

The New Year.

PADES soon the mystic glory
That on fair childhood's leas,
And all too brief the story
Its vanished dream supplies;
And youth, with heart high beating,
With hopes that spring so fast,
Than morning mist more fleeting,
On swift wings sweepeth past.

The pride, the strength, the beauty,
That come with manhood's prime;
The zeal that nerves to duty
And stirs to deeds sublime;
Ambition's lofty scheming,
And pleasure's cup run o'er,
Wealth o'er its pleasures dreaming,
Success that asks no more,—

All, all, years swiftly flying,
Too soon leave far behind
To each year, ere its dying,
Some jewel is resigned;
Some star that bright was glowing,
To the strained sight is lost;
Some flower that fresh was blowing,
Falls blighted by the frost.

The friends that once were treading
Life's pathway by our side,
Their love its sweetness shedding,
Like perfume far and wide,—
With finished years have slumbered,
Have vanished from our sight,
With holy angels numbered
Beyond the vault of night.

Yet life! thy years that stay not,
Thy scenes that glide away,
Thy pleasures that delay not,
The strife that fill thy day;
Come not in vain to mortals,
If faith Divine they give,
And up through heaven's high portals
Bring man with God to live.

New Year! that, with glad greeting,
Hast come once more to me,
In whispers still repeating
Words oft said tenderly;
Thy voice my soul now heeding,
To noblest aims I rise,
And on where God is leading
Tread with uplifted eyes.

When years so swiftly flying,
Shall all have run their round;
When death itself is dying,
And earth no more is found:
O Saviour, then behold me
From thy great judgment throne,
And let thine arms enfold me,
Thy lips call me THINE OWN!

RAY PALMER.

MISSION WORK ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

The following is a letter from Miss KESTON of PORT SURFEX, B. C.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—I expect you have all heard of the long time the mission yacht *Glad Tidings* was in going to Victoria last spring, as some of the friends in the east were quite anxious lest some accident had happened. I was on board all those sixteen days and, many times thought how some of the girls and boys at home would enjoy seeing the strange places and people we visited. But as you could not see it all for yourselves, the next best thing will be to write about it; and as the PLEASANT HOURS will reach you in all the different schools, I will tell you my story through its pages. It would make too long a letter if I were to tell you of the whole trip, so will just write about the different Indian tribes we saw. Just two days' journey from Port

Simpson there is an Indian village called Chinaman Hat, because of a mountain near by which is shaped like the hats worn by some Chinamen. In the pretty bay just opposite this village, the *Glad Tidings* was anchored for two days; head winds kept us from proceeding on our journey. The people of this village are heathens, and don't care very much about being school-people, as they call the Christian Indians. As a result of their heathenism they are degraded, their village is composed of old houses built on the beach, not very inviting-looking either made or out. We went ashore and visited from house to house, sang and prayed with the people; Mr. Crosby talked to them in the Tsimpsean language, as many of them understand it. It made my heart ache to see how low sin had brought these poor men and women; the little children looked so neglected that if we had a great big house I would like to gather them all in and take care of them. In one house there was the dead body of a little girl awaiting burial; the friends seemed very sad, the women had their faces covered with red paint as a sign of mourning. They seemed cheered as Mr. Crosby talked to them, and one of the men followed us into the next house and told Mr. Crosby he had helped them very much by his words.

In one house an old man sat by the fire cutting spoons out of blocks of wood; he did not understand Tsimpsean, so we only sang a hymn. When we began singing he stopped his work and listened attentively, but took up his tools again directly we stopped, and worked diligently; he seemed very intent upon his work, and took no further notice of our presence. In the next house, which was smaller and neater than the others, we found a young man whose name is Jasper; two or three boys were with him, and they were having a good deal of fun apparently. When we entered Jasper did not want to notice us or listen when Mr. Crosby talked to him.

Perhaps some of you have heard the sad story of this poor boy, others may not, so I will tell you what I have been told of his past history. A few years ago he lived at Bella Bella, and seemed to be doing right, and trying to be a Christian. Then he was overcome by a sudden temptation to take what did not belong to him, and on being accused of the theft became very angry, rushed out of the house, took a rifle, deliberately pointed it at his body and fired. He did not succeed in killing himself, but was very ill for a long time, and has never been able to walk since. From that time poor Jasper does not want to hear about God, but we hope some day he will understand that Jesus loves him still and is willing to save him.

