

## The Opening Year.

The Old Year with its record,  
Is gone for evermore;  
The New Year, full of promise,  
Stands waiting at the door.

Ah! could we live it over!  
So sigh we of the past,  
Live we the new, as wish we now  
That we had lived the last.

That past, its lessons teaching,  
With guiding light should shine,  
To warn from self-dependence,  
And lead to grace divine.

With high resolve, and holy,  
With purpose, firm and true,  
Let us go forth with meekness,  
God's will and work to do.

Then golden moments wasted,  
And days all dark with sin,  
Shall not so sadly colour  
The year we now begin.

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## Home and School

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 31, 1887.

**\$250,000**  
FOR MISSIONS  
FOR THE YEAR 1887.

Methodist Magazine for 1888.

SPECIAL OFFER. — DECEMBER NUMBER FREE.

NEW subscribers to the *Methodist Magazine* for 1888 will receive the December number free. This is a special Christmas number, with a Christmas story by J. Jackson Wray; a Christmas sermon by Canon Farrar; extracts from John Wesley's Journal, showing how he spent seventeen Christmas days; a beautifully illustrated article by the late Lady Brassey, with 12 fine engravings, full of touching Christmas memories; memorials of John Wesley, with nine engravings of interesting souvenirs of the founder of Methodism; the British Princes at the Antipodes, with six engravings; a stirring, patriotic paper on Canada, its extent and resources, by D. E. Cameron, Esq., together with numerous other articles.

## Rev. Dr. Potts on New Year's Calling.

At the close of his sermon in Elm Street Church last year, Rev. Dr. Potts said:—"Before next Sabbath, New Year's day will have come. It used to be the custom to offer wine and liquor to callers on that day. It is no longer necessary to respectability to do that now, and, indeed, as I look around this congregation to-night I do not recognize a family where the dangerous thing will be offered on New Year's day. I suppose it is the saddest experience of a mother when for the first time in her life, and that so often on a New Year's night, her firstborn boy comes home under the influence of liquor, and that mother looks him in the face and realizes that for the first time in his life her son could be called a drunkard. Indeed, if that should be the case next New Year's day that drink will have been offered by ladies, by mothers, by daughters, and sisters and wives. I wonder if any mother here would like to see her son thus coming home. That young man is somebody's son, and, therefore, if anyone in this congregation has the most distant thought of offering the tempting wine to any persons who may call upon them on New Year's day, I beseech you as you value the sobriety of your own family that you do not place the tempting glass before anyone who calls to wish you 'A Happy New Year.' He expressed the pleasure he felt at having been present this winter at three public banquets in the Rossin House conducted on temperance principles, and expressed the hope that he would live long enough to see the flag of prohibition planted in every province of this fair Dominion. The day had gone by for smiling at or ridiculing "temperance fanatics." Not a public man in Canada dared ignore the temperance question, and the bright and glorious day would come when the prohibition of the liquor traffic would be the law of the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

## Gray Man's Path.

THIS is the name of a remarkable natural bridge crossing a deep chasm on the wild sea coast of the county Antrim, Ireland. Few would dare to creep across that narrow rock bridging the deep and yawning abyss beneath. This singular freak of Nature is but one of many no less wonderful on the wild sea coast of Ireland. The engraving is one of a large number which will appear in early numbers of the *Methodist Magazine*, in a series of articles on "Picturesque Ireland," with numerous superb engravings of the finest scenery in Antrim, Londonderry, Donegal, Clare, Kerry, Cork, Kilkenny, and Dublin, including the Lakes of Killarney, the wild west coast, the Giants' Causeway, Dunluce Castle, and Dublin Bay. See announcement on last page.

## The Old and the New Year.

As the midnight hour drew nigh, the Old Year stood before me. Weary and wayworn he seemed, and in his hands was an hour glass, whence the last sands were falling. As I looked upon his wrinkled forehead memories, both pleasant and mournful, came over me. I spoke earnestly to him:

"Many blessings hast thou brought me, for which I gave thee thanks. New have they been every morning, and fresh every evening. Thou hast indeed, from my heart's garden, uprooted some hopes I planted there. With their clustering buds they fell, and were never quickened again."

"Praise God for what I gave and what I took away," he said, "and lay up treasures in heaven, that thy heart may be there also. What thou callest blighted hopes are oftentimes changed into the fruits of righteousness."

