

Another Year

Another year is dawning. Dear Master let it be. In working or in waiting, Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning Upon thy loving breast, Of ever deepening trustfulness, Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies, Of faithfulness and grace, Another year of gladness In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress, Another year of praise; Another year of proving Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service, Of witness for Thy love; Another year of training For holier work above.

Another year is dawning; Dear Master let it be. On earth, or else in heaven, Another year for thee.

OUR PERIODICALS:

Table listing various periodicals such as Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, and others with their respective prices.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Editorial and Publishing House, Toronto, Ont. 217 St. Catherine St., Montreal.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 29, 1900.

1901.

We have come to January's gates, which will open before us into 1901. With the keeper of the gate we look back whence we have come, over the year and the years behind, and forward whither we go into the year and years ahead. Into the years, for not only are we living behind the old year, but with every day of the new year upon which we are about to enter we will be leaving behind us the hundred years of the nineteenth century. With the year 1900 we will bid farewell to this century. The thought of having to leave the nineteenth century and enter the twentieth is as bewildering as a great reckoning in a small room. We speak of it now as "our century," sometimes proudly, sometimes sorrowfully, when we compare the things of it with the things of past centuries. A great multitude of us will perhaps always regard it as the twentieth century, as our nineteenth century critics have so often said of many great ones who ended their lives in the first quarter of this century. The closing years of the nineteenth century have certainly been eventful ones. The pace has been quickened at the close, as if we wished to get as far forward as possible. The last twenty-five years have been ones of unexampled progress and prosperity, and last year was not one of the least progressive. Certainly, for the Anglo-Saxon race it has been a wonderful year. Young, prosperous with a magnificent inheritance, and with splendid prospects, Canada is advancing to the front among the nations. If Canadians

will remember that it is righteousness which exalteth a nation, the future of our country is assured.—Adapted from The Wesleyan

LAYING FOUNDATIONS.

BY MAIDA MATLAND.

The Ross boys had received a very handsome gift, a box full of Norman architecture, and on a rainy November day, Aunt Laurie found them all much interested in the building of a castle with an elaborate tower. Before she saw it, the boys and girls were quite as interested as the boys, and by her skillful aid the tower had almost reached completion, when, lo!—the whole structure lay in ruins at their feet.

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"John Langdon, whom your father was compelled to disengage from the office last year, did not look after this part of the foundation of his character house. So, although he was a good boy in many respects, and might have made a success as a business man, this one bad fault of untruthfulness, overthrew his whole house."

"So you see if our building is to be a success at all, we must lay sure and firm the great stones. Then the other one is Unfaithfulness. Nothing makes a boy so much disliked as being selfish."

"The other day in one of our schools the teacher asked her class to write a composition asking for three things they would like. The boys and girls asked for every imaginary thing that would give pleasure in their homes, but one very selfish and lazy boy wrote this:

"I wish I had a pony because I have a bicycle, to ride round town and be able to crow over the fellows walking. Second—I want a sister, all grown up, to wait on me and mend my cloths, and third—I want a hipopotamus to eat the grass, so I won't have to run the lawn mower."

"The selfish, lazy duffer," came from Jack, in a disgusted tone, "I'd like to walk with a hipopotamus, it is silly."

"We'd help," came in a chorus from the others, as they all joined in the laugh.

All right, then," their aunt continued, "We'll all agree that the stone of Selfishness must not find a place in our building."

"A nurse was telling me the other day about being in a home where a dear little fellow lay dying, and in leaving the room quickly she came across his little sister kneeling in a corner and praying:

"Dear God, don't bother at all about me, but do comfort poor father and mother."

"Wasn't she a dear wee thing?" Hamilton asked, with strong approval in his voice.

"Yes, she had fitted in that stone of Unselfishness, and it was making her building look very beautiful."

