

They were won to follow his mandate clear :  
 " Be careful to keep your paper clean,  
 And never forget your copy-line."

But many a blot and many a stain,  
 From inky fingers or faulty pen,  
 Called forth a cry of pain or surprise,  
 Or the meek appeal of two tearful eyes ;  
 But all who came of their own free-will  
 Had those marks removed by the teacher's skill.

It chanced one day by some stray word,  
 That a passionate heart to its depths was stirred,  
 And the angry thoughts did their vengeance pour  
 On the fair white page at the writing hour ;  
 Yet not a word did the teacher say,  
 But kindly smiled as he tore it away.

The little heart soon filled with grief,  
 As love o'ercame the passion brief ;  
 But he dared not look at the ruined sheet  
 Till he sought and found forgiveness sweet ;  
 And when he ventured to glance next day,  
 He found it had been taken away.

We all are children, writing here  
 On the daily pages of this New Year ;  
 And our Teacher watches from above,  
 And guides and trains each child of His love  
 To follow the copy Himself hath given,  
 And the records are kept in the archives of  
 Heaven.

Oh ! may we find when we meet them again,  
 They all have been cleansed from blot and stain !  
 And the pages on which we dread to look  
 Are blotted forever from the book ;  
 Till in His light they grow to shine  
 As perfect as our Pattern Divine.

St. Andrews, Que.

J. S. McADIE.

## CHARACTER AND SUCCESS.

BY REV. ANDREW W. GERRIE.

A stau. n ship, fresh from the shipyard, is casting loose, bound on her first voyage across the seas. How beautiful and graceful she looks as she swings round into the current ! From stem to stern, and from keel to the fluttering pennon at the masthead, she looks shipshape ; jib and boom, and top-sail, and every spar and rope seem to quiver with life, as she turns her prow down the harbor, looking like a living thing impatient to be off. What emotions, what questions crowd upon us, as we see her pass through the narrows and stand out upon the open sea ! What hopes, what fears ! Gain or loss ? A prosperous voyage and a happy return, or a broken and a shattered wreck, which will it be ?

Is there not in this picture a parable of a young man's life ? As he stands upon the deck of his

barque, in the fresh vigor of his opening manhood, his eye clear and keen, his form erect, the pure red blood sending life and color to every part of his frame, and mantling his cheek and brow with a healthful glow,—as the last rope is cast off, may we not question,—what of the voyage, young man ? what of the voyage ? Is your craft staunch and strong ? What of the ballast, the compass and the chart ? Can you weather the tempest and the storm ? Will you bear down on the signal of distress, and for the love of God and man rescue and save the battered and beaten, and sinking mariners, that but for your help must struggle and go down in the cruel dark sea ? Will you come back, riding the wave in safety, or be cast upon the rocks a battered and a broken wreck ?

The temper of mind with which a young man looks upon life, is for the most part courageous and hopeful. He would enter the fray, beat down every opposing force, attain his ideal and accomplish success. An ambition to succeed in life is a healthy and worthy ambition to entertain ; and to be destitute of it is to be already on the downgrade toward collapse and failure. At no time in the history of the world, were chances for triumphant success, or for lamentable failure in life, so great as they are to-day. Never again, we trust, shall we fight with sword or musket ball, and God grant that we may not, but fight we must with heart and voice, and vote, until every force of evil, of injustice, and of vice, is beaten down and subdued. There is the great foe of intemperance to be overthrown, for no people can truly be said to be free, until this hideous monster which gorges itself on human blood, is hunted to its lair. There is bribery and corruption in high places to be faced and crushed. There is gambling with its attendant vices, with brazen effrontery intrenching itself in well-nigh impregnable strongholds, in open defiance of law and decency, and grappling for the throat of the nation's life. This must be fought to the death. There is the iniquitous system of divorce to be wiped out. There is anarchy and lawlessness stalking abroad, seeking to break down order and righteous law. There is mob-rule hurrying criminal wretches to their doom in defiance of the laws of both God and man.

In seeking success let us guard against worshipping it for its own sake. Too much, in our day,