

Another Year.

ANOTHER year is fading
Into the shadowy past,
What it for me, my Saviour,
This year should be the last?
Could I, with joy recalling
The hours and moments gone,
Say I had well employed them,
Nor o'er one failure mourn?

Another year is passing,
And I am passing, too—
Passing from earth and earthly scenes
To those earth never knew,
What shall I plead when standing
Before the "Great White Throne"?
Nothing, O Christ, but thine own blood,
Thy righteousness mine own.

Another year is dying,
And time is dying, too,
And all things here below, with him,
Are passing out of view;
Passing as swiftly as our thoughts
Flit through our minds, then flee—
Oh, realizing facts like these,
What ought our lives to be!

Another year is adding
To those already dead.
Dead! will they never rise again?
Where, all the actions fled,
We surely yet shall meet again,
This old year and our souls:
His deeds will greet us yet, though now
Oblivion o'er him rolls.

We leave the year with Jesus
To sprinkle with his blood:
Jesus, the loving One, who once
As our sin-bearer stood.
We leave the year with Jesus,
And thus the weight is gone;
We trust the future all to him
Who all its weight hath borne.

John Wesley. By Rev. R. Green. London: C. H. Kelly; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, 50 cents.

John Wesley, His Life and His Work. By Rev. M. LeLièvre. Translated from the French by Rev. A. J. French. Eleventh thousand. Same publishers. Price, 35 cents.

The approaching centenary of the death of the founder of the original Methodist societies calls attention, universally, to his life and work. Enquiry is naturally made as to the best popular lives of Wesley in compendious form and of inexpensive price. Of course Southey's charming work will always be a classic on the subject, and Tyerman's exhaustive volumes leave nothing to be desired in fulness of detail. But the one is rather out of date, and the other too voluminous for busy people. We recommend, for a comprehensive view of the world-wide movement called Methodism, Dr. Abel Stevens' admirable "History of Methodism." For Sunday-schools and for busy people the choice, we think, will lie between the two volumes mentioned above. Mr. Green's little book is a careful study of the salient points of Wesley's life. It is plain in style, concise, and clear. Mr. LeLièvre's is the outcome of a need of the French Methodists for a volume on the origin of Methodism. His book, deservedly one of much merit, won a prize of a considerable value offered for such work. He invests his subject with the peculiar charm and vivacity which characterizes most French writers. His narrative is considerably more full than that of Mr. Green's, and is, moreover, the cheaper in price. The translator has done his part well, and preserved much of the characteristic vivacity and brilliancy of the original.

It is peculiarly fitting that the people called Methodists should study widely the remarkable career of the great man honoured of God in in-

augurating the religious revival of the eighteenth century. As the century since his death closes, he looms up, like Mont Blanc from Salanches above the lesser mountains, as one of the most conspicuous figures in that century. Canadian readers, especially, should study this life, because the year 1891 marks two important centennials: first, the introduction of Methodism to the provinces of old Canada, and secondly, the death, or translation rather, of the principal agent in the great world movement which has made of a despised and persecuted people the most numerous Protestant church in Christendom.

The Choir Boy of York Cathedral. By Rev. A. S. Twombly, D.D. Pp. 292. Price, \$1.25. Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago; William Briggs, Toronto.

In this book are collected five stories, each artistically illustrated and excellently printed. The stories are quite varied. That of the title gives a thrilling description of the burning of York Minster by a maniac. "God's Dove" tells of the rescue of a little girl from an old tower in Paris, during the siege, by means of a carrier-pigeon. "Pietro and Nina" are two children who stray into Rome and earn their living, Pietro by selling goat's milk, and Nina by her service in the Odoscalchi palace. In "The Best Possible Christmas" we have a fantastic child's dream. The longest, and in some respects the best, is "A Huguenot Story," a thrilling description of the abduction of a Huguenot boy, his life in and escape from a monastery, and his final return to friends after a bitter experience. Each of these stories is thoroughly interesting, and about Christmas-time especially the book will be wanted.

The Old Year.

BY MRS. MARY A. SMALL.

