

seeing Fate, controlling all" that "Uplifts the race by slow degrees." This thought runs through many of the poems, e. g., "The Pioneer," "Onward," "Builders of the Broad Dominion," and others.

There is homely and touching pathos in "The Auctioneer," while the nature-touches, as well as the delicate portrayal of character in "Our City Cousin," make up a poem of charm and atmosphere.

In the section, "In Lighter Vein," will be found many "catchy" bits of the semi-humorous order, some of which have already appeared in "The Farmer's Advocate," of which Mr. Smith is a valued contributor.

The Windrow.

Algonquin Park is to be considerably enlarged.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has donated a final gift of \$10,000,000 to the University of Chicago.

It is said that the Duke of Connaught will not succeed Earl Grey as Governor-General of Canada, owing to the fact that the King requires his presence in assisting at Court functions, etc.

The Nobel Prize in literature went this time to a German, Paul Heyse, poet, dramatist, novelist. He excels particularly in the short novel, of which he has been called "master of masters."

Plans for buying land in Palestine, and settling it with Jews, were outlined at the Eleventh Convention of the Zionist Societies in Toronto last week. The receipts for the Zionist funds in Canada for the past year totalled about \$5,000.

One of the new British battleships is to be called the "Royal George." The last "Royal George" in the British navy, while being careened somewhat in order to repair a damage was struck by a sudden squall and went down, Aug. 29th, 1782. All on board, numbering about 1,000, with Admiral Kempenfelt, were drowned. The disaster has been commemorated in Cowper's poem, "Toll for the Brave."

Some Thoughts on the Parting of the Ways.

Threefold the flight of Time,
From first to last,
Loitering slow
The future creepeth,
Arrow swift
The Present sweepeth,
And motionless for ever
Stands the Past."

So writes Schiller; whilst a later poet, nearer home, admonishes us to

"Look not mournfully into the Past,
It comes not back again.
Wisely improve the present. It is
thine."

New Year's Day has been called by some "A day of good resolutions," by others, "A day of delusions"; both terms, however, being in some measure interchangeable, it is explained in this wise: That many make good healthy resolutions, believing, for a day, that nothing will be easier than to keep them; struggling for two days against the natural impulse to break them; experiencing half an hour of remorse on the third day, and finally contriving to live comfortably for the rest of the year. Then comes what is claimed as "the preliminary delusion, that the New Year is new, and that some definite change has actually, and at a given moment, come over the universe, whereas it is the same old universe, after all. Some of us, in the making of our good resolutions, and in acknowledging the errors of the past, are not, perhaps, so humble as we appear to ourselves to be. We are, so to speak, proud of our humility, and place a mistaken value upon our assertions that "we are miserable sinners," forgetting that, perhaps, even if we carried out our resolutions to

mend our ways, it may be only ourselves, and not others, who may be benefited by it. What are more common than resolutions to be careful of our own well-being, to be more earnest in pursuing one's own advantage, to guard more scrupulously against being taken in; in other words, to practice a more enlightened selfishness? What are these but delusions? Nevertheless, even these have their value. A writer on this subject, last year, remarked: "The supreme value of the New Year's new resolutions is that they prove you are dissatisfied with your old self. You may have cast off all the other virtues, but so long as you retain the germ of them all, the great mother-virtue, dissatisfaction with yourself, there is hope for you. There is but one incurable disease, and the name of that is self-content. If you have no fault to find with yourself, you are beyond cure. Dissatisfaction, hope, energy—these are the

individual life, for "No man liveth unto himself."

In the framing of our New Year's resolutions, we might well bear in mind the words which fell from the lips of one of the noblest women who ever lived, Queen Victoria, of honored memory, upon the occasion of her having to give her royal sanction to a measure of the deepest importance to the welfare of her people: "Tell me whether it is right or wrong; if right, I will do it; if wrong, I will NOT do it; but never let me hear the word 'expedient'."

