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A NEW YEAR.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Why do we greet thee, O blithe New Year?
 What are thy pledges of mirth and cheer?
 Comest, knight errant, the wrong to right,
 Comest to scatter our gloom with light?
 Wherefore the thrill, the sparkle and shine,
 In heart and eyes at a word of thine?

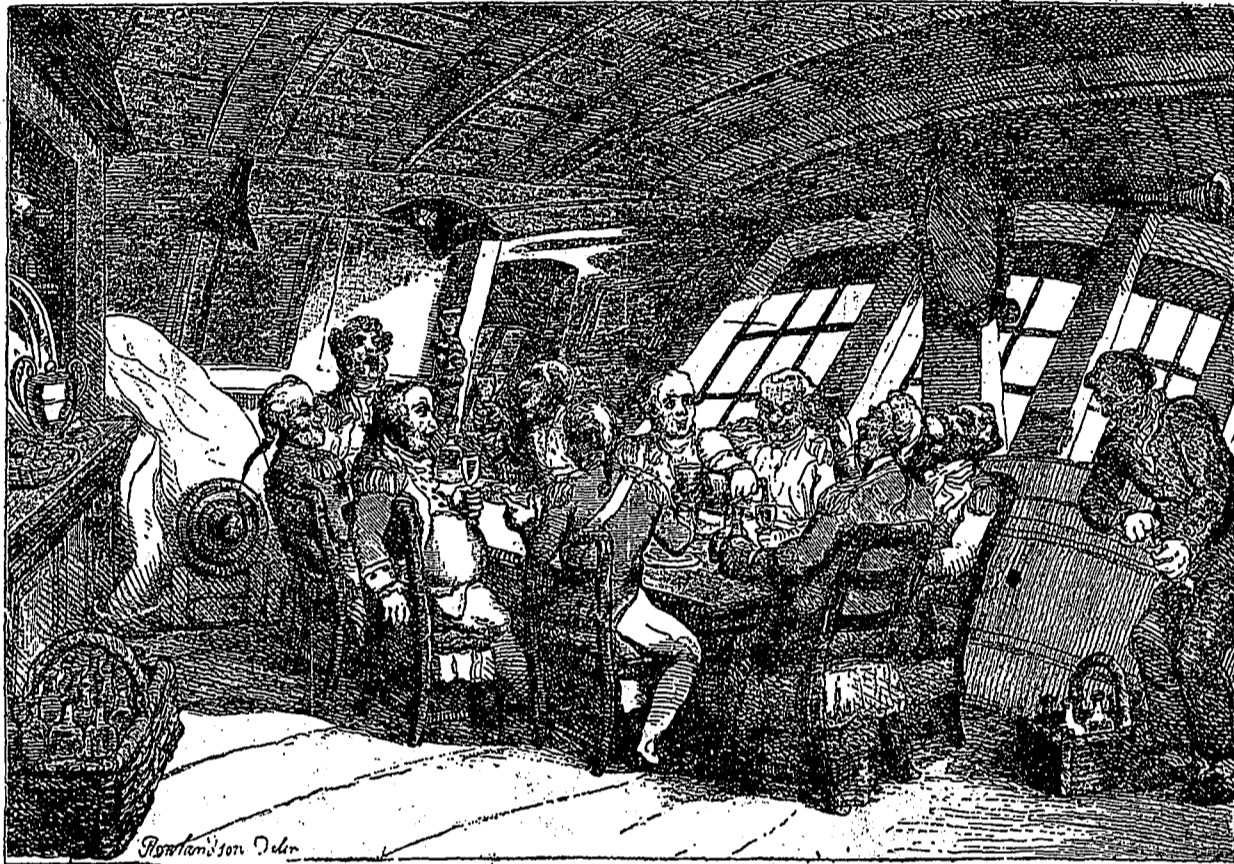
The old was buoyant, the old was true,
 The old was brave when the old was new,
 He crowned us often with grace and gift;
 His sternest skies had a deep blue rift.
 Straight and swift, when his hand unclasped,
 With welcome and joyance thine we grasped.
 O tell us, Year,—we are fain to know,—
 What is thy charm that we hail thee so?

Dost promise much that is fair and sweet,—
 The wind's low stir in the rippling wheat,
 The wave's soft plash on the sandy floor,
 The bloom of roses from shore to shore,
 Glance of wings from the bowery nest,
 Music and perfume from east to west,
 Frosts to glitter in jewelled rime,
 Blush of sunrise at morning's prime,
 Stars above us, they watch to keep
 The rain and dew, though we wako or sleep?

These, O Year, we shall have from thee,
 For the thing that hath been aye shall be,
 Sowing and reaping, from seed to sheaf,
 The waiting long, and the fruitage brief,
 What beyond is thy guerdon bright
 To us who stand in thy dawning light?

Once more a voice, and I hear it call
 Like a bugle-note from a mountain wall;
 The pines uplift it with mighty sound,
 The billows bear it the green earth round;
 A voice that rolls in a jubilant song,
 A conqueror's ring in its echo strong;
 Through the ether clear, from the solemn sky
 The New Year beckons, and makes reply:

"I bring you, friends, what theyear have brought
 Since over men toiled, aspired, or thought,—
 Days of labor, and nights for rest;
 And I bring you love, a heaven-born guest;
 Space to work in and work to do,
 And faith in that which is pure and true.
 Hold me in honor and greet me dear,
 And sooth you'll find me a happy Year."



1789, GROG—FROM A PRINT OF THE PERIOD.

1787—GROG. 1889—TEA.

The next time some one asks you with an incredulous shrug "What good the temperance people are doing, any way," just show them these two pictures and let them draw their own conclusions. Of these pictures, which we reduce from the *Illustrated London News*, the first was copied from an old print published a hundred years ago, entitled "A Snug Cabin or Port Admiral," and the last is from a sketch taken on board a man-of-war in the recent naval manoeuvres off the coast of England. There is no intention here to cast a slur upon our gallant forefathers who by their deeds of skill and daring placed England so far ahead of all the other maritime nations of the world. It was an age of rum and wine, and that a time would ever come when "an officer and gentleman" could entertain his friends without them was a possibility that their imaginations could not picture. Drunkenness among themselves was taken as a matter of course, and to stagger into the drawing room "half seas over," even in the presence of ladies, scarcely excited a remark. The work is not finished. Jack Tar is by no means yet always a total abstainer, but among no class of men is the changed sentiment of the times more apparent. Cocoa is now used by him to an extent that in Captain Marryat's time would have brought down a perfect storm of rebuke and ridicule upon his devoted head, and even that very feminine beverage, tea, is becoming more and more appreciated.

WHAT ELSE?

What are sciences but maps of universal laws? and universal laws but the channels of universal power? and universal power but the outgoing of a universal mind?—*E. Thompson.*

FREEDOM.

Free will is not the liberty to do whatever one likes, but the power of doing whatever one sees ought to be done, even in the very face of otherwise overwhelming impulse.—*George Macdonald.*



1889, TEA—A SKETCH ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR DURING THE RECENT NAVAL MANOEUVRES.

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