

Who Family.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Com'g, com'g, com'g! Listen! perhaps you'll hear Over the snow the bugles blow To welcome the old new year.

Flying, sighing, dying, Going away to night, Weary and old, his story told, The year that was full and bright.

Tapping, slipping, skipping, Like a child in its wooing grace, With never a tear and never a fear, And a light to the laughing face.

Com'g, com'g, com'g! Promising lively things, The gold and the glory of the summer day.

Com'g, com'g, com'g! The world is a vision white; From the powdered eaves to the serene-brown leaves,

NOTES.

By PHILLO.

OLD-FASHIONED RELIGION.

We sometimes refer to the religious habits of our fathers with an air of superiority that indicates that in our estimation their views of Christian conduct were not very enlightened.

The old-fashioned view that it was better not to dance, was a view quite judicious in its spirit. And now, not only ordinary members of the Church, but elders and ministers may, and perhaps ought, occasionally to dance.

The old-fogy class of Christian on the other hand, has none of the breadth of the true follower of Christ. He believes in going to bed at a reasonable early hour after having had worship with his family and reading a portion of Scripture for himself.

Those who understand the wheels within wheels by which this satisfactory change has been brought about, are ready to ask, with adoring gratitude, "What hath God wrought?"

Not all, however, have so learned. There is a remnant in the Church that clings to the old-fashioned views of the Christian's duty. Those who are to-day doing most to advance the cause of Christ, those who are really doing His work, find little time for the dance or the card-table.

This is not a day calling for martyrdoms in the painful forms of old, but it is a day calling for a very earnest protest against a God-dishonouring world, it is a day for very decided and outstanding Christian profession.

INDUCTION OF REV. H. CURRIE AT PENETANGUISHENE—AN HISTORIC EVENT AND PLACE.

By THE REV. JOHN GRAY, D.D., ORILLIA.

On the 8th of December, 1885, the Rev. H. Currie was inducted by the Presbytery of Barrie into the pastoral charge of Penetanguishene and Wyebridge.

HOW THE EVENT WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

In 1859 a reformatory for boys was established at Penetanguishene by the Government. Some of those connected therewith happened to be Presbyterians. The nearest Presbyterian minister was the Rev. G. Crow, of Hillsdale.

The young men appointed from summer to summer proved zealous and successful labourers in a very unpromising field. The work prospered, and the mission became so strong that the missionary society ultimately transferred it to what was then the Presbytery of Simcoe.

With his home in Wyebridge, Mr. Scott became an itinerant apostle throughout his large charge, and was in labours most abundant. After about five years of hard missionary work, the health of our esteemed friend began to give way under the arduous labours imposed upon him.

And now, in what was a few years ago a barren and unoccupied field, so far as Presbyterianism is concerned, there are two settled ministers and a catechist fully employed, and holding up the good old standard among the people.

THE PLACE.

Champlain describes in his travels between 1611-18, his visit to the district in and around Penetanguishene. Four miles eastward are still to be seen the ruins of the famous fort of the Jesuits on the river Wye.

Ultimately, after the Iroquois had destroyed their missions, the French built a fort near the site of the present reformatory, and a French population settled there, and still constitutes a large portion of the inhabitants.

When the country passed under British dominion, the fort seems to have been kept up, and a garrison of troops was maintained there up till a recent period. During the last American war of 1812 it became the chief naval station of Lake Huron, and naval barracks were erected.

"CUB"—A STORY FOR ELDER SISTERS.

By MARIAN HANLAND.

(Continued)

It was a ghastly one that appeared in the judgment-chamber. Mr. Rhett, awarthy with angry alarm, sat at the table, on which was spread the silver like thirty accusing witnesses.

"I earned it," he repeated, in a whisper. "Pray, how?" asked his father, witheringly.

"I will telephone to enquire if there is such a person at Howlett's," said Mr. Rhett, leaving the room. He re-appeared after some minutes, still dark and stern.

"This is a singular business," frowning upon the stricken boy. "The fellow says, 'It is all right.' That he will testify that the money was come by honestly."

"I call that impertinent!" interjected Sadie, severely. "Cub held up his head; spoke very fast, without any stops."

"I made it sawing and splitting wood, picking strawberries and raspberries and currants and blackberries and cherries; killing potato-bugs, mowing grass and working in Mr. Howlett's garden."

"You need not alarm yourself, my daughter. I shall see this Lyman on my way down town."

"Do not leave your room to-day, sir!" was his father's parting command. The weary, racking day was fading into the September twilight, when Cuthbert, seated miserably on his bed, was summoned to tea by Sadie.

