YOU HAVE A LION TO FIGHT.

Rev. Dr. Talmage Speaks of the Temptations of Men.

Scene at the Amphitheatre at Verona—Paul's Fight With the Beasts at Ephesus—Lessons to Be Learned From It—The Bad Habits of Men—The Dr. Preaches a Powerful Discourse.

A despatch from Washington says:—Rev Dr. Talmage preached from the following text:—"I have fought with beasts at Ephesus"—1 Cor. xv. 32. "Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."—Heb. xii. 1.

Crossing the Alps by the Mount Cenis pass, or through the Mount Cenis tunnel, you are in a few hours set down at Verona, Italy, and in a few minutes begin examining one of the grandest ruins of the world—the Amphitheatre. The whole building sweeps around you in a circle. You stand in the arena where the combat was once fought, or the race run, and on all sides the seats rise, tier above tier, until you count forty elevations or galleries as I shall see fit to call them, in which sat the senators, the kings, and the twenty-five thousand excited spectators. At the sides of the arena, and under the galleries are the cages in which the lions and tigers are kept without food, until frenzied with hunger and thirst they are let out upon some poor victim, who, with his sword and alone, is condemned to meet them. I think that Paul himself once stood in such a place, and that it was not only figuratively, but literally, that he had fought with beasts at Ephesus."

The gala day has come. From all the world the people are pouring into Verona. Men, women, and children, orators and senators, great men and small, thousands upon thousands come, until the first gallery is full, and the second, the third, the fourth, the fifth—all the way up to the twentieth, all the way up to the thirtieth, all the way up to the fortieth. Every place is filled. Immensity of audience sweeping the great circle! Silence! The time for the contest has come. A Roman official leads forth the victim into the arena. Let him get his sword with firm grip, into his right hand. The twenty-five thousand sit breathlessly watching. I hear the door at the side of the arena gate open. Out plunges the half-starved lion, his tongue athirst for blood, and with a roar that brings all the galleries to their feet, he rushes against the sword of the combatant. Do you know how strong a stroke a man will strike when his life depends upon the first thrust of his blade? The wild beast, lame and bleeding, slings back toward the side of the arena; then, rallying his waning strength, he comes up with fiercer eye and more terrific roar than ever, only to be driven back with a fatal wound, while the combatant comes in with stroke altar stroke, until the monster is dead at his feet, and the twenty-five thousand people clap their hands and utter a shout that makes the city tremble.

Sometimes the audience came to see a race; sometimes to see gladiators fight each other, until the audience, compassionate for the fallen, turned their thumbs down as an appeal that the vanquished be spared; and sometimes the combat was with wild beasts.

To one of the Roman amphitheatrical audiences of one hundred thousand people Paul refers when he says: "We are compassed about by so great a cloud of witnesses." The direct reference in the last passage is made to a race; but elsewhere, having discussed that, I take now Paul's favorite idea of the Christian life as a combat.

The fact is that every Christian man has a lion to fight. Yours is a bad temper. The gates of the arena have been opened, and this tiger has come out to destroy your soul. It has lacerated you with many a wound. You have been thrown by it time and again but in the strength of God you have risen to drive it back. I verily believe you will conquer. I think that the temptation is getting weaker and weaker. You have given it so many wounds that the prospect is that it will die, and you shall be the victor, through Christ. Courage brother! Do not let the sands of the arena drink the blood of your soul!

Your lion is the passion for strong drink. You may have contended against it twenty years; but it is strong of body and thirsty of tongue. You have tried to fight it back with broken bottle and empty wine-flask. Nay! that is not the weapon. With one horrible roar he will seize thee by the throat and rend thee limb from limb. Take this weapon, sharp and keen—reach up and get it from God's armoury; the Sword of the Spirit. With that thou mayst drive him back and conquer!

But why specify, when every man and woman has a lion to fight. If there be any here who have no besetting sin, let him speak out, for him have I offended. If you have not fought the lion, it is because you have let the lion eat you up. This very moment the contest goes on. The Trajan celebrations, where ten thousand gladiators fought and eleven thousand wild beasts were slain, was not so terrific a struggle as that which at this moment goes on in many a soul. That combat was for the life of the body; this is for the life of the soul. That was with wild beasts from the jungles; this is with the roaring lion of hell.

