

A FEW RESOLUTIONS FOR OBSERVANCE DURING THE YEAR 1887.

The new year will probably prove to be a very important year. It will, it is hoped, be a year of great gladness to the kingdom and empire of the Queen, as she will complete the fiftieth year of her reign. It may be a year of war and ill-feeling throughout Europe, for no great cause, and certainly for no beneficial purpose. A little good feeling and forbearance, a little less 'greed' of possessing territory, and the mighty armies now prepared to fight would dissolve, and preparations for war might cease altogether. What folly is it that drives or induces nations into war? But the few resolutions to be proposed for observance during 1887 are personal, simple, and may appear to some minds unimportant. It is certain, however, that the practical adoption of them by those who may read them or hear of them would be followed by very excellent results. The resolutions suggested are as follows:—

1. To speak evil of no man; and to be careful, if it becomes a duty to speak of any person, to say what is known, and not what is merely reported or suspected.

2. To avoid always, and with any person, the least allusion to matters relating to impurity, except only where it is plainly desirable to refer to them.

3. To promote, in every way possible, a chivalrous respect and regard for women; men behaving towards all women as they would wish other men to behave towards their own sisters, wives, or daughters. Let women be equally cautious to promote and maintain that modesty, and chastity, and that purity in all their conversation, which render women what God designed them to be.

4. To promote in every proper way, within the power of the individual, a true spirit of heartiness and devotion in any public and Divine service at which the individual may be present.

5. To give a real and good tone and character about the neighbourhood by the character and tone and manners exhibited at all times, by whoever makes this resolution.

6. In order not to rob other people of their time and not to try their temper, to be careful in writing letters to render every word as legible as possible, and to be very particular to make the address and the name of the writer as clear as possible. Many hours are wasted every year in trying to read badly-written letters, and some letters are never read throughout because it is impossible to decipher what is written. Frequently the whole letter is legible except the name of the writer, or the address, or both. Being familiar to the writer, these are often written very hastily and badly. Instances have been known where much valuable time has been wasted in an endeavour to find the name and address of a well-educated young man who robbed others of many hours, when one minute devoted by him to writing his name and address clearly would have saved this waste of time and trial of temper to the recipient.

The same resolutions to apply in writing for printers; for compositors have their tempers very needlessly tried, often by inattention to this suggestion.

7. To persuade men to 'Remember to keep holy the Sabbath Day,' to attend Church constantly and frequently, to value and use the two Sacraments, to join in the services, to learn to worship, 'to keep the body in soberness, temperance, and chastity,' to live, being baptized, as 'members of Christ, the children of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of heaven.'

With these resolutions, to which others might be added, on charity missions, &c., let every reader, resolve to try to render 1887 a useful, bright, and happy New Year.

H. G. O.

—The novel sight of a number of large two horse sleighs loaded with heavy bales and containing nearly twenty thousand yards of fine Wilton, Brussels, and tapestry carpets, was one of the attractions on the principal streets the other day. They were the first shipment of new spring carpets for Petley & Petley, the well known carpet dealers, and will be opened out and ready for sale on Monday.

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

Nobody knows of the work it takes
To keep the home together;
Nobody knows of the steps it takes,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody listens to childish woes,
Which kisses only smother;
Nobody's pained by naughty blows,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the sleepless cares,
Bestowed on baby brother;
Nobody knows of the tender pray'r,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the lessons taught
Of loving one another;
Nobody knows of the patience sought,
Nobody—only mother.

Nobody knows of the anxious fears,
Lest darling may not weather
The storm of life in after years,
Nobody knows—but mother.

Nobody kneels at the throne above
To thank the heavenly Father,
For the sweetest gift—a mother's love;
Nobody can—but mother.

DIVINE MERGIES.

Our years have been richly freighted with blessings. How God has poured sunshine upon our homes, and strewn our pathway with flowers. How He has enriched us with His peace. How His faithful chastenings have ever been the tokens of His love. Let us all exclaim: "Return unto thy rest, O my soul, for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee."

As we gaze upon the brilliant orbs of night, we remember that far away in the blue depths are invisible worlds whose glory, by reason of their vast distance from our globe, must be forever concealed from our view. So it has been in our past lives. The broad arch above us has been studded with myriad blessings. Many of these we beheld at the time shining in brightest effulgence; but, besides these, in distant spaces, were the innumerable mercies which we never saw. How unconsciously to us have they affected our whole existence. God was in them attracting us toward Himself, though we knew it not.

