

cross, or disobedient, or has told a lie, or in any other way disobeyed God."

"Why should we not be ashamed of the Gospel of Christ? St. Paul tells us: 'For it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' St. Paul was writing to the Romans, and he knew how that word power would please them. It is a strong word.

"We all like power of some kind," Mr. Winthrop said: "At first the boy thinks most of physical power, he admires the man of strong muscle, or the boy who plays the best game of cricket or ball. As we grow older, we care more for mental power; we value most those who win prizes at school, or who write, or speak well!" Hilda's face flushed! She was an enthusiastic admirer of mental power! "But," said Mr. Winthrop, "higher than either physical or mental power is spiritual power—the power which will enable us to live aright." "Live aright;" Hilda caught these words! Yes, live aright from day to day; to be kind and patient, obedient, unselfish, the power to become all these can come to us only through the Lord Jesus Christ! Our best resolutions are weak, except as they are made in the strength that He offers to us. Was Mr. Winthrop thinking of Hilda? She was sure that he was looking directly at her.

"But what if we are ashamed of this power, ashamed of Christ Himself?" And then Mr. Winthrop told of many ways in which we are all tempted to deny our Saviour.

Presently he said very earnestly, "My dear young people, the time is coming when you and I would rather have one smile from Jesus Christ than all the smiles of all the great who have ever lived! Then, what if we have been ashamed of Him? Do you remember what He said? 'Whoever shall be ashamed of Me, and of My words of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when He shall come in His own glory, and in His Father's and of the holy angels.'"

Hilda leaned her head upon her hand, and listened almost breathlessly to every word of that sermon.

Then Mr. Winthrop said so solemnly: "At the last Christ may say to some of you, Yes, I remember you; you were a scholar in a certain Sunday-school. You heard often of My love and sufferings on the cross. You were invited to come to Me and be saved. Your heart felt very tender toward Me sometimes, when you thought of My love for you, but you tried to hide your feelings; you did not decide to come out bravely and be My disciple; ashamed of Me, and now—now, I am ashamed of you; you must go away from My presence forever!"

"Will that ever be true of me?" thought Hilda with a sob. "Am I ashamed of Jesus Christ? Is that why I do not want people to think I like prayer-meeting? Is that why I always laugh, and pretend to be thinking of something silly when Miss Alice talks to me of those things? Mr. Winthrop talks about the power that we must have to help us live aright. Is it because I have refused this power, that I have spoiled the first new leaf of my New Year?"

Hilda could not keep back the tears. She was not ashamed of them any longer, however. She went home with a full heart. She ran upstairs and locked herself in her own room. It seemed to her that she had been blind all her life, and that only now her eyes

had been opened to see that it was Christ whom she needed—Christ the hope of glory, and the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

There in the quiet of her room she fell at His feet, and the words that came from her heart were:

"Just as I am, and wanting not  
To rid myself of one dark blot,  
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each  
spot:  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

And He met her, even as in the parable the father met his lost son.

Thus there came to Hilda the divine power that could alone help her to turn over, with faith and love, a new leaf in her book of life!—*N. Y. Observer.*

### A Year.

BY MRS. H. E. LEWIS.

WHAT is a year? 'Tis but a wave,  
On life's dark-rolling stream;  
Which is so quickly gone that we  
Account it but a dream:

'Tis but a simple, earnest throbbing  
Of Time's old iron heart,  
Which, tireless now, is strong as when  
It first with life did start.

What is a year? 'Tis but a turn  
Of Time's old brazen wheel;  
Or but a page upon the book  
Which time must shortly seal.

'Tis but a step upon the road  
Which we must travel o'er;  
A few more steps and we shall walk  
Life's weary road no more.

What is a year? 'Tis but a breath  
From Time's old nostrils blown,  
As rushing onward o'er the earth,  
We hear his weary moan.

'Tis like the bubble of the wave,  
Or dew upon the lawn,  
As transient as the mist of morn,  
Beneath the summer's sun.

What is a year? 'Tis but a type  
Of life's oft-changing scene;  
Youth's happy morn comes gaily on,  
With hills and valleys green.

Next summer's prime succeeds the  
spring,  
Then autumn with a tear,  
When comes old winter—death, and all  
Must find a level here.

### Christmas.

PERHAPS there is no season in all the weary march of years so fraught with happiness for all classes as this mid-winter holiday. The hearts of the aged seem to grow young again, and the young gain higher and brighter heights of pleasure and enjoyment.

Clouds and sadness flee away at the coming of summer glory in the midst of winter's gloom. The voices of sorrow are hushed, as the joybells ring out in their silvery sweetness. The dark powers of anguish and despair are for once held in check by the invisible chain of silver and gold. Glad songs and floating melody come over the tranquil waters, where moaning tempests have lingered so long. Sweetness, beauty and sunshine all mingle lovingly together, to make up the crowning glory of the day.

Who can tell the secret of this glad day?

