that is easy—it means, why this"

arm embrace and a loving kiss);

one another, I don't see who

one another, another—now. May, do you?"

gladly she raised her head, thoughtful darling, and slow y said, thoughtful darling, and slow y said, the little brother, by lam only one, and you are another,
this is the meaning - don't you see !—
il must love you, and you must love me." httle preacher! could any sage pret better the sacred page?

Sunshiny Tilda.

OWOLL

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he cold winter's wind blew fiercely. and and the crazy old house in the miserable ters where the city's poor were crowdis houses long since condemned as unsafe. Oh, I'm so cold !" said Tilda Ryman, as by in her low bed of straw, shaking hold, in the fireless and carpetless room. however wind through the crevices in the wall led the weak little body, and there was orm covering upon Tilda's bed.

orld was hungry; though 'twas after ould be com. she had not tasted food, and her supthe evening before had been cold boiled roots, and lives without salt or pepper. But Tilda arietic are rected nothing; it was no new experience this 10-year-old to be alene, cold and

ant, a single I wonder if mother's drinkin' again. nired orna. waferred shell freeze to death, such days as this! If I could only watch trable. The ther a bit. 'Pears as if I shouldn't not unlike at to be in this world without mammy !" ing, with tears stole down the thin cheeks of halfwhite clus med Tilda.

the you awake, Tilda? and don't you ummer with take care of Polly ! ipkin while I'm Christman to the school?' Anda larger girl pushed ontinues all the door and seated herself in the one the flower ty chair in the room.

m actual ex. Martha Jane, please hand me Polly succeeded every minute ! ' and Tilda sat up in bed, lian climate, ally reaching out for a battered, soiled uch depend. It, so ugly that few little girls would little of it wanted to look at it.

ns, that it is filds couldn't move her lower limbs. A other plants when papa had struck her cruel, heavy ays give the when a wee girlie, and ever after many other sething was the trouble with Tilda's Itivate such it, her rosy cheeks grew thin, and mamin the dull, sobbed all the time.

filds didn't mind much then that she esit still and could never run or play, ma was so loving and tender with cripple l girlie; but she had not learnadrink then.

Tillie hugged Polly Pipkin close to her ut The tumbled flaxen hair had not aids which seembed for several days, and the thin asked hew the dress was tattered and dirty; no lovmother had looked after. Tilda's com-

and she is Much cold, Tilda ?" asked Martha Jane. nead onher Wes; but then the sun'll melt the snow, r questioner

ve saucily am afraid you haven't had any dinner, r business," Well, mine wasn't enough for one Rame. Her a: I tried to get you a corn cake. My her English, didy is drinkin ; pears like every time he res are deep apaid for work, he jest drinks it up. ex pressive da, do you suppose we shall ever like the rmerly was sef!-whisky, beer and brandy, I mean." shoulders, ad Martha Jane's black eyes snapped and mired dis-

as befits a mida opened wide her blue ones. She out the me- waloyal soul to mammy, but she hated She passes which the curse which and walk. wrecked their home and made a drunkis out all not of her mother.

"I know you hate it now, Tilda; so do I, n the after. I once your mammy did. Old Granny erielf, and was says your mammy was once the with her; withest and sweetest woman she ever ng, at home w; and now look at her !-all purple hinking or bloated—Hush! I didn't mean to panions by the you cry. Here, Tilda, let me warm ace for her papa bit;" and Martha Jane held the laid to rest ple in her arms until she had warmed a lowed upon the the benumbed body of Tilda.

t. Bernard must be goin' to the school. We learn over his re- mend and sew things there. I'm goin' s pathetic, tring you something; it'll be company on's famous Fou to try to guess what it will be." and Boat- Wartha, if you-should-see-mammy

yin'-in-the-streets, will you-will "Ill try to bring her home, Tilda. The

shall not throw snowballs at her while wound, and I'll try to sober her up tha cup of hot soup.' ith a barg Martha Jane closed the door.

muggled up into a heap and cuddled ly close to her, and then went to slee p. Il ack the ladies to help her, I'm strong can work, but Tilda never can. Why here isn't old Mag, drunk, and almost owed over! I'll have to miss school, but I unked Tilda to look after her mother, think she'd rather I'd bring her mmy than anything, though I wanted ther some bread and meat and a bit of

Dewn upon her knees Martha Jane knelt, with her fingers began to dig out the man, stupid with drink, not minding the greach of a beautifully-dressed lady. he drunken woman muttered in her

op a Martha tried to arouse her, when lady too knelt, saying, "L:t me assist And before Martha could think, the y had called help and her carriage, and they were all driven to Tilda's.

