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, if 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 holler work above.

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

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 29, 1900.

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 Into the years, for not only are ahead we leaving behind the old year, but with every day of the new year upon which we are about to enter we will be leaving nehlud 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 thought of having to leave the ulneteenth century and enter the twentieth is as be-wildering as "a great reckoning in a small room." We speak of it now as "our century," sometimes proudly, Amerimes sorrowally, when we compare the things of it with the things of past centuries. A great multitude of us will perhaps always so regard it, and certainly we shall be regarded by a great multitude born in the twentieth century, or at the threshold of it, as "essentially in thought and manner belonging rather to the nineteenth century than to the twentieth century than the twentieth century the twentieth century than the twentieth century the twentieth century than the twentieth century than the twentieth century the twentieth thought and manner belonging rather to the nineteenth century than to the twen-tieth century," as our nineteenth cen-tury critics have so often said of many great ones who ended their lives in the first quarter of this century. The clos-ing years of the nineteenth century have cortainly been eventful ones. The pace has been quickened at the close, as if we wished to get as far forward as possible wished to get as far forward as possible. The last twenty-five pears have been one so unexampled material 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 spiendld prospects, Canada is advancing to the front among the nations. If Canadians in making anything of him.

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

LAYING FOUNDATIONS.

BY MAIDA MAITLAND.

LAYING FOUNDATIONS.

BY MAIDA MATLAND.

The Ross boys had received a very handsome gift, a box of blocks of Norman architecture, and on a rainy Novomber day, Aunt Laurie found them all much interested in the building of a castle with an elaborate tower. Before ask how it, the dear, old ady was quite as interested as the boys, and by her skilful aid the tower had almost reached completion, when, to i—the whole structure lay in ruins at the tower that the afternoon's work had come so abruptly to an end.

Nutleing the tired, weary faces round her, Aunt Laurie soon had the little froup near her, comforting them with the promise of a story.

"Suppose we just go on with our blocks here," she said, "and talk about the foundations you children are laying."

"Foundations you children are laying."

"Well, my dear boy, perhaps you have in the foundations you have all been busy building, away overy day."

"Wow, Aunt Laurie?" came in incredulous tones from Hamilton, "We fellows not known it, but you have all been busy building, away overy day."

"How, Aunt Laurie?" came in incredulous tones from Hamilton, "We fellows never had a thing to build with till Uncle Jack sent us the blocks."

"It is not blocks you are using for what I am thinking about," she replied "The structure has a name called Character, and every building the timbled-down."

"The structure has a name called Character, and every one of you is busy at work on his own building."
"If you examine this tumbled-down castle here you will find our tower fell to the ground, bringing the rest of the building with it, all because one foundation block was at fault. See, this correct one has a piece out of it. When the weight of the tower came upon it, over the whole castle went. That is just except how a number of boys and girls are building to-day. Their foundation stones are not good ones, and when a few years have passed, instead of building up good and beautiful character houses, that will last forever, down will come their whole building, because their

houses, that will last forever, down will come their whole building, because their foundation was rotten."
"John Little, who went to jail last week for stealing, was one of these buildings. He laid in a bad foundation stone called Dishonesty, and although he had some good stones in his character house, this one upset all his building. "Miske it easy Aunt Lourie," Cricket we can understand it better," "All right, dear," their aunt replied, as she drew the wee, tired girlle closer to her.

her.
"Suppose we just take two stones for to-night, and, if we all fully decide to lay them in our building, we will have enough for one evening. Last night we all sang

"'On Christ, the solid rock, I stand, All other ground is sinking sand."

"Grandpa after that read to graups airer mar read to us the story of two houses. One was built on a rock, and another on the sand, and you remember when the storms came and beat against these houses, the one on the sand was washed right away, because the foundation was procedure. its foundation was no good, and the other one stood strong and unbarmed because it was built on the solid rock."

other one stood strong and unbarmed because it was built on the solid rock." Now, you boys and girls are building either one of these two houses. Which is 1:7 If you want your character houses to stand the storms that will surely come to each of you in this life, you want to begin right, and begin and build on the Rock of Ages."
"That Just means, Cricket, dear, that if you want to build up a beautiful life you must begin first of all by deciding too be a little Christian, for if you don't you may build away for gars and years, but no matter how well you may think you are getting on, at last, when a storm called Death beats against your house, down it will come, for you never started on the foundation that will withstand this storm."
"So now, children, let us go on from this sure foundation and build up. The first stone we will put in sure and steadfast is a large and strong one, called Trothfulness."

