

### The Last Day of the Year.

This year is just going away,  
The moments are finishing fast;  
My heart, have you nothing to say  
Concerning the things that are past?  
Now, while in my chamber alone,  
Where God will be present to hear,  
I'll try to remember and own  
The faults I've committed this year.

O Lord, I'm ashamed to confess  
How often I've broken thy day;  
Perhaps I have thought of my dress,  
Or wasted the moments in play;  
And when the good minister tried  
To make little children attend,  
I was thinking of something beside—  
Or wishing the sermon would end.

How often I rose from my bed  
And did not remember my prayer—  
Or, if a few words I have said,  
My thoughts have been going elsewhere.  
Ill-temper, and passion, and pride,  
Have grieved my dear parents and thee,  
And seldom I really tried  
Obedient and gentle to be.

But, Lord, thou already hast known  
Much more of my folly than I;  
There is not a fault I can own  
Too little for God to descry;  
Yet hear me, and help me to feel  
How wicked and weak I must be;  
And let me not try to conceal  
The largest or smallest from thee.

The year is just going away,  
The moments are finishing fast;  
Look down in thy mercy, I pray,  
To pardon the sin that is past;  
And as soon as another begins,  
So help me to walk in thy fear  
That I may not, with follies and sins,  
So foolishly waste a New Year.

### A Life Lesson.

BY ERNESTINE F. TERFLINGER.

SHE was a pretty little elderly lady, with a white ribbon in her button-hole; and when I first saw her, she sat in the midst of a group of gay young girls, at a quiet little gathering in a friend's parlour. The girls seemed to be very fond of her, and I could not wonder, for there was something very winning about her. Her hair was almost white, and made a beautiful contrast with her dark eyes and lashes; but what especially attracted one were her sweet expression and her charming smile.

The group were engaged in an animated discussion, and curiosity prompted me to draw near and listen. The first words I heard were spoken by Florence Foster, the daughter of a wealthy man, and very fond of all sorts of social gaieties.

"Now, Mrs. Clifford," said she, "I don't believe there is any one in this city who is a stauncher advocate of temperance than I, but I cannot quite accept total abstinence. I think a small quantity of wine will not hurt any one, but, on the contrary, will be beneficial. If a man has not enough moral force to keep within bounds, he has no one but himself to blame for it. As to the question, 'Shall we have wine at our New Year's reception?' I, for one say, 'Yes; by all means.' I don't believe anyone has come to harm through my receptions."

"My dear girl," said Mrs. Clifford, "I remember when I thought just as you do, and made just such an argument—if it can be so called; but I hope you will never need, to make you change your mind, such a terrible lesson as I received."

"Oh, Mrs. Clifford, a story!" cried the girls. "Please tell it."

The lady hesitated, and seemed about to refuse; then, on second thought, she said:—

"Yes, I will tell you; it may do you good;" and without further preface she commenced:

"On the New Year's Day succeeding my eighteenth birthday, my father gave me permission to hold my first New Year's reception. My mother had died several years before this time, and I was now to take my place as mistress of my father's house. A few days before the great day I received a visit from my cousin Mary Grey, and, rejoicing to think that I should have her company and assistance, I gave her barely time to take breath after her arrival before I began to give her a glowing account of what was to be. In the midst of this I chanced to mention wine. Instantly Mary exclaimed:

"Oh, Louise, I do hope you will not have wine! Don't do it, dear."

"Now, Mary," said my father, who was sitting with us, 'don't put any nonsensical notions into the child's head. Of course she will do as her mother did before her. She always had wine at her receptions.'

"Mary looked grieved, but said no more, and the subject dropped. The next day I asked her what dress she intended to wear.

"Louise," said she, 'I don't want to appear rude, but I cannot take part in your reception. I cannot countenance the use of wine in any way. I know too much of the miseries which often follow in the train of the first glass of wine. So you must let me stay quietly in my room on that day, unless you change your mind in regard to that one thing.'

"Oh, Mary," said I, petulantly, 'I wish you were not so narrow-minded. I thought we would have such a pleasant time together; but, as to not having wine, that is out of the question. I am surely going to have it, and I don't believe anything so very dreadful will come of it.' And with these words I hurried away to make some needed arrangements.

