

My New Year's Hymn.

The glad New Year! It comes to me
With messages of love—
With happy wishes from my friends,
And mercies from above.

The bright New Year! Hope's radiant bow
Encircles it around,
And joys, in fairy garb and guise,
Along its path abound.

Untried New Year! I know not what
It has in store for me;
But in my Saviour's care I walk
With sweet security.

He cannot bring a real ill,
Since he my Leader is;
His ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all his paths are peace.

O fair New Year! It holds for me
A tablet pure and clear;
Would that it might unmarred be kept,
To be returned again.

So now I lift my prayer to thee,
My Saviour and my God;
Be thou my Guardian and my Guide
Along this untried road;

From acts of selfishness and sin,
From Satan's tempting ways,
Dear Saviour, keep thy little child
Through all the coming days.

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Home and School.

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 29, 1888.

Enlisting With Christ.

ONCE, in talking with an old soldier, I asked him the circumstances of his enlistment. I said:—

"At what moment, when the recruiting officer got hold of you, could you properly say to yourself, 'Now I am a soldier?'"

"Oh," he said, "I suppose when I took the shilling and was sworn in."

"That is it," I said. "You were then enlisted; you were under the articles of war; and if you had deserted, you would have been brought back. But tell me, did you know anything, as yet, of a soldier's duties?"

"Why, no," he replied. "I knew nothing of the drill, or anything else. I was just a raw recruit; but now it was my duty to begin to learn, and I did begin the next morning."

"Just so," I went on to tell him, "is it with the Christian soldier. The moment he surrenders his soul to Christ and believes and trusts him, he is a Christian. He has enlisted. It is true he does not know how to pray connectedly, or to read the

Scriptures with understanding, or to help others, or to combat the enemy, or a hundred other things a Christian ought to do; he does not know the drill yet. Still, he is a soldier, and he is going to learn the whole duty of a Christian soldier, and to begin at once. But, meanwhile, he is one of the army. He has been sworn in; his name is down on the books; and the Great Commander recognizes him as his.—*Selected.*

The Bell of the Wave.

WHILE steaming down the bay on our way to Martha's Vineyard, my attention was thoughtfully arrested by the continuous ringing of a bell. This bell was buoyed just above dangerous and unseen rocks, and rung by every passing wave. In sunshine or rain, both night and day, this faithful monitor of the deep sends out over the waves far and near its note of warning. Every pilot knows the sound and steers clear of its dangers.

Is not the sad wail, "There is no God, no hereafter," which comes to our ears from the splitting rocks of dark scepticism a signal of warning? Steer clear of it. Beneath the surface there are sharp rocks upon which many souls have been wrecked. Steer by the Word of God. Hold on to the Bible, the whole Bible. Let that man who accepts only a part of the truth hear the signal tones, Danger ahead! There is no safety but to stick to the book. Believe it, live it, preach it, and when you die, let your head and heart be pillowed upon its truths. *It is safe.*

NEW SUNDAY-SCHOOL BOOKS.

Phil Preston; or, Into the Light. By ELLA BIRDSELL. New York: Phillips & Hunt. Pp. 240. Price 90 cents.

This is a book of sound religious instruction, yet not without its full share of adventure and incident that will commend it to every healthy-minded boy. Through many temptations, Master Phil was led "into the light"—the true light of the love of God. The books of this house are always pure and wholesome, and are remarkably cheap.

John Marion's Idol; or, The Scarlet Geranium.