But I answered: "Thou hast also hidden from my sight the loved and the loving. Clods are strewn on their faces—they reply to my call no more. To the homes they made far they return not, and the places that once knew them know them no more forever."

Still he said: "Give praise to God. Your lost are with him. They have preceded you. None can drift beyond his love and care." Then his voice grew faint, and he murmured, "My mission unto man is done. For me the stone is rolled away from the door of the sepulchre. I will enter in and slumber with all the years of the past forever."

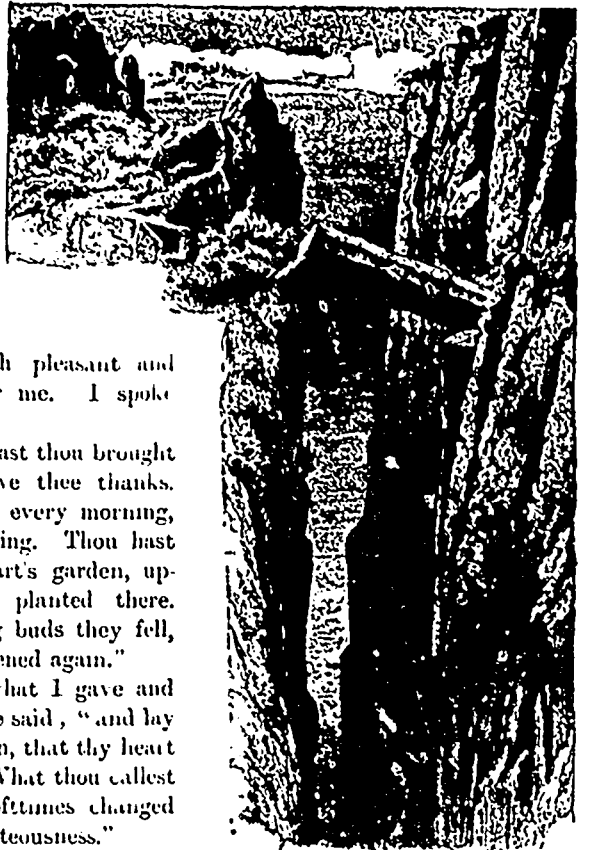
And he straightened himself out to die. As I knelt by his side I said, "Oh, dying year, dear, dying year, I see a scroll beneath thy mantle. What witness shall it bear of me when Time for me is done?"

Low and solemn was his voice: "Thou shalt know when the book of the universe is opened."

The midnight clock tolled, and I covered my face and mourned for his death, for he had once been my friend. I remembered with pain how often I had slighted his warnings, neglected the golden opportunities of growth he had given me, and cast away the precious hours he had been so generous with, and I buried my face and wept. When I again lifted my head, lo! the New Year stood in the place of the Old.

Smiling, he greeted me with good wishes and words of cheer. But I was afraid; for to me he was a stranger; and when I would have returned his welcome my lips trembled and were silent.

Then he said: "Fear not. I come from the great source of all good, whence come all good gifts."



GRAY MAN'S PATH.

Trembling, I asked, "New Year, whither wilt thou lead me? Art thou appointed to bring me joy or sorrow, life or death?"

Looking with glowing eyes into the untrodden future, he replied: "I know not. Neither doth the angel nearest the throne know: only he who sitteth thereon. Give me your hand, and question not. Enough for thee that I accomplish his will. I promise thee nothing. Follow me and be content. Take, with a prayer for wisdom, this winged moment. The next day may not be mine to give; yet if we walk onward together, forget not that thou art a pilgrim for eternity. If I bring thee a cup of joy be thankful, and be pitiful to those who mourn: and let all men be unto thee as brethren. If the dregs of bitterness cleave unto thy lips be not too eager to receive relief, lest thou betray the weakness of thy faith. God's perfect discipline giveth wisdom. Therefore count those happy who endure. When morning breaketh in the east, gird thyself for thy duties with a song of thanksgiving; and when night putteth on her coronet of stars, look over the day just gone, and let its failures and blunders guide thee to better things on the morrow, so that when I have no longer any days or nights to give thee, and must myself die, thou wilt bless me as a friend and a helper on the road to heaven."

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD child, in conversation with one older, used correctly the word "imagine." The older said sarcastically, "You don't know what that word means." The younger replied, "I do. It means looking at something you can't see."