Who can point out the invisible power that makes it so beautiful? Is it the "ivy green" and winter flowers twined gracefully together in fantastic forms? Is it the many offerings of friendship and love? Is it the Christmas carol and grand anthem that float out in beautiful melody? Is it because

this glad day comes in the midst of the gloom and desolation of winter? Is it because all are joining in this scene of rejoicing? Perhaps these things help to render the scene beautiful, yet they do not constitute the central glory of it. The sweet love of Christ is the hallowed power that beautifies the day. The festive hours are ushered in, in memory of his coming to redeem the world, and the joy and gladness of that great day still floats down the tide of ages.

There was joy when he came, and there will ever be glad joy as the Redeemer's birthday comes with the years. We can well afford to be joyous as Christmas breaks upon us with its hallowed joys. We can well afford to bestow our "love offerings" upon others, when we have received by the coming of Christ a gift of untold worth. Oh! royal day, full of brightness and precious memories, we will keep thee sacred for ever.

### Birth of the New Year.

THE bells of the city are ringing,  
Their clappers are joyously swinging,  
And they strike sweet notes  
From their iron throats,  
Their welcome tidings bringing.

A solemn thing is the birth  
Of a year untold, unknown;  
What a myriad startling things  
May arise from zone to zone!  
And the earth, now once more peaceful,  
May bristle again with steel,  
And the halcyon calm of rest  
Be burst by the thunder-peal;  
And the friends that now are left us,  
Though few, may fewer grow,  
And silence fall over the infant,  
And over the locks of snow.

We know not, but 'tis solemn,  
This birth of an infant year,  
And we know not whether to smile,  
Or whether to drop a tear.  
But here the bells are ringing,  
And laugh our fears to scorn,  
And we will be up and doing  
Upon the untold morn;  
With a fostering God above us,  
To guide us on our way,  
Through weal and woe to love us,  
So all hail to the New Year's Day!

### A Harmless Delusion.

If there was ever such a thing as a blessed delusion, it is that which little children entertain in respect to that mysterious personage who goes under the various names of Knecht Rupert, St. Nicholas, Kris Kringle and Santa Claus. We can see no possible harm arising from it, and it adds tenfold to the pleasure of the Christmas season, and the value of the gifts received. We have no sympathy with the hard-hearted, dry-as-dust sort of people who say that it is childish and nonsensical, and that it is wrong to fill the minds of the children with such visionary ideas. Let the children have their Santa Claus as long as they can; they will discover the truth of it soon enough. Among the happiest memories of our own childhood, are those associated with Christmas eve, when we cherished the belief that while we slept Santa Claus came down and brought us always just what we most desired. The mystery of his coming, the witchery of the whole night, marked each recurring Christmas as the best and happiest day of all the year. We cannot remember when the enchantment of the season was first removed, but this we know, that the day has lost its keenest pleasure, its rarest delight, since Santa Claus was materialized.

### Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

61.— J A R  
A B E  
R E D

62.— D  
L E E  
L E B A N  
D E B O R A H  
E A R T H  
N A H  
H

63.— Know how sublime a thing it is  
To suffer and be strong.

64.— Frank, rank, Fred, red.

65.— Salem, Oporto, Amoy, Brighton

66.— Bog, fog, jog, log, dog, cog.

### NEW PUZZLES.

67.— ENIGMA.

My first is in India;  
My fourth in Nova Zembla;  
My seventh in Ethiopia;  
My third in Andorra.  
My fifth in Holland;  
My second in Venezuela;  
My sixth in Oregon.  
My whole the hero of a popular  
English novel.

68.— RHOMBOID.

Across: Wood; to perfect; land of  
the British West Indies; patron saint  
of the French; a genus of animals.  
Down: A letter; a Scripture land;  
noise imitated; a carousal; a number;  
to extract; an abbreviation; a letter.

69.— CHARADES.

A salutation; abounds on the sea-  
shore. My whole man never saw in-  
years.

A nickname; a vowel; a truth; a  
conjunction. One who benefits.

70.— WORD SQUARES.

Periods of time; a mantle; an Old  
Testament prophet; to trade.

A great General; a clause added to  
a bill in Parliament; to love devotedly  
strength; large plants.

To grant; an Arabian prince; ex-  
quisite; a character in fiction.

### New Year Gems.

THE years were given for our personal improvement and work in behalf of the world. Each year should find us better, wiser, and stronger, more ready for the life which is not measured by human calendars.—*Chas. F. Deems.*

WE have employment assigned to us for every circumstance in life. When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch, in the family our tempers, and in company our tongues.—*Hannah More.*

OUR acts our angels are, or good or ill.  
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.  
—*John Fletcher.*

NEVER do an act of which you doubt  
the justice or the propriety.—*Latin.*

HAVE more than thou showest,  
Speak less than thou knowest,  
Lend less than thou owest.  
—*Shakespeare.*

THE small courtesies sweeten life,  
the greater ennoble it.

WHATEVER you dislike in another  
take care to correct in yourself.

"Thou shalt love the Lord." (Deut.  
vi. 5.)

"As thy day, so shall thy strength  
be." (Deut. xxxiii. 25.)