

## The New Year.

Fades soon the mystic glory  
That on fair childhood lies,  
And all too brief the story  
Its vanished dream supplies:  
And youth, with heart high beating  
With hopes that spring so fast,  
Than morning mist more fleeting,  
On swift wings sweepeth past.

The pride, the strength, the beauty,  
That come with manhood's prime,  
The zeal that nerves to duty  
And strivings to deeds sublime;  
Ambition's lofty scheming,  
And pleasure's cup run o'er,  
Wealth o'er its treasures dreaming,  
Success that asks no more.

All, all, years wiftly flying,  
Too soon leave far behind  
To each year, ere its dying,  
Some jewel is resigned.  
Some star that bright was glowing,  
To the strained sight is lost  
Some flower that fresh was blowing,  
Falls blighted by the frost.

The friends that once were treading  
Life's pathway by our side  
Their love its sweetness shedding,  
Like perfume far and wide,  
With mid-die years have slumbered,  
Have vanished from our sight,  
With holy angels numbered  
Beyond the vault of night.

Yet Life! thy years that stay not,  
Thy scenes that glide away,  
Thy pleasures that delay not,  
Thy strifes that fill thy day:  
Come not in vain to mortals,  
If faith Divine they give,  
And up through heaven's high portals  
Bring man with God to live.

New Year! that, with glad greeting,  
Hast come once more to me,  
In whispers still repeating  
Words oft said tenderly:  
Thy voice my soul now heedling,  
To noblest aims I rise,  
And on where God is leading  
Tread with uplifted eyes.

When years so swiftly flying,  
Shall all have run their round;  
When death itself is dying,  
And earth no more is found.  
O Saviour, then behold me  
From Thy great judgment throne,  
And let Thine arms enfold me,  
Thy lips call me THINE own.

Ray Palmer.

## New Year's Weather.

The brave girl in the picture does not mind the blustering storm. My! how the wind does blow! and how the snow fills the air and covers the ground, drapes each tree and shrub "with ermine too dear for an earl!" Brave Betty Branscome is not going to stay at home from Sunday-school—or day-school either—for that. She has had a fortnight's happy holidays, and now in her warm hood and cloak, and sheltered by her big umbrella she hies with happy "morning-face" to school. Why, the cold but makes the blood tingle more warmly in her finger tips and gives a fresher bloom to her cherry cheeks, and makes her merry laugh ring out more merrily upon the frosty air. There is no land for health and happiness like our own happy Canada.

An English gentleman attended a ball in Vienna, where a distinguished lady frequently amused herself by saying discourteous things. "By the way," she inquired, "how is it your countrymen speak French so very imperfectly? We Austrians use it with the same freedom as if it were our native tongue." "Madame," he retorted in the blandest manner, "I really cannot say, unless it be that the French army have not been twice in our capital to teach it, as they have been in yours."

## A Flag for the New Year.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

MEN like to fight under a flag. The flag that floats above them will have something to do with their victory or defeat. Constantine, the Roman general, was about to fight a battle with Maxentius, the heathen usurper of Roman power. It is said that he had a dream in which he was counselled to adopt the cross as his emblem, stamping it on the shields of his soldiers, and then to go against the enemy. Another account says, that while praying, Constantine saw a shining cross in the sky, and the motto, "By this, conquer," and that the next night in sleep, Christ directed him to prepare a standard cross-shaped. Constantine did use a cross-standard, setting aside the old Roman eagles. He gained a victory that made him emperor of Rome, that made Rome a champion of the cross. The cross was a good flag to fight under.

It is not necessary that our flag shall actually be a banner. It may be a motto that becomes a watchword, and helps men forward to victory.

Maurice of Holland was the son of William, Prince of Orange. The latter was killed by an assassin who was stimulated to this by the offer of a large reward by Phillip of Spain.

The fiendish price put on the head of the noble prince was 25,000 gold crowns. Phillip tried to crush out the liberties and the Protestantism of William's country; but William resisted him. After his father's death, Maurice took this as his motto, "The twig shall yet become a tree." He took as a device to set it forth, a fallen oak from whose root sprang a young sapling. The Spanish Government found out to its sorrow that it was no idle boast. The twig did become a tree—a tree that all the windy violence of Spain might blow upon but could not upset.

What shall be our motto, our flag this new year? Stimulated by what purpose will we move out to take up the new duties of the year? This is a good flag for every young person, "Only one way and that the right way."

Ask each day what will be right, not what will be easy or popular. Finding out the right way, walk in it. Be sure though and make quick charge under that flag. Our standard may be the best in the world, but if we are slow to move, we may be long in repenting our slowness. There was once a commander who told his men in very plain language to "fix bayonets, uncap muskets and go over the enemies' works. Let us, though, remember our flag, our motto, 'Only one way and that the right way.'"

Who will march under that flag? Hands up!

## This Year.

THIS year, this precious new year, what will you do with it? God has given you the beginning of it, and let us hope that you will live to see the end of it. Like all other gifts of God, it is bestowed for a wise purpose. It is not to be trifled away in idleness or in sport, but is to be improved to the greatest profit.

