

## A NEW YEAR'S PACK.

When the New Year in at the front door  
peens,  
And out at the back door the Old Year  
creeps,  
I hope he will carry away on his back  
A load as big as a pedler's pack;  
We will put in the puckery little pout  
That drives all the merry dimples out,  
And the little quarrels that spoil the  
plays,  
And the little grumbles on rainy days.  
And we'll throw in the bag some cross  
little "don'ts,"  
And most of these "can'ts" and all of the  
"won'ts,"  
If we get all these in the Old Year's pack,  
And shut it so tight that they can't come  
back,  
To-morrow morning we'll surely see  
A Happy New Year for you and me.  
—Jewels.

Our Church has just sent over a score of  
missionaries to China and Japan, the  
largest number ever sent from Can-  
ada. We want our young folk to  
know a great deal about those  
countries, so we print many pic-  
tures of the people and their queer  
customs. Fifty years ago Japan  
was closed to outside nations. Now  
it is the England of the East, one  
of the most enterprising countries  
in the world. Then the gentlemen  
of high rank wore the queer silk  
costume shown in the cut. Note  
the fan and the odd headdress.  
Now these gentlemen wear clothes  
very much like those worn in Can-  
ada. The working people, how-  
ever, retain in large degree their  
native costume.

## WHAT CAME OF A SKATING PARTY.

It was Christmas morning about  
ten o'clock. Mrs. Palmer was busy  
rolling pie crust when the door sud-  
denly burst open and a tall boy by  
the name of James Scott entered.  
"Good-morning, Mrs. Palmer,"  
he began. "Isn't Jack ready yet?"  
"He will be here in a minute,"  
she answered. "He's gone after his  
skates."

On this Christmas morning some  
boys and girls had planned a skating  
party on Snake River, about  
three miles distant.

In a few moments Jack entered, skates  
in hand, and both boys started on a run  
for the cross-roads where the sleigh was  
waiting. They clambered in, and with  
bells ringing merrily they started for the  
river. In the course of half an hour they  
arrived there, and then such a buckling on  
of skates and gathering of twigs for a  
fire was never seen before.

Harold Rodney and Jack Palmer were  
the best skaters of the village, and they  
were on the ice first. They were great  
rivals. Harold hated Jack and often  
abused him, but Jack was a good boy  
and always tried to return good for evil.  
Soon skating began, but one girl, hav-  
ing fallen in, they decided that the ice  
was too thin and said that they would go  
home. As they neared the shore in a com-  
pact body the ice began to crack and  
broke into large cakes. All arrived ashore  
safely but Harold Rodney, who was left  
standing on a large block of ice. He

could not swim and near the mouth of  
the river was a waterfall thirty feet high.  
He would surely be dashed to pieces on  
the rocks. Indeed, he was in great peril,  
as the water became more and more  
swift.

All were at their wits' end except Jack,  
who gathered all the skate-straps, knotted  
them together, and tying one end of this  
leather rope to a tree and the other end  
around his body, he plunged into the  
river and swam toward Harold. Progress  
was slow because of the floating ice  
blocks, but at last he reached Harold,  
and clambering on the block of ice, began  
pulling it ashore, which was reached after  
hard work.

Jack was taken home as quickly as pos-  
sible. Pneumonia resulted from his cold  
bath, but he recovered and is now rightly  
treated as a warm friend by Harold.

—Ram's Horn.

Let God hold your hand, and trust Him  
to lead you every step of the way in this  
New Year.



JAPANESE GENTLEMAN OF THE OLDEN TIME.

## HIS LITTLE RED BANK.

By John Ernest McCann.

Way up on the mantel it safely stands,  
At the foot of his little bed.  
To reach it there, he must climb a chair,  
And danger he does not dread:  
For he climbs and climbs, with his pence  
and dimes,  
And he bravely drops them in,  
Day after day, in a lordly way,  
Thro' his little red bank of tin!

Tink, tink, clink, clink,  
Into the bank they go!  
To hear the racket, you'd think he'd pack  
it  
With half a million or so!  
The days go by, and Christmas draws  
nigh.  
He must count his dimes and pence.  
Then he climbs his chair. There's a  
million there?  
No! Sixty or seventy cents.—Ex.

## LESSON NOTES.

### FIRST QUARTER.

THE CREATION, FALL AND FLOOD: THE  
PATRIARCHS FROM NOAH TO JACOB.

Lesson 1.—January 6.

### GOD THE CREATOR.

Gen. 1. 1-25. Memory verses, 1-3.

### GOLDEN TEXT.

In the beginning God created the heaven  
and the earth.—Gen. 1. 1.

### LESSON STORY.

What a beautiful world is this in which  
we live. We are so used to its beauties  
and wonders we fail sometimes to take  
notice of them or to ask from where they  
come. When we look at the blue sky, the  
star-lit heavens, the mighty sea, the ma-  
jestic mountains, the smiling plains, and  
also at the many strange animals and  
plants, we forget sometimes who it was  
made them. It was God alone who is the  
creator. The Heavens declare His  
glory, and the firmament showeth  
His handiwork. In wisdom did He  
make it all. And in this great work  
God used time and thought. It was  
not all done in a week. The "Days"  
of the different creations were not  
just twenty-four hours long, but  
long, long periods of time. Crea-  
tion was a gradual and an orderly  
process. God did not act like a  
magician, and call things into  
being by the wave of a wand, but  
He used His great intelligence and  
by a steady growth evolved the  
universe. Nor has He left it to run  
itself or given no further thought  
to its progress. A divine purpose  
is behind all God's works and He  
doeth all things well.

### QUESTIONS FOR THE YOUNGEST

1. Who created the universe? God.
2. In What state was the earth? Without form, and void, and dark-ness was over the sea.
3. What did God then decree? That there should be light.
4. What then was the first day's creation? Day and night.
5. What was the second day's creation? The separation of water in clouds above from the water over the still formless earth beneath.
6. What was the third day's creation? Dry land and vegetation.
7. What was the fourth day's creation? The sun, moon and stars.
8. What was the fifth day's creation? Fishes of the sea, birds of the air.
9. What was the sixth day's creation? Beasts of the earth and man.
10. What did God do on the seventh day? Rested.

There was a terrible storm of wind and  
rain one night, awakening Tommy out of  
sound sleep, and he was very much  
frightened. Did he cry?

Not a bit of it. He just lay still and  
repeated in a clear, sweet voice, his little  
prayer, "Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear  
me!" and then he turned over and went  
to sleep, sure that the dear Jesus would  
take care of him.—The Mayflower.