

MORNING AND EVENING.

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHTS.

Before me lies a perfect day—  
Thy gift O Lord, and bright  
With thine own glory's light.  
O Son of man I grant me thine aid,  
That, when I meet the evening's shade,  
Spotless, unmarred by thought of sin,  
And bright as when it did begin,  
I may give back thy perfect day.

Behind me lies thy perfect day—  
How can I give it back?  
By sin so marred and black?  
O blessed Saviour I love me still,  
Forgive my proud and wayward will,  
Blot out the stains of sin and wrong—  
And let my humbled soul be strong:  
In Thee to live a perfect day.

BY MARY WARREN AYER.

LETTER FROM REV. W. J. KIRBY.

DEAR CHILDREN OF THE PALM BRANCH: Here is a nice clean year, 1898. I wonder how long it will keep clean? O dear, I'm so frightened something will spoil it before it is one day old. Would it be nice if we would keep it clean for one day—one week—one month—if it was never blotted like we blot a new page in our copy-book at school—but from the first page of the book of 1898 to the opening page of the book of 1899, all clean and spotless?

Lots of people talk about turning over a new leaf when a New Year begins, but although the leaf may be new, and the intentions good, yet how soon it gets blotted and spoiled with some bad thought, or word, or action. Some of you will get up from your bed on January the first, eighteen hundred and ninety-eight, and say, "Happy new year, Mama," "Happy new year, Papa," and forget to say happy new year to your brother and sister. The first blot will drop on the clean page, and then another and another until the first day is spoiled.

One forgets to pray, another forgets to read God's word; another says, "I can't," "I won't," "I don't care," and pouting lips, and naughty little words, cover the clean leaf of the book of the new year with blots and blurs. O dear me! what shall I do to keep the year clean and pure? I heard of a man once who had a box on which he had printed the words NEW RESOLUTIONS, and he began to use it in January, and opened it in December following, and he found it full of resolutions, but they were all broken. Poor fellow! he looked at the box and wept over the contents, but his

tears did not wash away one of the blots made on the clean page he turned over in January. How sad! to think we can resolve, and re-resolve, and then break the resolution. Sometimes we weep over the past, but you remember the hymn:

"Though my eyes be bathed with tears,  
These could not allay my fears,  
Could not wash the sins of years,  
Weeping will not save."

I know something that can wash away sins, and I find it in the 1 John: 1-2. Look it up for yourself and read it over on your knees in prayer for God to help you come for this cleansing. I do like a little story I have often told to the children; it is something like this: "Mary came to her teacher in Sunday-school one Sunday, and her face was all smiles, and she seemed to be very happy."

"Teacher," said Mary, "God can't see any of my sins?"

The teacher seemed almost shocked and, looking at Mary, asked: "Why, whatever do you mean, Mary?"

"O teacher," she replied, "God can't see any of my sins?"

The teacher felt a little alarmed with Mary, for she was afraid such a little girl didn't know what she was talking about; so she asked again: "Mary, what do mean, dear?"

Mary came up closer to her teacher and took hold of her hand and said so sweetly, "O teacher! God can't see any of my sins; because I am hiding behind the blood of Jesus."

No wonder the teacher felt like crying, because she now understood Mary, and she was so happy to know that one of her girls from her Sunday-school class had been saved.

This is the way to keep the year clean, keep under the atonement of Jesus, and if you are hiding behind the blood, then I know you will have—which I pray God may grant you all, "A happy New Year."

Charlottetown, Dec. 21, 1897. W. J. KIRBY.

A happy New Year to all Mission Bands and workers. May it be the best in the history of missions.

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

"Dear Father, whom I cannot see,  
Smile down from heaven on little me,  
Let angels through the darkness spread  
Their holy wings above my bed,  
And keep me safe, because I am  
The heavenly Shepherd's little lamb,  
Dear heavenly Father, watch and keep  
Father and Mother while they sleep."