

BOOKS AND MAGAZINES.

Rose-Belford's Canadian Monthly.

Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

The January number of the "Canadian Monthly" contains: "Reginald Ross—a Christmas Story," by Edgar Fawcett; "A Christmas Hymn," by Mary E. Sandford; "Washington Irving's Old Christmas," by Walter Townsend; "Kaspar," by R. Rutland Manners; "Something about Peru," by S. R. Smith; "A Reverie," by H. L. Spencer; "The Monks of Thelema," by Walter Besant and James Rice; "Christmas," by John Reade; "Christmas Literature," by J. L. Stewart; "Under One Roof," by James Payn; "L'Homme qui Crie," by Fred. A. Dixon; "Christmas, 1878," by Watten Small; "Papers by a Bystander," Round the Table; Current Literature. "Papers by a Bystander," commenced in this number, deal pretty freely with the political questions of the day, and both in style and views vividly recall to the reader's memory the writer of "Current Events" in the old "Canadian Monthly." The article headed "Something about Peru," is entertaining and instructive, and the beautiful illustrations which accompany it throw a considerable quantity of light on the subject, in addition to what is done, or could be done, by words. The other articles are, to say the least of them, unobjectionable.

The Canada Educational Monthly.

Toronto: Printed for the Proprietors by C. Blackett Robinson.

The country has long needed a magazine that would minister to the higher wants of education, and at the same time foster and direct into right methods the efforts of even the humblest teachers. The "Canada Educational Monthly" supplies this need; and we do trust that there is enough educational enthusiasm in the country to give it the support necessary to carry it through. The comprehensiveness of view and the firmness of grasp with which the magazine approaches its proposed work, the ability displayed in its editorials and contributions, and the chaste beauty of its mechanical execution, ought to recommend it to a very large constituency of intelligent men throughout our Dominion. The first number is now before us, containing: "University Consolidation," by Alpha; "The Effect of Examinations on School Culture," by A. Purslow, B.A., LL.B.; "Some Thoughts on School Hygiene," by T. M. Mills, M.A., M.D.; "The Training of First-Class Teachers," by John Seath, B.A.; "First Principles of Education," by A. W. Gundry; "Natural Science in Schools," by An Amateur Biologist; "Our School Manuals," by the Editor; "The Reply of the Nineteenth Century," by F. R. Arts Department—"Examination Papers for admission into the High Schools, and for Intermediate and Second-class Teachers;" Teachers' Associations—Chronicle of the Month; Contemporary Literature; Editorial Notes—"Topics of the Time;" "Educational Matters Abroad;" "Briefs on new Books;" "Literary, Scientific, and Art Jottings." The publication is under the able editorship of Mr. G. Mercer Adam.

THE SECRET OF USEFULNESS.

The wheat-field stands, thick and rank, rustling in the breeze, the husbandman's joy and hope. Whence its luxuriance? It is planted in rich soil, which, quickened by sun and shower, imparts its life to the germinating seed, the growing stalk, the burdened head, and the whole waves in ripened magnificence, kindled by the golden glories of autumn, promising abundance for the necessities of man. There are trees in Palestine, growing in rugged and barren places, which remain green and fresh when the fields are burnt and browned by the intense drought of summer. The cause is the depth to which their main roots sink, where the sun's rays never pierce to drink up its moisture. By this means they flourish when everything else is parched and withered.

So the Christian must strike his roots deep into nutritious soil. He must be able to say, with Paul, "I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me, and the life which I now live in the flesh I live by the faith of the Son of God." To the sinner, dead in his trespasses, Christ alone is the source of life and power. The Christian, by nature a child of wrath, must be rooted in Christ, sensible that from Him alone he derives sustenance, vigor, activity, perseverance. In Him he must be planted, in Him he must abide, to Him be united as the branch to the vine, drawing from it

alone its nutriment. Christ must ever be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

Would you, dear reader, be an efficient worker in Christ's vineyard? In Him you must dwell, and He in you. Pass not over this remark as commonplace, demanding little thought because often repeated. It is a truth taught us by Jesus himself. It is most vital to His kingdom, and vital to all His efficient co-workers. Reflect upon it till you realize its necessity to your constant activity and success. Meditate deeply and long on your total sinfulness and utter helplessness without Christ, till the truth, "Without me ye can do nothing," rises before you in all its preciousness, and you feel in your inmost soul that, divided from Christ your strength, your life, you are feeble as infancy, aye, are but a withered branch, a useless thing, fit only for the burning. It is not enough that you go to Him occasionally: you must abide, dwell in Him. The gigantic oak of the forest remains through all varieties of seasons and all mutations of weather, standing ever firm. Uprooted, it withers and dies. So the co-worker with Christ must remain standing firmly in Him day by day, hour by hour. Then, and only then, will he live with Christ's life, be strong in Christ's strength, and be fitted to fight valiantly as a good soldier under His banner. — *Presbyterian Journal*.

HAD WE BUT KNOWN.

What an educator knowledge is! There is a sheriff's power in it to put an arrest upon tongue, and eye, and lip. Knowledge is judgment. Knowledge is punishment. Knowledge, when quickened by recollection, is heaven or hell.

If we had known how the sharp words we spoke this morning at the door had stung the sensitive heart, leaving a pain that throbbed and ached all the day long; ah, if we had known we would not have said what we said. If we had known how the remembered sneer would have cut into the dear one's happiness, as a knife cuts the fine-fibered and sensitive flesh, with a pain not felt at the gash so much as in the sore and the healing; ah, if we had only known how the sneer would hurt, the lip would not have taken that wicked curve. Had we but known how the absence of the customary kiss would have made home dreary all the day through—have cast the sun into an eclipse; have taken the pleasure from the social day and made the children's laughter sound like a painful intrusion; ah! had we but known, we would not have left the door without leaving within the door, as it closed, the benediction of the looked-for kiss.

