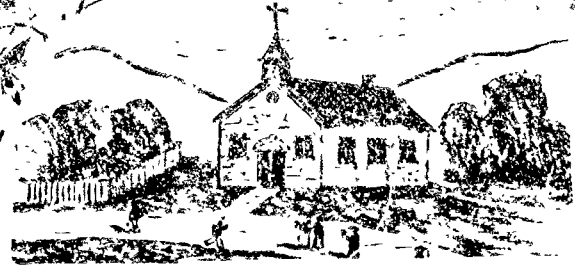


HOME



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1886.

IN the midnight, cold and drear,
Sadly the old year goes,
Bearing a burden of memories,
Of sins and joys and woes.

The load he carries each human soul
Has helped to heap it high;
Many to see him go are glad,
Many there be who sigh.

He goes to the years of the Past—
A stately and solemn band,
Each crowned with the rue and rosemary
They passed to the Silent Land.

Those who were blithe to see them go,
And those who have grieved full sore,
Shall meet and greet those years again
Whose conflict and strife are o'er.

There we shall take with a trembling hand
Our share from the burdened years,
Our morning's hope and our noonday's toil,
Our night of regret and fears.

The dreams and plans of our Springtide
fair,
That have long forgotten lain,
The thoughts and deeds of our Summer
time,
Our Autumn's scanty grain.

O! heavy the heart and sad the face
That must meet the past alone;
O! blessed who feel a nail-pierced hand
Is clasped around their own

Over the snow the New Year comes,
With a step that is light and free,
Give to him goodness and love and truth
To bear to Eternity.

A Flag for the New Year.

MEN like to fight under a flag. The flag that floats above them will have something to do with their victory or their defeat. Constantine, the Roman general, was about to fight a battle with Maxentius, the heathen usurper of Roman power. It is said that he had a dream in which he was counselled to adopt the cross as his emblem, stamping it on the shields of his soldiers, and then to go against the enemy. Another account says, that while praying, Constantine saw a shining cross in the sky, and the motto, "By this, conquer," and that the next night in sleep, Christ directed him to prepare a standard cross-shaped. Constantine did use a cross-standard, setting aside the old Roman eagles. He gained a victory that made him emperor of Rome, that made Rome a champion of the cross. The cross was a good flag to fight under.

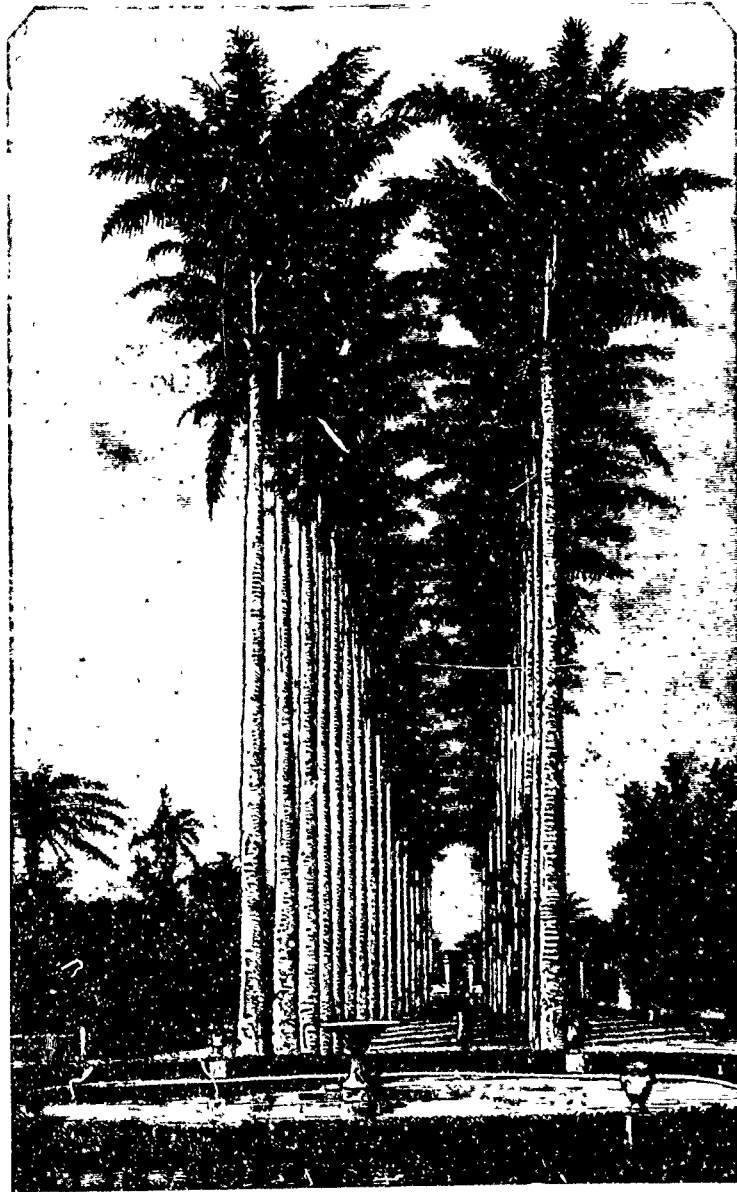
It is not necessary that our flag shall actually be a banner. It may be a motto that becomes a watchword, and helps men forward to victory.