We may, it is true, never be called upon knowingly, to face moments of special crisis in our lives, but let us not fear to have high resolves, which may bear some blossom, if not a full fruitage, if only we realize that, whilst in our own strength alone we can do nothing, there awaits us, if only we ask for it, the enabling grace wherewith to

Through rough and smooth the journey will be joy,
I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best."

H. A. B.

Hope's Quiet Hour.

The Christian's New Year Prayer.

Thou Christ of mine, Thy gracious ear
I low bending,
Through these glad New Year days,
To catch the countless prayers to Heaven
ascending,—
For e'en hard hearts do raise
Some secret wish for fame, or gold, or
power,
Or freedom from all care—
Dear, patient Christ, who listenest hour
on hour,
Hear now a Christian's prayer.

Let this young year that silent, walks
beside me,
Be as a means of grace
To lead me up, no matter what betide
me,
Nearer the Master's face.
If it need be that ere I reach the foun-
tain
Where Living waters play,
My feet should bleed from sharp stones
on the mountain,
Then cast them in my way.

If my vain soul needs blows and bitter
losses
To shape it for Thy crown,
Then bruise it, burn it, burden it with
crosses,
With sorrows bear it down.
Do what Thou wilt to mould me to Thy
pleasure,
And if I should complain,
Heap full of anguish yet another measure
Until I smile at pain.
Send dangers—deaths! but tell me how
to dare them;
Enfold me in Thy care.
Send trials, tears! but give me strength
to bear them—
This is a Christian's prayer.

ANON

Sir, We Would See Jesus.

Certain Greeks . . . desired him,
saying, Sir, we would see JESUS.—St.
John xiii: 20, 21.

I was looking through my scrap book to-day for something of a New Year character, and found the poem given above. I can't remember where I got it, and don't know who wrote it, but it is a very brave and trustful prayer. One who can dare to pray like that must feel very sure of the Master's love. With the New Year before us, let us try to hold out both hands, trustfully and eagerly, for God's gifts. We ask him for Courage and He sends danger. We ask Him for Patience and He sends trials and difficulties. We ask Him for Trust and He sends darkness. How can He make these graces lastingly our own without exercise?

It is a very cold and dreary thing to preach the duty of patience and courage. But it is very different to direct seeking souls to the Living, Loving Master. When the Greeks said: "We would see Jesus," they were voicing the longing desire of all people of all ages. Christ is "The Desire of all nations." This is a questioning age, and people are not content to dream their lives away. It is a great mistake to fancy that those who make no outward profession of religion are not interested in it and its claims. Though we live in a professedly Christian country, our faith is on trial for its very existence. It is being tested and examined to see whether it is indeed the elixir of life, the true philosopher's stone that can turn everything to gold, bringing brightness and gladness into the darkest, dreariest life.

Plenty of practical, clear-headed men and women are like the Greeks of old—saying to the disciples of Christ: "Sirs, we would see JESUS." As the Jews looked eagerly for their promised Messiah, so many a man to-day is searching



Holmes' Boston Residence.

three qualities really valuable in the somewhat delusive business of good resolutions. While there is evidence of them in the world, even from a moral point of view only, we need not be wholly cynical even on such a tempting occasion as New Year's Day."

But surely it is a good habit for mankind now and then to halt in its progress and look backwards over the paths upon which it has trod, just as business men recognize the wisdom of a prudent retrospection, so that they may know how they stand after the balancing of the columns of their ledgers. One of the great thinkers of our time has said: "An element of weakness in much of our resolving is that we try to grasp too much of life at one time. We think of it as a whole, instead of taking the days one by one. Life is a mosaic, and each tiny piece must be cut and set with skill."

Truly, the corporate life involves

"Clothe with life the weak intent,
And let us be the thing we meant."

Speaking of a coming year, Henry Van Dyke uses the following inspiring words, which, having as much meaning now as when they were penned, I will ask you to take, as our joint message for 1911:

"Let me but live my life from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul,
Not hastening to nor turning from the goal,
Nor mourning things that disappear in the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To youth and age, and travels on with cheer.
So let the way wind up the hill and down.