

The New Year.

Boys and girls, by the time you read this you will have left one year behind and entered on another. Do you know what it reminds me of? I will tell you. When I was a little fellow at school I had to go up with my copy-book to the master as soon as I had finished it, in order to get it exchanged for a new one. Then began something I did not always like. The master took the completed copy-book, and beginning at the first page, he slowly turned over the leaves, inspecting my work. As the leaves turned over my head bent lower. Here was a big ugly blot on one page, there was a mis-spelling begun in the top line and carried right to the foot of the page, in another place a straggling line with the I's and t's leaning over as if they were too weak to stand, and again, the letters at the end of the line crushing one another all out of shape. When the master finished his inspection and looked up with reproach in his eyes, I assure you I didn't feel very comfortable.

Now do you know that we have all been doing the same thing within the last few days? I have just been giving in a finished copy-book to the great Master. He gave it me a year ago; then it was clean, and white, with three hundred and sixty-six pages—a page more than usual—and at the top of each page a beautiful line of His own writing, which He told me to imitate. All last year I wrote a page every day, and on the last day of the year I handed in the finished book. Then came the inspection. Oh, how ashamed I was! Here a great blot, there a slip, and so on throughout the whole year. My book, once so white and clean, was soiled and scored, full of misspellings and omissions and corrections. Then the Master looked at me as He once looked at an apostle who denied Him, and I tell you, boys and girls, the look of loving reproach was hard to bear.

I wonder if you too have been giving in your copy-books, and if it has fared with you in the same way.

But now we have got out fresh copy-books, white and clean, with a beautiful headline on every one of the three hundred and sixty-five pages. I don't know whether we shall live to finish the book; but this we can do—we can say, I am determined to make this year better than last. Do you know how I made so many blots last year? I was careless; I often set out in the day's work without seeing if my hands and heart were clean and without thinking of the difficulties that should meet me during the day. And do you know why I made so many slips and misspellings? I didn't always keep looking up at the Master's head-line. When I wrote the first line I did indeed look to the top of the page; but when I came to the third and fourth lines, I am afraid I looked to my own previous writing, and not to the Master's. But this year I am determined to follow not my own past work but His. The motto I should like to take for 1890, in order to make it a happy New Year—a motto that I should like you to take also—is this,

LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

—A minister to be successful, must get rid of all personal ambition. It is a long road for a man to get to the end of himself; but a minister has to do it.

The Fall of the Christians: An Historical Romance of Japan in the 17th Century. By Prof. W. C. Kitchin, Ph. D.

"The Fall of the Christians" is a history of the desperate struggle of Christianity against Paganism in Japan over two hundred and fifty years ago, as related in ancient manuscripts discovered by the author. There were then several thousands of Christians in Japan, and the attempt to exterminate them led to one of the most sanguinary struggles recorded in history. The heroism of the Christians, both men and women, and their fortitude under the most appalling dangers, as portrayed by Professor Kitchin, will enlist the sympathies of the civilized world.



THE LEADING
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SPECIAL FEATURES.



Herbert Ward, Stanley's Companion.

Herbert Ward, the companion of Stanley in his explorations in Africa, is one of the few men connected with Stanley's African explorations who has ever returned alive from the "Dark Continent." Mr. Ward's articles running through eight numbers of the "Ledger" are of the most intensely interesting description, and cover five years of his adventures in Africa, and they will be illustrated by sketches made by Mr. Ward, and by the reproduction of photographs taken by him in Africa. These pictures will throw much light upon the manners and customs of the hitherto unknown cannibal tribes of Africa.

Life in British America, By Rev. E. R. Young.

Being the adventures and experiences of Rev. E. R. Young, the celebrated missionary, and his wife during their residence in the Polar region twelve hundred miles north of St. Paul, in which Dr. Young narrates how he tamed and taught the native wild Indians of the Northwest; how he equipped himself for and how he made his perilous sledging and hazardous canoe trips when visiting all the Indian settlements within five hundred miles of his home.

Nihilism in Russia, By Leo Hartmann, Nihilist.

Leo Hartmann, a fugitive from Russian authorities, has been connected with the most daring feats of the Russian Nihilists. Mr. Hartmann shows how the intelligent people of Russia are becoming Nihilists in consequence of the despotism of the form of government. A participant in plots to kill the Czar, such as the blowing up of the Winter Palace, he is able to give true information as to how this and other great schemes were accomplished. The situation in Russia is sufficient to increase the love of every true American for our form of government.

Into Mischief and Out, By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

This is a story of college life. It describes, in a graphic manner, the troubles which overtake bright students who get into mischief, and their skillful manoeuvres to evade the consequences of their conduct.

Other Contributors for 1890 are:

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett.
Mrs. Margaret Deland.
Mrs. Florence Howe Hall.
Mrs. Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren.
Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford.
Mrs. Emma Alice Browne.
Mary Kyle Dallas.
Marion Harland.
Clara Whitridge.
Judge Albion W. Tourgee.
Marquise Lanza.

Robert Louis Stevenson.
Anna Shields.
Josephine Pollard.
Amy Randolph.
Frank H. Converse.
C. F. Holder.
Dr. Felix L. Oswald.
Rev. Emory J. Haynes.
Julian Hawthorne.
Prof. W. C. Kitchin.
Robert Grant.

Rev. Dr. H. M. Field.
M. W. Hazeltine.
Thomas Dunn English.
George F. Parsons.
Col. Thomas W. Knox.
Rev. Dr. John R. Paxton.
Rev. Dr. James McCosh.
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Prof. J. H. Comstock.
James Parton.
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The Character of the New York Ledger.

The New York Ledger directs its efforts towards crowding out that trashy and injurious literature which is poisoning the minds of American youth. The Ledger appeals to the intelligence of the people, and depends for its support on that taste which prevails for innocent and amusing entertainment and healthful instruction. The Ledger will contain the best Serial and Short Stories, Historical and Biographical Sketches, Travels, Wit and Humor, and everything interesting to the Household.

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Happy Children's Homes.

To all children, home should be the happiest place in the world; the nurse should be a person of cheerful, sunny disposition, strong and active, as there is a great deal of hard work attending the care of a little child; and, while the mother should always remain head nurse, the assistant should be a vigorous person. Do not allow nurse or any one else to terrorize your child with stories of any kind that will cling to them and make their nights a torment. It is useless to make them afraid of any domestic animal by tel-

ling them that everything will "bite." If a child is naturally nervous, it can be better controlled by a little judicious indulgence than by denial.

Little pleasures should be provided for them and the pleasure of anticipation given them. It will not hurt your carpets to have a few chalk rings on them, and any little boy would enjoy a game of marbles with papa or mamma even better than with the boys down the street that you do not want him to associate with. Play with children sometimes; it will draw you nearer to them and

keep you young. Spend less time on their clothes and more on their sweet selves. The day will come only too soon when you can sit down with your tidied house and they are all away.

—We cannot improve ourselves, we cannot assist others, we cannot do our duty in the world, except by exertion, except by unpopularity, except with annoyance, except with care and difficulty. We must each of us bear our cross with Him. When we bear it, each day makes it easier to bear.