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TORONTO, JANUARY 1, 1887.

[No. 1.

## New Year's Wishes.

WHAT shall I wish thee? Treasures of earth? Songs in the springtime? Pleasures and mirth? Flowers on thy pathway? Skies ever clear? Would this insure thee A happy New Year?

What shall I wish thee? What can be found Bringing thee sunshine All the year round? Where is the treasure, Lasting and dear. That shall insure thee A happy New Year?

Faith that increaseth Walking in light; Hope that aboundeth Happy and bright; Love that is perfect, Casting out fear, These shall insure thee A happy New Year.

Peace in the Saviour, Rest at his feet, Smile of his countenance, Radiant and sweet. Joy in his presence, Christ ever near! This will ensure thee A happy New Year.

## A New Year's Thought.

BY AUNT HOPE.

IT was New Year's morning, and the snow that had been falling fast all night lay thick and white on the streets. Merry sleigh bells rang out their "Happy New Year;" bright faces passed and repassed; joyous laughter chimed in with the glad day; and as I gazed out from my window upon the passing crowd, I could not help comparing it with the snow, pure and fresh in the morning, but trodden under foot ere nightfall. I thought, "How many of these merry voices will be smoth-

ered in drink, and what a heart-burden will be carried to many a poor father and mother!" It makes one shudder to think of the sin committed at the beginning of the New Year. How freely the wine flows, and how few young men resist the tempter in the



WINTER SPORTS.

why is woman so often the tempter! She who was made for man's helpmeet, but who, too often, proves his curse. Oh! you tempters, think of the end; think of what you are doing against your God, yourself, and the world; think of the homes you are helping to bright smiles and coaxing eyes, says, blight, and henceforth be a blessing to by you on New Year's Day.

"Just one glass in my honour." Oh, your sex, and never curse your high position of womanhood, by using it to help the devil in his work. Rather help every one to keep good resolutions made on the coming of the New Year, and let your merry voice and bright eyes and happy, encouraging words, be the only stimulants offered

## 1886-1887.

Few there are to whom the boundary line between the old and the new year does not become something like a mile-stone on life's journey. To some, especially the very young or the very old, the steps of their pilgrimage are measured off by birthdays. Those who are more actively engaged in the struggles common to humanity, often have special periods from which they reckon for a season. The young man and woman who have agreed to make the journey united in the holy bond of wedlock, for a few years measure their progress by the return of the day when they first went forth together. Would that the years might always continue to come and go, noted only by the return of such a happy period! But, alas, death is abroad, and soon one or both may be found measuring the years by the return of the day on which a grave hid from sight the form of a loved one, for whose absence time can offer no healing balm to the bursting heart. Then may be heard a voice often impatiently erying, "Quick time with these cyclical years of earth, and give me the cycles of eternity in a realm where partings are not known!"

Others there are whose sad lot it is to remember that so many years ago, on such a day, their life was darkened by some great calamity, such as being plunged into poverty, or suffering from disgrace of character.

But the year which we close up with the joys of Christmas festivities may serve to mark periods in our life's record disconnected from any association with these sadder experiences. If the dying year speaks of any solemnity, it should be the solemnity of eternity. Let it sink deep into every heartthe thought that the year does not come back. Soon the last one will be measured out to us, and the book closed forever.