THE year has dropped her months one by one, "like an old monk telling his beads," until we are treading upon the verge; its hours are fast being numbered. It has brought to us many changes. Many home-circles have been broken; many graves made, not only in our cemeteries, but in hearts. The old year has added to the inhabitants of the unscen world, and yet we love the "OLD YEAR."

As we gaze down the months we are reminded of leaving a home in which we have long lived. When the members of the family have gathered all the movables they linger on the threshold and look back through every room. Here by the chimney corner is where mother sat; in yonder room the precious little ones first saw the light of day; and by yonder window some precious form lay cold in death. The happy bride here gave her hand to one who promised to love and cherish until death should come; and from this home they went forth strong in each other's love to battle with life's stern realities. No wonder our hearts linger around such memories.

And thus we linger on the threshold of the old year. We are ready to take our departure into the new. We have gathered all that we can carry with us, and that is so little. We look back into every month, and each brings to some heart distinct recollections. Each is dear. From them many have gone forth to battle in the great field of life, and many have fallen. Joys and sorrows strangely mingle in this life. I stood beside a casket. She who lay there was beautiful in death. A little time ago a bride, she was suddenly called, and her little one will never know a mother's love. All in one short year.

We entered upon this fast-fading year with many resolves to make it the best year thus far of life, but we look back with regrets. It is like a land-

scape where the shades richly blend; and viewing it thus, even though our hearts ache, we would leave it untouched. We turn our eyes toward Him who readeth the heart, and bowing before him, re-consecrate ourselves to his service, and thus hope fully step out into the new and untried year.

"I know not what awaits me,
God kindly veils mine eyes,
And o'er each step of my onward way
He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy he sends to me,
Comes a sweet and glad surprise."

Concentration in Prayer.

THERE is too much prayer that does not lay hold of the thing desired—too much catalogue prayer, that simply enumerates before God a long list of items in respect to which his benevolence might properly enough be exercised, but which do not enlist the vital sympathy of the petitioner. Such prayer is never prevailing, and seldom helpful. What Christians, and especially young, active Christians, need in their devotions is more concentration. Deeply realize the need of something, and then pray for it with a singleness of spirit which shall uplift the whole being and bring it, as it were, into the very audience-chamber of God. If you feel the need of personal purity above everything else, just leave the progress of the kingdom, the conversion of the heathen, the upbuilding of the visible Church, and every kind of general petition to him who knows infinitely and loves infinitely and blesses infinitely—leave these world problems to him, and cry out of the depths of your sin-sick soul: "O God, my Father, help me to be pure! O Christ, my brother, help me to be pure! O Holy Spirit, my comfortor, help me to be pure!" Let this be your prayer, and your only prayer, until your great need is answered.

So let it be with all your soul's deepest needs, and with all the deepest needs which you find in humanity about you. Do not pray about the bush. Select something; or, rather, let something get possession of you, and then pray for it with all your mind and soul and strength. One archer places five arrows in his cross-bow so as to be sure of hitting the target; but they all fall short. The other archer puts all the strength of his bow into one well-aimed shaft, and it flies swift and straight and quivers in the centre of the mark.

How Long are the Days?

THE following, showing the length of the day in different localities, is of interest. Far toward the north-pole the days stretch out into great length, the same being true toward the south-pole as well. As the days increase in length, the nights correspondingly shorten; and, *vice versa*, the long nights are mated with short days.

In London, England, and in Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and one-half hours. At Stockholm, Sweden, it is eighteen and one-half hours in length. At Hamburg, in Germany, and at Dantzic, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours. At St. Petersburg, Russia, and at Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is nineteen hours, and the shortest is five hours. At Tornea, Finland, June 21st brings a day nearly twenty-two hours long, and Christmas one less than three hours in length. At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21st to July 22nd without interruption; and in Spitzbergen the longest day is three and one-half months. At St. Louis the longest day is somewhat less than fifteen hours; and at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen hours. At Chicago and New York the days are a little longer than at St. Louis, those cities being situated farther north; while at New Orleans, farther south, they are shorter.—*Exchange.*