

power to trample on your better nature and stupefy your mind. But now, if you will, you have a chance to use the powers God has given you, and settle finally on your plan of life."

"I have already trampled on my manhood—what is worse, I have lost it. I haven't any courage or strength left."

"That can scarcely be true of one but little more than twenty. You are to be here in quietness for the next ten days, I learn. It is my intention, so far as it is in my power to bring it about, that you deliberately face the consequences of your present course during this time. By the consequences I do not mean what the world will think of you, but rather the personal results of your action—what you must suffer while you are in the world, and what you must suffer when far beyond the world. Egbert, are you pleased with yourself? Are you satisfied with yourself?"

"I loathe myself."
"You can get away from the world—you are away from it now, and soon you will be away from it finally—but you can never get away from yourself. Are you willing to face an eternal consciousness of defeat, failure, and personal baseness?"

He shuddered, but was silent.
"There is no place in God's pure heaven for the drunkard—the morally loathsome and deformed. Are you willing to be swept away among the chaff and the thorns, and to have, for ever, the shameful and humiliating knowledge that you rightfully belong to the rubbish of the universe? Are you willing to have a sleepless memory tell you in every torturing way possible what a noble, happy man you might have been, but would not be? Your power to drown memory and conscience, and stupefy your mind, will only last a little while, at best. How are you going to endure the time when you must remember everything and think of everything? These are more important questions than what the world thinks of you."

"Have you no pity?" he groaned.
"Yes, my heart overflows with pity. Is it not kindness to tell you whither your path is leading? If I had the power I would lay hold of you, and force you to come with me into the path of life and safety," she answered with a rush of tears to her eyes.

Her sympathy touched him deeply, and disarmed her words of all power to awaken resentment.

"Mrs. Arnot," he cried passionately, "I did mean—I did try—to do better when I left this place, but between my own accursed weakness and the hard-hearted world, I am here again, and almost without hope."

"Egbert, though I did not discourage you at the time, I had little hope of your accomplishing anything when you left this cell some weeks since. You went out to regain your lost position and the world's favour, as one might look for a jewel or sum of money he had lost. You can never gain even these advantages in the way you proposed, and if you enjoy them again the cause will exist, not in what you do only, but chiefly in what you are. When you started out to win the favour of society, from which you had been alienated partly by misfortune, but largely through your own wrong action, there was no radical change in your character, or even in your controlling motives. You regretted the evil because of its immediate and disagreeable consequences. I do not excuse the world's harshness towards the erring, but, after all, if you can disabuse your mind of prejudice you will admit that its action is very natural, and would probably, have been your own before you passed under this cloud. Consider what the world knows of you. It, after all, is quite shrewd in judging whom it may trust and whom it is safe to keep at arm's length. Knowing yourself and your own weaknesses, as you do, could you honestly recommend yourself to the confidence of anyone? With your character unchanged, what guarantee have you against the first temptation or gust of passion to which you are subjected? You had no lack of wounded pride and ambition when you started out, but you will surely admit that such feelings are of little value compared with Christian integrity and manly principle, which render anything dishonourable or base impossible."

"I do not consider the world's favour worth very much, but the world's respect is, for it usually respects only what is respectable. As you form a character that you can honestly respect yourself, you will find society gradually learning to share in that esteem. Believe me, Egbert, if you ever regain the world's lost favour, which you value so highly, you will discover the first earnest of it in your own changed and purified character. The world will pay no heed to any amount of self-assertion, and will remain equally indifferent to appeals and upbraidings; but sooner or later it will find out just what you are in your essential life, and will estimate you accordingly. I have dwelt on this phase of your misfortune fully, because I see that it weighs so heavily on your heart. Can you accept my judgment in the matter? Remember, I have lived nearly three times as long as you have, and speak from ripe experience. I have always been a close observer of society, and am quite sure I am right. If you were my own son I would use the same words."

"Mrs. Arnot," he replied slowly, with contracted brow, "you are giving me much to think about. I fear I have been as stupid as I have been bad. My whole life seems one wretched blunder."

"Ah, if you will only think, I shall have strong hopes of you. But in measuring these questions, do not use only the inch rule of time and earth. As I have said before, remember you will soon have done with earth for ever, but never can you get away from God, nor be rid of yourself. You are on wretched terms with both, and will be, whatever happens, until your nature is brought into harmony with God's will. We are so made, so designed in our every fibre, that evil tortures us like a diseased nerve, and it always will till we get rid of it. Therefore, Egbert, remember—Oh that I could burn it into your consciousness—the best you can gain from your proposed evil course is a brief respite in base and sensual stupefaction, or equally artificial and humanly excitement, and then endless waking, bitter memories, and

torturing regret. Face this truth now, before it is too late. Good-bye for a time. I will come again when I can, or you can send for me when you please;" and she gave him her hand in cordial pressure.