An. Manning's tears blinded her eyes as blooked upon Tilda and Polly Pipkin. With Martha's help she soon had Tilda warm bed, wearing a flannel wrap; er, home specially for weak, poor children. filds's mother was cared for by ladies to work earnestly to help men and women tuk off the habit of intemperance and bene respected, pure, good souls again; and

da prays daily for "mammy." My! but you're fine! I s'pose you coldn't look at Poily Pipkin now!" said artha, as she visited Tilda in her warm m, just after she had eaten a broakfast warm catmeal and milk, and a pink-

teled dolly in a pink dress lay in Tilda's "No, I don't mean a word of that, you Y sunshiny Tilda! You'll always stick homely old friends, and I'm glad you ten at new dolly. Good news! Daddy's then the pledge, and maybe I'll have a new olly too. I know you're glad, Tilda dear."

Born to blush unseen—Colored ladies.

CHARLES OF THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF THE

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD , A. B.

Is conversation doomed to become a lost art ? Some indications seem to point in that direction. It is certain that many a dear hostess is at this hour in much perplexity as to the manner in which she will en. Without it, in a reasonable measure, when tertain her gueste, so as to make them feel at home with herself and each other, and yet not offend either the varied testes, or before were clear to his mind will become the no less varied consciences of any. It is confused; and after struggling along in probable that no one feels that any recognized method is absolutely perfect. The mu- under cover of silence. But, of course, in sical evening, the euchre party, or the ball, all discourse the operator's trump card does not touch everywhere with equal case. must be something to say. Though this What a pity that some leader in social life | might seem the most difficult part of the could not open a vein from which exhaust qualification it is actually about the most less wealth might be drawn to relieve the easy. A bashful boy, for the first time

in a high degree, the relief which is needed? in a house where were three young ladies, The answer would undcubtedly be in theaf- and suffered unspeakable agonies for want firmative, were it not that it is the excep- of something to say. He spent his first tion for any lady to bring her guests together | carned money in paying for Harper's Week. and expect them to entertain themselves ly, a paper at that time just beginning its by their own conversation. The thought career. In this the diffident youth found of such a thing brings to her mind the vi- stories and anecdotes, and facts and sion of a dreary circle of people, arranged politics, and he could always draw upon around her walls in helpless silence, the any of these when in the throes of his effort whole company weighed down in abject to do his part in the talk at table or elsefear, like some anniversary meeting, gather. Where. He was surprised at the case with ed together of uncongenial elements, in a which he could remember and repeat anytoo solemn church, when no choir or speaker thing which he wished to present. The can rise above the sufficating oppressive experience did more than anything else in ness. The memory of one such company, his life to give him command of himself, and the fruitless efforts of the kind, but ex- and a ready supply of illustrative annechausted hostess, to make a break in the for- dote, while at the same time it taught him bidding, well guarded lines, will live on un- the habit of noticing and remembering til the very mention of company haunts one | what he read. If people had conversation

like a nightmare. Now this ought not so to be, and the less as it is easily within reach of a thorough remedy. I have spoken of conversation as a lost art; I had done better if I had said an art never yet cultivated, for this is the fact. When a baby has learned to talk, and, to this accomplishment, a few years later, some lessons in the elements of English grammar are added, we have all that is ever done to draw out the faculties of any one along the line of conversation. Yet it is likely that, except those who have absolutely no musical faculty, people come by nature, as near to perfection in musical art as they do to perfection in the art of conversation. Certainly the former is capable of being carried to greater heights, and developed along more widely diverging lines, but without special cultivation conversation will fall as helpless and powerless, except in a few cases rarely favored by nature, as music would if wholly neglected. No one thinks of leaving music just to grow up of itself. Why expect the art of conversation to do so?

But the question will start up, where and how should it be taught? The schools are already overburdened with subjects. There is no room to bring in a new department of high culture. Well now it is just possible that even the greatly crowded curriculum of the schools might allow them to do something more than they do, though every recitation is in some sense a discipline in clear expression.