At the next Indian village we stopped at was Wekeeno; arrived Saturday evening and spent Sunday. Early in the morning we went to the chief's

big house. Mr. Crosby told him he was to get ready for service, so as Pootlas, the chief, seemed very willing, we went to the other houses to tell the people. Mr. Crosby and Mr. Pierce, our native missionary, went to every house and told the people to come to church, then we went back to the chief's house. All in the house were ready themselves, but no preparation was made to provide the rest of the congregation with seats. So Mr. Crosby had to get ready for the people. The boys and girls at home would think it a funny sight to see their ministers at home carrying planks and boxes, or anything that would do for a seat, into their churches; very soon the people began to come in, and we had a good service.

These people have no resident missionary at present, and have been so under the evil influences of the white men who work at the salmon canneries, that they are degraded, and indifferent to good, though, when they hear the glad story of Jesus' love, they usually seem pleased and anxious to have a teacher. In the afternoon there was to be another service held in the same house, and as we were on our way there after the English service I noticed a great noise in one of the houses. As we drew near, Mr. Crosby said to me, "Now I'll give you your first sight of heathenism." We went in, and I found the noise was made by some young men who were gambling. On the floor was spread a mat, in the centre of which lay several articles of clothing, on either side were seated ten or twelve young men who were so intent on the game that they took no notice of our entrance. They held small sticks in their hands which they throw about, shouting and laughing in the most excited way. We stood quietly looking on for a few minutes till, with a deafening shout, they threw down the sticks and jumped to their feet, ready to listen to what Mr. Crosby had to say. He told them to come to the service in Pootlas's house, they responded heartily, "We'll all come," and they kept their word. Mr. Pierce preached, told them of the Father's great house above where there is room for all. They seemed more impressed than at the early service, and before we left the chief and his son said they wanted a teacher right away. We hope the Wekeeno people will soon become true Christians and give up the gambling and dancing, and all the sin and darkness of heathenism. I hope the Christian boys and girls will pray for our Indians and their missionaries, that soon all may know Jesus and his great salvation.

WHENEVER it [prohibition] has been tried, it has succeeded. Friends who know claim that. Enemies, who have been for a dozen years ruining their teeth by biting files, confess it by their lack of argument and lack of facts.—*Wendell Phillips, 1851.*

The Old Year.

ANOTHER year has gone,
With swift and noiseless tread,
Winter and spring have glided on,
Summer and autumn sped—
Each season with its joys and pain;
And they will never come again.

I mourn its wasted time,
If I could live it o'er,
Its sad mistakes I'd try to shun,
Its wrongs would do no more.
But, no; the loss none can repair,
Tis gone forever, the old year.

This only can I do;
Be wry for the past,
And a my loving Saviour's feet
My weary burden cast.
He will blot out sin's crimson stain,
And strengthen me to try again.

And as a bright new year
Comes with its hope and joy,
I'll seek to live aright, and all
My hours for God employ;
And this new year will try to live
That it a record fair may give.

NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.

ANOTHER new year has come. The old year is in the past. To some the old year has brought joy; to others, sorrow and discouragement. Yet has it brought blessings withal! Have we not found some happy hours, although there have at times come trials and disappointments! Certainly the Lord has bestowed on us many and bounteous gifts and his great goodness and tender mercy ought to lead us to give him praise and honour. Have we tried to seek him in the year that is past! Then we can let the old year go without a feeling of remorse. Have we followed in our own ways, and yielded to the devices of Satan! Then we may well regret that the deeds of another year have been placed upon the books of heaven.

Yet, however great our failures in the past may have been, we should not be discouraged and give up trying. The future, with vast opportunities for doing good, still lies before us. Shall we not improve the time still left us? Shall we not seek after Christ as for hid treasures? Shall we not drink deep at the fountain of wisdom? The wise man says that the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, and they that seek early shall find it.

Nowhere is so favourable a time found for serving God as in the days of our youth. Our habits of thought have not become fixed, and can easily be trained in the right direction. But if our bad habits are allowed to remain, they will grow with our growth and strengthen with our strength, until it is impossible for us to break from them. So we should seek God before our hearts have become hardened in sin Satan, with his many devices, tries to draw us away from God; but with a firm principle to do right, we may resist his temptations, and form a strong and holy character.—*Youth's Instructor.*

HAVE the courage to obey your Maker at the risk of being ridiculed by man.