

		Increase.
No. of leaders, male, 6,108, female, 945; total	7,143	102
No. of ministers who have died, Sept., 1886, to Sept., 1890	77	2
No. of members	233,868	36,349
No. of baptisms, 1886 to 1890	73,374	
No. of marriages, 1886 to 1890	29,604	
No. of burials, 1886 to 1890	40,193	
No. of Sunday-schools	3,173	498
No. of officers and teachers	28,411	4,165
No. of scholars	226,050	34,865
No. of average attendance of scholars	120,811	23,451
No. of scholars meeting in class	33,449	6,516
No. of scholars learning catechism	25,677	2,371
No. of scholars taken total abstinence pledge	41,522	12,588
No. of volumes in libraries	217,383	7,497
No. of churches	3,092	159
No. of parsonages	907	125
No. of burial grounds	1,117	206
Total value of church property	\$11,597,491	\$1,702,413
Total amount of insurance	4,425,950	

Around the Winter-Hearth.

Draw up your chairs; the panes are white
With winter-growth, the ferns of frost;
Without the old elm moans to-night;
Its long, bare arms are wrung and tossed.

The gates on frozen hinges creak,
The rude wind rattles door and sash;
And where it smites the whitening cheek
It stings and tingles like a lash.

Upon the path the hardy snow
Laughs, chuckling at the heavy heel;
And where the laden waggon goes
It groans and sighs beneath the wheel.

The white smoke, lifting fold on fold,
Writhes, snake-like, beaten in the air;
The man in the moon looks pitched and cold,
The heavenly lanterns wink and flare.

But bring choice apples from the bins,
And crack the nuts, while in the heat
The corn its mimic fight begins—
The skirmish, battle, and retreat.

And pass the words of sprightly speech,
The brisk retorts of wit and jest;
Give laughter easy room, and each
In turn make mirth for all the rest.

Tell the old tales, and once again
Let the deep-buried geists loosed;
Sing nonsense songs—we'll not disdain
The melodies of Mother Goose.

So let the crazy norther roar;
Sung by this hearth we will not mind;
To-night be written o'er our door,
"Who enters here leave care behind."



"I desire to form a League, offensive and defensive, with every soldier of Christ Jesus"—John Wesley.

Is this Practicable?

THE young men and women of our several Leagues are, as a rule, employed, and do not have leisure to visit and work as they honestly desire to do. If there is a league whose members are very busy and can afford to do it, let me suggest a plan: Employ some young man or young woman (great care must be exercised in making a selection, but the pastor can advise) at a stated salary. It shall be his duty to go wherever he is sent, to visit the members; to call upon strangers, to invite children to the Sunday-school, and all to the League meetings and the church service, to visit the sick, to go on errands of mercy and help, to bring names to pastor, superintendent, and president. What a world of good he could do! How the League, the Sunday-school, and the Church would increase in numbers. *Epworth Herald.*

Use the Pledge.

At a recent convention at Howell, Mich., Rev. E. B. Bancroft urged all Epworth Leagues to use the pledge. These were his reasons: 1. It furnishes a particular aim—an essential in everything. 2. It has a binding force, and increases the feeling of obligation. 3. It has an impelling force. One is incited by the fact of having made a pledge. 4. The pledge helps to form a habit of doing, and thus duty becomes easy and pleasurable. 5. Pledges have been proven useful in societies, reforms, politics, and churches. Analogy suggests its usefulness here. 6. Its propriety may be inferred from the fact that the Bible is full of pledges, covenants, and oaths. 7. The League pledge is especially advisable, as it is simply a promise that every young person ought to make when he gives himself to Christ.—*Epworth Herald.*

Epworth League Notes.

(From the Epworth Herald.)

—The long winter evenings will soon be here. Plan to take the Epworth reading course.

—"The empty pews soon filled up when the League took hold." That is the testimony of a pastor not a thousand miles from the spot where this paragraph was written. We rejoice with him.

—The wise League president organizes his forces. He develops his chapter by giving it something to do. The unwise president discounts the ability of the chapter, and insists upon doing about everything himself. While he groans under the burden the people look on in mute astonishment, and wonder what he is making such a fuss about!

