eral Superintendent—it is the same train, the same year, that came to 18

on earth, and after delivering our good

and bad deeds and depositing them at the seat of Justice, the great Union Depot of the universe, it will pass into

the great Round House and go out of

It will not fasten rewards or punish

We Will Not Backbite Our

Neighbors

We Know What It Carries.

Long before the whistle is heard or

every word and act as it is written

down in the Book by the pen of in-fallible Justice and Truth. We will

be furnished with a list, an absolutely

conscience will testify as to the cor-

We Will Be Cheerful



rim darkness felt his might, And fled away.—Elliott

pulled three

valued high.

re." "I will be d and stood

f how a man

of knowledge

n in his true

dle-class one

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ete master of

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pretending to

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reads below.

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n back

Barber.

earth below.

Strand read-

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deney writes

hile fifteen

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ght happen

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of feminine

of the Chess who indulge

the sea

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glimmer

the town:

re calling,

lish meadow:

way's pine,

the upland,

noonrise,

brine.

turning, e was dead?

ft us;

ibut e

writes his

s of heaven

eaven above.

estic glow.

hem said-whether-

"But this

"The King is Dead!" "Long Live the King!"

By Sam W. Small. The last December sun is set Below the western sky, and earth has quell'd her daily fret To mark the Old Year die.

Above his brow, snow-sheeted bed The cold, pale stars appear Like mourning spirits of the dead-Torch-bearers 'round his bier.

The cattle in the fields lie mute, And flocks their silence keep, While men seek vainly to confute Their thoughts that banish sheep.

The night drags slowly to its turn. And nature bates her breath-The clock-hands meet and upward To the grim hour of death.

The bell tolls twelve-symbolic knell That ends a monarch's reign ! But, hark! How joyous rings that bell back to my own room," he said; "there

The king is dead! Long live the king!"
The New Year, Nineteen-ten!
Him whom we hall as promising High gifts to hopeful men !

and then he died rich.

for he made up his mind to get richer

He died rich!' And yet he know

that there were hundreds of millions of

missionaries; he knew also that he

ad only given a small regular sub-

'He died rich!' Yet he knew that found him were tens of thousands liv-

that he visited so regularly for more

and courts, where evil triumphed, and

one godless generation trained up au-

or Bible-woman for that district; the

rich man could easily have supported

on the ground that there were so

Maye, constantly occupied, and often

Dassing the might without sleeving

am wrapped in a labyrinth of affairs.

and worn out with care. I do not value

est emotion. When I rise in the morn-

he would not

ne, and has been done, in all ages. Psalm xlix. And others imitated

or his riches. Put what of him

after death, and in the awful eternits

Heh he died, if he died without report-

ance, without faith in Christ, with his

other rich men:

scription to advance that great ob-

and richer, and he died very rich.

# Decial sunday Edited by M. Wilkinson B.A. ection Earthly Vanity Never, perhaps, in any period of the Happy New Year to Everybody An Old Fragment of the Happy New Year to Everybody New Year to Everybody An Old Fragment of the Happy New Year to Everybody New Year t

'Never, perhaps, in any period of the world's history, says a contemporary of Scott, 'did literary talent receive a Good - Bye! Good Old Year which declares that "God requireth what is past." The year has not some any more than the train that has just passed the station. After completing mage so universal as that of Scot: His reputation was co-extensive, not only with the English language, but one year, too, his literary productions yielded him L.15,000. The king confer-Where?