Men think, when they contend against an evil habit, that they have to fight it all alone. No! They stand in the centre of an immense circle of sympathy. Paul had been reciting the names of Abel, Enoch, Noah, Abraham, Sarah, Isaac, Joseph, Gideon, and Barak, and then says: "Being compassed by so great a cloud of witnesses."

On the first elevation of the ancient amphitheatre, on the day of a celebration, sat Tiberius, or Augustus, or the reigning king. So, in that great arena of spectators that watch our struggle, and in the first divine gallery, as I shall call it, sits our King, One Jesus. On His head are many crowns! The Roman emperor got his place by cold-blooded conquests; but our King hath come to His place by the broken hearts healed, and the tears wiped away, and the souls redeemed. The Roman emperor sat, with folded arms, indifferent as to whether the swordsman or the lion beat; but our King's sympathies are all with us. Nay, unheard of condescension, I see Him come down from the gallery into the arena to help us in the fight, shouting, until all up and down His voice is heard: "Fear not! I will help thee! I will strengthen thee by the right hand of My power."

Once in the ancient amphitheatre, a lion with one paw caught the combatant's sword, and with his other paw caught his shield. The man took his knife from his girdle and slew the beast. The king, sitting in the gallery, said: "That was not fair; the lion must be slain by a sword." Other lions were turned out, and the poor victim fell. You cry, "Shame! shame!" at such meanness. But the King, in this case, is our brother, and He will see that we have fair play. He will forbid the rushing out of more lions than we can meet. He will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able. Thank God! The King is in the gallery! His eyes are on us. His heart is with us. His hand will deliver us. "Blessed are all they who put their trust in Him!"

I look again, and I see the angelic gallery. There they are: the cherubim that swung the sword at the gate of Eden, the same that Ezekiel saw upholding the throne of God, and from which I took away, for the splendor is insufferable. Here are the guardian angels. That one watched a patriarch; this one protected a child. That one has been pulling a soul out of temptation! All these are messengers of light! Those drove the Spanish Armanda on the rocks. This turned Sennacherib's living hosts into a heap of one hundred and eighty-five thousand corpses. Those, yonder, chanted the Christmas carol over Bethlehem until the chant awake the shepherds. These, at creation, stood in the balcony of heaven, and serenaded the new-born world wrapped in swaddling-clothes of light. And there, holier and mightier than all, is Michael, the archangel.

Though the arena be crowded with temptations, we shall with the angelic help, strike them down in the name of our God, and leap on their fallen carcasses! O bending throng of bright angelic faces, and swift wings, and lightning foot! I hail you, to-day, from the dust and struggle of the arena!

I look again, and I see the gallery of the prophets and apostles. Who are those mighty ones up yonder? Hosea, and Jeremiah, and Daniel, and Isaiah, and Paul, and Peter, and John, and James. Glorious spirits! Ye were howled at; ye were stoned; ye were spit upon! They have been in this fight themselves; and they are all with us. Daniel knows all about lions. Paul fought with beasts at Ephesus.

In the ancient amphitheatre, the people got so excited that they would shout from the galleries to the men in the arena: "At it again!" "Forward!" "One more stroke!" "Look out!" "Fall back!" "Huzza! huzza!" So in that gallery, prophetic and apostolic, they cannot keep their peace, Daniel cries out: "Thy God will deliver thee from the mouth of the lions!" David exclaims: "He will not suffer thy foot to be moved!" Isaiah calls out: "Fear not! I am with thee! Be not dismayed!" Paul exclaims: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ!"

I look again, and I see the gallery of the martyrs. The great throng of the martyrs! They had not lead poured down their throats, horses were fastened to their hands, and other horses to their feet, and thus they were pulled apart; they had their tongues pulled out by red-hot pincers; they were sewed up in the skins of animals, and then thrown to the dogs; they were daubed with combustibles and set on fire! And now they sit yonder in the martyr's gallery. For them, the fires of persecution have gone out. The swords are sheathed, and the mob hushed. Now they watch us with an all observing sympathy. They know all the pain, all the hardship, all the anguish, all the injustice, all the privation. They cannot keep still. They cry: "Courage! The fire will not consume. The floods cannot drown. The lions cannot devour! Courage! down there in the arena!"