They make a great mistake who suppose that the right improvement of life is necessarily a dull and dreary business; that in order to this they must give up all enjoyment, and be solemn and gloomy; never play, but always work or study; never have a

good hearty laugh, but always wear a long face.

That is not the way to improve the passing years; we should rather call that a misimprovement. The fact is, that the happiest people in the world are those who are making the very best of life. They play, they laugh, they leap, they have a good time, but they do these as a relief to the more serious work of life, and consequently they work better. Instead of making a business of play, they make it a help to work. That is what play is for, and it is all that it is good for.

Let us try to get all the good we can out of this new year, from its beginning to its close. We ought to be better, wiser, and happier every year we live. When we work let us work with all our might, when we play let us play heartily. Work and play will then help each other, and both will help us.

God alone can enable us to live right. We should therefore ask His blessing on our life, and be careful not to do anything on which we cannot ask His blessing. Then we shall lead honourable and just lives. Let us pray, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

## New Year.

AND whether bright Thy face  
Or dim with clouds, we cannot comprehend,  
We hold out patient hands each in his place,  
And trust Thee to the end.  
Knowing Thou leadest onward to these spheres  
Where there are neither days, nor months,  
nor years. *Miss Mulock.*

## Fight for a Happy New Year.

EVERY one who means to enjoy a happy New Year must fight for it. Yes, fight for it, and he must fight hard, and long too, or he will be joyless all the long, long year.

Why must we fight? With whom must we fight? With what weapons must we fight?

We must fight because a mighty giant has invaded the children's world. This giant feeds, not on flesh and blood, like the giants in foolish story books, but on people's happiness. He is a great glutton, and loves to have a big dish full of children's joys before him constantly, on which he may feast all the time. He keeps several servants, whose work it is to slink into happy homes, steal joys from the hearts and carry them to their grim master. Now, if we don't fight this monster, so unyielding as his servants and so vast is his appetite that he will not leave one bit of happiness for a single one in all this great land. He will fill it with sad, weeping, cross, miserable, wicked children. Up, then, and at him, bravely!

Who is this giant? Who are his servants? His name is SELFISHNESS! His chief servants are Self-will, Bad Temper, Hatred, Envy, Malice, Pride, Vanity, Falsehood, Gluttony, and Laziness—a vile crew who prowls round happy homes like wolves about quiet sheep folds. They will even steal away the joyousness of Christmas and of New Year's Day, and get children to quarrelling over their presents! Barefaced robbers! They ought to be whipped out of every house in the land.

If you would be happy you must fight this giant and all his crew with all your might. Love must be your sword. It has two edges—love for Jesus, and love for all your friends. Your shield must be faith—a hearty

believe that Jesus loves you. The giant and his servants are afraid of that Sword. They shrink from the tiniest child that wields it boldly. Their fiery darts are not sharp enough to go through the shield of faith. Fight this giant therefore, with the sword of love, and 1884 will be to you a happy New Year indeed.

Here is a prayer in rhyme for the New Year. Sing it.

Along the ever-rolling tide,  
Our littlearks unceasing glide,  
Without a sail, without an oar,  
To yonder vast, eternal shore.

Almighty Saviour, help and save,  
Or we must perish in the wave:  
Our Pilot and our Captain be,  
While we commit our all to Thee.

For all Thy care in former days  
Accept our feeble hymn of praise;  
And by our anchor, as we sail,  
Of glorious hope, within the veil.

Safe past the rocks and shoals of time,  
Conduct us to a purer clime:  
And when we reach the port of bliss,  
We'll sing a nobler song than this.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

## Obeying Orders.

LORD DERBY was decorating one of his country mansions, and was having the central hall-floor painted. A young man, tall and powerful, was at work on one of the walls, when the earl ordered a number of slippers to be placed on the door-mat, desiring this young man to order any one that came in to put on a pair before crossing the passage, and added to the order, "If anybody does not do it, you must take him by the shoulder and turn him out." Soon after a hunting-party passed; and the Duke of Wellington, with his splashed boots, opened the door and rushed along the hall. The young man immediately jumped off the ladder on which he was painting, and seizing his grace by the shoulder, fairly pushed him out of the house. The painter said afterward that the duke's eagle eye went right through him! but as he did not know the duke, he only kept wondering who the person was. In the course of the day the earl, on hearing of the circumstance, summoned all the household and men at work into the study, and demanded who had had the impertinence to push the duke out of doors. The trembling painter came forward and said, "It was I, my lord." "And pray," rejoined the earl, "how came you to do it?" "By your orders, my lord." On this, the duke, who was present, turned round to Lord Derby, and, smiling, drew a sovereign out of his purse, and, giving it to the astonished culprit, said, "You were right to obey orders."

A LITTLE boy of extraordinary abilities being introduced into the company of a dignified clergyman, was asked by him where God was, with the promise of an orange. "Tell me," replied the boy, "where He is not, and I will give you two."

A BEVY of children were telling what they got at school. The eldest got, reading, spelling and definitions. "And what did you get, little one?" asked the father to a rosy-checked, little fellow, who at the same time was driving a tenpenny nail into the door-panel. "Mo? I gets roadin', spellin', and spankin'!"