> "Time, like an ever-flowing stream Bears all its sons away; They fly forgotten, as a dream Dies at the opening day."

he appeared, at home or abroad, he was the lion of the day. All the good things of life were his. His mansion.

at Abbotsford realized the highest con-

place now is, with what it was not long ago, I feel as if my heart would

my family, I am an improverished and

embarrassed man." At another time he writes: "Death has closed the dark avenue of love and friendship. I look

at them as thru the grated door of a

burial place, filled with monuments

of those who once were dear to me, and with no other wish than that it

may open for me at no distant period."
And again: "Some new object of complaint comes every moment. Sicknesses come thicker and thicker: Friends

are fewer and fewer. The recollection of youth, health, and powers of ac-

tivity, neither improved nor enjoyed,

a pen into his hand, but his fingers

refused to do their office. Silent tears

rolled down his cheeks. "Take me

is no rest for Sir Walter but in his grave." A few days after this he died, realizing, in reference to all his fame

honor, and renown, the truth of Solo-

mon, "Vanity of vanities, saith the

preacher, all is vanity and vexation of

your balance-sheet being such as an

properties to your conscience. Re-solve also, in God's strength, that you

will die rich as regards the world to

dwells,'-to be rich in faith, rich in

good works, rich in hope. There are no

limits to the treasure provided for you

They are durable, unsearchable, etern-

al, and there need be no limits to your acquisitions. Other riches burden the

wings. Other riches bring cares; but

'I know thy poverty, but thou art

these contentment. Aim then to be

rich.' Thus Christ still speaks con-

cerning many of His people. They are

tried in this world, in various ways;

'overcharged heart' (Luke xii.) which

with pride, is much worse than to be

but how much better to have an 'over-

"He Died Rich!" What Beside?

A Pauper in Eternity

His father died rich, but he was a sins unpardoned, and his soul unwash-

much richer man than his father. He earth upwards of seventy years, and

a splendid mansion; he settled a large him,' he could have no taste for the family very respectably in the world, - pure pleasures of heaven, no fitness for its hely society, no title to its

'He died rich!' Yet the Bible says, able to say in eternity, 'I lived on How hardly shall they that have died worth many thousands of tens of

riches enter into the kingdom of heav- thousands of dollars or pounds. Poor,

en.' It is easier for a camel to go ing eternity. Five hundred millions of

thru the eye of a needle, than for a years ago I gained the world and lost

rich man to enter the kingdom of heav-my soul.' Reader; resolve not to die rich as regards this world, without en.' He had a Bible; he attended a

place of worship; he knew these and approving God can commend you for.

similar texts well; he had heard them Give according as God prospers you. explained; he professed to believe them; yet he ran the hazard of being As a child of God, beware of mam-

one whom the Bible speaks of so so!- mon. 'Gold is hard and coid; and it emply as in danger of losing salvation, you tamper with it, it will impart its

that there were hundreds of millions of come. Let your one desire be to be heathens in the world, without Bibles found in Him 'in whom all fulness

ing in ignorance, vice, and misery, soul; but these will furnish it with Close to that dingy counting-house wings. Other riches bring cares; but

one or more, but he did not, and of whelmed heart' (Psalm lxi. 3) which

course was too busy to visit them him- constains us to go to God, than an

'He died rich!' Yet he refused many keeps from Him! For the heart to be

and many an application made to him, filled with earthly cares, or lifted up

many calls of this description, and i.e exercised with the most painful trials,

could not give to all-he really could or endure the most pressing poverty.

Not afford it.

It may look very terrible to be in a

Long before the rich man died, he life-beat, tossed upon a rough sea, and

became very unhappy; he had not, it may seem very pleasant lindeed, been really happy in his best an air balloon in a calm blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best an air balloon in a calm blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best an air balloon in a calm blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best an air balloon in a calm blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best an air balloon in a calm blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best an air balloon in a calm blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best an air balloon in a calm blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best an air balloon in a calm blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best an air balloon in a calm blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best an air balloon in a calm blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best an air balloon in a calm blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best an air balloon in a calm blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best an air balloon in a calm blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best an air balloon in a calm blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best an air balloon in a calm blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best an air balloon in a calm blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best an air balloon in a calm blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best and blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best and blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best and blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best and blue sky; but ladeed, been really happy in his best and blue sky; but ladeed, but l

rounded by immense wealth, and sun- breast the billows safely, be the means Posed to take supreme delight in its of saving a drowning crew, and then accumulation, may partly describe gain the land, amidst the blessings of