Maurice of Holland was the son of William, Prince of Orange. The latter was killed by an assassin who was stimulated to this by the offer of a large reward by Philip of Spain.

The fiendish price put on the head of the noble prince was 25,000 gold crowns. Philip tried to crush out the liberties and the Protestantism of William's country; but William resisted him. After his father's death, Maurice took this as his motto, "The twig shall yet become a tree." He took as a device to set it forth, a fallen oak from whose

new duties of the year? This is a good flag for every young person, "Only one way and that the *right* way."

Ask each day what will be *right*, not what will be easy or popular. Finding out the right way, walk in it. Be sure, though, and make quick charge under that flag. Our standard may be the best in the world, but if we are



AVENUE OF PALMS—RIO DE JANEIRO.

root sprang a young sapling. The Spanish Government found out to its sorrow that it was no idle boast. The twig did become a tree—a tree that all the windy violence of Spain might blow upon but could not upset.

What shall be our motto, our flag this new year? Stimulated by what purpose will we move out to take up the

slow to move, we may be long in repenting our slowness. There was once a commander who told his men in very plain language to "fix bayonets, uncap muskets and go over the enemies' works. Let us, though, remember our flag, our motto, "Only one way and that the *right* way." Who will march under that flag? Hands up!

Rio de Janeiro.

RIO DE JANEIRO is the name of both a province and a city in Brazil. The city is the capital of the empire. It is situated on a noble bay of the same name—one of the finest harbours in the world. It has a population of 260,000, of whom some 40,000 are slaves. It is supplied with water by an aqueduct over a hundred years old, which conveys the water on a double series of arches over a wide, deep valley. It has street railways, omnibuses and ferries, and all the appliances of civilization, and is said to be the best lighted city in the world. Among its special attractions are two fine parks—part of one of which is shown in our engraving. The remarkable avenue of palms, with their straight, clean, mast-like trunks and the feathery foliage at the top, are the delight of every tourist. The city and the surroundings are very interesting. They will be made the subject of an instructive article in an early number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, with striking illustrations. See advertisement of special attractions of the *Magazine* for 1886 on last page.

Fight for a Happy New Year.

EVERY one who means to enjoy a happy New Year must *fight* for it. Yes, *fight* for it, and he must fight hard, and long, too, or he will be joyless all the long, long year.

Why must we fight? With whom must we fight? With what weapons must we fight!

We must fight because a mighty giant has invaded the children's world. This giant feeds, not on flesh and blood, like the giants in foolish story books, but on people's *happiness*. He is a great glutton, and loves to have a big dish full of children's joys before him constantly, on which he may feast all the time. He keeps several servants, whose work it is to slink into happy homes, steal joys from the hearts and carry them to their grim master. Now, if we don't fight this monster so diligent are his servants and so vast is his appetite that he will not leave one bit of happiness for a single one in all this great land. He will fill it with sad, weeping, cross, miserable, wicked children. Up, then, and at him, bravely!

Who is this giant? Who are his servants? His name is SELFISHNESS! His chief servants are *Self-will, Bad Temper, Hatred, Envy, Malice, Prids, Vanity, Falsehood, Gluttony, and Laziness*—a vile crew who prowl round happy homes like wolves about quiet