

THE GLAD TIME OF THE YEAR.

LET the glad joy bells loudly ring
Their music everywhere,
Let nothing in the echoes sweet,
Give hint of gray-robed care.
With hearts divinely lit with peace,
Untouched by dream of fear,
We'll hail, with gratitude and joy,
This glad time of the year.

Over the graves of buried years
We weep, and say goodbye.
Only a shadow to-day comes back,
Like clouds in winter sky;
But in glad memory of that youth,
We'll leave a tribute here—
Forget we're growing old and gray,
This glad time of the year.

Some of our own have crossed the tide,
To rest at home to-day,
To sing the new, triumphant song,
Over the golden way;
We got some nearer all the while,
Clearer the coasts appear,
We seem to catch their matchless joy
This glad time of the year.

'Twas but one little year ago,
We thought them always ours,
Forgetting winter's swift approach
Stole summer's fairest flowers:
We know an empty chair or crib
Is something strangely dear,
Recalling those who once enjoyed
This glad time of the year.

Then let us in those sunny days
Of kindly thought and deed,
Bury the past of bygone years
With loving, earnest speed;
And let the precious days to come
Be consecrated here
To noble effort, which shall crown
This glad time of the year

VICTORIA'S GIRLHOOD.

WHEN the Queen of England was a baby, scarcely anyone thought she would ascend the throne of Great Britain except her father, the Duke of Kent. He used to say, while holding her in his arms, "Look at her well! She will yet be Queen of England!" People smiled at the dream of the sanguine father, but he proved himself a prophet.

The little one came near being known as Alexandrina Georgiana. Her two godfathers were the Emperor Alexander of Russia, and the Prince Regent, subsequently George IV., and it was proposed to name the babe in honour of them both. But at the last moment the Prince peevishly declared that the name of Georgiana should be second to no other.

"Give her her mother's name after that of the Emperor's," he said, and so the babe was christened Alexandria Victoria. In her childhood she was often called "Little Orina." She, however, when she grew up, insisted that her mother's name should not be second even to an emperor's.

The Duchess of Kent found queen-making no light task. She brought up her daughter to waste no time. Her waking hours were employed for study, work, exercise, or play. She was trained to regularity in eating, sleeping, and in exercise. Even when almost in sight of the throne, being "sweet sixteen," she showed herself an obedient daughter by leaving a ball-room at her mother's command, after only one dance, and going to bed.

The Duchess dressed her daughter as a girl should be dressed. Her apparel was neither gorgeous nor costly, but simple and becoming. Lord Albemarle watched her one morning, when she was seven years of age, as, dressed in a white cotton gown, a large straw hat, and coloured

fichu round the neck, she watered some plants and her own little feet.

When the Queen had children of her own, she dressed them as simply as her own mother had dressed her.

Grace Greenwood, in her life of Queen Victoria, tells a story of a fashionable lady who walked one morning through Windsor Park, in the hope of catching a glimpse of the royal family.

Meeting a lady and gentleman, accompanied by three children, she gave them a glance, but seeing that they were all plainly dressed, she passed on without bestowing much notice upon them. Some distance further on she met a Scotch gardener, of whom she asked if it was likely she would meet the Queen and her family anywhere in the park.

"Weel, ye maun turn back and rin a good bit, for you've passed her Majesty, the Prince, and the royal bairns," answered the Scotchman.

Another anecdote, related by Grace Greenwood, exhibits the Princess as acquiring knowledge by experience. She was visiting, with her mother, Wentworth House. One wet morning, while running about the garden, the old gardener, who did not know her, saw her on the point of descending a treacherous bit of ground.

"Be careful, miss; it's slape!" he called out.

"What's slape?" asked the Princess, turning her head, and at the same moment her feet flew from under her, and down she came.

"That's slape, miss," said the gardener, picking her up.

The Princess once rebelled against her music-teacher's rule that she should practise a certain number of hours every day. He protested, telling her that there was no "royal road" in music, and that only by much practice could she become "mistress of the piano." Victoria closed the instrument, locked it, put the key in her pocket, and playfully said:—"Now, you see, there is a royal way of becoming 'mistress of the piano.'"—*Selected.*

THE FIVE PENNIES.

I AM ashamed to say I was an awful drunkard once; but I'll tell you what turned me round:

"I was terribly dry one morning, and I wanted some rum. So I handed my youngest boy, only six years old, some coppers and a jug, and told him to go and get me a pint of rum. It was a cold morning, and Willie's trousers were thin and ragged, and he had no overcoat nor mittens. Willie didn't want to go; but I scolded him, and he started a few steps, and then stopped, and said:

"Father, I wish you would give me a penny to buy a stick of candy."

I told him to go along, and not bother me about a stick of candy. The little fellow began to cry, and stammered out:

"Father, you never give me any money to buy candy. Tommy Jones (he was the rum-seller's boy) has candy every day, and he says I can't have any because my father is a drunkard."

