



one. But all around him were multitudes of these little flowers, and they had been blooming there for years. He thought this showed the order of intelligence, and that the mind that ordained it was God. And so he shut up his book, picked up the little flower, kissed it and exclaimed: "Bloom on, little flowers; sing on, little birds! you have a God, and I have a God; the God that made these little flowers made me."—*Mrs. C. G. Furbish.*

INFORMATION has reached us, says the *London Recorder*, that in several circuits class-rooms are being opened as evening reading rooms for young people. Brightly lighted, comfortably seated and warmed, supplied with wholesome and attractive literature, gladdened occasionally with a little instrumental music, they make pleasant resorts for young folks, who in many instances are far from home. A young man coming to a great town from the country, living perhaps in a business-house which makes no such provision for its assistants, or doomed to be a lodger in a single room, is forlorn. The church which woos him from the streets, or worse, into a genial home, is a true mother, and will win a son's affection and esteem. [Might not many of our city churches open reading rooms?—*Ed.*]

#### Wide Awake for 1887.

This charming magazine for young people has hitherto been published at the rate of \$3.00 a year—and was well worth it. We have pleasure in announcing that it will be given to every subscriber to the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for 1887 for \$2.00 a year. Its monthly visits to any household will be welcomed with delight. Its handsome illustrations will improve the taste, and its interesting and instructive stories and other articles will inform the mind. The following is a partial list of its contents for 1887:

"The Story of Keedon Bluffs." By Charles Egbert Craddock. A serial of boy life in the Great Smokies. Illustrations by E. H. Garrett.  
 "Romulus and Remus." By Chas. Remington Talbot.  
 "Montezuma's Gold Mines." By Fred A. Ober, author of "The Silver

City." This serial of romantic adventure is based on Mr. Ober's own search for the lost gold mines of Montezuma. Illustrations by Henry Sandham.

"The Secrets of Roseladies." By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Illustrations by W. A. Rogers.

"Howling Wolf and his Trick Pony." By Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney. The hairbreadth adventures of a bright little Indian boy. Illustrations by H. F. Farny.

"Bird-Talk." By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

"In War Times at La Rose Blanche." By Mrs. M. E. W. Davis.

"Ballads About Old-Time Authors." By Harriet Prescott Spofford. In twelve picturesque ballads, Mrs. Spofford will relate some tender stories from the lives of the masters of the earlier English literature.

"Fairy Folk All." By Louise Imogen Guiney. Twelve papers.

A new department of great interest and value will be opened in the December (Christmas) number. It will have the co-operation of many of the leading authors in the country.

A group of Longfellow articles, including two by the poet's brother, Rev. Samuel Longfellow; a "Lend-a-Hand" group, by Mrs. Jas. T. Fields, Margaret Sidney, Kate Gannett Wells, and others; "Hans Christian Andersen at Home," and other articles, by Jessie Benton Fremont; a group of school articles—some educational extremes; six remarkable series (twelve instalments each) in the C. Y. F. R. U. readings. The superbly illustrated articles will include "Child Life in London," by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell, author and artist; "Concord: Its Highways and Byways," by Margaret Sidney; fascinating scientific articles by Grant Allen, the brilliant English author; some beautifully illustrated "little classics" of English prose literature, etc., etc. Sample copy mailed for ten cents.

#### A Curious Experiment.

THERE is a small part of the eye that is shut out by blindness from seeing the beautiful things that the other parts enjoy. The following directions will enable anyone to find it:

Shut your left eye, and with your right one look steadily at the cross below, holding the paper ten or twelve inches from the eye.

X

O

Now, move the paper slowly toward the eye, which must be kept fixed on the cross. At a certain distance the other figure—the letter O—will suddenly disappear; but if you bring the paper nearer it will come into view again. You may not succeed in the experiment on the first trial, but with a little patience you can hardly fail; and the suddenness with which the figure vanishes and reappears is very striking.—*Young Folks' World.*

#### 1886—1887.

With silent step and slow,  
The old year glides into the shadowy past;  
As all ships solemn go  
Out into ocean's desert, drear and vast.

Oh, with this fading year,  
Would all unworldly thoughts might now depart!

Perish each base born fear,  
And selfish aim. Lord, cleanse the awakened heart!

And with the new dawn stealing  
Upon our household homes, with noiseless feet,

Come every generous feeling  
And heavenly influence, mild, sedate, and sweet.

Come with the growing day,  
Increase of wisdom bending from the sky;  
Come with fresh airs of May,  
Glad hopes, and grateful pulses bounding high.

Come with the summer hours,  
Large-hearted love, compassion full and free;

With autumn's falling flowers,  
Come holiest trust, and peace and charity;

And when the winter's blast  
Of some young year grown old, is round us sweeping,

Come angel death at last,  
And waft us hence to God's eternal keeping.

#### The Chautauqua Circle.

WONDERFUL how fast they multiply!

What about the long winter evenings that are coming on? How are you planning to spend them yourself? What have you in mind for your older scholars? A round of parties and other amusements will scarcely be enough to think of. There should be a large amount of self-improvement gotten into these golden hours. There are thousands of good books which are waiting, with all their precious wealth of knowledge, to be read in just such quiet hours as the winter brings. What about a Chautauqua Circle in your community? If this is not practicable let your household become such a circle, or even one person can read profitably alone. One or two hours every evening for six months spent in diligent, thoughtful, well-selected reading will add immeasurably to your fund of useful knowledge.

BEGIN the year well. The young man who proposes to sow several acres of wild oats runs the risk of raising only wild oats forever—a seedy, shabby camp-follower, instead of an officer, or even a decent private in the ranks. Men hedge themselves terribly by bad beginnings. Be true rather than false, plain rather than ambiguous, on one side rather than on both, and if a few hard blows are in store for you, the caress of the Divine Hand will soothe the wounds. Drop the habit which harms your soul. Take up the duty you have omitted. Become a Christian. Be a better Christian. The first week will probably give character to the fifty-two. Guard it as zealously as the seraph does the gate of the Holy City, lest there enter into it anything that defileth.

#### Taught by a Flower.

ONCE knew a gentleman who was turned from infidelity by a flower. He was walking in the woods and reading the writings of Plato. He came to where the great writer uses the phrase, "God geometrizes." He thought to himself: "If I could only see plan and order in God's works I could be a believer." Just then he saw a little Texas star at his feet. He picked it up and then thoughtlessly began to count its petals. He found there were five. He counted the stamens; there were five of them. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower; there were five of them. He then set about multiplying these three fives, to see how many chances there were of a flower being brought into existence without the aid of mind, and having in it these three fives. The chances against it were one hundred and twenty-five to one. He thought that very strange. He examined another, and found it the same. He multiplied one hundred and twenty-five by itself, to see how many chances there were against there being two flowers, each having these exact relations of numbers. He found the chances against it were thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five to