What, are they all looking? This night we answer back the salutation they give, and cry, "Hail! sons and daughtrs of the fire!"

I look again and I see another gallery that of eminent Christians. What strikes me strangily is the mixing in companionship of those who on earth could not agree. There I see Martin Luther, and beside him a Roman Catholic, who looked beyond the superstitions of his Church and is saved. There is Albert Barnes, and around him the Presbytery who tried him for heterodoxy! Yonder is Lyman Beecher, and the church court that denounced him! Stranger than all, there is John Calvin and James Arminius! Who would have thought that they would sit so lovingly together? There is George Whitefield, and the bishops who would not let him come into their pulpits because they thought him a fanatic. There are the sweet singers—Toplady, Montgomery, Charles Wesley, Isaac Watts, and Mrs. Sigourney. If heaven had had no music before they went up, they would have started the singing. And there, the band of missionaries—David Abeel, talking of China redeemed; and John Scudder, of India saved; and David Brainard, of the Aborigines evangelized; and Mrs. Adoniram Judson, whose prayers for Burmah took heaven by violence! All these Christians are looking into the arena. Our struggle is nothing to theirs! Do we, in Christ's cause, suffer from the cold? They walked Greenland's icy mountains. Do we suffer from the heat? They sweltered in the tropics. Do we get fatifued? They fainted, none to care for them but cannibals. Are we persecuted? They were anathematized. And as they look from their gallery and see us falter in the presence of the lions, I seem to hear Isaac Watts addressing us in his old hymn, only a little changed:

"Must you be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
Or sailed through bloody seas?"

Toplady shouts in his old hymn:

"Your harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love Divine,
Bid every string awake."

While Charles Wesley, the Methodist, breaks forth in his favourite words, a little varied:

"A charge to keep you have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky."

I look again, and I see the gallery of our departed friends. Many of those in the other galleries we have heard of; but these we knew. Oh! how familiar their faces. They sat at our tables, and we walked, to the house of God in company. Have they forgotten us? Those fathers and mothers started us on the road to life. Are they careless as to what becomes of us? And those children: do they look on with stolid indifference as to whether we win or lose this battle for eternity? Nay: I see that child running its hand over your brow, and saying, "Father, do not fret;" "Mother, do not worry." They remember the day they left us. They remember the agony of the last farewell. Though years in heaven, they know our faces. They remember our sorrows. They speak our names. They watch this fight for heaven.

My hearers! shall we die in the arena or rise to join our friends in the gallery? Through Christ, we may come off more than conqueror. A soldier dying in the hospital rose up in bed the last moment and cried: "Here! Here!" His attendants put him back on his pillow, and asked him why he shouted "Here!" "Oh! I heard the roll-call of heaven, and I was only answering to my name!" I wonder whether, after this battle of life is over, our names will be called in the muster-roll of the pardoned and glorified, and with the joy of heaven breaking upon our souls, we shall cry "Here! Here!".

CURIOUS SIGHTS.

Dead Men Who Are Found After Battle in Position of Life.

Surgeon General Mackinnon was one of the first of the Crimean warriors to enter the Redan after it had been evacuated by the Russians. The first thing he saw was a Russian officer sitting on a gabion. His arms were folded across his chest, and he appeared to be sleeping, but he was dead, with a rifle ball imbedded in his left breast. There was nothing to show whether he had sat down on the gabion after he had been shot, or whether he happened to be sitting there when he was killed.

Dr. Rossbach, of Wurzburg, tells of a soldier who was killed as he was raising a cup to his lips. The fragment of a shell tore off his skull, leaving nothing but the lower jaw. And he was found 24 hours afterward in a half sitting position, still holding the cup with his unsupported hand raised up to his headless lower jaw.

Nolan, in the celebrated charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava, rode for some time, sword in air, a veritable headless horseman.

A British soldier in the Transvaal, searching for missing comrades after the Zulus had disappeared, found one man kneeling behind the outer defenses with his rifle to his shoulder and resting on the parapet as if he was taking aim. He touched him on the shoulder, asking him why he didn't come inside. He fell over. He was dead.