Had we known the pain the harshly-spoken judgment would cause judgment right in itself, perhaps, but which spoken harshly seemed like censure, when if spoken gently, would have made the needed and meekly received correction—ah, had we but known, we would have put it different. Had we but known that it was written on the invisible scroll that it was to be the last parting, and not the brief and insignificant one that we deemed it, how would the soul have gone out in prayer, that the tribute to the loved we were about to lose might be seen by God and man. Had we but known; ah, had we but known. — *Golden Rule*.

A THOUGHT FOR THE MIDDLE-AGED.

It is the solemn thought connected with middle life that life's last business is begun in earnest; and it is then, mid-way between the cradle and the grave, that a man begins to marvel that he let the day of youth go by so half-enjoyed. It is the pensive autumn feeling. It is the sensation of half sadness that we experience when the longest day of the year is past and every day that follows is shorter, and the light fainter, and the feeble shadows tell that Nature is hastening with gigantic footsteps to her winter grave. So does man look back upon his youth. When the first gray hairs become visible, when the unwelcome truth fastens itself upon the mind that a man is no longer going up-hill, but down, and that the sun is always westering, he looks back on things behind. When we were children, we thought as children. But now there lies before us manhood, with its earnest work; and then old age; and then the grave; then home. There is a second youth for man, better and holier than his first, if he will look on and not look back. — *F. W. Robertson*.

Dr. Talmage has concluded his series of sermons on the Dark Side of City Life, but announces a new series, which he calls the "National Series."

WORDS OF THE WISE.

WHEN I would have mercy I may not find repentance. To do nothing is to be nothing. COMMON sense is too uncommon. ALMOST to be a saint is to be an unconverted sinner. To mourn for sin is to weep for joy. ALMOST to hit the mark is to miss it.

THOSE who sail with Christ are sure to land with Him.

To be almost saved is to be lost for ever.

HE who swims in sin will sink in sorrow.

IF there is work for Christ, there will be war with sin.

THE end of life should be to live without end.

LEISURE is the time for doing something useful.

IF I put off God to-day He may put me off to-morrow.

HE who marries for money buys money too dear.

FEW will leave a possession to live upon a promise.

THOUGHT sin may live in me, I will not live in sin.

WOULD you have a faithful servant, serve yourself.

IF I shine to God I care not how I show to the world.

BETTER be poor with a good heart, than rich with a bad one.

HE who does not feel himself to be a sinner cannot be a saint.

BETTER go mourning with saints than laughing with sinners.

THOU hast none of Christ till thou canst truly say none but Christ.

HE who sails by a compass may compass that for which he sails.

HE has no part at all in Christ who will not part with all for Christ.

NOTHING is so sure as death; nothing so uncertain as the time.

HE is not rich who lays up much, but he who rightly lays out much.

THAT man hath nothing of heavenly things who thirsts not for more.

SHOULD I find too much friendship in my inn, I might forget my Father's house.

SOME will praise and adore the saints in heaven who persecute the saints on earth.

HE who brings his heart to his estate will have an estate according to his heart.

WE must not presume upon the means without God, or upon God without the means.

IT is a fool who praises himself, and a madman who speaks ill of himself. — *Danish Proverb*.

A MAN who is good company for himself is always good company for others. — *Josh. Bunting*.

A FOOT uttereth all his mind; but a wise man keepeth it till afterwards. — *Proverbs xxix. 11*.

ONLY sorrow, like weeping Mary, seeks Christ; saving faith, like wrestling Jacob, finds and holds Him.

CHRIST has entrusted me as a steward, therefore what I have and need not He shall have in His members who need and have not.

IF any one says he has seen a just man in want of bread, I answer that it was in some place where there was no other just man. — *St. Clement*.

BLESSINGS on all unselfishness; on all that leads us in love to prefer one another. Only by losing ourselves can we find ourselves. — *Lydia Maria Child*.

ALL that we possess of truth and wisdom is a borrowed good. . . . You will be always poor, if you do not possess the only true riches. — *St. Augustine*.

'TIS much easier to meet with error than to find truth; error is on the surface, truth is hidden in great depths; and the way to seek does not appear to all the world. — *Goethe*.

No man can be a man who has not learned how to overcome self-indulgence; that has not learned through pain, under burdens and crosses long continued, to carry himself right manly.

MORALITY without religion is only a kind of dead reckoning; an endeavour to find our place in a cloudy sea by measuring the distance we have to run, but without any observation of the heavenly bodies. — *Henry W. Longfellow*.

SUFFERING well-borne is better than suffering removed. When we reach the blessed garden above, we shall find that out of the very bruises and wounds over which we sighed and groaned on earth, have sprung verdant branches, bearing most precious fruit for eternity. — *Bunnett*.

Do good as opportunity presents, and don't wait for great opportunities. The Good Samaritan bound up the wounds of the wounded, half-dead Jew, put him on his beast and took him to an inn. But the Samaritan had all his life done the little deeds of kindness, or he never would have done the greater. He who seeks opportunity will find it everywhere. As our own poet laureate beautifully says:

I shot an arrow in the air;

It fell to earth I know not where;

For, so swiftly it flew, the sight

Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air;

It fell to earth, I knew not where;

For who has sight so keen and strong

That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak

I found the arrow, still unbroke;

And the song, from beginning to end,

I found again in the heart of a friend.

Do the little deed, be it only to give a hearty handshake, or say an encouraging word; and assuredly you shall find your song again in the heart of a friend.