

## New Sunday-school Books.

*Cecil Wilford, a Soldier's Son.* By EDITH W. EDWARDS. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

A story of child-life in the Old Land. The poor old battered hulk of a soldier is quite a pathetic character in his way. Again is fulfilled in this story the saying of the Scripture: "A little child shall lead them."

*Wanted.* By PANSY. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This English edition of Mrs. Alden's recent story is much the handsomest we have seen. The elegant vignettes and full-page engravings place it far ahead of the American edition. The Wesleyan Conference Office is surpassing itself in the elegance of its book issues.

*Three Times 'and Out.* By Mrs. MARY LOWE DICKINSON. Price, 75 cents.

This is a story for junior readers, written in Mrs. Dickinson's sparkling style. The delineation of New England life and character of the "Sewing Circle," the "Scrub Lady" and other aspects of village life, and especially boy life, will be read with avidity by our young friends and by some older ones too.

*The Gilead Guards: A Story of War-time in the New England Town.* By Mrs. O. W. SCOTT. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

Only those who can remember the intense excitement of the war times of thirty years ago, can fully enter into the spirit of this story. But no one can read its thrilling pages without having their pulses stirred by the record of the uprising of the Northern States for the maintenance of the Union and the destruction of slavery. Mr. Tresider's cuts and piquancy to the text.

*The Raid from Beaujeour, and How the Carter Boys Lifted the Mortgage.* Two stories of Acadie. By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Cincinnati: Cranston & Curtis. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, \$1.00.

Mr. Roberts has won a reputation beyond his native land as a distinctively Canadian poet. In this book he celebrates in prose that Acadian borderland which he has photographed in verse. This is a stirring tale of the conflict between the French and English for the possession of the Acadian Peninsula. It gives a sympathetic picture of that old French life, and of the heroism of both French and English in the fierce conflict.

The second story is of more modern date, but it also describes life on the Tantramar Marshes, which stretch for many a mile behind their dykes between Amherst, N.S., and Sackville, N.B.

*Ringing Bells.* By REESE ARKWELL. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is another of the admirable books for Sunday-schools and family reading issued by the Wesleyan Conference Office. It is a story of American life, whose merit has led to its reproduction across the sea. Like everything which issues from this house, its religious character is unexceptional.

*Sarah Dakota.* By MARY E. Q. BRUSH. New York: Hunt & Eaton. Toronto: William Briggs.

There is something as breezy about this story as the wind-swept prairies of the great State from which the heroine takes her name. She is a sort of domestic cyclone at the start, but grows into noble womanhood. This is a vivacious, wholesome story of girl life, with strong religious teaching. It will be a valuable addition to any girl's or Sunday-school library.

*The Bevans.* By W. T. EMS. London: Charles H. Kelly. Toronto: William Briggs.

This is a charming story of life in one of the southern counties of England. The English life which it delineates differs strikingly from that of Canada, but has a quaint Old-World atmosphere that is very piquant and interesting. The various classes—they may also be called the castes—of English society are utterly foreign to anything we have here. The workhouse pictures are quite pathetic. Little Harry—another "Tiny Tim"—looks almost infinitesimal as shown beside the big farmer in the farm cart. The book has its stirring episodes in a drunken murder, an arrest, a trial, the acquittal of innocence and punishment of guilt.

A NEW year, a fresh year, a year as unsullied as the snowflakes which usher it in. A closing up; a new beginning! But before beginning again, it will be well to do as the merchants do at this season—take an account of stock and strike a trial balance. How do we stand as against our condition a year ago, when some of us, at least, strongly resolved that we would make this twelve months more profitable for the Master? We have made some poor investments of heart and brain; let us see what they are, that we may not repeat those follies. At times we have withheld the means and the effort when the opportunity has been offered us for getting some splendid returns for Christ; let us make humble and penitent confession of our lack of zeal and consecration in these particulars. Now and then we have done what we could, and the increase has stirred our zeal and gratitude; let us devoutly thank our Lord for those experiences. As we go on, putting this on the side of profit and that on the side of loss, let not the heart fail unless it shows more loss than gain; and not even then, for this is a new year and a new beginning.—*Pilgrim Teacher.*