

## The Passing Year.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

By the glimmer of green and golden,  
The leap and the sparkle of spray,  
By the heart of the rose unfolded  
To the breath of the summer day,  
By the shout and song of the reapers,  
Binding the ripened sheaf,  
By the bloom on the fragrant cluster,  
By the fall of the loosened leaf,  
By the feathery whirl of the winter,  
And the deep waves' hollow sound,  
By the moan of the wind in the forest  
When the night was gathering round,  
By the sweet of the honey of lilies,  
By the fields all brown and sere,  
Through the march of the changing seasons,  
We measured the passing year.

By the baby's step on the carpet,  
By her earliest broken word,  
And her laugh as she ran to meet us—  
Merrier never was heard—  
By the time when she said, "Our Father,"  
With two little hands held up,  
And the flower-face softly bending  
Like a blossom's brimming cup;  
By the day she was parched with fever,  
And spent with the stress of pain,  
By the hour we gave thanksgiving  
That baby was well again,  
By the hide and seek of her dimples,  
And the start of her April tear,  
By the grace of our darling's growing,  
We measured the passing year.

By the love that is tried and precious,  
And needful as daily bread,  
By the fond hands clasped in ours,  
As the chequered path we tread,  
By the glow of the household faces,  
And the hush of the household peace,  
By the beautiful wifely presence,  
That gives to care surcease,  
By the looks that are ever tender,  
The kiss that is always true,  
By the small familiar sayings,  
And the work we daily do,  
By board and loaf and flagon,  
And the coming of kindred dear,  
The home's unwritten story,  
We've measured the passing year.

By the brave things thought or spoken,  
By the true deeds simply done,  
By the mean things crushed and conquered  
And the bloodless battles won,  
By the days when the load was heavy,  
Yet the heart grew strong to bear,  
By the days when the heart was craven,  
Lacking the strength of prayer,  
By the hour that crept slow footed,  
And the hour that flew on wings,  
The time when the harp was silent,  
The time when we swept the strings;  
By the dearth, the dole, and the labour,  
The fulness, reward, and cheer,  
By the book of the angel's record,  
We measured the passing year.

By the joy of the Christmas carols,  
And the solemn shade of the cross,  
By the breaking dawn of Easter,  
And the gain that follows loss;  
By the name of the world's Redeemer,  
And the sins we trample down,  
By the light that shines above us,  
Though the darkling cloud may frown;  
By the silent voices calling,  
By the dear remembered eyes,  
By the heaven which ever beckons,  
Beyond these earthly skies;  
By credos grand and steadfast,  
Banishing doubt and fear,  
By the Christian's hope and comfort,  
We've measured the passing year.

A vast deal of what is called teaching is only talking—talking about something, rather than teaching something. Hearing a recitation is not teaching. The lesson must not be merely "heard," it must be "taught."

## Teachers' Department.

## The Link between the Church and the Sunday-School.

IN the relations of the Sunday-school and the organized Church, there is often a "missing link," which is greatly needed. The Sunday school is the place in which the Bible is studied, and religious impressions are made. The Church is the organized body of believers in Christ. There is need in many schools of a link to unite these two institutions, by furnishing the means whereby those who have learned the truth in the Sunday-school shall become, by a living experience, members of the Christian Church.

There are thousands of young people who grow up in our Sunday-schools, and finally grow out of them, without becoming members of the Church. The reasons for this result are various. It may be because the Church and the Sunday-school are conducted as separate institutions, by different sets of workers; because no effort is made by parents, teachers, superintendents, or pastors, to induce the scholars to attend the Church services, and become interested in the Church work, or because the teachers are lacking in the religious life, and do not present an earnest Christianity to their pupils.

But we venture the opinion that one reason why many of our scholars are lost to the Church, is because the "evangelistic" or "revival" methods of the Church are not directed as they should be, towards the members of the Sunday-school.

A church holds a series of revival meetings in the winter—perhaps employs an evangelist—and makes a mighty though sporadic endeavour after the salvation of souls. But all the meetings are held in the evening, when but few of the children of the Sunday-school, or even the young people who are attending school, can be present. All the energies of the Church are spent in attracting the non-church going men and women, or the few unconverted church-goers, while the boys and girls of the Sunday-school are left unnoticed.

There are multitudes of our young people who are well informed in the Bible, yet never come into contact with spiritual experience. They hear none of the testimonies in the class-meeting, and none of the exhortations of the prayer-meeting. Religion is constantly brought before them in the abstract, but never in the concrete. They are not far from the kingdom of heaven, but nothing is done definitely to bring them into the kingdom.

We urge that, in our revival methods, we aim more directly at reaching the young people who are under our influence in the Sunday-school.

First of all, let us have spiritually-minded teachers and superintendents, who will work in the revival spirit all the year, and aim for the salvation of their scholars. Next, let there be on one Sunday of each month a shortening of the general exercises of the school, and a warm prayer-meeting with short prayers, living testimonies of personal experience, an earnest exhortation, and an opportunity to make public decision for Christ. Bring the revival service into the Sunday school, if we cannot bring the Sunday-school to the revival service.

We would suggest that the primary department be either dismissed before this prayer-meeting or be kept apart from it. Perhaps some of the youngest scholars in the intermediate department, just advanced from the primary, might also be sent home. Their readiness to respond to the pastor's invitation may deter the older scholars, and another meeting might be held especially for the little children, and adapted to their needs.

There is another important duty. As soon as our young people are awakened to an interest in personal religion, they should be brought immediately under the influences of the Church's training. They should hear the testimonies of Christians in the class-meeting, and learn to express their own experience. They should take part in the young people's prayer-meeting, and, as soon as suitable, in the Church prayer-meeting also. They should be set at work in all the spiritual activities of the Church.

By this means, or by others, the Sunday-school may become, even more than it is now, a source of supply to the membership and the religious power of the Church.—*S.S. Journal*.

## The Old Year's Blessing.

I AM fading from you,  
But one draweth near,  
Called the Angel-guardian  
Of the coming year.

If my gifts and graces  
Coldly you forget,  
Let the New Year's Angel  
Bless and crown them yet.

For we work together;  
He and I are one:  
Let him end and perfect  
All I leave undone.

I brought good desires,  
Though as yet but seeds;  
Let the New Year make them  
Blossom into deeds.

I brought joy to brighten  
Many happy days;  
Let the New Year's Angel  
Turn it into praise.

If I gave you sickness,  
If I brought you care,  
Let him make one patience,  
And the other prayer.

Where I brought you sorrow,  
Through his ear at length,  
It may rise triumphant  
Into future strength.

If I brought you plenty,  
All wealth's bounteous charms,  
Shall not the new angel  
Turn them into alms?

I give health and leisure,  
Still to dream and plan;  
Let him make them nobler—  
Work for God and man.

If I broke your idols,  
Showed that they were dust,  
Let him turn the knowledge  
Into heavenly trust.

If I brought temptation,  
Let sin die away  
Into boundless pity  
For all hearts that stray.

If your list of errors  
Dark and long appears,  
Let this now-born monarch  
Melt them into tears.

May you hold this Angel  
Dearer than the last—  
So I bless his future,  
While he crowns my past.

A LITTLE girl of three explains the Golden Rule to her older sister: "It means that you must do everything I want you to, and you mustn't do anything that I don't want you to."

Does the heart ache with sorrow at times? Tell it to Jesus! How the heart is soothed when children tell their sorrows to mother! Just so will Jesus soothe the heart of sorrow that reveals itself to him.