

## FAMILY DEPARTMENT.

## HYMN FOR THE NEW YEAR.

(WRITTEN FOR THE CHURCH GUARDIAN, BY L. K. WESTOVER.)

Once more on this glad New Year's Day  
Our grateful tribute, Lord, we pay;  
Within Thy Sanctuary meet,  
And bow before Thy mercy seat.

To praise Thee for the favors shown  
Through all the year now past and gone;  
And crave Thy blessing on the new,  
To guide and guard our journey through.

We seek fresh favors from Thy hand  
On this, our dear and native land,  
Through all life's way, in every scene,  
Shower choicest blessings on our Queen.

Oh! bless our Churches and our State,  
Make all our rulers good and great;  
We beg Thy blessing on our laws,  
On every just and noble cause.

Make public jars and discords cease,  
Give to our land continued peace;  
With plenty may our days be crowned,  
And health and happiness abound.

Make our whole nation bow the knee,  
And own allegiance, Lord, to Thee;  
And as successive years shall roll,  
Send forth Thy word from pole to pole.

Jan. 1st, 1886.

## FROM MONTH TO MONTH.

## JANUARY.

(From the Young Churchman.)

There were no New Year greetings when the boys assembled on the first Monday in January, for they had been exchanged the day before in the Sunday School. The evening was principally spent in admiring Mr. Holburn's Christmas tree, left standing for his little three-year-old girl, and in examining the family presents. The teacher had an appropriate book for each of his five boys, reserved for this occasion, and on their part they had clubbed together and presented him with a gold pen and pencil. Charlie Fuller made the speech, and proved himself quite an orator. The repast provided by Mrs. Holburn on this occasion was quite an elaborate supper, followed by ice-cream and confections. The abundant supply of good things made Will Evans exclaim:

Why, Mrs. Holburn, you are still keeping Christmas cheer.

In olden times, said Mrs. Holburn, Christmas festivities lasted until after Twelfth night, and that will be Wednesday.

But Wednesday is called Epiphany in the Prayer Book, said Will.

Yes, the two are the same.

Mr. Holburn now rapped for attention.

Boys, said he, I want to say something to you about what you were talking yesterday in Sunday School. Was it not you, Charlie, who said you had formed some good resolutions for the new year; and you, Tom, who said you had signed a temperance pledge?

Both boys nodded assent, and added, We intend to keep them.

I told you yesterday that in the Church, New Year's Day is the festival of the Circumcision, to remind us to cut off sin as Baptism washes us free from sin. I have a better pledge for you to take than any you mentioned. Charlie, let me ask you what did your sponsors then for you?

Charlie at once recited from the Catechism: They did promise and vow three things in my name. First, that I should renounce the devil and all his works.

Stop. That will do. Now turn to the Baptismal service, and read what the minister demands.

He read:

Dost thou in the name of this child renounce the devil and all his works?

Why, that is the same as the Catechism. But I was a baby when that was done.

To be sure; but let me ask you again: Dost thou not think that thou art bound to believe and to do as they have promised for thee?

To this came the correct answer, Yes, verily, and by God's help so I will.

Then you have renounced the world, the flesh and the devil. Do you need any pledges or resolutions of man's invention? Does not your Baptismal vow bring you into covenant with God, securing His promised aid, which mere pledges do not, and do you not assume that vow in Confirmation?

Yes, but Mr. Holburn, I have not been confirmed; I am too young, said Charlie.

No, you are not. Harry was confirmed last year, and I hope some of you will be this year.

Not wishing to press the matter too closely, lest he should weary them, Mr. Holburn turned the subject.

Now, Tom, what are the holy days in the January Calendar?

Tom opened his Prayer Book and read: Circumcision, Epiphany and Conversion of St. Paul.

What does Epiphany mean? asked Jack. Manifestation or making known. Jesus made Himself known in three special ways—to the whole heathen world, in the persons of the wise men; to the Jewish world at His Baptism; and to His chosen Disciples at His first miracle of changing water into wine. But the Church more especially celebrates the visit of the wise men on Epiphany day.

Is that why the star is always used among Christmas decorations?

Yes. The star belongs to this season, as the cross does to Good Friday, and the dove to Whitsunday.

Were not those three gifts funny things to give the infant Jesus? inquired Harry.