"John Langdon, whom your father was compelled to dismiss from the office last week, had not looked after this part of the foundation of his character house.

week, had not looked 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 foundation stone. Untruthulness, overthrew his whole house."
"So you see if our building is to be a success at all, we must lay sure and firm this grand atone. Then the other one is Unselfishness. 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 overy imaginary thing that would give pleasure in their homes, but one very selfish and lazy boy wrote this: "First—I want a pony (because I have a bicycl.), to ride round town and be able to crow over the fellows walking. Second—I want a sister, all grown up, ow with the control of the selfish, and the control of the selfish, and the control of the selfish, lazy duffer." came from "The selfish, lazy duffer."

grass, 80 I work have to the the lawn mower."

"The selfish, lazy duffer," came from Jack, in a disgusted tone, "I'd like to wallop him."

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

All right, then," their aunt continued, "Wo're all agreed that the stone of Selfishness must not find a piace in our building."

A nurse was teiling 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 sister kneeling in a corner and praying:
"Dear God, don't bother at all about

mg, but do comfort poor father and mother."

"Wasn't she a dear wee thing?" Ham-ilton asked, with strong approval in his

voice.
"Yes, she had fitted in that stone of Unselfishness, and it was making her building look very heautiful."
The talk had lasted until the tea bell rang, and as the little ones went quiletly out to the dining-room on each face there was marked the determination to 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? Oltawa, Ont.

BLOTTED OUT. BY LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

"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, what does dod mean when he says ho will blot out my sins? What is he going to do with them? I can't see how food can really blot one of the says how to the way. What does it mean blot out?"

The wise mother said to the boy

-not out?"

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

"Yes," he said.

"Well, fetch it to me."
He fetched the slate. Holding it in front of him, the mother said, "Where

front of him, the mother said, "Where is what you wrote?"
"Oh." he said, "I rubbed it out."
"Well, where is it?"
"Why, mother, I don't know. I know it was there, and it is gone."
"Well," sho said, "that is what God means when he says, 'I will blot out thy transpressions."

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,
and, though you may not know just his,
and, though you may not know just his,
your rebuking conscience 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.

A REPLECTION 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 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, that if we trust in God and obey him in all things, he will guide our, footstepts in the right path. our footsteps in the right path.

NOT ANOTHER YEAR.

NOT ANOTHER YEAR.

A new year, not simply another year.

Many people may be said to live the
same tame of the same and the same of the
succeeding year is the name unit added
ohee more to the sum of life. There is
the same task, performed in the same
spirit, with the same notive; the same
imperfection of 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 ox—he simply grows old. It
is not the lapse of time, or progress of
civilization, but our progress, that makes
posible to us a new year.

When Christ was born there appeared upon the earth "the perfect Brother." Christ came to eave. 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 beckening star. It leads to service. This is why the burden of so many hearts at this season of gladness is, "What shall give?" "What will please this one, or that one, and do them the most of the control of the season of gladness is, "What shall 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 the great schemes of practical philamthopy and the numerous societies and associations that are to-day helping the people. If may be seen in the marriellous brothand the most of the seen of the control of the protection of the possess of the control of the passion for liberty that is so rapidary permeating the peoples of all lands, and in the sickening horror inspired by war. Let eyery servant 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 mischlef. The only reading book the scholars used was the Bible. As they read this they repeated the number of each chapter and each verse. By constantly hearing these readings, the boy Aleck soon learned many of the verses and coult tell where they have been constantly hearing these readings, they when he could be the bible by heart. If a person repeated any passages of Scripture, he would tell them the chapter and verse. One day a man reprated a-verse, that as light change in it. Aleck told him where it was, but said he had not correctly repeated it. The man asked him for the ninetieth verse of the seventh-chapter of Numbers. Alchoig where the seventh-chapter of Numbers. Alcked said, "You are fooling me, si there is no such verse; that chapte has but eighty-nine verse;" Althoigs he goed to the beatt of the could see and understand his holy word much better than many people who had two rood eyes. This is what that he could see and understand his holy word much better than many people who had two good eyes. This is what David meant when he said, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

Tennyson's New Year's Hymn.

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 here 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; Riog 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 slander 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 just of gold Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace.

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