

## A Happy New Year.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

I SEND to you a greeting,  
Dear, unknown friends, to-day,  
Wherever you may journey  
God speed you on your way!  
God's smile be on you, every one,  
The distant and the near,  
And make the time that comes to us  
A happy, happy year!

We have not seen the faces  
That many of you wear,  
But we know they oft are shaded  
By sorrow and by care.  
We cannot hear the voices  
That sing the songs of earth, [sighs  
But we know that sometimes there are  
To check the joyous mirth.

We often kneel together  
Before our Father's feet,  
Perhaps we pass each other  
Along the crowded street.  
We shall go home together,  
And know as we are known  
Within our Father's house above  
When He shall call His own.

And so we send our wishes  
To you across the snow;  
Our heart longs for the blessings  
Which you desire to know.  
God make, if it be best for you,  
The trouble-storm to cease,  
And give to you true riches,  
And fill you with His peace!

May winter days grow cheery  
With love for warmth and light;  
May summer's joy last all the year  
To make your spirits bright;  
May labour have its guerdon  
Of good reward and rest,  
And with the holiest benison  
May each of you be blest!

May this new year be better  
Than any gone before,  
Filled with devoted service,  
And crowned with Plenty's store.  
God cheer it with His presence,  
And, if it be the last,  
Grant an eternity of bliss  
When the fleeting years are past.

## The Children of Douglas Camp.

DOUGLAS was a mining-camp in California twenty-eight years ago. Twenty-four years ago there were cabins on the slopes, cabins in the ravine, five hundred able-bodied men were at work there, stores and hotel-throve, and every one had money and to spare.

But there were no children in the camp. That was the only drawback. No boys yelling and whooping along the dusty street, no sun-bonneted maidens coming from school, no babies, except when a family of Humboldt Indians trotted through town, the mother carrying a brown and swaddled pappoose on her back. It was a mid-summer afternoon, and the shadows were long, the day's work nearly done. Red-shirted miners everywhere visible threading the paths down cliffs or climbing from damp and shaded gulches on their way to the town, the central "camp" where they lived—such was the picture.

The miners assembled for their evening meal. The long dining-room of the Johnson House was crowded, and men passing stopped and leaned through the windows to chat with those inside. Every one was in shirt-sleeves, or if he had a coat carried it evidently for the convenience of pockets. Miners sat in the open doors of their cabins and smoked, or lifted the whole side of their tents, stretched themselves on a pile of blankets, and kept watchful and amused observation of all that went on below.

A canvas-covered waggon came down the slope of the hill, crossing the last ridge that divided Douglas from the outside world. Bets were freely made as to its mission.

"It's some prospector. The road stops here. He'll have to go on horse-back."

"It's a show of some kind, fellows. No show here these two years. Hurrah for the minstrels!"

"It's one of them Government or teacher chaps that studies the forests and digs up roots and things."

"Some camping-out sports from the city, I should say."

At last imagination failed, suggestions were exhausted, waiting was the last resource. Slowly the white cover approached, until the waggon stopped in the heart of the town—bony, worn-out horses, tired and disconsolate man driving, baggage and bedding apparently filling up the waggon. The hearty, bluff and outspoken miners gathered about it.

"Old fellow, what do you want in these diggings?" said one.

"Hasn't struck it rich in any other camp," remarked another.

The man, seeing himself closely observed by several hundred men, looked peculiarly helpless and ill at ease. He finally spoke to one miner nearest, and said,

"My friend, I don't know what to do. I do want to earn my livin', and I haven't any money."

The word ran through the crowd like the chorus of a Gilbert song, "He doesn't know what to do." Bursts of laughter began to ripple forth here and there. Two or three miners began to ask him questions in a bantering way. He had had misfortunes and lost his property. His wife and daughter were dead. He knew nothing of mining, but he couldn't make a living in the valleys. The choruses ran through the crowd: "He can't make a living." "He don't know what to do." And the crowd might fitly have answered, "Neither do we." Unconsciously the old man meandered along. Already one or two had begun to shout, "O, go off old man."

"Grandpa," cried a shrill, girlish voice from within the curtains, "ain't we 'most somewhere? I'm so tired, so is Buddie."

A hundred hands tore the canvas into strips and completely wrecked the cover of the waggon. There stood on a pile of bedding, her little brother at her feet, a blue-eyed, golden-haired child of nine. She looked astonished, but not frightened, as the bearded men crowded about and began to talk to her in wild and happy excitement. Nothing like it ever happened in Douglas before. Goods were left unattended, cards and money on the table; every inhabitant of the town was on the spot in less than five minutes. The little boy rubbed his eyes, sat up, and began to take in the situation. Pretty children both—children to be proud of.

"Hurrah for our Douglas Camp children!" shouted a miner. "Pass them along so that we can have a chance at them." And strong, gentle hands lifted them from the waggon, deep manly voices whispered blessings; from hand to hand, from heart to heart, half-frightened, half-pleased, till every man on the ground had held them in his arms.

"All right, old man," shouted Tommy Williams, the best-known miner in the camp; "jest trundle out and go inter the hotel with the kids, and get the best dinner an' the best

room ye can. We'll pay for them, and we'll 'tend ter yer team."

"Yes, an' we'll find plenty for you to do," shouted a dozen other miners.

A few days later the old man was given a sincere as day watchman of several sluices, and was installed in a cabin, with meals duly provided for himself and the children. And there had come to Douglas the first of its children as beautiful blessings and as inspirations of good.

Nine-year-old Ethel was wise beyond her years, and a gentle and loving child withal. So when the O'Raff-neys, of Ragged Rock Claim, and the Johnsons, of Blue Hill, began to quarrel over their respective boundaries, and drew pistols, it was Ethel, brave as a lion, who asked them to stop, and had her own way. As for Bobbie, or Buddie, his four-year-old consciousness was only aware that his lines had fallen in pleasant places, and he grew and thrrove mightily.