But beyond a doubt social life is the natural and great school of conversation. It is to blame, and open to a grave indictment tor encouraging conversation to run down into mere exchange of a commonplace words, about the most commonplace things, instead of rising into the white heat of healthful excitement over subjects of deep and universal interest, Society has practically abandoned this field, which, of all fields, is peculiarly its own.

Now, everybody admires the person who has the power to hold a company under the charm of his words in collequial discourse. der of their influence in thrusting one for- very happy.

ward in the extertainment of others, they stand something like the fellowing:

The person will be a good listener. Respect for what others say is about the best introduction which a stranger can have for what he is going to say himself, Selfpossession will enable one who speaks to grow upon the attention of his listeners. one finds his own voice the only distinct sound in a company, the thoughts which growing mistiness for a time, he will hurry away from his father's house, a teacher of Is not the art of conversation, developed a small school among strangers, boarded in view, the life of each day would be found to be full of incident, and even of novelties well worth repeating. These things always seem larger in the telling than they do when looking upon them. To find something to say is easy inde:d if one cares to make himself interesting to his friends. Certainly the more versatility one has the more interesting he will become. Brief, pithy anecdotes will hold sway anywhere if well told. It is fashionable to ridicule anecdote as not consistent with the highest dignity, but all the same a good laugh serves a noblér purpose in nature than dignity when standing alone. In the line of this high and refined art it is open for any bold reformer to invite a party of friends together with the understanding that each member of the company will be expected to relate one or more good stories; and such a par'y would serve the double purpose of general entertainment, and of cultivating the art of telling a good thing well. Why would not such a party be as acceptable and refined as one where any other art is mentioned as the stated means of entertainment? I have read of one highly accomplished lady, who gave receptions to her friends, and marked the card of invitation with the word "conversation." She was a mistress of the art, and her receptions were exceedingly popular, as many found them a stimulant to excellence, and many useful hints in attaining it.

TORONTO, ONT.

The widow Larkin says that the main reason why so many men have family troubles is that they marry a miss.

Tidal observations on the eastern coast of America have acquired a new importance since the Coast Survey has confirmed by recent observations the older suggestion that there are tidal fluxes in the Gulf Stream, and variations of its velocity due to halfmonthly changes in the relative sea levels of the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico.

Countess Elise Hensler, wife of the ex-Instead of such persons being the exception King Regent of Portugal, who died on the they might be the rule. These did not leap | 15th inst, is of American birth, but of Gerat a bound to their distinguished pre-emi- | man parents. The P-ince himself was of nence in this particular. Their grace is the the Saxe-Cobourg family. Miss Hensler last finishing touch put upon a high art. | was born in Boston, but educated for the The elements which enter into this art ad- lyric stage in Europe. She was married mit of easy analysis. Mentioned in the or- sixteen years since, and made her husband



STATES OF THE PROPERTY OF THE

About the only time a man wishes he were a woman is when he is in a crowded street car.

A new comedy is called "The Girl With a Tin Heart." Nearly all the girls have a tin heart, when a young man comes round with a soft solder.

The saving, "full as a goose," does "the goose great injustice. A goose never gets so full that it has to hold on to a lamp post, as did some folks the other night.

"He is utterly unscrupulous," writes an Irish editor of a political opponent, "and his memory is so poor that he frequently forgets one minute what he says the next.'

A woman will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves through the most bitter adversity, but she wouldn't wear a hat that was out of style to save the govern-

"Don't you like this room?" asked the principal of the new teacher. "Oh, yes, I like the room well enough," replied the miss who had a large class of boys, "but I find it very sonny."

"Nana!" (her version of grandma) "is your papa dead ?" " Yes," answered grandma. A long pause, and then came from the little lips : "Then the only papa you got is just a corn-popper !" A scientific journal claims that nothing

will improve a woman's complexion like early rising. This may be true, but every woman knows that for immediate results a powder rag is not to be sneezed at. Examiner in soology (to small aspirant)-"Oan you tell me any thing peculiar about

the cuckoo, in regard to nesting?' Student -"Yes, sir. Please sir he don't lay his own eggs hisself, sir !" Superintendent (to little girl) -" Now,

my dear, how can you best show your appreciation to your parents for the liberal education they have given you?" Little girl-"By marrying rich, sir. " Did you say or did you not say what I

said you said ? Because Walt said you said you never said what I said you said. Now, if you did say that you did not say what I said you said then what did you say ?" "Good morning Mrs Gilligan; how is

Patrick, this morning?" "Sure, he's no better, sir." "Why don't you send him to the hospital to be treated ?" "To be treated, is it ! Faith, an' it's the delirium trimmins he has already."