'As to myself, I live like a galley of the beholders.

than fifty years, there were streets rich according to God's estimate.

s enterprises; he built the love of the seventy years, and

ceptions of a poet's imagination, and "seemed like a poem in stone." His company was of the most honorable of the land, and his domestic enjoyments hundred and nine was a good year, the all that his heart could desire. Yet best as well as the oldest in the history he was not happy. Ambitious to found a family, he got into debt, and in old of the grand old world.

age he was a ruined man. When about True! it has witnessed many changes -many vicissitudes-many losses he said: "When I think on what this. many bereavements, both to nations and communities, families and individ-uals—but it is not responsible for these; break. Lonely, aged, deprived of all

> We Will Go to Church Every Sunday

any more than the Express Train or the Fast Mail is responsible for the letters and gifts that have come to us at this festive season from distant shores. Time is not the cause of sorrow any more than it is the originator of joy and happiness, and it is not responsible for the one any more than it

is a poor ground of comfort. The best is, the long halt will arrive at length and close all." And the long halt did The year is simply the messenger to carry the news—the postman to deliver the letter—the lightning express that carries its freight and deposits it arrive. Not long before he died, Sir Walter Scott requested his daughter to wheel him to his desk. She then put at the various stations of human lice.

> We Will Not Say Spiteful Things

No one in his senses will blame the year that has just passed—that has just left the station-for its deposits of joy or sorrow, profit or loss.

It has been a faithful year, and has fulfilled its mission. It has been a good year in spite of our failures in individual experiences.

We repeat it, the year 1909 has gone ! Where has it gone? We say "into-Eternity never to return." This is not true-not according to Revelation,

rectness of the document. All these year in its flight-and the record is absolutely accurate. Some of Its Contents. the circle of the ages it will come to

The good we have done during the us again—but not at THIS station for we will not be here, but at another the station of judgment. The train will year is so small and insignificant that it is not worth recalling. The service we have given to God and our fellow men is so trifling that if weighed against our neglected opportunities it would count for nothing in the Scales of Jus-We Will Be Kind to One "Weighed and found wanting" Another

would be the verdict. Not so with our evil deeds, and th be freighted not with opportunities but to the poor and naked and friendless, with experiences—not with the doings and the wasted hours in sinful pleas-and decrees of Providence but with ures and amusements. The thought of our own decrees and actions and states them is appalling. The train is loaded down with them and the grand old enof mind-not with a chance to do good, but with records of deeds good and evil. The train is sent out by the Gen-

We Will Not Quarrel

gine has all it can do to climb the up-

service forever. It has completed its mission. The year that has just passed will be simply a witness at the Court. It is not our business to sit in judgment upon each other's doings and sayings during the past year, as God is the Judge and He may be depended upon to do the right thing-to act according to strict justice independent of our feelings or fancies.
"Who art thou that judgeth another man's servant? To his own Master he standeth or falleth." It will simply deliver its freight, our successes or failures, our good and bad deeds, and pass out of

But the things we intended doing! The New Year resolutions of 1909. what about them? As they come to us their memory, after being dormant for twelve months, the remembrance of them is not very comforting. We have failed to do what we intended to do the train sighted, we know what it has on board, what it is freighted with There will be no lack of memory "Son! Remember!" We will recal! -what we promised ourselves and our friends we would do. This is true, not As we sit in judgment upon ourselves this first Sunday morning of a New Year, can we not recall as families, as husband and wife, promises we made, vows we took, to do better, to improve on the past? If the Light were turned on and others could read correct list of all our words and deeds and thoughts and intentions, and our the signs what a roun full of broken promises they would see :

Have we kept the promises we at the beginning of the old year? If not let us not be discouraged—but re-

Leaving the world to strangers and me. were recorded at the time-during the Where all is so bitter cold. Ah! me,

telling.