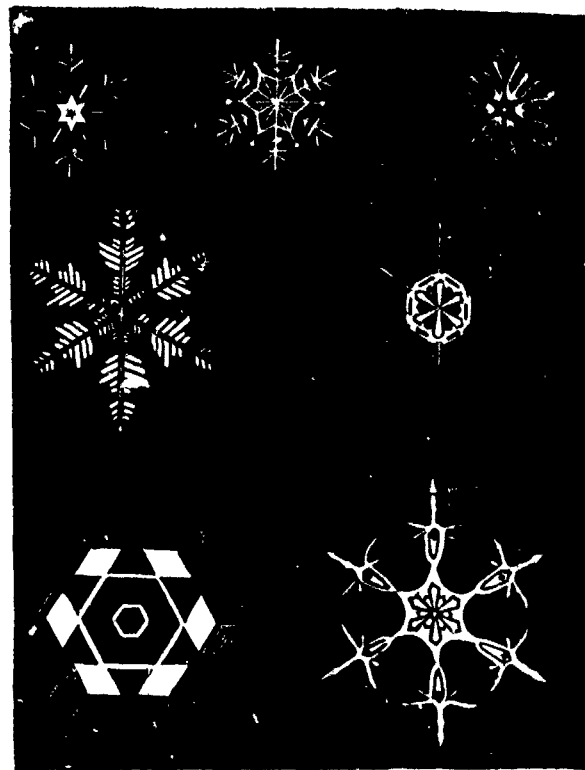
By MARY RUSSELL DAY. London: T. Woolmer.

This story of English life among the lowly is above the average Sunday-school book in literary merit. It has its scenes of sorrow and suffering, which, through the influence of religion, are turned into joy.

Eva's Mission; or, Losing to Find. By ANNE FRANCES FERRAM (same publishers), is a touching story of the fortunes of a little foundling rescued from the Arabia Petraea of London's stony streets, and strangely adopted by her own parents.

The Programme of Life. By the Rev. W. L. WATKINSON (same publishers), is another of those little shilling "helps heavenward" issued by this house, full of the marrow and fatness of the gospel.

WE have been reading "Littell's Living Age" now for a good many years, and we know of no periodical which will so fully keep one abreast of the best thought of the age. It gives the cream of the higher-class periodicals of Great Britain, and no notable article appears in any of them without appearing also in *Littell's Living Age*. It is, indeed, a weekly magazine of sixty-four double columns, for the comparatively low price of \$8.00 a year; or, if taken with the *Methodist Magazine*, the two together will be given for \$9.00, instead of \$10.00, the regular price. Address the Rev. Dr. Briggs, Toronto.



Snow-Flowers.

Snow is composed of great numbers of very small ice-crystals! Hence snow is crystallized ice. If you look at snow-flakes with the naked eye they all look nearly alike, and have no special interest or beauty except their purity and whiteness. But look again at them, and this time through a strong microscope. Behold, what beautiful forms! They surpass diamonds in their exquisite shapes, and almost equal them in the brilliant flashing of the light. There are perfectly-formed crystals, appearing in a great variety of shapes. How delicately the fine angles are shaped! How unlike each succeeding form seems! But look again for the third time. Behold, there is a likeness one to the other. This one has six points; that one has the same number. Some look like six broad leaves held by their stems and forming a circular flower; others seem to be three prisms laid across each other to form a six-pointed star. Still others have the form of six cubic crystals attached by their corners to a six-sided plate or crystal. Then there are the most tiny and delicate crystal-like leaves, some pinnate, some lanceolate like a spear-head; others have fine spear-like stems, six of them joined at the centre and feathered at their sides. "How beautiful!" you exclaim. Oh, yes, you are just beginning to learn what snow is. Professor Tyndall calls a snow-storm a "shower of frozen flowers." Some of these flowers are nearly an inch wide, but usually they are much smaller. Perhaps the smaller ones are more beautiful than the larger ones.

Dr. Scoresby made a very careful study of snow-crystals while he was in the arctic regions. He discovered and made drawings of nearly one hundred different forms of these crystal flowers. He divided them into three classes. The first he called "lamellar;" that is, they were composed of thin plates, layers, or scales. The second class he called "spicular;" that is, they had points like a dart. The third class he called "pyramidal," because they were built up apparently like a pyramid, having six sides. Professor Green, Mr. Glaisher, and Professor Tyndall have given much attention to these beautiful crystals of snow, and Mr. Glaisher discovered that the primary figure of each crystal was a star having six points, or it was a hexagonal or six-sided scale or plate. The com-