Nor are the eccentricities of shot and shell more curious than those of cold steel. Irving Montague, a war artist, mentions a case of a Russian and a Turk, who, meeting, fought to the death with fixed bayonets in a wood in Anatolia. The fatal thrusts must have been instantaneous, the strange fact being that both stood, with their legs much apart, each with his bayonet imbedded deeply in his adversary's breast, for several days.

BEAUTY ACQUIRED.

It is a curious fact, but in many cases it seems indisputable, that two persons, living many years together assume a likeness in facial expression, features and most certainly in character, but more so from the point of features. No doubt it is for this self same reason that ladies procure the services of pretty and lady-like nurses for the bringing up of their infants, who, not possessing beauty by heredity, may attain it by the simple method of constant impressionable contact.

RETURNED A HUNDREDFOLD.

Wycke—I can't understand how Starbord became so rich.

Wytt—Well, you know, he was born aboard ship, and lived there nearly all his life.

Wycke—Exactly. That's why I can't understand his wealth.

Wytte—Oh! I don't know; "bred upon the waters" you know.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, JAN. 14.

"The Child Jesus Visits Jerusalem." Luke 2. 41-52. Golden Text. Luke 2. 52.

PRACTICAL NOTES.

Verse 41. His parents. Mary and Joseph are both termed "his parents," because they appeared as such to the community. Went to Jerusalem. According to the best authorities the poverty of the common people of Palestine in Jesus's time, was very great; but their religion called them, at stated times, and at considerable expense, to go to Jerusalem, and they went. Christianity makes no such detailed demands on our time or money, because it claims our hearts. Every year. Every male Israelite was bound to make this pilgrimage, and many pious people believed that women should go also. Only "the sick, the aged, boys under twelve, the blind, the deaf, and lunatics" were permitted to remain at home. The attendance of Mary is an evidence of her deep religious interest. Feast of the passover. This was the greatest of all the Jewish feasts. It was held in the spring, about the time known as Easter, and lasted sevfulfill all righteousness." Christians like their Master should be careful to en days. It was called also the "feast of unleavened bread," as that was the only kind of bread eaten during its progress. It commemorated the departure of Israel from Egypt, when the angel of death "passed over" the houses sprinkled with the lamb's blood. During its celebration Jerusalem was crowded with at least four or five times its ordinary population.

42. Twelve years old. The age at which the young Jew was first considered subject to the law, and under obligation to observe the customs of the Church. As the Christian usages are easier and simpler, we should begin their practice earlier. The most exacting Jewish customs he scrupulously fulfilled. It became him to fulfill all proper religious customs. They went up to Jerusalem. And this time took with them their boy. So far as we know Jesus had never been out of his little village home since his return from Egypt. The word "up" may have been used because Jerusalem is almost the most elevated city in Palestine, being two thousand seven hundred feet above the sea level.

43. Fulfilled the days. The thoughtful boy, into whose mind the consciousness of his origin and mission was beginning to dawn, would see deep meanings and foreshadowings in the slain lamb, the offered sacrifice, the sprinkled blood, and the solemn services of those eight days of the feast. As they returned. "God's services may not be so attended that we should neglect our particular callings."—Bishop Hall. After the services of the temple come those of Mary's household and Joseph's carpenter shop. Tarried behind. This may not have been by absolute intention of the young Jesus, nor for want of care on the part of his parents, but as an accident in the rush and press of the immense throng. Becoming separated from the company, he remained in the place of deep interest to himself; and they felt less uneasy on account of his intelligence and trustworthiness of character. Knew not of it. In such a crowd it was easy to be lost. In the caravans of Galilean pilgrims the children seem to have usually traveled together, and it is not strange that Joseph and Mary lost sight of Jesus for three or four hours.

44. Supposing him to have been in the company. This is not remarkable, as the company was probably a caravan traveling together for safety. What a blessing when parents cannot only suppose, but be sure, that their children are to be found in good associations only! A day's journey. The first day's journey of a caravan was proverbially short, not more than six or eight miles. When fully under way they go about twenty-five miles a day. El Birch, six miles north of Jerusalem, is said to be the place where Joseph's caravan stopped. Kinsfolk and acquaintance. The family of the Saviour had their rendezvous among the plain people of Galilee, who had come as pilgrims to the feast.

45. They turned back. Leaving the caravan at its halting place, and searching along the path to travel back to Jerusalem. At this point their parental alarm begins. Seeking him. Those who have lost their Saviour should at once turn back and seek him.

