

The New Year.

BY LAURA E. RICHARDS

"Now, what is that noise?" said the glad New Year.
 "Now, what is that singular sound I hear?"
 As if all the paper in all the world
 Were rattled and shaken and twisted and twirled."

"Oh! that," said the jolly old Earth, "is the noise
 Of all my children, both girls and boys,
 A turning over their leaves so new,
 And all to do honour, New Year, to you."

WHAT THE LEAVES SAID.

I won't steal Alice's sticks of candy;
 I won't call Robert a jack-a-dandy;
 I won't squeak my pencil on my slate;
 I won't lie in bed every day and be late;
 I won't make faces at Timothy Mack;
 I won't make fun behind any one's back.
 Rustle and turn them, so and so!
 The good shall come and the bad shall go.

I won't tear "barn doors" in all my frocks;
 I won't put my toes through all my socks.
 I won't be greedy at dinner table.
 At least—I think I won't—if I'm able!
 I will not punch, nor poke, nor tease;
 I will not snutter, nor cough, nor sneeze.
 I will not grumble, nor fret, nor sulk;
 And I will do exactly whatever I'm told.
 Rustle and turn them, so and so!
 The good shall come and the bad shall go.
 —*Youth's Companion.*

A SAVAGE QUARREL.

BY M. N. B.

Out in a wild, lonely plain a family quarrel once came to a head. One branch of the family, represented by its master, who had a handsome mane and a magnificent roar, was determined to prove its superiority over its relatives who were minus a mane or fine tuft on their tails, but who had striped coats instead. The Lion had always been called the "king of beasts," and this caused terrible jealousy in the Tiger side of the family. The Tigers felt that they were relatives and thought they should have equal honours.

Of course, no other quarrel is so bitter as a family quarrel, and on this dreary night on the lonely plain a representative of each side of the house agreed to fight it out. Their cries and furious roars could be heard for miles around, till at length the Tiger was overcome and lay exhausted on the ground, with the weight of the Lion's heavy paw resting on his chest. Then, to prove that he was as magnanimous as he was said to be, the Lion walked away without slaying his enemy. He thought the Tigers would no longer think themselves a Lion's equal; that the matter was settled forever.

When the Tiger was able, however, he hobbled back to his family, and as all the Tiger kind gathered about him, they spoke bitterly of the way he had been treated. They said he had not received fair play. They were just as certain as they could be that the Tigers should have had the best of it had there been eye-witnesses, and they all felt sorry they had not thought of that before.

So the quarrel ended, as every other family quarrel, in doing nobody any good. Lions still thought themselves the lords of creation and Tigers thought themselves quite as strong, brave and handsome as their distant relatives. And all this proves, you see, how foolish it is to draw comparisons between ourselves and others, as we are not the proper judges, not being disinterested parties. If we were Tigers all that should trouble us would be whether we were all that it was possible for a Tiger to be, and not whether we were equal to Lions or not.

But to turn from fables to facts. Facts are stories that we know happened. Fables are stories that nobody ever saw happen, but which may have happened all the same. Nobody ever saw everything. The lion is more easily tamed than the tiger and is very grateful for kindnesses shown him. Rosa Bonheur, the great artist, had a pet lion, named Nero. He was at one time said to be untamably ferocious, but Rosa Bonheur succeeded in making him her best

friend, and he would always greet her with a *pa-pa-pa* in a tone of welcome. She was obliged to part with him and did not see him for two years, and she found him in a sad condition. He had been neglected and had gone blind. He could not see his old mistress, so she called, "Nero!" Instantly the lion rushed towards her, uttering his old note of welcome. He had forgotten the iron bars of his cage in his eagerness, and struck against them with such force he fell back reeling. The artist took him away with her and cared for him tenderly till his death. He died feebly endeavouring to lick her hands.

"You see," said Rosa Bonheur, "to be really beloved by wild beasts you must really love them."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO LUKE.

A. D. 9.] LESSON II. [Jan. 12.

THE BOY JESUS.