Is that beauteous brow, where thought And the sweetness of virtue reposed.

Where the guests are all fled, the summer chaplets dead, The minstrels are dumb. Oh! wake ve the lyre.

ever is hushed in the heart and the brain: Yet even from those lips, in death's dark eclipse, They forbid us to weep.

Children of love and light, Oh! but your robes are bright: Wore ye e'er the vestments of sin an.1

redeem, Let your high song of praise to etern-

I have just been learning the lesson of The sad, sad lesson of loving;

And all of its powers, for pleasure or

And all that is left of the bright, bright dream. With its thousand brilliant phases,

A coffin under the daisies. The beautiful, beautiful daisies,

And thus for ever, thruout the world,

But the saddest thing is loving. Life often divides far wider than death. mstance the high But better far than two hearts estranged

The beautiful, beautiful daisies, The snowy, snowy daisies.

Thru the summer of love together, And that one of us tired and lay down Ere the coming of winter weather; For the sadness of love is love growing

cold.
And 'tis one of its surest phases; So I bless God, with a breaking heart, For that grave enstarred with daisies. The beautiful beautiful daisies, The snowy, snowy daisies,

Long ere the dark locks whitened should be.

In many a dwelling, the dread voice is

The bright eye is quenched, and the dark coffin closed, That chill, chill, and rigid now

But the torch was extinguished soon Which lightened you gay saloon, Where genius awoke the warbling wire.

The tears cease to flow, the wild

We shall soon meet again.

of woe? Oh. yes! Then to Him, who did you ity flow.-E. S.

Been slowly, sadly proving.

Is a handful of dust in a coffin hid-

The snowy, snowy daisies.

Is love a sorrow proving; There are many sad, sad things in

Is a low grave starred with daisies.

And so I am glad we lived as we did

#### God Help The Imbecile.

God help the imbecile! more dark

Than dumb or deaf, the cripple, or the blind. The closed soul-visioned theirs, the

blighted mind: Babes, while full-grown-their page of

But say-shall their affliction be abhorred? Their need o'erlook'd? Shall Char-

ity pass by, Leave them to languish, with averted eye?

Forbid, the Love that burns to serve Let Love take up the task before her

Let Faith sustain, the long the tell

Fan it but gently, nurse it patiently, Under the Daisies Fan it but gently, nurse it patiently, That buried, smould'ring spark may

For He, who in His wisdom oft makes Of foolish things to put to shame the

Things weak and base, and which the proud despise. Can cause these feeble ones to hear His voice.

Oft to such dormant minds, by Him unsealed, The truths from which the learned, in their pride,
And great men, blinded,turn in scorn In all their simple glory are reveal'd.

These stamm'ring lips the Saviour's praise may sing: The simple glory of His cross may Glad entrance into the Declo mind,
And light, and life, and full salvation

Seek out the imbecile, to do them good:
Discharge the trust; and should the
task be vain.
Not one who tolls for Christ shall
lose his pain:
"She did," He gently utter'd, "what
she could."

Cherish the feeble intellectual ray! Sow the good seed: the harvest rich may be, When the long-darken'd soul, from

flesh set free, Shall burst its bonds and soar to per-

## Honors of the Departed Year

De mortuis nil nisi bonum!

After all, it has been a very fine old year—that 1909. Reverently and grate-fully let us embalm it in memory, this stupendous universe. Of Darwin, commit it to the vault of history and who, unsealed new records of revela-

It has been emphatically a year of centenaries, recalling to honors the shades of men born in 1809 who grew to noble statures in all the fields of scient spirits obtained the visions of delectable things unseen and their uneration and their victories endowed man-kind with imperishable treasures an uncanny spirit, vibrant yet in; of science and power, of philosophies and freedoms. How poorer this mongering, money-maniac world would have been this New Year morning

Lincoln, and Gladstone, and Darwin, unrespected petrel of poesy! and Holmes, and Poe, and Chopin !