46. After three days. On the third day. Lange suggests that one day was spent in departure, one in return, and one in search. But they probably had not set out until late in the afternoon of the first day, and only three or four hours would be required to bring them back to Jerusalem from the first night's stopping place. The search was probably long and tedious. In the temple. Probably in one of the colonnades or porches surrounding the Court of the Women, where many women congreated and where the rabbis gave their instructions. Those who love God love his house, and, as children, are found in his courts. Sitting in the midst. The religious teachers, called rabbis, sat on a raised platform, with their disciples seated around them; while the general audience stood or sat outside the circle. Jesus was there not as a forward leader in the discussion, but as an intelligent listener and inquirer; "an eager-hearted and gifted learner, whose enthusiasm kindled their admiration, and whose bearing won their esteem, and love."—Farrar. The doctors. Teachers of the law. Some of the most distinguished of the rabbis were living at this time—Hillel, Simeon, and Gamaliel. Hearing . . . and asking. In these oriental schools there was great liberty of questioning. Contrary to our customs, the scholars interrogated their teacher, and proposed doubts and difficulties for their instructor to answer.

47. All that heard. A large company assembled, for at the passover season the temple was crowded with strangers. Astonihsed at his understanding. They saw that this child had thought on the Scriptures, and could penetrate below the husks and shells of the teachers to the kernel of the truth.

48. They saw him. Mary and Joseph, coming suddenly upon a crowd in the court of the temple, were surprised to behold their son in the midst an earnest participant in the discussion, while the witnesses stood wondering at his intelligence. Son. A gentle, loving rebuke. Those who must reprove should do it very tenderly. Thy father. This was the only possible way in which Mary could speak to her son of Joseph. Notice what a singular contrast occurs in the next phrase, when he tells her he must be about his Father's business. Sorrowing. Her anxiety shows some lack of faith.

49. How is it. These are the first recorded words from the lips of Jesus, and contain the characteristic features of all his utterances—an utter forgetfulness of self, combined with complete consciousness of his nature and thorough devotion to his work among men. About my Father's business. Or, "in my Father's house." Already he knew, though not from his mother's lips, the mystery of his divine origin; and the thought of his vocation was beginning to stir his soul. We should be early interested both in God's house and God's cause.

50, 51. They understood not. They failed to comprehend fully the import of his words. So, ever, the utterances of Jesus fall upon dull ears and darkened minds. Went down with them. Though conscious of his own higher intelligence he left the congenial courts of the temple at their bidding, fully submissive to his human lot. Nazareth. A village in a lovely vale, girdled with hills, two miles from the plain of Esdraelon, six west of Mount Tabor and about twenty west of the southern end of the Sea of Tiberias, now En-Nasirah, with a population of about four thousand. Subject unto them. The only perfect child the world has ever seen was a model of submission to his parents. His mother kept. Another my terious event in connection with her son was added to the themes for thought already in Mary's heart. Silently she brooded over these strange incidents, destined to have their explanation afterward.

52. Increased. For eighteen years after this the record of Jesus's life is unwritten. From Mark 6. 3 it would appear that he followed the vocation of Joseph as a carpenter. In wisdom. Trained by the teaching of a pious mother, by the communings of nature, by the oracles of the Old Testament and the Sabbath services of the synagogue, his mind advanced in natural growth. Favor with God. God's grace was manifested in him by the sweetness of his character and the earnestness of his piety. And man. True godliness of the right sort does not repel, but attracts, the love of others by its own power.

GEN. H. MACDONALD.

Hopes to Complete in South Africa a Career Brilliantly Begun.

Gen. Hector Macdonald, who is to go out to take the place in the staff vacated by Col. Wauchope's lamented death, must be known by name to every reader of the newspapers. His name in the army is "Fighting Mac." Where all are fighters, what a meaning that fact has! He was, after Lord Kitchener himself, the hero of Omdurman. Some indeed would have for him no second place, and say he saved the army from a great chance of disaster. He certainly held a critical position with his black regiment.