He did not say a word, but his face was very white, and it was evident that her faithful words had opened a prospect that had simply appalled him.

"TIME TO GET UP."

There is no doubt that if an instrument could be invented to indicate the various degrees of difficulty people experience in getting out of bed in the morning, it would have to be graduated from zero up to a very high figure indeed. Many persons know absolutely nothing of any difficulty of the sort; they turn out of bed with the alacrity of a bird, glad even that it is time to get up; while others have to fight a battle more or less severe the moment they open their eyes every morning.

We purposely describe the difficulty as that of getting out of bed, because it is to a very great extent a mechanical difficulty. When a man was once rallying another on his weakness in this respect, he said, "Why don't you make up your mind to it?" The reply was, "Make up my mind to it! Oh, that is easy enough; I have done that a hundred times; but what I can't manage is to make up my body to it." It was a facetious way of putting the matter, but it really did exactly describe the main difficulty.

A person goes to bed with his mind fully made up to rise in the morning at the proper time, whenever that may be. He knows very well he ought to do it, and that it will be better for him in every way if he does do it. Entrenched in this virtuous resolution he falls asleep; but when he awakes a dull sense of inertness weighs him down, and if he stops to think about getting up he finds that inclination has usurped the place of reason, and that if there is one thing under the sun more ridiculous than another, it is the idea of getting out of bed just then.

So powerless often is the resolution at the waking hour, that we have heard of a man whose determination to get up was so decided, that he contrived a machine to pull the clothes off him at a certain hour, actually getting out of bed only to put them back and get in again.

There must, of course, be an effort of the will, but it should be an instantaneous effort, there should be no deliberation on the subject, no time given to meditate on the propriety or otherwise of getting up, no going over in our mind the pros and cons of the question. Directly we begin to think we are almost sure to lie abed, but when we refuse to think we are much more likely to get up.

And so the advice we give to every one who finds it very hard work to get up in the morning, but wants to master the weakness, is,—make up your body to it, and turn out *instantly* without a moment's parley.—*Cassell's Magazine*.

A WORD TO GIRLS.

A terrible tragedy occurred recently in Baltimore which, contrary to our usual custom with regard to tales of crime, we repeat for the consideration of every young girl among our readers.

It was the history of a young girl, beautiful, innocent, and carefully guarded; the idol of her father and brothers. Her mother, however, was dead, and her head was filled with romantic dreams of a hero who was to come and rule over her life.

On her way to and from school, she met a handsome, dashing fellow, who eagerly sought her acquaintance, managing to throw a kind of mystery over their meetings.

He was vulgar, false and cruel, but he had brilliant eyes and well-cut features. What more would a girl of sixteen demand in a hero?

The friendship lasted for years; he gained an absolute control over her. She hid her love for him from her fond old father and brothers; he eloped with her finally, but refused her marriage. The girl came home to die. Her eldest brother pursued her lover, shot at him repeatedly but failed to kill him. Later, the villain met her gray-haired father, and when the feeble old man, maddened by grief, threatened him, he shot him dead.

Now here is a young girl dead, before she had fairly tasted life, her old father murdered, and her brothers left homeless, all for her indulgence at first in silly, reckless romance.

It is natural for you to think of love, girls. God meant you to love and to marry. But He meant you to do it with the blessing of your father and mother upon you. Trust the love that has watched you from the cradle, as being truer than that of the young fellow who has known you but yesterday. If his feelings for you must be kept out of their sight, depend that there is something tricky and unclean in it, and if he tries to draw you into deceiving and mocking them, you may be sure that he is no "hero," but a man who will lead you into a path the gates of which open into the grave.—*Youth's Companion*.

THE Finance Committee of the Free Church of Scotland have agreed to accept the offer made of payment in full without interest, of the sum due to the Free Church by the City of Glasgow Bank. The Free Church are large creditors.

NOTWITHSTANDING the reassuring bulletins of the physicians of Prince Bismarck, it is known from trustworthy sources that his condition has become considerably more precarious during the past few days. He is really much worse than the public have been led to believe and it is beginning to be ominously whispered that his recovery is a matter of grave doubt.

MR. GLADSTONE, in reply to a letter from Mr. David Allen, jun., of Belfast, on the subject of the present crisis in Ireland, says: "You may depend on my giving attention to any plan which may seem to me advantageous with reference to the land of Ireland. I do not, however, as at present advised, see the character of practicability in any design based on expropriating with compensation the present landed proprietors."

