

Hymn for the New Year.

"O REAR that lies before us,
What shall thy record be,
As thy short months roll o'er us,
And swift thy moments flee?
Now thou art fair and spotless
As childhood's opening hour,
Thy bud so pure and stainless,
Say! what shall be thy flower?"

"Thou bring'st new hope to cheer us,
New visions fair and bright,
Of higher aims and conquests,
And purer, clearer light;
New strength for fresh endeavour,
New purpose, firm and high,
New dreams of holy pleasures
Which wait us in the sky.

"So, year by year, in mercy,
To us it hath been given,
To climb from our past failures
Up one step nearer heaven;
To strive each year we journey
Upon our pilgrim way
That each new fair to-morrow
Be better than to-day.

"Lord, grant us grace to serve thee
In serving each and all;
Our hearts keep warm and trustful,
Protect us lest we fall;
And if this year's last moments
On earth we may not see,
We know no harm will reach us,
For we shall be with thee."

NEW YEAR'S REFLECTIONS.

This is the New Year, and I think it ought to suggest to us all the thought of new things.

First, and most important, is a new heart. God tells us in his Word that these hearts of ours are evil hearts. When we look into them honestly, we see that God's word tells only the truth. We think a great many evil thoughts, we yield to a great many evil motives. And worst of all, we are not naturally willing to take God's way of pardon—the way of trust in Jesus Christ. When God says, "My son, give me thy heart," we are very unwilling to do it.

So we need a new heart. We can have it by believing in Jesus. "A new heart will I give you," says God, "and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you a heart of flesh." If we ask our Heavenly Father for this heart of flesh he will give it to us. If we are still under the sway of the old, evil heart, is it not time now, with the beginning of the New Year, to turn to God, and ask him for a new heart? I am sure it is.

Then we need to begin a new life. If we have already sought and found the new heart, then we have been living a new life. But what I mean is that we ought to try, with God's help, to make our life this year better than ever before. We ought to try to have more love to our Father in heaven, and more to all men. We ought to try to make our life more nearly like the example our Saviour set us. It ought to be a more prayerful life, and one that feeds more than ever upon the blessed Bible. If we have, by God's help, been living aright in the year past, we can now take a new start at least, to

go on more swiftly and strongly in the right way. If we have not been living aright, then certainly we need to get out of the old path, and into the new one of love to God and obedience to his commands.

Can we not also make this year one of new service? It ought to be our aim always to be useful. If we have been doing something in the past, yet may we not do more in the time to come? You should not think, children, that because you are young there is nothing that you can do. You cannot do as much, certainly, as men and women. God does not expect so much from you. But there is no child but can do something. Now, shall not this year show that you are anxious to do new service for God? Is there not some new work of usefulness you can take up, at home, in the school, among your playmates, in helping those who are poor? I am very sure there is, if you will only look for it.

May we each start in the new year with a new heart, in a new life, and on new service. Then it will indeed be for us a **HAPPY NEW YEAR!**

A HAPPY DEATH.

THE day is drawing to a close. The towers and domes of the great city are sparkling in the mellow rays of the setting sun, and the mountain tops are fringed with gold. We approach the home of wealth, luxury and refinement; with noiseless tread we ascend the richly carpeted stairway, and reach the door of an apartment which silently opens to receive us and as silently closes behind us. The scene upon which our eye now falls is one which melts our hearts and causes the tears to trickle down our cheeks, while an air of sanctity pervades the room a voice seems to whisper in our ear, "Tread softly here, for this is holy ground." There, on a luxurious couch, surrounded by sorrowing, weeping friends, lies a fair young girl. As we observe the hectic flush that mantles her cheek and the supernatural beauty and lustre of her eyes, and gaze upon the thin attenuated form, there is no need to ask the cause of the deep grief we see around us. She had been nursed in the lap of luxury, a godly mother's love and care have constantly sheltered and protected her. Taught from her infancy to trust in Jesus as the friend and Saviour of sinners, as she now approaches the precincts of eternity her pure soul calmly rests in the Saviour's dying love. The mother gently raises her dying child, and in a subdued voice, tremulous with emotion, asks, "Is there anything we can do for you, my darling child?" At her request the friends gather around and sing, and as the last note is gently borne away on the evening air a light, kindled in heaven, sparkles in her eyes as, folding her hands and fixing her gaze on the clear blue sky, she slowly repeats the words of the hymn just sung, "Jesus, lover of my

