

A NEW YEAR WISH.

NOT that the sky
May be always blue ;
Life may be better
Than that to you.
It may give you a chance
To prove your strength,
For some hard trials
May be joy at length.
Only, dear child, be faithful and true,
And the sky of your heart will always be blue.

Not to have fortune
Smile each day ;
There's another, and safer,
And better way.
To work ever upward
Into the light,
With patience and courage,
Sunny and bright.

This is my wish, dear,—may it be given,—
To keep you on earth, and to fit you for
heaven.

—Margaret Sydney.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY MIS-
SIONARY LIFE.

BY THE REV. EGERTON RYERSON YOUNG.

HERE is the old
man, whose head
was like the snow-
drift?" I asked of
a band of Indians,
whom I had re-
turned to visit
after a six months' absence.

To my question there was no
response, but every head was bowed as
in grief and sorrow.

Again I asked,—“Tell me what
have you done with the old man with
the snow-white hair?”

Then there was a little whispering
among them, and one of them speak-
ing out softly, said in Cree “*Non
pimmatesit*,” the English of which is,
“He is not among the living.”

The poor pagans never like to say
“dead,” so when speaking about
those who have passed away, they use
the expression, “not among the
living.”

When they told me that the old
Indian was dead, my heart was filled
with sorrow, and my next question
was; “Tell me how he died?”

But before I give you their answer,
I had better go back and tell you
something of this aged man, whom I
have thus abruptly introduced you
to.

His home was at the mouth of a
river on the eastern side of Lake
Winnipeg. He was one of a band
who had met us as we passed up Lake
Winnipeg, on our way to Norway
House, and had so urgently pleaded
for a Missionary to be sent to their
people.

After I got settled at Norway House,
I used to visit as many of the different
bands of Indians as I could. Travelling
is very difficult in that dreary land, and
many indeed are the hardships en-
dured in performing the long and toil-
some journeys incident to Missionary
life in these regions. I had to travel
in summer in a birch-bark canoe, and
in winter with my dog-trains. As my
circuit was hundreds of miles long I
could only get to all my appointments
about twice a year.

When I returned from Norway House
to visit this band who had so earnestly
asked for a Missionary, no one re-
ceived me more gladly than a fine-
looking old white-haired man. He
seemed to drink in every word I said,
and was very anxious to learn all he
could about the true plan of salva-
tion.

Not satisfied with listening to the
prayers, when we had public service,
he used to come and kneel down
beside me when I was at private prayer,
and then he would say; “Pray out
loud, and pray in Indian that I may
hear what you say.”

I used to spend a few days among
them teaching and preaching, as best I
could, and then I would return to my
far-off home. It was during one of
my winter trips, with my faithful
dogs, that the question at the beginning
of this article was asked.

On my arrival, the poor Indians, as
usual had crowded around to welcome
me, but among them I saw not my
white-headed old friend. It was about
him I questioned them, and so now
after these explanations we are ready
for their answer to the second question
I put to them which was: Tell me
how he died?

At first there was a great deal of
reluctance to fully answer the ques-
tion, but when they saw I was so
anxious to know all that had occurred,
one young man got up, and thus
described all to me.

He said, “Missionary, you had not
been long gone before the old man got
very sick, and after some weeks he
seemed to know that he was going to
leave us. So he called us all around
him and said, ‘How I wish the Mis-
sionary would come to talk to me, and
comfort me, but he is far away and my
memory is so bad, I have forgotten all
he used to say to me. Tell him his
coming was like the sunlight on
the waters, but it was so seldom
that all in my mind has got so dark,
and my memory is so bad that I have
forgotten the good things he used to
tell us about the Great Spirit and his
Son, and what we ought to do. Oh,
that he were here to help me. But he
is far away, so get me my old drum
and medicine bag and let me die as did
my fathers. But you young people with
good memories, who can remember all
the Missionary says to you, listen to
his words, and worship the Great
Spirit and his Son, as he tells you
and do not do as I am doing!’ Then,
said the young man, ‘we got him
the old drum, which had been long
silent, and when his medicine bag had
been hung up before him, he drummed
until he died. As he drummed he
fell, and as he fell he died.’”

But his last words were to the
young people, with good memories to
be sure and listen to the Missionary,
and to give up their old Indian
paganism.