Death came and found them doubting God-lit soul forsaw a Ceasarian newbirth of freedom for a nation of pur-blind masters and a race of soddened slaves! Of Lincoln, the priest of a world-wide patriotism, who perished between the porch of Peace and the altar of Mercy, and in his death drew to his tomb more mourners from among his former foes than ever he counted men among the armies that arose before his truncheon. Great, gracious, glorified Lincoln-the emanci-

Of Gladstone-"the Grand Old Man" most lustrous tapestries of English en-terprises and exalitations, Of Glai-

commend its good to the trump of tion and marked new routes of research for those who yearn to know their Creator and to solve the supreme mysteries of man. Darwin—whose pointings are more prophetic than his provings, and whose ploneer work, whiel over-throwing some invalid ancient land-marks, has yet plainer made human endeavor and won the divine the immutable highway of true theo-distinction of immortality. Their pre- logy—the eternal apotheosis of Man I Of Edgar Allan Poe—that meteoric minstrel cast forth from the nidus of the Muses to blaze, to burn, to die pass. Their labors enriched their generation and their victories endowed every libraried soul the immanence of

"The silken, sad, uncertain Rustling of each purple curtain !"

Lord, it has been a sobering and inspiriting thing for so many of us as are awake that since the last New Year we have had there. as are awake that since the last New
Year we have had those splendid days of pause and pratse
the hundredth birthday's of cloistered tradition, the unique and

Of Holmes, the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," whose wit, and wisdom, and persuasive philos philes of ife and lovable things have broidered the days of countless sympathetic spirits and starred ambrosial nights for otherwise lorn and lonesome souls. Of Holmes—physician alike to earthy and to ethereal bodies, counsellor and comforter, laugh-provoker and hope-invoker. Holmes — the anat unist of heart-eases, the analyst of daily. opportunism, the almoner of optimism ! Of Chopin, the mocking-bird of musice, whose lyre-like mind caught all Aeolian notes and strung them into vibrant verses and volumes of divinest sound. Of Chopin, whose art adds melodious charms to every classic contatorium, employes the facile fingers or all whose hearts disport in waves of heavenly harmonies, and whose name is suggested in every street by

the model of manhood, loyalty and love multiplicity and magnitudes of the feats of men-statesmen, preaches. rot be.

Faint for the friends that shall return no more,
Dark with distrust, or wrung with agony.

So spake the youth of Athens, weeping fair.

And life and death are growned and all of God's creation:

Of Darwin, the mack, laborious son philanthropists, plebeans of power and with first step press on to meet him there.

And life and death are growned and all of God's creation:

Of Darwin, the mack, laborious son philanthropists, plebeans of power and of science, whose quest of sacred truth encompassed land and sea, and who encompassed land and sea, and who with first step press on to meet him there.

And life and death are growned God and all of God's creation:

Of Darwin, the mack, laborious son of science, whose quest of sacred truth encompassed land and sea, and who encompassed land and sea, and who with first step press on to meet him there.



What e're betide: Content to share each others hopes and fears With Love their guide.

### Thoughtful Appreciation

the rescued, and the loud acclamations

Mr. J. C. Eaton is not only popular ng, my only effort is to labor so har1 uring the day, that when night comes may be enabled to sleep soundly! When the rich man we refer to could he knows how to maintain his populot longer labor for more, he became larity with the 15,000 men and women scapable of enjoying what he had. who are supported by the firm of T.

