

## In Memoriam.

WILLIAM GOODERHAM.

"He being dead, yet speaketh." THERE'S a shadow on our threshold,  
And a cry from many a door;  
A leader's fallen from our ranks—  
His face we'll see no more.  
We will miss his kindly greeting  
As we passed him on the street;  
We will miss him at our meeting,  
Where he gave us counsel sweet.  
We will miss on the platform,  
And we'll miss him on the Board;  
But, while we mourn his absence,  
He is present with the Lord.  
The messenger came suddenly,  
For he sped on angel's wing,  
To take his spirit back with him  
To the presence of his King.  
He's now amongst the saints on high,  
In that bright world of bliss:  
We would not ask him back again  
To a sinful world like this.  
Yet from that glorious multitude,  
We seem to hear him say,  
Fill up again the broken ranks—  
Press on your heavenly way.  
King Jesus is your Captain,  
And he will lead you on;  
What, though you fall in conflict?  
He will give the victor's song.  
Speak gently to the erring ones,  
And guard them from despair:  
'Tis love that wins the sinner's heart,  
Your weapons, faith and prayer.  
Go, whisper in the prisoner's ear,  
That Christ will set him free;  
He'll break the bolts and bars of sin,  
And give him liberty.  
Unto the poor and needy ones  
Go, listen to their prayer;  
The widow and the fatherless  
Are his peculiar care.  
Go, raise the Gospel banner high,  
Where Satan's powers enchain;  
Point to the Lamb on Calvary,  
Who soon will come to reign.  
And when God's messenger is sent  
To call a warrior home,  
In meek submission humbly bow  
And say, "Thy will be done."

MARGARET MOSCIP, St. Mary's.

## Solomon.

We have just completed a study of the character of Solomon. The picture on page one gives us Doré's conception of the wisest of men, seated on the throne of his stately palace, writing some of his proverbs, or wise sayings. We think the artist has made him too old—he was only about sixty when he died. It is, however, a majestic figure, and the drawing of the head and drapery is very fine.

## A Loan Library.

A wise suggestion has been received by the Editor of *Our Youth*, in regard to the establishment of a "Loan Library" for the use of the League. The plan is for the literary and financial committees to co-operate with the pastor in the selection and purchase of a small collection of the very best books for the cultivation of the spiritual life of the members. There need not be many volumes, but they should be chosen with the greatest care.

The Bible of the League should be the first purchase. There should be a "Life of John Wesley," a "History of Methodism," and a collection—easily made—of the Annual Reports, or Year-books, of the Missionary Society, and other societies of the Church.

It would be well to own a Standard Commentary on the Scriptures, which may be consulted by the members in the study of the Bible. To these books others might be added.

## Turning Over a New Leaf.

BY M. J. B.

"WHAT do people mean when they say they are going to turn over a new leaf?"

Hilda was so tall and fair and bright, that her sister Rose was sure that she could answer this, or any other question. Moreover, Hilda was mother and sister in one—the real mother having gone to her home in heaven three years before.

"Hilda, please tell me," said Rose, repeating the question. "How is life like a book, and do people turn over a new leaf?"

Hilda, smiling, but evidently not giving the words much thought, replied: "I'll explain it some other time—I want to finish this book to-night. See, I have ever so many new leaves to turn over."

"Dear! dear!" cried Rose, "I wish that there were machines for answering questions! I wanted to know about this one, particularly, before the New Year!"

But Hilda did not give any heed to Rose's earnest enquiry. She was absorbed in her book the whole evening, stopping only once, when the children's bed-time came, to wish them good night—the last good night of the Old Year.

"One, two, three, four, five—six," counted Hilda, as she heard the clock strike next morning. It was New Year's morning. There was to be a seven o'clock meeting in the lecture-room of the church. "Everybody" would be there! Nobody who had been once could willingly stay away and yet feel that the year had been properly begun. Hilda rubbed her eyes, and jumped up to make sure that she was really awake.

The house was very quiet. It occurred to Hilda that if any of the family were to attend the meeting she must awaken them. Putting on her dressing-wrapper and slippers, she ran along the hall, knocking at the doors, exclaiming:

"Six o'clock! A Happy New Year to you!"