My heart was deeply affected and I
felt strongly moved when they told
me these and other things about the
old Indian's death. After a little
pause, I said, “Where have you buried
him?” They showed me the place,
and there I went out and wept as I
thought of his precious immortal soul
passing away into eternity, exhorting
his people to become Christians, while
he himself was performing some of
the foolish and unmeaning rites of
paganism, not because he had much
faith in them, but because there was
no Missionary or pious friend to stand
beside him and tell him of Jesus and
His wondrous love.

I knelt down there in the snow, on
his grave, and earnestly prayed that
the time would soon come when not
only all the poor Indians of the great
North-West, but also all the unnum-
bered millions of earth's inhabitants,
who are going down from the darkness

of paganism and superstition to the
darkness of the grave, might soon have
the faithful missionaries to whisper
in their ears the story of the Cross,
and to point them to the world's
Redeemer.

For this let us all continue to work
and to pray. The world's best days
are yet to come, and highly honoured
are we in being permitted to labour in
a cause so glorious, and at a time
when success is so wonderfully crown-
ing the efforts of God's people.

As you have ability work, give,
pray, that the time may soon come
when—

One song employs all nations, and all cry
“Worthy the Lamb! for he was slain for
us.”

The dwellers in the vales, and on the rocks
Shout to each other, and the mountain tops
From distant mountains, catch the flying
joy.

Till nation after nation taught the strain,
Earth rolls the rapturous Hosannas round.

WHAT WILL THE NEW YEAR
BRING ?

WILL the New Year bring greetings
Blithesome and gay ?
Long-looked-for meetings,
Joy's sunny day ?
Father, we know not ;
Coming joys show not ;
Hear our entreatings—
Show Thou the Way !

Will the New Year bring weeping
Sorrow's increase ?
Will the New Year bring sleeping—
Quiet release ?
Father, most tender,
We can surrender
All to Thy keeping—
Grant us Thy peace !

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PUZZLEDOM.

ANSWERS TO HOLIDAY PUZZLES.

I. Saint—Nick or Nich—O! Lass, St. Nicholas.

II. Face, Aid, Robe, Eyes, Wall, Ewe, Lies, Lags, Owls, Lump, Dare, East, Road, Inna, Edge, Note, Doll

FAREWELL, OLD FRIEND.

III.

C Y N I C
H I E R A R C H
R O T A
I N V E N T O R
S E A L
T R O M B O N E
M A V I S
A W A R D
S I N A I
C E P H A L I C
A U K
R I D D L E
O D E O N
L I T M U S

CHRISTMAS CAROL
CHARLES DICKENS.

IV. “A tight merry Christmas,
With no cause for a tear,
A heart ever thankful,
And happy New Year.”

V. NATIONALITY
D E T R I M E N T A L
U N W E A R I E D L Y
H O L Y T H I S P L E
S Y M M E T R I C A L
S U B S T A N T I A L
S L A V E T R A D E R
B A B Y R O U S S A R
D O W N S T R O D D E N
T E R R E S T R I A L
N E G L I G E N T L Y

VI CHARADE.—New Year's Calls.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.—CHARADE.

When across the arch of heaven,
In splendour God sets his bow ;
Mingling with its colours seven,
My first is seen to show.

On the quiet Sabbath day,
My next is sounding far and near ;
Calling the people from toil away,
God's precious word to hear.

My whole a pretty flower you've seen,
While strolling along your garden
walk ;

Midst plant and shrub, and evergreen,
With modest blossoms and tender
stalk.

II.—BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

Composed of 46 letters.

My 3, 16, 1, 2, 12, is a heathen god
My 6, 24, 9, 14, 27, 32, 21, was an
apostle.

My 15, 16, 40, 19, 39, is to be satis-
fied.

My 12, 38, 30, 35, 24, 17, was a leper.
My 16, 14, 27, 4, 5, 15, a king of
whom David was afraid.

My 5, 15, 11, 40, 27, 28, 23, 3, is a
guide.

My 45, 38, 23, 40, 41, 25, 33, 22, 10,
is one who works in timber.

My 7, 24, 35, is an esculent root.

My 21, 20, 18, 44, 17, is an ancient
name for a day in the week.

My 34, 36, 29, 12 is a song of praise.

My 13, 42, 4, 11, 43, means sorrow.

My 8, 31, 4, 23, 46, is a border.

My 16, 44, 37, is moisture.
My whole is a verse in the Old Tes-
tament.

III.—WORD-SQUARE.

- 1. A period of time. 3. A large lake.
- 2. A French verb. 4. Part of a vessel.