"Your mechanist confirms your absurd story," said the model daughter and sister, in a tone like frozen pickles. "But nothing can excuse the deception you have practised."

Cub started up, made a step forward, and lifted his arm. She thought he was going to strike her and called out in terror. But he only stood in statue-like silence, as though an awful struggle were going on in his heart, then went stumbling down the back stairs, and did not come home again that night.

Last summer he was sent by his father before the mast on a sailing vessel to China, "as the only hope of curing him of bad habits, learned from low associates," says Sadie, who is still the help and comfort of her parents.

THE END.

CHINSEK PROVERB—A Diamond with a flaw is better than a pebble without one.

YOU know how often it is difficult to be wisely charitable; to do good without multiplying the sources of evil. You know that to give alms is nothing unless you give thought to it; and that therefore it is written, "Blessed is he that feedeth the poor," but "blessed is he that considereth the poor."

WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN.

NOT to tease girls or boys smaller than themselves. Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it into the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to the mother when she comes to sit down.

To be as kind and helpful to their sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them. To make their friends among good boys.

To remember that there never was a vagabond without these habits. To observe all these rules, and they are sure to be gentlemen.

MINISTERS' SUPPORT.

DR. THOMAS GUTHRIE was once speaking of the effects of the meagre support given to ministers, when he used the following words. "They are needed to-day, and in this country, quite as much as when spoken by him, and in reference specially to his own Scotland."

"The calamity which I stand in dread of, and which is next to withdrawal of the divine grace the greatest a Church can suffer, is that the rising talent, genius and energy of our country may leave the ministry of the gospel for other professions."

YOUNG folks tell what they do, old ones what they have done, and fools what they intend to do.

Not one doctrine or duty taught in the old Bible has been obliterated or disparaged by the Revision.

HIGH TIME.—It is high time that government of the saloon by the saloon and for the saloon should perish from the earth.

ASSURANCE.—How curious it is that a man may seriously doubt if he is a Christian, but be very certain that he is a Baptist, or Presbyterian, or Methodist.—Independent.

MR. WHITTIER tells a good story of a Connecticut farmer to whom he lent a work of Plato. "I like him first rate," said the farmer on returning the volume; "I see he's got hold of some of my ideas."

Why?—Mrs. Ada C. Bowles, a well-known woman-suffrage and temperance lecturer, lately saved the life of a drunken man who had capsized his boat on the pond where she was rowing. He can vote for license. She is disfranchised.—Independent.

PROFESSOR CHRISTLIEB of Bonn has established an "evangelist school." Already nine evangelists have been sent out. These messengers endeavour to reach the unchurched masses by means of prayer-meetings, addresses, visiting, etc. Their success so far has been encouraging.

RUM.—The first known mention of rum is in a manuscript, "Description of Barbados," in Trinity College, Dublin, written about 1651. The passage reads: "The chief fueling they make in the Island is Rumbulation alias Kill-Divil, and this is made of sugar-canes distilled, a hot, hellish and terrible liquor."

THE five points—not of Calvinism—but of Ritualism, are "eastward position, altar lights, vestment, wafer bread, and mixed chalice." Paul does not mention them, nor yet Peter, nor John. If tomorrow they all vanished from the earth the gospel of Jesus Christ would be as complete, as effectual, and as gracious as it ever was.—The Presbyterian.

If the time of affliction be not a time of supplication, I know not what it is. There are two kinds of antidotes against all the troubles and afflictions of this life; namely, prayer and patience; the one hot, the other cold; the one quickening, the other quenching. Chrysostom understood this well enough when he cried out: "It is more bitter than death to be spoiled of prayer."—Brooks.

THAW OUT.—A frosty night in October or May usually ends with a clear, genial morning. So it would be with people at all times of the year but for a ridiculous notion that self-respect requires the maintenance of a quarrel that is once begun. Among the best friends in the world are those who collided at the first contact. Flint and steel strike sparks of fire, not snowflakes.—Interior.

A HAPPY OLD INFIDEL.—We have seen and known numbers of happy old Christians in our day—happy in life and happy in death. But we have yet to see the first happy old infidel, either living or dying. Why is this so? Let the infidel answer. That which makes happy in advancing years and on the borders of the grave, is most likely to make happy beyond the grave.—Words and Weapons.

ONLY FOR FUN.—Dr. Thain Davidson of London says that when a man drinks intoxicants for the pleasure of it there is hardly a chance for him. Three or four men in a hundred may escape, but 95 per cent. go straight down the road to wretchedness and ruin. To tens of thousands, the public-house, the grog shop, the drinking saloon, has been simply the ante chamber of Hell.—Christian Leader.