soul, let me to thy bosom fly." There is a pause of a few moments, and then in a faint though audible voice she speaks again. "Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; they shall behold the land that is very far off." As the sun pours his last golden ray into the room and as the evening shades deepen, the sorrowing, weeping friends gather once more around the couch. The gentle spirit has fled; the soul for whom Jesus died is borne heavenward on angel-wings; the sufferer has gone to that land where the inhabitant never saith, "I am sick;" where sorrow and sighing have fled away, and God himself wipes away all the tears from their eyes.—*Dr. Stirling in Glad Tidings.*

IMPOSSIBLE.

THE great general, Napoleon Bonaparte, used to say that there was one word which could not be found in his dictionary. It was the word "impossible."

A teacher in a girl's school was one day telling the girls that they could do a great deal more than they know. Said she, "I can do anything."

"Can you make a clock?" asked one of the girls.

"Yes, if it became necessary for me to make a clock, I would set to work and learn how," replied the teacher.

It is the truth that "all things are possible to him that believeth." If God wants you to do a thing, be sure that you can do it, and never let fear or timidity or indolence turn you out of the way. The way to succeed is to try, and to keep on trying. John Wesley's mother was one day teaching one of her children to read. Her husband, who sat by, said, "My dear, I think you have told that child the same thing twenty times."

"If I had stopped with the nineteenth time, he would not have known it," was the wise woman's reply.

Never, never say, "It is impossible," about anything that is the right thing to do. A thoroughly earnest boy or girl will find a way to do the best thing if they will just believe in God, and then go ahead steadily and bravely.—*S. S. Advocate.*

THIS YEAR.

THIS year, this precious new year, what will you do with it? God has given you the beginning of it, and let us hope that you will live to see the end of it. Like all other gifts of God, it is bestowed for a wise purpose. It is not to be trifled away in idleness or in sport, but to be improved to the greatest profit.

They make a great mistake who suppose that the right improvement of life is necessarily a dull and dreary business; that in order to this they must give up all enjoyment, and be solemn and gloomy; never play, but always work or study; never have a belief that Jesus loves you!

New Year Hymn.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear,
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talent improve,
By the patience of hope, and the labour of love.

Our life is a dream; our time, as a stream,
Glides swiftly away,
And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
The arrow is flown,—the moment is gone;
The millennial year
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

O that each in the day of his coming may say,
"I have fought my way through;
I have finished the work thou didst give me to do!"
O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
"Well and faithfully done!"
Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne!"

CHARLES WESLEY.

A SINGULAR BOOK.

THE most curious book in the world is one that is neither written nor printed. Every letter of the text is cut into the leaf, and, as the alternate leaves are of blue paper, it is as easily read as the best print. The labour required and the patience necessary to cut each letter may be imagined. The work is so perfect that it seems almost as though done by machinery, but every character was made by hand. The book is entitled "The Passion of Christ." It is a very old volume, and was a curiosity as long ago as the year 1640. At this time it belongs to the family of the Prince de Ligne, and is kept at a museum in France.

SAMMY HICKS AND HIS PIPE.

It is said of that good man, Sammy Hicks, the Macclesfield blacksmith, that "as he understood the words of the Lord Jesus, it was quite enough for him to see the path of duty steadfastly to travel in it." An instance of this feature of his character was exhibited in his sudden abandonment of tobacco. One day he gave sixpence to a poor widow. She blessed him and could hardly find words enough with which to express her thanks. He said to himself, "Well, if sixpence makes that poor creature so happy, oh how many sixpences I have spent in filling my mouth with tobacco!"

He made a vow instantly never to let a pipe enter his lips again. Soon afterwards he was taken very ill, and a doctor said to him, "Mr. Hicks, you must resume your pipe."

"I will not," he replied.

"Then," said the doctor, "if you do not you will not live."

"Bless the Lord, then," said Sammy, "I shall go to heaven. I have made a vow to the Lord that the pipe shall never enter my mouth again, and it never shall." Sammy Hicks kept his vow, and lived to be an old man.—*T. B. Thorby.*