"New Year's Day dawned cold, but bright and beautiful, and by eleven o'clock, with some girl friends, as gay and as thoughtless as myself, I awaited, with great impatience, my first call.

"It is not necessary for me to describe the day—you are all familiar with such scenes—and I wish to speak of only one caller—his name matters not. He came very early in the day, with an intimate friend of the family—their first call, they said. I afterwards learned that this man had formerly drunk to excess, but that for two years he had not touched intoxicating liquors, and his friends had hopes that he was reformed. It happened that he and I were alone when we came to the table. Perhaps, if his friend had been at his side, things might have turned out differently, but his attention was entirely absorbed in another part of the room.

"I offered this man a glass of wine. To my surprise, he refused. Chagrined, I insisted—only to meet another refusal. Each refusal made me more determined to have my own way—I was used to having that—and so, regardless of the fact that I was doing it at the expense of good breeding, I used every endeavour to cause him to take the glass of wine which I held out to him. In the end he yielded, and drank the wine—yes, even took a second glass. Soon the two left, and I thought of them no more. Quite late that evening, however, the stranger returned—this time alone, and, sad to say, very much intoxicated. I suppose I showed my disgust too plainly, for, as he turned to leave, he said, bitterly, 'Oh, you don't like your work, do you? If I had not been such a fool as to take your wine this morning, I might have been a sober man to-night. I hope you will have pleasant dreams, young lady!' and before any one could speak he was gone. But hardly had the front door closed upon him, when there arose a commotion

outside, and in a minute a terror-stricken servant came in:

"Oh, Miss Louise, the gentleman stumbled and fell on the steps, and they are bringing him in. He is very much hurt."

"I will not pain you by dwelling at length on what followed. The poor fellow, in falling, had struck on the back of his head, and he never spoke again. The next night he died—died without one gleam of consciousness.

"Can you imagine what were my feelings at that time? No, you cannot—only God knows. Looking back now, I wonder that I lived through that agony of bitter remorse. When, after long days of suffering, I took up my life again, I was a changed girl. I made a solemn vow that I would never in any way encourage the use of intoxicating liquors for any purpose, or in any form whatever, but would make every effort possible in the cause of total abstinence. And so I have done; but nothing in this world can remove the bitter pain which the remembrance of that New Year's Day will ever bring to me.

"Now, girls, I must go—it is getting late. Forgive me if I have marred your pleasure with this recital; but if I have brought you any nearer to my way of thinking, I count these moments well spent."

Then, with loving farewells, the party separated.

I have but a word to add—it is this: Last New Year's Day I called upon Florence Foster. She received me cordially; and when I surveyed the elegant tables, I looked in vain for the wine which hitherto had held such a prominent place upon them.

### As Others See Us.

THE Rev. C. H. Kelly, who was the representative from the English Wesleyan Conference to the recent M. E. General Conference in New York, in his report to his own Conference, made the following kindly reference to his brief visit to Canada:—

It was a great pleasure to me to take just a peep at Canada. Of course I visited Niagara and was struck by its wonders. The Rev. J. E. Lanceley, one of our ministers—as intelligent, brotherly and devoted guide, philosopher, and friend as one could wish, and who knew the region perfectly—showed me all that could be seen in our time.

My visit to Toronto was made most pleasant and instructive by the Revs. Dr. Potts, Dr. Sutherland, and Dr. Briggs, all real-hearted and brotherly Methodist ministers. An English Methodist visitor cannot fail to be impressed with the power and position of Methodism in the Dominion. We should be thankful for it. During the three or four days I spent in Canada, my heart often beat faster than usual, and a lump came into my throat more than once, because of the outspoken, enthusiastic loyalty to Old England on the part of Canadians. They cultivate a beautifully fine feeling toward the mother-country, and England should more and more cherish a strong love for her Canadian sons and daughters.

The Canadian men and women are a noble set; and the Canadian boys and girls, and young men and women, struck me as a splendid specimen of fine-looking and fine-spirited youth. In their schools, and among their volunteers that I saw, they impressed me most favourably.

It is a pity the British do not know more about their colonies, and do not understand and appreciate more highly their colonial fellow-subjects. We may well be proud of our connection with them. Take a few items about Canada:—

Canada is forty times as large as England, Scotland, and Wales; fifteen times the size of the