We have no reason to conclude that it will be different in the years to come. The devout Christian especially has the certain pledge of God's unfailing care. Whatever the coming days may bring, his "cup runneth over." No sorrow can remove the star of his hope and blessing, though, for a season, it may seem to obscure the shining.

TOO GREAT STRICTNESS.

We were speaking of the obligation of Christian parents to train up their children to church-going habits. It was Sunday table-talk.

One member of our circle said: "There is such a thing as too great strictness. It took me years to get over my aversion to the Lord's Day, simply because my father and mother made it an austere time, and forced me to religious observances in which I had no interest. There was a gentle lady living near us who gathered the young people at her house for sacred song, and I slipped away from home and thoroughly enjoyed the hour, but it was different from my father's idea, and he forbade my going again. Whatever deviated from his severe rule was not allowed."

Another of our company said: "I do not believe in compelling children to go to church contrary to their wish. They will be certain to be set against all worship. I was made to go always, and to sit up straight in the pew when my feet would not reach the cricket, and my lids drew together for weariness, and when I wanted to linger out of doors after service, even in the graveyard, I was looked upon with holy horror. I hate the old Puritan ways."

A thoughtful lady present remarked: "It seems to me that we have drifted from the strict times into a season of as great laxity. The individual

will governs the little children as well as the youths of our day. We are reaping the evil reward in a general license as regards all sacred demands and subjects. I think we owe it to the young people who are committed to our care, to influence them, both by example and authority, to go stately and habitually to the house of God for His holy worship, and I venture to say that few, if rightly dealt with, will depart from the custom and training of their early days. All parents and guardians ought to make the service of the Heavenly Father a sweet and pleasant service, as he designs it to be, but it is a fearful wrong to leave any child to follow his own inclinations in a matter of such vital importance as the devout keeping of the day of God, and an attendance in the place of prayer and praise."

Was not this last right?

A GIRL'S READING.

We all know Charles Lamb's views on the subject of early reading, as expressed in his triumphant vindication of Bridget Elia's happily neglected education: "She was tumbled by accident or design into a spacious closet of good old English books, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls they should be brought up exactly in this fashion." It is natural that but few parents are anxious to risk so hazardous an experiment, especially as the training of "incomparable old maids" is hardly the recognized summit of maternal ambition; but Bridget Elia at least ran no danger of intellectual starvation, while, if we pursue a modern school girl along the track of her self-chosen reading, we shall be astonished that so much printed matter can yield so little mental nourishment. She has begun, no doubt, with childish stories, bright and well written, probably, but following each other in such quick succession that none of them have left any distinct impression on her mind. Books that children read but once are of scant service to them; those that they have really helped to warm our imaginations and to train our faculties are the few old friends we know so well that they have become a portion of our thinking selves. At ten or twelve the little girl aspires to something partly grown-up—to those nondescript tales which, trembling ever on the brink of sentiment, seem afraid to risk the plunge; and, with her appetite whetted by a course of this unsatisfying diet, she is soon ripe for a little more excitement and a great deal more love, so graduates into Rhoda Broughton and the "Duchess," at which point her intellectual career is closed. She has no idea, even of what she has missed in the world of books. She tells you that she "don't care for Dickens," and "can't get interested in Scott," with a placidity that plainly shows she lays the blame for this state of affairs on the two great masters who have amused and charmed the world. As for Northanger Abbey, or Emma, she would as soon think of finding entertainment in Henry Esmond. She has probably never read a single masterpiece of our language; she has never been moved by a noble poem, or stirred to the quick by a well-told page of history; she has never opened the pores of her mind for the reception of a vigorous thought, or the solution of a mental problem; yet she may be found daily in the circulating library, and is seldom seen on the street without a book or two under her arm.—*Agnes Replier, in January Atlantic.*

"HE FEARED GOD WITH ALL HIS HOUSE."

There's no prettier picture hung upon the walls of any house, none which heaven can eclipse, than that of a father, mother and the whole family loving God with all their heart, and their neighbour as themselves. You can't beat that picture! He feared God with all his house.

A wheelbarrow bequeathed to a good boy is a better heritage to him than a system of railroads stretching across America bequeathed to a dissipated, godless boy. It isn't "What shall I leave my children?" but it is "What kind of children shall I leave when I leave this world?" It isn't