Gen. Macdonald has seen South African service before. In fact, he was at the battle of Majuba Hill, and the wonder is that he survived that battle. This fact was referred to in a highly interesting manner at a dinner given in his honour. The Duke of Athol, who was in the chair said:—

"It was a remarkable career, that of Coll Macdonald, beginning at the lowest rank of the army, and on the point of reaching one of the highest—that of brigadier-general — without having skipped a single grade. In his conduct during the only unlucky fight in which the guest had been engaged, that of Majuba Hill, the Duke, found subject for praise and fun. 'Fighting Mac's' company was almost annihilated, and the Boers approached to capture the remnant. The first Boer thought the sporran of Lieut. Macdonald, as he then was, would be a pretty piece of loot, but he received a kick in the stomach, which convinced him that his opponent came from a land where football was not unknown. Another Boer was about to shoot the gallant Highlander; but the first, generously forgiving the kick, struck up his comrade's rifle, saying: 'No, he is a brave man—too good to kill.'"

As the Duke of Athol said, Gen. Macdonald rose from the ranks. His father was a small crofter in Ross-shire, and the future soldier tended the few cattle on the croft in his early boyhood. At thirteen he was a draper's apprentice. He enlisted in the Gordon Highlanders at nineteen, and joining that regiment in India distinguished himself by his judgment coolness, and gallantry in the Afghan campaign. He took his South African work, including that notable experience at Majuba on his way home; and afterward served in the Nile expedition for the relief of Gordon. He made soldiers of the Egyptian army, and led them in the way we have seen at Omduman. He is still only forty-seven, and as much a "Fighting Mac" as ever.

HER CHARM.

When I look at Mrs. Dapley I can't help wondering whether it can be possible that her husband married her for love.

Oh, no, he didn't.

Well, she didn't have money, did she.

No, but he could always keep step with her without assuming an unnatural gait.

SHE C[illegible]CHES BUTTERFLIES

May Ye[illegible] ans, an English girl, who set led w[illegible] two brothers in Califor- nia, has [illegible]elop[illegible] a profitable indus- try in ca[illegible]ching butterflies. She had some kno[illegible]edge of butterflies when she went [illegible] here. One day a flock of yellow p[illegible]y-like butterflies hovered a momen[illegible]er her, and then flew up the moun[illegible] a[illegible]e to a patch of yel- low honey[illegible]ckle. She followed the but- terflies [illegible] the steep mounta[illegible]n side. She thou[illegible] she recognized them as a species [illegible]own only in the higher Alps, an[illegible]ery rare and valuable.

"When [illegible] I did get one in my hands I [illegible] it was the very kind," sa[illegible] said in telling about her new bus[illegible]s. "I was too excited to wait till [illegible]rning, which is the best time to ca[illegible]ch butterflies, because they are slugg[illegible] in the cold, damp foliage. I [illegible]ought six before night, and the [illegible] of the flock in the morning. I pi[illegible]ed each one carefully and sketched [illegible] in water color. I had to be saving [illegible] my postage so I sent the sketch [illegible]d of a box of butterflies home to [illegible] glad. So [illegible] long wait as it was [illegible] my delight when I had [illegible] at last to send all the butterflies [illegible] London. You would never guess [illegible] what they offered me for them—$25 [illegible]ch, and as there were twenty-[illegible] of them I had the little sum [illegible] my own, and the first [illegible]ney I ever earned in my life. That [illegible]s my beginning, and I was always [illegible] on the lookout for butterflies. [illegible] my money I bought ten fancy [illegible]

Miss [illegible]an's cellar is not for cat- ples, but [illegible] nursery for species. What a [illegible] of unsplit stove wood lies in [illegible]e floor. Each piece has been [illegible] together again, and in [illegible] piece are different species of beetles [illegible]hey eat the wood, mak- ing their [illegible] and lay their eggs in the [illegible]

"I keep [illegible] and when a beetle gets to [illegible] surface I put it back" she said. [illegible]e most valuable one? It all depe[illegible] upon the demand. A ge- tle is wo[illegible] just what I can get for it. Dr. L[illegible] who came out from France to [illegible]ady the insects of Cal- fornia, ca[illegible] to my house by chance. He did no[illegible] tell who he was, merely that he [illegible] a stranger passing through. [illegible]y, but when I chased to see [illegible] before dawn, creeping with a ca[illegible] in his hand under the pine trees [illegible] knee he must be after insects. [illegible] was in raptures over a beauty he [illegible]d, and when I told him what [illegible] he forgot all his Eng- lish and [illegible]sounded in French. He taught me [illegible] great deal about beetles and told [illegible] of a certain one he was most eager [illegible] in California. He be[illegible]ve it [illegible] she [illegible], though he could not find [illegible] It had been found only in Italy [illegible] had almost disappeared. And you [illegible] be sure not look at it; you will b[illegible]isappointed."