Soon over the camp it was "our Ethel," and pet names innumerable and schemes of delightful simplicity were devised for winning her favour. Gambling was lessened, and rowdies and drunken men were fewer. The town was quite another place before the end of that season. Then the miners planned to give the children a Christmas tree, and ended by giving each other presents also, and so in universal jollity and good cheer the year went out.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

## Johnnie's Sermon.

It was very short, and that is a good thing in a sermon. It was all true, and that is another good thing. It did just what every sermon ought to do—turned a soul to God—and that is the best of all.

Johnnie's papa was an infidel. He said he did not believe in God or prayer or any such thing, but he loved his little boy dearly. One day somebody took Johnnie to a children's meeting where the old story of Jesus and His love was told, and when he heard that a little boy might give his heart to Jesus, and be safe and happy in His love, he just did it right away. Then he went home with his cheeks flushed and his eyes sparkling. His papa saw him as he came in, and said, "Johnnie, what is the matter?" Johnnie ran into his father's arms, and, hiding his face on his shoulder, whispered, "Oh, papa, I have found Jesus!" The big man smiled, kissed his little boy, and thought, "He is excited, but will soon get over it."

But the days passed by, and the little fellow did not get over it. He grew sweeter and more manly every day, and often and often he said to his papa, "Oh, I am so glad that I have found Jesus!"

And that was Johnnie's sermon, and it led the strong, proud man, who saw how truly his child followed the Lord Jesus, to the same blessed life of love and faith. This is a true story, and it shows how God can use the testimony of a child when it is the real heart experience that influences the life—*S. S. Advocate*.

The doors of earthly happiness and heavenly happiness swing on the same hinges.—*President Bascom*.

A THOUSAND copies of the New Testament, printed in phonetic type, have been shipped to Bishop Taylor, on the west coast of Africa.

## LESSON NOTES.

## FIRST QUARTER.

## STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 622.] LESSON II. [Jan 10

JEREMIAH PREDICTING THE CAPTIVITY.

Jer. 8. 20-22; 9. 1-16. Commit vs. 20-22.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.—Jer. 8. 20.

## CENTRAL TRUTH.

Salvation is lost by neglect and by sin.

## DAILY READINGS.

M. Jer. 1. 1-19. Tu. Jer. 2. 1-13. W. Jer. 3. 12-19. Th. Jer. 5. 1-6. F. Jer. 7. 1-14. Sa. Jer. 8. 11-22. Su. Jer. 9. 1-16.

TIME.—In the later years of King Josiah, after the last lesson, B.C. 622-609, or early in the reign of his son Jehoiakim.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, at a gate of the inner court of the temple, where the prophet stood and addressed the people in the outer court.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Our lessons change from Kings to Jeremiah, because he prophesied at the period whose history we have been studying, and his words throw light on the history. After the last lesson, the excitement died away, many were v. touched by the revival, and the people grew very bad, as described in to-day's lesson. Jeremiah was sent to warn and entreat them, lest they perish on account of their sins.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—21. *I am black*—Rather, I go mourning. 22. *Balm*—Balsam, used for medicine externally and internally. *In Gilead*—Where it grew in abundance. There was abundant help for the people in God, but they refused it. 3. *Their tongues like a bow*—Lies were the venomous arrows they shot from their tongues. 7. *Melt and try*—As metals, which are thus purified from dross. 9. *Shall I not visit them*—With punishment. These warnings were fulfilled by the three devastations of the kingdom, and final destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon. (See Lesson 4.) 1. *Dragons*—Better, jackals. 14. *Baalim*—Plural of Baal, the idol of their neighbours the Phenicians.

SUBJECTS FOR HOME STUDY.—Jeremiah's history.—Jeremiah's character.—The Book of Jeremiah.—The sins and crimes of Judah.—The calamities that came upon them.—Opportunities, and how they are lost.—Why punishment follows sin.

## QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Why do we change our lessons from Kings to Jeremiah? When did Jeremiah live? Where? His father's name? Give some account of his life? What kind of a man was he? What can you tell about the Book of Jeremiah?

## SUBJECT: LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

I. THE OPPORTUNITIES LOST (vs. 20-22).—What promises did God make to the children of Israel? (Gen. 26 4; Joshua 1. 4; 2 Chron. 17. 9-12.) What blessing did he want them to enjoy? (Deut. 28. 1-13.) Repeat v. 20 of the lesson. What harvest was past? What is meant by "the daughter of my people"? What hurt is referred to? (See 2 Kings 23. 29-33; 24. 10-14.) What is balm? What is it good for? Where was it found in plenty? What does the prophet mean by this verse?

II. THE SINS BY WHICH THEY ARE LOST (vs. 1-3).—How did Jeremiah express his grief over the sins and miseries of his people? (vs. 1, 2.) How many different sins are mentioned in these eight verses? Which of the ten commandments were broken by them? Name the Beatitudes which were contrary to these sins? What sin is mentioned oftener? Why is deceit and lying one of the most deadly of sins?

III. THE CALAMITIES THAT FOLLOWED (vs. 9-11).—What should befall the country? (v. 10.) What should become of the city? (v. 11.) Read a description of the fulfilment of these warnings? (2 Chron. 36. 5-7, 15-20.) What punishment will fall on all who continue in sin? (Rom. 2. 8, 9; Matt. 7. 2, 19; 25. 41-46.)

IV. THE REASON OF THESE CALAMITIES (vs. 12-16).—Who would understand the cause of these troubles? What was the cause? What is meant by wormwood and gall in v. 15?