"Is it the Dothness of the Do, or the Doneness of the Did?" proposed a Hub tutor to a little Yankee kid. The Bosting urchin's answer free at oncely took the bun : "The pwopah tawm to use would be, the Didness of the Done."

A little boy was asked how he liked his new baby sister. "Well," he replied, " don't think she agrees with me." "And why not ?" was asked. "I don't know, said he, "but I always want to cry when ! see mother kiss her.'

"On, mamma," said a little girl who had stopped in front of a glass case containing dentists' samples, "here is just what you want." "I have all the teeth I require," replied the mother. "But you haven't thing fit to crimp pies with, have you ?"

"Who was Moses?" asked a Sundayschool teacher. "He was an ox-driver," said a little boy. "An ox-driver!" repeated the teacher in astonishment. "What put that idea into your head?" "Cause," replied the boy, "wusn't he found among the bull-rushers ?'

We learn from a reliable exchange that a good, healthy hippopotamus is valued at \$20,000. Here is an idea for the fashionable girls who lead a \$1,000 dog along. Get a hippopotamus and kill the other girls with envy. This suggestion is thrown out without any charge.

At a party one evening, Sully, the painter, was speaking of a belle who was a great favorite. "Ah," said Sully, "she has a mouth like an elephant." "Oh, Mr. Sally, how can you be so rude?' "Rude, ladies, rude! What do you mean? I say she has got a mouth like an elephant, because it is tall of ivory."

"Now be a good little boy, Willie," said his mother to him one day, wishing to impress upon him the reward in store for the just, " and when you die you will have a gold harp to play on." "I don't know how to play on a gold harp," he grumbled, "and I don't want nuthin' anyway that I've got to die to git Let Johnny be good and git the harp, and gimme a drum.

At a London dinner party the other evening the ladies entered one room and the gentlemen another. In each room there was a basket of flowers, and the ladies were arked to make choice of a flower from the basket, the flowers being all different. The gentlemen went through a similar proceed. ing in another room, and on the ladies entering the drawing room the gentlemen and ladies saw how chance had assorted them.

If Rich

The following lines, which are a paraphrase of Herace's well-known saying :

"Those wights who though the venturous oceas Not their own passeons, but the climate, change,

Impart a lesson to all who think that they would be better and do better if their circumstances were changed. A writer in the Christian Standard brings out the futility of his expectation :

One evening, passing along a crowded street, I heard one boy saying to another, " If I were rich, I wouldn't" and then the rest of the sentence was lost and I hurried on with the throng.

But I have wondered of en since, how that sentence was finished, Did the poy

" If I were rich, I wouldn't sanb my poor relations;" or, " If I were rich, I wouldn't spend all my money on myself;" er, " If I were rich, I wouldn't work any more," or what?

We cannot know, but there is one thing quite certain. Whatever the boy does now that he is poor, he would do if he were rich. If he is generous now, he would be generous then. If he is me in now, he would be mean then. If he works faithfully now, he would work with fidelity then.

For " he that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much,"

The elections for a new House of Commons took place in Great Britain and Ireland durin the fortnight beginning November 24, and ending December 8 The result fof these elections was in several respects surprising and interesting

In the last House of Commons, there were three hundred and fifty-four Liberals, two hundred and thirty-seven Conservatives or Tories, and sixty-one Irish Home Rulers. Thus the Liberals had a majority over the Tories of one hundred and seventeen, and over the Tories and Home Rulers combined, of fifty-six. But it must be added that of the sixty-one Home Rulers, only thirty-five followed the lead of Mr. Parnell, the Irish Nationalist leader. The other twenty-six were practically supporters of the Liberal

The Liberals were thus, in the last House, very strong, and the Liberal ministry of Mr. Gladstone was able, for five | years, to have its own way in policy and legislation.