She pokes [illegible] and produces [illegible]dinary [illegible] slender leg [illegible] side [illegible] tle [illegible] and red ones, no larger than a pin head.

"The [illegible] the one which Dr. Le Fontaine [illegible] travel[illegible] miles and miles to find and not—I can't [illegible] The other is [illegible] beauty he caught under the pine tr[illegible] You understand [illegible] lection of [illegible]tles is not complete without [illegible] the different species. Some are [illegible] common; but others are most diffi[illegible] Dr. Le Fontaine made [illegible] a sketch of the beetle he was look[illegible] for and then we went out to find [illegible] mate for the beauty he had caught [illegible] morning, for where one is, more [illegible] are sure to be. We found four and [illegible] the other [illegible] the ones. [illegible] here. He showed me how to make [illegible] recelled a series. That is, [illegible] or a beetle in all its stages from [illegible] the egg to the perfect creature—[illegible] stage shown by a specimen and [illegible] order on a card. I always m[illegible] dates as to time each stage require[illegible] and food and where the life was live[illegible] He was so kind and interested I w[illegible] pleased when at last I found the [illegible] he wanted. I was three summ[illegible] later and I made a long journey [illegible] it. I had wanted for so long to [illegible] bank to the Redwoods we passed [illegible] up. You stopped [illegible] how that silence the woods h[illegible]ants one who has of the gren[illegible] Brother Tom and I once known [illegible] rey on horseback, and made the jo[illegible] right in the heart of camped a we[illegible] there I found my rea- the belt. [illegible] the. I came [illegible] a white sheet along and spread it [illegible] the ground. Taking up an armful [illegible] of dried pine needles, I shook it over [illegible] a sheet. If any of the fallen parti[illegible] scattered off I knew it was an insect, [illegible] one of the sure tag specks was m[illegible] long-wished for, much desired beetle.

"The Indians know about butter- flies, and know where to find them, and they are the only ones who have ever helped [illegible] to any extent, except a Chinaman. [illegible] have a great prospect for Chinamen [illegible] and Indians. They see things with [illegible] eyes of our race white civilized men [illegible] can comprehend, even though it m[illegible] dollars."

NOT TO B[illegible]

I'm sorry [illegible] Africa.

It doesn't [illegible]

Yes it does. [illegible] told me that it [illegible] mon is more [illegible] my go[illegible] one of them s[illegible] the-time-to-b[illegible] in her eye.

Maud—Lath[illegible]

May—Yes, [illegible] shoes.

Maud—What [illegible] that!

May—Why, [illegible] would be if w[illegible] be sure to m[illegible] and then I c[illegible] the two were [illegible] use hairpins.

CAUGHT NAPPING.

[illegible] this war in South [illegible]

[illegible] you personally [illegible] half a dozen gi[illegible] was going to make [illegible] passive. Maybe it was [illegible] imagination, but [illegible] one of them s[illegible] and to have a new [illegible] engagement rings look [illegible]

[illegible]ANDY.

[illegible] is a nice young man. [illegible] Harry wears button [illegible]

[illegible] how convenient it [illegible] were married! I would [illegible] place my button hook [illegible] just borrow his. If [illegible] placed we could both [illegible]

CANADIANS [illegible]

Toronto Company [illegible] Baptism of [illegible] Defeat th[illegible]

A despatch from Belmont [illegible] ony, says:—A force consisting of [illegible] Canadians, of the Toronto [illegible] and 200 Queenslanders, commanded [illegible] Col. Rickards, two guns and [illegible] battery, under Major de [illegible] forty mounted infantry, under [illegible] Ryan, and 200 of the Cornwall [illegible] Infantry, the whole com[illegible] Col. Pilcher, left Belmont [illegible] at noon on a march westward [illegible] ing 20 miles before sunset.

