

German Empire; and in extent three times as large as British India. Its fertility is unsurpassed; its extent of mineral wealth beyond estimate; its forests of lumber the greatest on the globe; its coast line of fisheries the most valuable; its coal-beds equal 97,000 square miles; its means of water communication unequalled; and its water powers sufficient to drive the machinery of the whole world.

On all grounds, the sentiment and opinions of Great Britain should be cultivated in favour of the faithful subjects of the Queen in America. It should not be forgotten, that the British possessions in America are larger than those of the United States. This is a great heritage, well worth conserving. The character and ability of the people, too, is that of which their Sovereign and co-subjects may well be proud.

But, as Methodists, we should be profoundly thankful for the position of our Church in the Dominion. Her churches are many, and increasing; in her ministry are men who would easily take high rank in any land or Church; and many more who are godly, devoted, able, and successful preachers. Her educational work is widespread; her Sunday-schools report great prosperity; her hold on the population is surprising. I see, by a return of 1886, that the statistics of Ontario give the following:

Denomination.	Percentage of Population.
Roman Catholic . . . . .	16.6
Church of England . . . . .	19.0
Presbyterian . . . . .	21.7
Minor denominations . . . . .	12.0
Methodist . . . . .	30.7
	100

### Happy New Year!

GLANCING almost timidly forward and backward, we stand, to-day, on the threshold of another year—a happy new year we say to each other, and earnestly do we hope that it may be so, both for ourselves and those with whom we exchange the wish.

But, as we utter these words fraught with meaning and such earnest desire, do we always bear in mind that, in truth, the real happiness of the year must be for each of us of our own making? We are writing each our own life story, and it is for us to either beautify or disfigure its pages.

God places in our hands in these years volumes of unsullied leaves. We write in them a record of good or evil, just as we will. Worldly vicissitudes may alter the mood—may affect the tone—but they cannot seriously mar, nor yet greatly enhance, the worth or character of the recital, without the deliberate co-operation of our work and will.

Ye.—

"Life is a volume,  
From youth to old age;  
Each year forms a chapter—  
Each day is a page."

Let us then to-day, dear reader, pause and think seriously what kind of a volume is each of us writing. Is it what a well-written work ought to be—every succeeding page and chapter growing in interest and value, as bearing upon a brilliant climax? Or is it, unhappily, an idle, insipid tale, blameworthy in production, and, alas! harmful in perusal? For, we must remember, too, this history of ours is not written for the eye of God alone—it is daily reading for those about us, and they are ennobled or debased by the turn of thought it gives them.

An author or poet rewrites his work or poem many times before he is satisfied with it. He then, perhaps, lays it aside for a little while, when it receives its final judgment. And so it is with us—

but with one great difference. We are writing our character every hour, every day, and every year; but what is written has been written, and can never be recalled. Unlike the author or poet, we cannot rewrite it; therefore, guard well your every act, word, and thought. Every hour comes to us charged with duty, and, the moment it is past, returns to heaven to register itself there, till all the pages—many or few—be filled, and our life-work finished. Then, safe in God's keeping, is the record preserved, to be reviewed and passed upon in the final judgment of the resurrection morning. God is a gracious but just critic, and many a life-book and hapless author must be set aside as worthless in that awful hour.

That not one of those to whom we address ourselves to-day may be of these unfortunates, is the prayer we offer, as the best earnest of our wish to them of a Happy New Year!—*Angelus.*

### Mr. Spurgeon at Home.

*The Quiver*, for December, is a noteworthy number. (Cassell & Co., New York. \$1.50 a year.) Perhaps the article that will attract the widest attention is the one on the life and every-day work of London's famous preacher, the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. Few ministers in England are better known in this country than Mr. Spurgeon, and this account of his public work and domestic life will be found of great interest. From it we take the following:—

"Entering the house, and ushered into Mr. Spurgeon's larger study—for he has two—we find ourselves in a noble apartment, having the whole of one side, facing the south-west, of glass. The other sides are filled with shelves of books, except the spaces for the doors. One of these sides—the largest—is covered with commentaries. We question if any one has a larger collection, for Mr. Spurgeon believes he has a copy of almost every commentary published.

