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BERNARD PALISSY'S CHOICE.

The fame of Palissy the Potter cannot outshine the honor of Palissy the Huguenot. Our illustration depicts one of the final incidents of his life. After the long years of travail in which he won the secret of his art, the products of his genius were held in such regard that in the massacre of St. Bartholomew his life was protected; slay the potter, and there could be no more of his pottery. His sturdy faith, however, made him many enemies. Once he narrowly escaped imprisonment and death. At last there came a time when the artifices of friends in power could no longer shield him. He was an old man of seventy-six when he was arrested and sent to the Bastille, and the last four years of his life were spent within its walls. King Henry III., "starched, frilled, and curled," used to visit him there. Two fair young girls shared the later period of his imprisonment. "My good man," said the king, "you have been forty-five years in the service of the queen, my mother, or in mine, and we have suffered you to live in your own religion, amidst all the executions and massacres. Now, however, I am so pressed by the Guise party and my people, that I have been compelled, in spite of myself, to imprison these two poor women and you; they are to be burnt to-morrow, and you also, if you will not be converted." "Sire," answered the old man, "you have said several times that you feel pity for me; but it is I who pity you who have said, 'I am compelled.' That is not speaking like a king. These girls and I, who have part in the kingdom of heaven, we will teach you to talk royally. The Guisarts, all your people, and yourself, cannot compel a potter to bow down to images of clay." The girls were executed a few months later, and Palissy died in the Bastille.—*English Paper.*

God will stain the pride of all glory; for indeed all pride would stain his glory.

AN OPEN LETTER FROM MR. MOSSBACK TO BRÖ. TIGHTFIST.

Dear brother: When the collector for foreign missions called upon you for your

subscription the other day, I understand that you told her that it was quite preposterous to give so much money for a parcel of heathen in the middle of Africa. As for

you, when you had any money to give, you were not going to send it so far away from home. America was good enough for you and a good enough place in which to spend

your money. By-and-by came the time for the home missionary collection and another solicitor asked you for your contribution for that purpose. You told him that home missions were all very well, but, as for you, you believed in city missions, and you wished to see the dirty hoodlums around the church door converted before you sent your money off to Dakota. It was not long before the cause of city missions was presented and the good minister thought surely you would give largely to this cause, but what was his surprise to find that you had so many poor relatives of your own that "you could not pretend to take care of other people's relatives," and then you quoted, with great unction, the oft-perverted Scripture, "If a man provide not for his own, and specially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." Of course, the minister gave up all hopes of aid for city missions, but when he came to ask your relatives about the matter, he found that you were your own poorest relative, and that your own bank account swallowed up all the pennies you could get together.

Now, dear brother, you think that you deceive the world and make people believe that you are generous by playing off these various causes one against another, but no one is deceived. It would be a good deal more honest and quite as well for your reputation if you should say frankly when the next collector comes to you: "I'm going to hold on to my money just as long as I can, and when I can no longer clutch it, I'll leave it for my heirs and the lawyers to quarrel over." That doesn't look so well on paper, but it has the advantage of being honest. It has hard to deceive your fellow-men, and still harder to deceive the angels. Your friend, A. MOSSBACK, in *Golden Rule.*



HENRY III. VISITS BERNARD PALISSY IN THE BASTILLE.

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