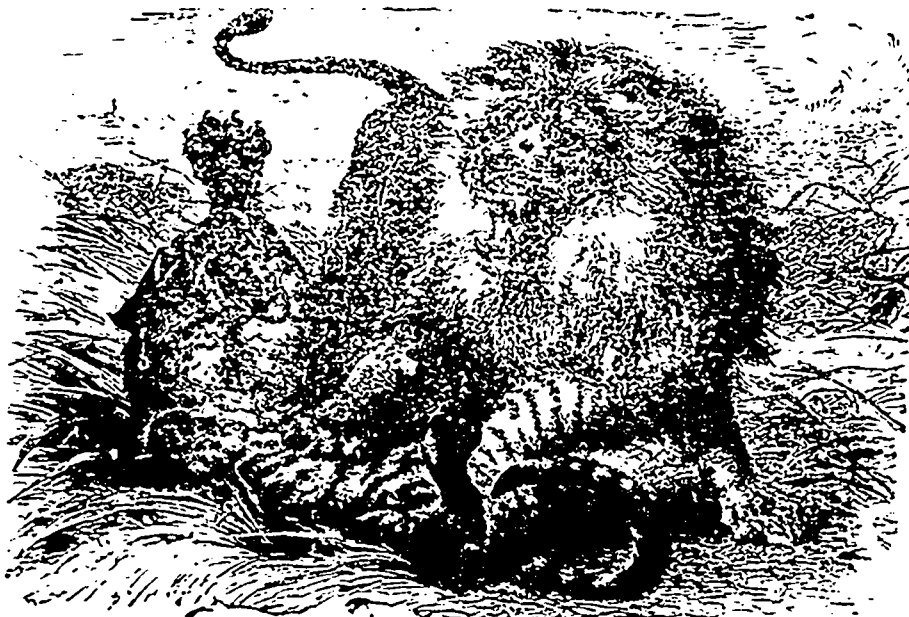
Luke 2. 40-52. Memory verses, 51, 52.

GOLDEN TEXT

Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour with God and man.—Luke 2. 52.

TIME.—April A. D. 9.

PLACE.—Nazareth and Jerusalem.



A SAVAGE QUARREL.

HOME READINGS.

M. Luke 2. 40-52.
 Tu. Dent. 16. 1-8.
 W. 2 Chron. 34. 1-7.
 Th. Prov. 4. 1-13.
 F. John 5. 17-24.
 S. 2 Tim. 3. 10-17.
 Su. 2 Peter 3. 11-18.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *Lost in the City*, v. 40-45.
 Name some things that are said of Jesus as a child?
 How did he receive wisdom?
 Why did God help him?
 Where did God require the Jews to go three times a year?
 What was the passover?
 Why was twelve years of age an important time in the life of a Jewish boy?
 When did Christ first visit Jerusalem?
 How long did the passover last?
 Why did his parents not miss him sooner?
 How did people travel to the feasts?
 How far was a day's journey.

2. *Found in the Temple*, v. 46-52.

- How long was he out of their company?
 Where did they find him?
 How was he occupied?
 How did he surprise them?
 Why were Joseph and Mary amazed when they found him?

Why did he wonder at their seeking him as they did?

What interested Jesus most in Jerusalem?
 What was Nazareth noted for?

What traits of character marked Christ's home life?

Which is the more important, strength or wisdom?

Did he retain God's favour as he grew older?

Was he popular in Nazareth at this time?

How may we best secure the esteem of good men?

LOVE.

THE old gray cat had found the little nest of birdlings that we had watched so carefully all summer. The mother bird was away at the time in search of food, but she returned before we could fly across the lawn to the rescue of the little feathered things.

With an utter disregard of her own danger, she flew at the cat, pecking at it with her bill, although she knew that her own little life might be sacrificed any moment. Fortunately we arrived in time. As we removed the tiny nest to a place of absolute safety, the mother followed us with chirps of satisfaction. The thought of her great love, which made her willing to lay down her life for her little ones, made us think of that greater love which no man can compass. How great it must be, for God loves us, his children, with a love immeasurably beyond that of the mother bird. Yet she was willing to die for her children. Who then shall guess the height and depth and breadth of God's love?

I will write you a few of the night sounds. In the first place, it seems to me that all the dogs in Soochow have collected on a grave mound just outside my window, where they will bark the night through. At eleven o'clock the milkman takes his buffaloes and yellow cows out to pasture; at five he will return. Between one and two o'clock the night watchman comes along, beating his drum, blowing a horn, and rattling sticks to scare away the thieves. Then every few minutes some belated Chinaman comes by, singing, whooping, yelling at the top of his voice to keep off the evil spirits while he passes the houses where the foreigners live. This is kept up all the night long, until we have learned to sleep quite well when noises are abroad."

THE OLD HYMN.

A boy in Scotland learned to sing the old Psalms that were as household words in the kirk and by the fireside. When he grew up he wandered away from his native country and was taken captive by the Turks and made a slave in one of the Barbary States. Eighteen long years were passed in slavery in a strange land and among heathen people. But the captive never forgot the hymns he had sung in his old home, and often he would sit and sing over the words he had learned from his pious mother.

One evening some sailors on board of an English man-of-war were surprised to hear the familiar tune of "Old Hundred" come floating to them over the moonlit waves. At once they suspected that one of their countrymen was pining away in bondage. Quickly arming themselves, they manned a boat and pushed off to the shore. They found the captive and succeeded in getting back with him to their vessel without creating an alarm. The old hymn was the means of his restoration to home and friends.

A LITTLE girl on being asked what dust was, replied that it was "mud in high spirits."

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NIGHT SOUNDS IN SOOCHOW.

AN American lady, residing in Soochow, China, as a missionary doctor, closes a long letter home with an account of the night sounds which strike the foreign ear:
 "It is eleven o'clock at night, and I think