"This fine apartment was the billiard-room of the former owner, and the gas is kept in the same position as then, for it illuminates the long, large table beneath, at the head of which Mr. Spurgeon sits, with two gentlemen, who act as his secretaries, on either side. Close to his hand is a movable electric bell, by which, when alone, or when suffering from his old enemy, rheumatic gout, he can summon his servant without rising from his chair.

"The windows give access to the beautiful lawn and rosary, bounded with trees; while over their wavy, tremulous tops, lovely glimpses are seen of the fair land of Surrey, with its hills in the blue distance. Not far from the window, the ground slopes down to the lake and the fields, which are also included in Mr. Spurgeon's grounds. Quite near is a summer-house, to which he is fond of betaking himself.

"In this room, too, are kept two huge volumes, containing copies of numerous caricatures, photographs, and pictures of Mr. Spurgeon. Some positively unkind; but, we fancy, they will do more harm to their originators than to him, for Mr. Spurgeon looks at them not only with equanimity, but at some he positively laughs. The unkindness of the satire hurts him as little as water does a duck's back. In one he was represented as sliding down the baluster of the pulpit stairs, because, it was said, he did that to show how people became backsliders. 'At the time that this story was first circulated,' he said, 'my pulpit was built upon the wall, and had no stairs.'

"Mrs. Spurgeon is an invalid, and is kept much indoors. Her room looks on the lawn, but faces the north-west; and from its windows, through an opening cut in the trees, she can obtain a beautiful view right across the country to Windsor."

### Enter the Year With Jesus.

O ENTER the year with Jesus!  
Not only with prayers to him,  
Not only with songs of gladness,  
For a cup that overfloweth its brim;  
But walking in step with Jesus,  
Thy hand in his mighty palm,  
And so, with his ear bowed o'er thee,  
Presenting thy prayer and psalm.

The future is dark before thee,  
The pathway is all unknown,  
There are hidden and secret dangers—  
O enter it not alone!  
There standeth a Friend beside thee,  
He reaches his hand to thee;  
He is going thy way, and whispers,  
"Faint—weary one—journey with me."

He gently will lead thy weakness,  
Will carry thy every load!  
Thou canst not be lost, for he knoweth  
Each turn of the distant road.  
Will find thee a pleasant lodging,  
A sleeping place on his breast,  
And talks to thee, O so sweetly!  
Of the land of thy nearing rest.

And by and by, in the evening,  
At his own great mansion home,  
He will stay thy feet on its threshold,  
And, leading, will bid thee come.  
If Jesus is with thee, brother,  
The porter will fling the gate  
To its widest stretch; not a moment  
Shall a comer with Jesus wait.

O enter the year with Jesus!  
And then, should thy sky grow dark,  
He'll brighten it, and defend thee  
If ever the hell-dogs bark;  
If fainting, his arms will uphold thee—  
He will never leave thy side.  
O enter the year with Jesus!  
And near him each moment abide.

—*The Christian.*

### He Would Not Be Tempted.

A CERTAIN boy, who had been taught the nature of strong drink, and who had promised ever to shun it, was sent to a school the master of which was not a teetotaler. One day, the master being in a friendly mood, offered the boy a glass of wine which he declined. Wishing to see how far he could be tempted, he urged the boy to drink the wine, and finally promised him the gift of a watch if he would only drink. The boy declined, saying, "Please don't tempt me; if I keep a teetotaler I can some day buy a watch of my own; but if I drink and take your watch I may later on have to pawn it to get bread." That answer taught the schoolmaster a lesson which he never forgot.—*Temperance News.*

DURING the last moments of the dying year we all look back. Most of us look back with mingled feelings of gratitude and regret—gratitude for God's mercies, and regret for our own shortcomings. Who has spent the last year as it ought to have been spent? Who has not failed in duty scores of times? Even when discharged fairly well as regards manner, the spirit in which duty has been done has often been far from the spirit of Christ. We must all plead guilty before the Eternal Judge. But why spend the closing hours of the year in useless regrets? Having confessed, and asked forgiveness for the past, let all begin the New Year in a grateful, hopeful spirit. Let us be thankful that our sins and shortcomings are atoned for by him who is mighty to save, and begin the New Year determined to love him more and serve him better. Past errors may be utilized as warnings to keep us from similar errors in future. Past failures may be made to contribute to future successes. A wise man can make the past help the future mightily.—*Canadian Presbyterian.*