Eaton Co. "Instead of the fathers shall come up the children." "Jack" is a chip of the old block—a worthy successor of the grand man who come is a chip of the grand man who come is a chip of the grand man who come is a children of the grand man who come is the grand man who can be a fraid of death, as of the grand man who can be a fraid of death, as of the grand man who can be a fraid of strange mania seized him; which "As, that poverty was certainly coming him. The following description of an American millionaire will apply to more than this one care. He bepoverty. He insisted that ever thing which was done for his comfort should

The son is following in the footsteps of the father. Last Christmas the employees got after him. This year he met them, and presented every man, woman and child under his employ in Toronto. Winnipeg. Montreal and Oshawa (15,000 in all) with a fine photo of himself and the following card of appreciation:

"But whence, O Socrates," he asked, "can we procure a skillful charmer for such a case, now that you are about to leave us?"

"Greece is wide, Cebes." he said, "and in it surely there are skillful men; and there are many barbarous nations, all of which you should search, seeking such a charmer, sparing neither money nor toil."—Last words of Sccrates, as narrated by Plato in the Phaedo.

"But whence, O Socrates," he asked,
"can we procure a skillful charmer for side.

And veils in dust thy eye.

"Where is that Charmer whom thou bidst us seek? On what far shores may his sweet voice be heard?

On what far shores may his sweet voice be heard?

When shall these questions of our yearning souls. be upon the most economical chall, and would not even turn himself in bed the sheets should be worn o replace them! When he died. he left behind property to the amount of two hundred thousand dollars.' "He died rich.' And because he died some men praised him, as will

appreciation: I take this opportunity to express to you my thanks for your generous cooperation in making this our most successful season. May Christmas be full of happiness for you and yours proft not? However and the New Year bright and prosperous. Sincerely yours, Jno. C. Eaton.

Socrates: "However, you and Simmias with the employees of the immense appear to me as if you wished to sift concern of which he is president, but this subject more thoroly, and to be departure from the body, winds should blow it away."

successor of the grand man who consuccessor of the grand man who conhebzoblins."

"You must charm him every day," said
"You must charm him every day," said ceived the present establishment and Socrates, "until you have quieted his ceived the present establishment in Socrates, itself long enough to see it in full fears." Socrates, "But whence, O Socrates," he asked, "But whence, o socrates," he asked, "But whence, o socrates," he asked, "But whence, or socrates," he asked, "But whence, "Bu

"We need that charmer, for our hearts are

And live anew beyond the waves of

answered by the bright Eternal Word?"

Long seaking, wandering, watching on lite's shore.

Reasoning, aspiring, yearning for the lite's shore.

Reasoning, aspiring, yearning for the lite's shore.

But years passed on; and lo! the Charmer Pure, simple, sweet, as comes the silver And the world knew him not,-he walked alone, Encircled only by his trusting few.

drew his faithful few more closely pater, the exemplar, the eternal!

## The Charmer

"What is this life? and what to us is They found Him not, those youths whence came we? whither go? and where are those
Who, in a moment stricken from our side.
Passed to that land of shadow and

"Are they all dust? and dust must we become?
Or are they living in some unknown Shall we regain them in that far-off

"O man divine! on thee our souls have hung:

They wert our teacher in these questions

Like the Athenian sage, rejected, scorned, Betrayed, condemned, his day of doom drew night: Thou wert our teacher in these questions high; But ah! this day divides thee from our

And told them that his hour was come whose life-lines were woven into the "Let not your heart be troubled." then

And since that hour the awful foe is

t not your heart be troubled." then stone, more the "Defender of the fy Father's house hath mansions Faith" than any wearer of a regal crown, more the Gibraltar of a na-He said.

"My Father's house hath mansions large and fair:
I go before you to prepare your place,
I will return to take you with me there."

I will return to take you with me there."

I will return to take you with me there."

I will return to take you with me there."

I will return to take you with me there."

I will return to take you with me there."

I will return to take you with me there."

I will return to take you with me there." built, more the Law-giver of broaden-ing human rights than any Moses. Justinian or Blackstone. Gladstone - viewer of the record is awed by the with longings for the things that may so spake the youth of Athens, weeping And life and death are glorified and toward God and all of God's creation!

the touch of a master or the trill of a gamin !

ice a rapture,

he January

nds above us,