—A Montreal brewer built a church and inscribed this upon it: "This church was erected by Thomas Molson at his sole expense. Hebrews, eleventh chapter." Some of the McGill college wags got a ladder one night and altered the inscription to make it read: "This church was erected by Thomas Molson at his soul's expense. He brews (double) XX." The boys made a point.

—The Baptists of Iowa held a large convention at Des Moines recently. Its most important item of business was the organization of a state young people's union. It is modelled somewhat after the Epworth League, and the work of organizing is to be pushed with enthusiasm. We congratulate our Baptist brethren upon their practical wisdom in providing for the culture of their young people through an organization controlled by their own Church.

An Unexpected Aide-de-Camp.

THE following anecdote of the great Duke of Wellington was related to his friend and biographer, Dr. Gleig, late chaplain-general to Her Majesty's forces:

On the field of Waterloo, the Duke was sitting on his charger, Copenhagen, watching the progress of the battle. His aides-de-camp were all away on different errands, when a little man, on a rough pony, rode up to him, and, touching his hat, said: "Please, sir, any orders for 'Todd and Morrison'?" The Duke replied:

"No; but will you do me a service?"

The little man assented with great pleasure.

"Go," said the Duke, "to that officer"—pointing him out—"and tell him to refuse a flank."

The little man rode off, and duly and safely executed his commission. He then returned to the Duke, and told him he had done what he wanted. The Duke thanked him, and said that perhaps some day he might be able to do him a service in return. The little man touched his hat, and rode off.

Years afterwards the Duke rode into the city, and stopping at the door of the establishment of Messrs. Todd and Morrison, inquired if there was any one in their employ who had acted as their agent in Flanders at the time of the Battle of Waterloo. Inquiry was made, and it was found that the little man was still on their staff, and on the premises at the time. The Duke asked to be allowed to see him. The little man came. The Duke asked him if remembered the incident above related.

"Yes, perfectly so!" was the reply.

"Are you comfortable?" asked the Duke.

"Yes, sir—fairly so; but I am getting old, have a wife and family, and shall not be able to keep my present position much longer."

The Duke put down the man's name and address, and rode away. In a few days' time the man received a missive from "F. M. the Duke of Wellington," appointing him to a sinecure office, with emolument sufficient to provide for him and his to the end of his days.

Bits of Fun.

—Miles O'Reilly, Miles Rourke, and Miles Finnegan are prominent Irish Nationalists. There are thus three Miles in the Irish Land League.

—Bobby was inspecting the new baby for the first time, and his dictum was as follows: "I s'pose it's nice 'nough, what there is of it," he said, without enthusiasm, "but I'm sorry it ain't a parrot."

—An old engineer says, "If you get a cinder in your eye don't rub it, but rub the other eye." This may be good advice to follow, but what is a fellow to rub when he gets a cinder in each eye at the same time?

—Small boy (outside of base-ball grounds)—"How many's on de groun's, Jimmy?"

Jimmy (cooling his eye at a knot-hole)—"Bout four t'ousand."

Small boy—"P'lice an' all?"

Jimmy—"No, includin' the p'lice 'bout six t'ousand."

—Willie Anderson was a resident of Kilsyth, and was one of the thinnest men ever seen, being "a perfect rickle o' banes." He was continually ailing, and one day, on the doctor visiting him and asking him where he felt the most pain, he replied: "Weel, doctor, I'm that thin that I dinna ken whether it's a sair stomach or a sair back."

—An Irishman, writing to his wife, who was still in "ould Ireland," began his letter by making the following surprising statement: "It's a foine country, Bridget, an' no mistaké. I've this day put phwat they call an inshoorated on me loife, an' if I'd fall down a ladder wid me hod an' break me neck to-morry, faith an' I'd get \$25 a wake as long as I'm dead. It's a foine country, that's phwat it is."

—On returning home from skating during last winter's severe frost a gentleman was surprised to receive the congratulations of his family on his happy escape from drowning. He thought somebody had been playing a joke on them, and laughed heartily until he found that his best suit of clothes had been given to the man who had brought the news, and who said he had been sent for some dry clothes.

—The Saunterer overheard the following the other day: Two labourers met upon a street corner and one of them with kindly interest asked,

"How are you doing, Pat?"

"O, finely, man; never did better in my life."

"What are you working at?"

"O, I'm a real estate conveyancer."

"And what in honour's name is that?"

"Why, I'm driving a dump-cart, man."