I felt as though lightning had struck me. "Oh, God!" said I, "has it come to this? Have I been paying my money to support the rum-seller and his family in luxury, while my own little boy could not have a single penny for candy? Yes I am a drunk-

ard. But old Jones' children won't sneer at Willie or me any more."

I called my boy back, and took the jug and the money. Here are the pennies. I will keep them as long as I live, and, when I die, leave them as a sacred legacy to my children. I have got six, and a good wife besides. Thank God, I am saved, and my home is happy! I will do what I can to save others.—*Herald of Mercy.*

A REAL BOY.

A REAL, true, hearty, happy boy is about the best thing we know of, unless it is a real girl, and there is not much to choose between them. A real boy may be a sincere lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, even if he cannot lead the prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher. He can be a godly boy in a boy's way and place. He is apt to be noisy and full of fun, and there is nothing wrong about that. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb, and shout like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. No real, true boy chews, or uses tobacco in any form, and he has a horror of intoxicating drinks. The only way he treats tobacco is like the boy who was jeered and laughed at by some older ones because he could not chew. His reply was, "I can do more than that; I can eschew it." And so he did all his life. A real boy is also peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He takes the part of small boys against large boys. He discourages fighting. He refuses to be a party in mischief and deceit.

Above all things he is never afraid to show his colours. He need not always be interrupting, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do any thing because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God, or is a Christian. A real boy never takes part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meets the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for all things of God he feels the deepest reverence. And a real boy is not ashamed to say "father" or "mother will not like it if I do so and so." It is only your sham, milk-and-water boys that are afraid to do right. Every one respects the real boy, and every one despises the sham, too-big-for-his-parents, smoking, tobacco-loving coward, who is afraid to do right for fear of a little ridicule.—*The Outlook.*

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

LIFE is a journey. We are pilgrims here, sojourners as all our fathers were, having no continuing city—over on the move—going along not alone, but in a mighty caravan, like pilgrims on their way to Mecca; an endless procession of human beings, marching to the grave, the bourne from which no traveller ever returns. What a countless throng of human beings have been marching across the narrow plane of earthly existence during the past year! According to the usual estimate not less than 31,500,000 of probationers since the first of January, 1884, have gone down to the grave and entered eternity! Place them in a long array,

and they will make a moving column of more than 1,300 to each mile of the world's circumference!

Think of it! Ponder and look upon these astounding computations. What a spectacle, to angels, to men as they "move on," tramp, tramp, tramp—forward, upon this stupendous dead march! Nearly 100,000 souls in this vast cavalcade drop out, die, each day of the year.

"Life is short, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though strong and brave,
Still like muffled drums are beating
Funeral marches to the grave."—*Selected.*

A WINTER SONG.

THE winds are whistling through the trees,
The snow is falling fast;
The brooks upon the mountain-side
No longer o'er the mosses glide;
The laughing rill upon the hill
Under a spotless robe is still;
The summer days have passed!

The frost has clad the naked bush;
The pine-trees sigh and moan;
The winding road is lost in snow;
The birds of winter come and go,
The woods are dumb, the wild bees' hum
No more from blooming flowers will come
Till winter days have flown!

Sing out a ringing roundelay!
Be merry while ye may.
What though the winds are wild and cold?
What though the year is growing old?
If hearts are warm and love is strong,
The moaning wind is summer's song,
So love and laugh to-day!—*Home Journal.*

GRANTS TO POOR SCHOOLS.

FROM a mission-school in Nova Scotia comes the following letter showing the benefit the Sunday-School Aid and Extension Fund is accomplishing:

Dear Brother,—Enclosed please find P. O. order for \$2 from the Roslin Sunday-school—an expression of their gratitude for the Sunday-school papers so kindly sent from you. The amount is small, but I assure you it is made up of several collections; and were it not for the very straitened circumstances of the people the sum would be larger. The two dollars really represent a good deal. If their circumstances get better they will pay you for all you do for them. They very highly appreciate the papers sent them. They are eagerly read by old and young, and are a great blessing to the settlement. You are doing a grand work for the Church, and through your papers reach more hearts than any minister among us. Ascertaining the opinion of S. S. Superintendents, etc., I hear but one judgment—they are the best papers they have ever had in the schools.

The people are really enthusiastic about their Sunday-school; it is kept open all winter, though the people are scattered and less favourably situated than many places which close their Sunday-schools during the winter season.

[Here follow some remarks about the editor personally of too complimentary a nature to print.]

A LITTLE girl sat on the floor crying. After awhile she stopped, and seemed buried in thought. Locking up suddenly, she said: "Mamma, what was I crying about?" "Because I wouldn't let you go down town." "O, yes!" and she set up another howl.