder. There is no need for milk cans or pails to take it to market in Irkutsk. Other liquids are sold in the same way, and so in a double sense, such as is unknown in other countries, a man can buy his drink " with a stick in it."

Make Way.

AN EASTER CAROL.

Open on your golden hinges, gates of morning;

Throw wide your jealous leaves, ye doors of day;

Holl back your cloudy curtains, tardy dawning—

He comes! the King of Light!

Make way! Make way!

Foul shapes, that cringe and creep about hell's portals,

Unlock those prison gates, for well ye may,

Strike off the chains wherewith ye bind immortals—

He comes! death's conquering Lord!

Make way! Make way!

Archangels, round the throne of God supernal,

In glory which can never pass away,

Pause in your chorals, jubilant, eternal—

The Everlasting comes!

Make way! Make way!

Friends, wheresoe'er ye be, in shine or sadness,

In careless couching, or in deadly fray,

Throw wide your life gates, that with Easter gladness

The Life of Life may come!

Make way! Make way!

Hearts of the weary, desolate and sinning,

Seeing through tears hope's rainbow as ye pray,

Cares, fears, doubts, sorrows, all your thought are winning—

The Burden-Bearer comes!

Make way! Make way!

Souls that of greed and selfishness are dying,

Bounding your outlook by life's little day,

Look up and see earth's shadow-empire's flying—

It comes! Christ's kingdom comes!

Make way! Make way!

O Earth! Lent-shrouded long in mourning,

This night is vanishing, behold the day!

Lift thy glad front to hail the Easter dawning—

Christ comes! Hell, Earth, and Heaven,

Make way! Make way!

The Duty of the Hour.

REV. E. ROBERTS,

President of the Bible Christian Conference.

" There is a tide in the affairs of men, Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.

On it, all the voyage of their life Is bound in shallows, and in miseries."

Thus wrote the great dramatic poet of England, and its truthfulness and importance are worthy of our serious attention. How anxiously the mariner who has to sail up rivers, or pass through narrow straits affected by the tides of the ocean, watches for the first indication of the favourable current, that he may lift his anchor, spread his sails, and proceed on his voyage, and his success largely depends upon his taking advantage of each auspicious circumstance.

Never, perhaps, during any period of Canadian history has the subject of checking, resisting, and eventually destroying the traffic in intoxicating drinks been more fully discussed, and awakened deeper interest and created intenser feeling than at present.

The alarming increase of want and pauperism in our towns and cities, the evident connection there is between the violations of criminal law and the use of strong drink, the crowded state of our jails, houses of correction, reformatories, and asylums, testify that some powerful, corrupting, degrading agency is at work in our midst, endangering the social fabric, and tarnishing the

* We take from the Observer the substance of a vigorous article by the Rev. E. Roberts on this subject.

nation's honour. The wretched homes, the ragged, uneducated children, the revolting scenes on the streets and in police courts, suffering humanity, insulted philanthropy, opposed Christianity, and dishonoured Deity, all appeal for instant and energetic action until the evil be abated, and the curse removed.

We deem the present a very fitting time for an onward movement along the whole line of temperance organization and effort. During the past few years, those engaged in the manufacturing and vending of what Rev. Robert Hall called "distilled damnation" have manifested unusual activity in resisting the efforts of temperance men. As long as those efforts were simply confined to rescuing the drunkard, or by moral suasion striving to keep the young from becoming drunkards, they remained passive, knowing full well the hopelessness of the one, and the inefficiency of the other, while the liquor traffic was in full operation, with its mighty temptations and alluring deadly influences. But as soon as temperance men, convinced that the liquor traffic had to be fought like every other man-destroying and God dishonouring practice, by law and penalty, and evoked the assistance of legislation for its suppression, then, knowing their craft was in danger, every means were employed to oppose and render ineffectual the efforts of temperance men. They were branded as agitators and fanatics, threatened, and in some instances assaulted, and their lives actually placed in danger. A successful attempt was made to form a wealthy and powerful organization to resist all temperance legislation, to which the name was given, "The Licensed Victuallers' Benevolent Association," a more hypocritical title could never have been selected, or a better illustration given of men "stealing the glory of Heaven to serve the devil in," than for men engaged in the liquor traffic to associate either victuals or benevolence with such a ruinous and soul-destroying employment. This association hired and sent out agents, men as devoid of shame as they were of principle, to resist in country, town, or city all effort to limit the traffic by legal enactment, and when, in some instance, the law known as the Dunkin Act was adopted, every means were tried to resist its enforcement and impair its efficiency.

The temperance men are now marshalling their forces for securing amendments to the Crooks Act to make it more efficient, and soon we hope to see the saloons follow—the liquor groceries into oblivion. We are pleased to see that other places are acting in accord with Toronto in seeking to suppress the sale of intoxicants, and that the counties of Oxford, Ontario, and Prince Edward are going to follow noble Halton and others in passing the Crooks Act.

We ask all lovers of humanity and all worshippers of God to aid in those grand enterprises. Let the liquor traffic, like slavery, perish from the earth. We wonder that men tolerated the one so long and that they now uphold the other. But patriot, philanthropist, and Christian arise, and in the might of truth and right advance to the overthrow of this terrible evil. Then shall the drunkard bless thee for his emancipation, his wife and children honour thee for the restoration to them of home with its comforts. Our coun-

try be freed from what now "impoverishes, dishonours, and puts her to shame, and the Church of God no longer be hindered in her work to save humanity from the darkening enslavement and brutalizing influence of strong drink.

We believe the Church of God has largely this matter under her control in Canada. If her members abstain, if her ministers will take the interest in the matter its importance demands; if societies are organized on the broad principle of promoting temperance legislation, if we form Bands of Hope for the rising generation, and in our homes, business, and daily intercourse, seek by precept and example to inculcate and uphold temperance principles, then success will crown our efforts, and our land be as noted for its sobriety as it is for its material advantages and educational facilities. God hasten the downfall of intemperance!

Beaconsfield's Wife.

THE late Earl Beaconsfield was greatly aided in his career by his wife, a lady of wealth, who, it is said, encouraged him to woo and win her. He always regarded her as the founder of his fortunes and the co-partner of his fame. The following anecdote illustrates the grateful affection with which he treated her:

She was fond of travelling with him, and on his more public occasions witnessing the exhibitions of triumph and honour which greeted him.

A friend of the Earl and of the present writer was dining with him, when one of the party—a member of the House for many years, of a noble family, but rather remarkable for raising a laugh at his buffoonery than any admiration for his wisdom—had no better taste or grace than to expostulate with Disraeli for always taking the viscountess with him.

"I cannot understand it," said the graceless man; "for, you know, you make yourself a perfect laughing-stock whenever your wife goes with you."

Disraeli fixed his eyes upon him very expressively, and said, "I don't suppose you can understand it, B., I don't suppose you can understand it, for no one could even in the last and wildest excursions of an insane imagination suppose you to be guilty of gratitude."

Happy Living.

THE divine art of happy living is to live as God's dear and blessed child. Your Father is so rich that He owns everything. He is so mighty that He can do everything. He is so generous that He will not withhold any good thing from them that love Him. He is so compassionate that He can never be indifferent to any pain or sorrow felt or feared by His child. Having such a Father to provide for every want, you can surely dismiss all care, you can silence every murmur, you can keep your heart in perfect peace.—Rev. Dr. March.

THE Observer, the able organ of the Bible Christian Church, is giving a series of illustrated articles on the leading men and institutions of Canadian Methodism. This is an admirable way by which to make this important constituent of the now Church acquainted with the personnel and institutions of the larger body.