The force encamped at [illegible] where the troops were wel[illegible] thusiastically. At six o'clock [illegible] morning the force approa[illegible] where a laager of the Boers [illegible] ported.

Col Pilcher, on approaching [illegible] sition, which was a line [illegible] kopjes, detached Major de [illegible] with the guns, Toronto[illegible] infantry, to work towards [illegible] making a turning movement [illegible] with the Queenslanders to [illegible] south position.

The manoeuvre was a complete success. The British shells were [illegible] indication of the presence of the troops.

The Boers left their laager [illegible] ed fire, but the Queens[illegible] pleting the movement the laager captured, with forty prisoners.

The British casualties were [illegible] killed, three wounded, and [illegible] ing. The whole force [illegible] ably. The two men [illegible] to the Queensland contingent.

DYSENTERY AND F[illegible]

The War Office has issued [illegible] sent by General White at [illegible] on December 31, in which [illegible] that dysentery and fever [illegible] increase in his camp.

BRITISH PRISONERS.

The War Office publishes [illegible] received from the Boer [illegible] general at Pretoria [illegible] December 29, in reply to [illegible] from the British commander [illegible] Town for particulars as to [illegible] tion of the wounded British [illegible] now held as prisoners by the [illegible]

The Boer commander [illegible] information desired.

His telegram states that [illegible] wound d Brit[illegible] prisoners [illegible] the hospital at Pretoria, and [illegible] are being taken care of in [illegible] hospital at Dundee.

TREACHERY IN FRENCH [illegible]

A despatch from [illegible] Colony says:—A train [illegible] plies, to which [illegible] engine [illegible] ed, started moving [illegible] lines on Monday, and [illegible] incline towards the Boer [illegible] found that the train could [illegible] ped, and the British [illegible] therefore ordered to destroy [illegible] vent the supplies from [illegible] hands of the Boers. Their aim [illegible] curate, and the cars [illegible] were soon worthless. What [illegible] train is unknown, but [illegible] pected. One man has [illegible] in connection with the [illegible]

LOYAL PEOPLE OF [illegible]

A despatch from London [illegible] Lacking news from the [illegible] in South Africa, which [illegible] can alone have an important [illegible] the larger issues of the [illegible] the British public is making [illegible] of Col. Pilcher's miniature [illegible] bounded tribute is paid [illegible] of the Canadians and Au[illegible] graphic accounts are published [illegible] enthusiasm in Douglas [illegible] ous troops entered that place [illegible] representative of the [illegible] Press with the flying column [illegible]

The immediate result of [illegible] cher's success is the capture [illegible] of the rebels, who have been [illegible] ing the country for the past [illegible]

After Sunnyside was [illegible] Toorntos occupied the village [illegible] night, and joined the main [illegible] following morning, bringing [illegible] of the Boer tents, wagons and [illegible] and leaving the Cornwalls [illegible] at Sunnyside. The British [illegible] started for Douglas, the Toronto [illegible] bringing up the rear, in wagons.

In the afternoon the troops [illegible] the town unopposed, and amid [illegible] ordinary scenes. The inhabitants [illegible] overjoyed, and crowded about [illegible] diers, shaking hands with the [illegible] when they learned that the [illegible] ers were Canadians and Australians [illegible] the enthusiasm became frenzied.

There were deafening cheers [illegible] troops traversed the main street [illegible] it was almost impossible for [illegible] make progress, the crowds [illegible] eager to shake hands with the [illegible] ials.

It appears that the landrost and [illegible] the mounted rebels evacuated the [illegible] on the previous night. The [illegible] ed rebels are reported to be entrenched [illegible] in the vicinity. Quantities of [illegible] munition were captured, and destroyed.

THE PRISONERS ARE REBELS.

A despatch from the Modder River [illegible] intimates that the Sunnyside prisoners will not be treated as prisoners of war but as British subjects caught in [illegible] rebellion.

At the Modder River camp the [illegible] duct of the colonials is greatly admired and all are delighted that they have struck the first blow on the Western frontier since the battle of Magersfontein. It is believed the relief of Kuruman will quickly follow.

NEEDS MORE MEN.

The War Office on Wednesday afternoon issued a despatch received from Gen. French, saying his position was the same as on the previous day, that with small reinforcements he could dislodge the Boers from Colesberg and, in the meantime, he continued manoeuvering.