No; they were symbolical. The gold was given to Jesus as our King, the frankincense as our Priest, and the bitter myrrh indicated His suffering as man. The Queen of England upon Epiphany day makes an offering of gold, frankincense and myrrh at the altar of the Chapel Royal, as a sign that she bows in worship before the throne of the King of kings.

Oh, how pretty; I shall try to remember that, said Harry; and now tell us something about January 25th.

The Church usually commemorates the martyrdom of the Apostles, but the conversion of St. Paul was so wonderful an event in his life, that it is selected instead of any other. The Church wishes to teach us to see that we have our hearts truly converted towards God, as he had.

After the usual religious exercises, the evening entertainment closed.

A. C. H.

## THE HOLY INNOCENTS' DAY, 1884.

## A TRUE RECORD.

On the Sunday afternoon preceding Christmas Day, 1884, the teacher of one of the youngest classes in a village school told her little girls to come to her house early on Christmas morning.

I shall have something for you then, she said.

And without fail the children appeared, coming away again with smiling faces, each the happy possessor of a large orange and a Christmas card.

One little girl was especially pleased. She ran home to show her treasures to her mother, saying, Wasn't it kind of teacher! I will learn my text for next Sunday best of all.

It was the only way Lily could think of for showing her gratitude.

What is the text? asked her mother. You might begin and learn it now.

Lily took the card off the shelf and read, slowly:

Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.

You'll help me a bit, won't you, mother? she said.

And mother did help her little girl to learn the words, hardly thinking so much of the meaning of them as of Lily's innocent wish to please teacher by repeating them perfectly. Yet Sunday would be the Holy Innocents' Day, and it was a happy text to choose for that day.

Lily ran off to play when her steady little heart told her she knew her lesson, and mother busied herself with the Christmas dinner. And the joyful festival day passed on, and the next day too, till it came to the eve of Holy Innocents' Day—Lily's Sunday for saying her well-learned text.

The child went happily to bed that Saturday evening. She was going to earn such a smile from teacher next day. The little maid had not been long in bed, however, when she thought herself of a small packet of gingerbread nuts which a lady had given her.

Grandfather's never had one; he would like one, said Lily to herself.

Poor grandfather! he was sick in bed. People always brought him of their nice things, and Lily would do so too. She slipped out of bed, got the parcel, and pattered into grandfather's room with it. He took a gingerbread to please the little one, and then kissed her, and bade her hurry back to bed and out of the cold.

Lily was bustling off, when the cheerful shining of grandfather's fire stopped her. It was cold. She would warm herself for a minute at that nice blaze.

Only a minute, but in that time a spark flew out and set fire to the little night dress and Lily was in a blaze.

Her sister, who was just coming into the room, seeing the dreadful sight, ran back, calling Mother! mother! in frantic tones.

The mother and Lily's aunt flew upstairs in a moment, seizing blankets and wrapping the little terrified creature in them.

It was the right thing to do, and the flames were soon extinguished, but not before the child was terribly burnt. Everything possible was done in the way of remedies, the mother putting Lily into her crib, while her father went for the doctor.

At first she cried and moaned, poor little girl, and seemed to be in agonizing pain. But by-and-by all the pain went, and she lay so still and quiet that her mother hoped it was not so bad an accident as it at first seemed.

Lily could talk now. She told her mother about the gingerbread nuts and grandfather's bright fire, and that one little minute in front of it, and then the dreadful heat and blaze; and then the thought came that to-morrow was Sunday, the day for saying that very perfect text.

The child asked anxiously, Shan't I be well enough to go to school to-morrow, mother? I do so want to say my text.

Say it now, darling, said the mother soothingly.

And the dear little voice sounded much as usual, as it repeated the well-known words.

But now the watching mother found in them a deeper meaning. Amidst her fear and grief she thought, Surely God sends me these words in tender love, the very words spoken by the Lord Jesus so many hundred years ago. Surely He had little suffering Lily in his arms even then!

And then father came back with medicine and directions, and the doctor would see the child in the morning.

All night long the mother sat by the cot, glad that there were no more shrieks and cries; only a little tired child to tend. Perhaps, who knows—

But all her hopes were dashed by the doctor's serious face when he came in the early morning.

A bad case; grave injuries. That was what