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

It has been determined to hold an International Exhibition at Rome in 1882, an important feature being the recent applications of science to general industry.

M. JULES FAVRE, the eminent French statesman and Republican member of the Senate, also a member of the French Academy, died on the 20th Jan., at Versailles, aged 71.

In Holland there are 2,000,000 members of the Reformed Church, 70,000 Lutherans, 42,000 Mennonites, 6,000 Remonstrants or Armenians, 400 Moravians, and 80,000 Separatists or Old Reformed.

THE discovery has recently been made in the library of the city of Treves, in Rhenish Prussia, of an old French poem in manuscript, the authorship of which, according to notes appended, is to be attributed to the minstrel-king, Richard Cœur-de-Lion.

THE special congregation at Rome, consisting of five Cardinals, appointed by the Pope to examine the question of annulling the marriage of the hereditary Prince of Monaco and Lady Mary Hamilton, delivered judgment, pronouncing the marriage to be invalid; but at the same time affirming the legitimacy of the son, the issue of the marriage, and the right of the Prince to provide for his education.

THE British Museum has acquired about a thousand more tablets and fragments of inscribed terra-cotta documents from Babylon. Amongst them is a tablet of Samsu-Irba, a Babylonian monarch hitherto unknown, who probably lived about the time of Bardes, and was one of the intermediate rulers between Cambyses and Darius, B.C. 518. Another fragment has a representation of one of the gates of Babylon.

THE Pope has sent instructions to the bishops and other collectors of Peter's pence to forward what they may have in hand, as the large calls upon his resources, arising from the hardness of the times, have left him without the means of satisfying further demands. Unlike his predecessor, Leo XIII. puts by nothing. All the receipts of 1879 have been already spent in assisting schools, poor churches, alms, and the restoration of ecclesiastical works of art.

PUBLIC attention in Japan is entirely absorbed by the disastrous conflagration at Tokio, on Dec. 26th. This is the third similar overwhelming calamity in seven years. Miles were laid waste. Nearly fifteen thousand homes were destroyed, and fifty thousand persons were rendered destitute. A considerable part of the foreign district was destroyed, including several missionary establishments. One church legation of the United States was in danger, but escaped. The loss of life was about one hundred.

ON the 16th of December, in a small city in Eastern Bohemia, thirty-one persons were fined \$2.50 each for attending a Bible service not connected with the State Church. The leader of the meeting was fined \$12.50. On the 14th of December the attempt of the few believers in Stupitz, near Prague, to hold a Bible service in one of their homes was frustrated by the police. On the first of November the Austrian Cabinet decided that the Stupitzers might hold house Bible services with invited guests, but the needed document has not reached these persecuted people. All this in Austria whose Constitution grants religious liberty to all citizens.

THE following is the estimated number of religious denominations amongst English-speaking communities throughout the world:

Episcopalians.....	17,750,000
Methodists of all descriptions.....	14,000,000
Roman Catholics.....	13,500,000
Presbyterians of all descriptions.....	10,000,000
Baptists of all descriptions.....	8,000,000
Congregationalists.....	7,000,000
Unitarians.....	1,000,000
Minor religious sects.....	1,500,000
Of no religion in particular.....	7,500,000

English-speaking population..... 80,250,000

THE "Publishers' Circular" gives its usual analytical table of books published in 1879. This table is divided into fourteen classes, shewing the new books and new editions published during 1879, compared with the publishing season of 1878. In 1879 there were published new books, 4,294; new editions, 1,540. In 1878 the number of new books was only 3,730; new editions, 1,584. Thus we find 1879 more prolific of new books, by 564, while the number of new editions was less in 1879 by 44. The fourteen classes compare in the two years as follows:—

Divisions.	1878.		1879.	
	New Books.	New Editions.	New Books.	New Editions.
Theology, sermons, Biblical etc...	531	208	775	311
Educational, Classical and philological.....	424	162	613	215
Juvenile works and tales.....	319	129	153	61
Novels, tales, and other fiction....	447	432	607	406
Law, jurisprudence, etc.....	93	36	102	55
Political and social economy, trade and commerce.....	133	48	99	22
Art, sciences and illustrated works	119	28	268	85
Voyages, travels, geographical research.....	147	68	225	70
History, biography, etc.....	312	118	319	84
Poetry and the drama.....	200	156	150	41
Year books and serials in volumes	225	15	286	—
Medicine, surgery, etc.....	176	57	136	53
Belles Lettres, essays, monographs, etc.....	409	122	136	43
Miscellaneous, including pamphlets not sermons.....	195	5	422	94
	3,730	1,584	4,294	1,540