The situation is greatly changed by the recent elections. The new House of Commone will contain three hundred and thirtyfour Liberals, two hundred and fifty Tories, and eighty six Home Rulers. Thus the Liberals have lost twenty seats, the Torice have gained thirteen seats, and the Home Rulers have gained twenty-five seats. The new Home Rulers, moreover, are pledged and devoted adherents of Mr. Parnell, to a man; so that the real gain to the Irish Nationalists is fifty-one, and the real loss of the Liberals is fifty-six.

In short, the Liberals in the new House, will only have a majority of eighty-four over their Tory rivals, and the Tories. and Home Bulers combined will have a majority of two over the Liberals.

Mr. Parnell and his party, therefore, has achieved his avowed purpose of securing enough Home Rulers in the new House to hold the balance between the Liberals and Tories, and to be able to m.ke terms with one or other from a commanding position.

The greatest, perhaps, of the questions which will come before the new House, is that of the Irish demand for Home Rule. That demand means simply that Ireland shall have a local Parliament, which shall sit in Dablin, and make laws for the local government of the island. The connection Ireland and Great Britain would still, in that case, be maintained by the executive power, in the person of the Lord Lieutenant. appointed by the Queen.

Since Mr. Parnell can convert, at will, either the Liberals or the Tories into a majority of the House, it is not improbable that some scheme of Irish Home Rale will. at no distant day, be adopted and put inte operation. Indeed, both the Liberals and the Tories are considering how large a measure of Home Rule they can safely and successfully grant to the sister country.

Some of the features of the recent elections are interesting In former times, the greatest strength of the Liberals has always been in the boroughs, - that is in the cities. towns, and villages; while that of the Tories has been in the counties. This time, the position of the parties is exactly reversed. The Tories made their gains in large towns like London, Liverpool, Manchester and Leeds. The Liberal gains on the other hand, came almost wholly from the old Tory strongholds in the counties.

The reason of the latt r fact is, that the recent reform bill gave the suffrage to two millions of men of the laboring and the agricultural classes, who for the most part live in the countries; and these new electors seem to have very generally voted for Liberat candidates.

The elections were also notable for the defeat of some prominent men. No less than twelve members of Mr. Gladstone's late ministry were left out of the House, while four members of the present Tory ministry suffered the same fate. The most eminent defeated Liberal was Mr. Childers, who was Mr. Gladstone's Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Marquis of of Lorne, son in-law of the Queen, and lately Governor-General of Canada, was defeated; and so was Jacob Bright, the brother of John Bright. The curious position in which the elections

have placed the three parties in the new House, will undoubtedly give rise to exciting scenes and critical events when that House meets The general prediction in England, however, is that the life of a House se constituted will be a brief one, and that fresh elections are likely to take place at a not distant day.

Fishing Tackle.

On the principal of preparing for war in time of peace now is the time to overhaul the fishing tackle and put it in readiness for the spring campaign. The rods should receive careful attention and the ferrules tested to see if they have loosened by any change of temperature or by the strain of last season's work. Tae whippings should be replaced if frayed, and, if necessary the rod should be varnished. If the angler is not expert at this work he should send it to his rod maker whom he knows to be the most expert of all, at least he believes him to be. which is just as well. Reels should be cleaned and oiled, lines an l leaders should be tested and if there is any frayed gut in the leader or among the fly enoods cut it out and tie it anew, Fly snoods should be free from all cracks where the gut joins the fly, the most usual place for them to break, and the fly should be re-tied or the gut cut and whipped on tight, with silk. This is pleasant work for winter evenings and brings its reward in finding all things in readiness for the first trip to the streams.

Looking Beyond.

We seldom remember to look above. While worshipping ever at human clay. Till the precious treasures of earthly love Are hid in the chadows of Death away. Then a sombre veil is lifted saide. To admit our love, as they pass along, But what they may find at the other side Is hid from the eyes of the gazing throng.

Those precious treasures that brighten our lives Grow brighter still as they vanish for aye. For Death's deep shadows the spirit survives. While we shed our grief on the mould of clay. We toil at our wearlsome task each day Till the lips grow cold and the voice grows dumb And we drift fr m the present life away To the unknown shores of the lif : to come.

And the mysti: touch of the spirit hands That falls on the hears is the magic link That guides our feet through the burning sands Till they rest in peace at the river's brink And when we are borne by the mighty tide Away from the grasp of the hands we love.

We humbly toust toat the waters may glide To the hoped-for shores in the realms above. - Selected by Miss Mary A. Richards.