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" shouted the boys. "It's not fair, though, Hilda, to catch a fellow that way. Wait till breakfast-time, when we can all have an even chance."

"All the same, I have said it first," said Hilda, laughing, and running back to her room to get ready.

The church was only just round the corner. Hilda went out by herself, and as she ran down the front steps she looked up at her brother's window. The glance she caught of his disconsolate face made her laugh.

"I'll be there in time," he shouted. "If you meet Tom Green, please ask him to wait."

Some of the school-girls turned the corner just then, and almost overwhelmed Hilda with New Year's congratulations and plans for the day. In five minutes they were at the lecture-room, up the aisle, and in the very same seats that they had occupied the year before! Hilda noticed this—perhaps she could not have put into words the thought that flashed through her mind just then. She would not have acknowledged it to be a serious thought, however, though it made her look grave for a moment.

Just at seven o'clock the meeting began. There was first a hymn—something full of praise; then a prayer, with much of thanksgiving in it; then the reading of the Bible, followed by a bright little talk from the pastor. As he stood there, speaking of things glad and sad in the past, and looking forward hopefully into the future, the hearts of the people grew warm.

Hilda glanced over at her little sister, and remembered the question of the evening before. For the first time life seemed to Hilda just like a great book—all the pages of the old leaves had been

written on and turned over. Here, right before her, was a new blank page waiting—for what? Hilda did not like serious thoughts; she would have been glad to have been in some other place just then.

At that moment the first rays of the New Year's sun shone through a window, sending a thrill of gladness into every heart. Persons looked at each other and smiled. Hilda smiled, too; and a word from the pastor fell like a seed into the heart. Quick as a flash came the thought: "I will fill the rest of my life-book with brave, beautiful deeds!"

How many more leaves was she to turn over? Who could tell? The names of the dear ones of the church who had been called away during the previous year were always read at that meeting. It was a long list that day, and tears came with the smiles. All the more earnest was Hilda in her resolve to write beautiful words on the new pages, as they came to her one by one.

Strange, wasn't it? She glanced here and there over the room, till her eye rested on Mrs. Colton—a lady who was very much interested in work among the poor. Mrs. Colton, moreover, was looking at Hilda just then, and although they were "in meeting," they smiled and nodded to each other. And Mrs. Colton thought: "Well, really Hilda Dunn has often run away, or pretended not to see me, when I have wanted to ask her to go visit some poor, sick person. I'll try her again, though. I shouldn't be surprised if she had changed her mind about some things."

Miss Ress, too, was looking at Hilda, and wondering if she could be persuaded to come occasionally, and sing or read at the "Mothers' Meeting."

Hilda glanced again toward her little sister, and felt a twinge of conscience for not trying to answer her question.

The meeting was over then, and everybody was wishing everybody else a "Happy New Year," till the air seemed full of congratulations.

Hilda could not understand herself. She had gone there caring only to speak with her particular friends, and receive their good wishes. But now she felt like looking up all the poor little children and the men and women who didn't have many friends, and giving them good wishes. She had never before felt so happy. And she was surprised to find how many sober-looking faces broadened into a smile when she looked into their eyes, and made them the cordial little bow that every one said Hilda Dunn kept only for her special friends.

That first day of the New Year! Would Hilda ever forget it? It seemed just brimful of kind words and sweet, sisterly deeds! Hilda fell asleep that night thinking that one had only to resolve, and the thing would be done.

She awoke early the next morning—the first Sunday in the New Year. For a minute, all that happened the day before seemed like a dream. She went to breakfast with some confused thoughts about life as a book, in which she had turned over a new leaf, so that there lay before her a page on which she wished to write only what was good and beautiful. This thought helped her to be sweet and patient at table, even when Will made a provoking remark, and Rose teased her with questions.

"After all," she thought, "if I keep my resolve, there are a great many ways in which I must grow better. I mustn't be late at church, for instance. Father says tardiness is one of my faults, and there must not be a single fault on the new page."

Hilda stopped a moment in her dressing-room to look once again at her New Year's gifts. Among them was a copy of *Golden Grove*, a cousin in New