The talk had lasted until the tea-bell rang, and as the little ones went quietly to bed, the boys and girls each there was marked the determination to build his house on the rock that would withstand all life's storms. Which, dear young reader, are you building?

Ottawa, Ont.

BY LOTS OUT.

BY LOUIS ALBERT BARKS.

"I will blot out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions."

There is a story told of a boy who ran to his mother one day after he had read that promise, and said:

"Mother, God mean when he says he will blot out my sins? What is he going to do with them? I can't see how God can really blot them out and put them away. What does it mean—'blot out'?"

The wise mother said to the boy, "Didn't I see you yesterday writing on your slate?"

"Yes," he said, "I wrote, 'Woe! He fetched the slate. Holding it in front of him, the mother said, 'Where is what you wrote?'"

"Oh," he said, "rubbed it out."

"Why, mother, I don't know. I know it was there, and it is gone."

"Well," she said, "that is what God means when he says, 'I will blot out thy transgressions.'"

And so God will blot out your transgressions, dark and black and heavy though they are, if you come to him in repentance and faith in Jesus Christ, who has died to save you. You know just what was done, your sorrows will be gone, your rebuking conscience will have peace, and God will have freed you from your chains of evil habits.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

A REFLECTION FOR DECEMBER 31.

We have come to the last day of the old year. To-morrow will begin a new year, and God grant that it may be a happy New Year for us all!

Do you want to know the secret of a happy New Year? I think it is given by the text from the book of Proverbs: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart. In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." This is a good motto for the new year. We want to be led by God himself through all the days of the coming year. Here is the precious promise: "If we trust in God and obey him in all things, he will guide our footsteps in the right path."

NOT ANOTHER YEAR.

A new year, not simply another year. Many people may be said to live the same year over and over again. Each succeeding year is the same unit added once more to the sum of life. There is the same task, performed in the same spirit, with the same motive; the same impulsive character, the same failures of conduct. The times may change and progress hasten, but if we stand still we live only the same old year over again. A new year never comes to the contented one who always repeats. It is not the lapse of time, or progress of civilization, but our progress, that makes possible to us a new year.

When Christ was born there appeared upon the earth "the perfect Brother." Christ came to save. He saves to serve. He took upon himself the form of a servant, and now calls: "Follow me!" The star of Bethlehem was and is a beaming star. It means that we are in the rest, and himself or herself forgotten. This is the Christmas spirit. Thanks be to God, this spirit is very busy in the world. It is at the root of all that is noble and good in the world. It is the spirit of brotherly kindness of the poor to one another, and in the thrill of response that true brotherliness always evokes. It throbs in the passion for liberty that is so rapidly permeating the peoples of all lands, and in the sickening horror of slavery. Let us strive for the things of Christ, strive to bring in the perfect and universal brotherhood.

A little boy in Scotland became blind. His parents sent him to school to keep him out of mischief. The only reading book the scholars used was the Bible. At the end of each chapter and each verse. By constantly hearing these readings, the boy Aleck soon learned many of the verses and could tell where they were. When he was asked to read a verse, he knew the whole of the Bible by heart. If a person repeated any passages of Scripture, he would tell them the chapter and verse. One day a man repeated a verse which Aleck had in it. Aleck said him where it was, but he said he had not correctly repeated it. The man asked for the nineteenth verse of the seventh chapter of Numbers, and Aleck said, "You are looking for it there, but in no such verse; that chapter has but eighty-nine verses." Although "his eyes were blind, God had opened the eyes of his heart so that he could see an understanding in his heart more than many people who had two good eyes. This is what David meant when he said, "Open thine mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

Tennyson's New Year's Lymn.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light; The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new, Ring, happy bells, across the snow. The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind, For those that rich we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor, Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause, And ancient forms of party strife; Ring in the nobler modes of life, With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin, The faithless coldness of the times; Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes, But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic rancor and the spite; Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease; Ring out the narrowing lust of gold; Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free, The larger heart, the kinder hand; Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be.