

the good providence of God. His closing years passed in hallowed and congenial toil at Lutterworth. For two years previous to his death, he suffered from partial paralysis. But his high courage, his earnest zeal, his fervent faith, were unimpair'd to the last. While breaking the bread of the Lord's Supper to his beloved flock, the final summons came. Standing at the altar with the sacred emblems in his hand, he fell to the ground, deprived at once of consciousness and speech. He left no words of dying testimony, nor needs there such. His whole life was an epistle, known and read of all men. His spirit passed away from earth on the last day of the year 1384.

ENGLISH MARTYRS.

Yet he did not all die. In the hearts of thousands of faithful followers his doctrines lived. In the troublous times that came upon the realm, his disciples bore the glorious brand of "Gospelers," or Bible-men. Ay, and in the Lollards' Tower, on the scaffold, and amid the fires of Smithfield, they bore their witness to the truth that maketh free. The first of the noble army of martyrs, the smoke of whose burning darkened the sky of England, was William Sawtre, rector of St. Osyth's in London. Then followed John Bidbee, a humble tailor, who, denying the dogma of transubstantiation, avowed his faith in the Holy Trinity. "If every Host," he declared, "consecrated on the altar were the Lord's body, then were there twenty thousand Gods in England; but he believed in the one God omnipotent." The lofty as well as the lowly in like manner bore witness of the truth. Among the most illustrious victims of papal persecution was the gallant knight Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham. As his sentence was read, he answered, "Ye may judge my body but ye have no power over my soul," and, like his Master, he prayed for his murderers. As he walked to the stake, he refused the aid of an earthly priest: "To God only, now and ever present, would he confess, and of Him entreat pardon." His last words, drowned amid the crackling of faggots and the roar of the flames, were of praise to God. Such were some of the glorious fruits of Wycliffe's teaching in the generation following his own death.

Although removed by God's providence from the evils of those troublous times, yet the malice of his enemies suffered not the bones of Wycliffe to lie quiet in the grave. Thirty years after his death, the Council of Constance—the same council which, in violation of a plighted faith, burned the two illustrious disciples of Wycliffe, Jerome and Huss—wreaked its petty rage upon the dead body of the English Reformer, by decreeing that it should be disinterred and cast forth from consecrated ground. But not till thirteen years later was this impotent malice fulfilled. At the command of Pope Martin V., his bones were dug up from their grave, burnt to ashes, and strewed upon the neighbouring stream. "And so," observes Foxe, "was he resolved into three elements, earth, fire, and water; they think thereby to abolish both the name and doctrine of Wycliffe for ever. But though they digged up his body, burned his bones, and drowned his ashes, yet the word of God and truth

of His doctrine, with the fruit and success thereof, they could not burn, which yet to this day do remain, notwithstanding the transitory body and bones of the man were thus consumed and dispersed."

"The ashes of Wycliffe," to quote the words of Fuller, "were cast into a brook which entered the Avon, and they were carried to the Severn, from the Severn to a narrow sea, and from the narrow sea into the wide ocean; the ashes of Wycliffe thus becoming an emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all over the world."

"The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
So Wycliffe's ashes shall be borne
Where'er those waters be."

THE JUBILEES.

VOICE of a people suffering long!
The pathos of their mournful song,
The sorrow of their night of wrong!

Their cry, like that which Israel gave,
A prayer for one to guide and save,
Like Moses by the Red Sea's wave.

The blast that startled camp and town,
And shook the walls of slavery down—
The spectral march of old John Brown!

Voice of a ransomed race! Sing on
Till freedom's every right is won,
And slavery's every wrong undone!

THE "NEW YEAR CALL."

LITTLE did we think when Miss Brown offered a prize for Bible verses that it would end in a New Year call. Hattie learned the most—300 verses. When Miss Brown asked her what she would like to have, she answered, "I don't care for anything, please." Our teacher looked rather puzzled, but only said, "Think it over, Hattie, and let me know next Sunday."

Hattie did think it over, and the next Sunday asked Miss Brown "to please take the money and buy,"—but I guess I'll let you hear the story from our teacher, just as she told it to Mrs. McKie whom we favoured with a call.

We met in the pastor's study, and had a grand time in getting off. "Are you all ready?" asked Miss Brown with a smile. We answered with a merry "yes" and stepped out into the bright sunshine; although I don't think it was any brighter than the bright sunshine in our hearts. We were quite a procession, as we walked along. Our bundles gave us no end of trouble for they would keep coming undone; and two or three times we came to a halt—fearing their contents would be scattered on the street. "I really can't carry mine much further," at last exclaimed Carrie from behind the biggest bundle of all.

Miss Brown laughed, and we stopped again,—but this time to enter a store, and while the refractory bundle was being tied up more securely, we purchased, oh! such a pretty blue hood, and the most cunning little dress that ever you saw. Again we started out, and down into a dingy, dirty street we wended our way.

"Here we are!" said Miss Brown, as she pushed open a door of a large tenement house. How dark it looked up those stairs! We all held our breath, and little Belle exclaimed, "Oh my!" as we followed closely the steps of our teacher. Up, up we climb to the very highest storey, and

then waited in silence, as Miss Brown tapped gently at a door.

"Come in," a voice said. But such a small room! We filled it compactly as we walked in with our bundles; while a woman with a baby in her arms, and three children, stared at us in amazement. I'm sure I don't wonder that they did—for we were rather a big New Year's call. "This is my Sunday-school class," kindly explained our teacher, shaking hands with Mrs. McKie, and "we have all come to make you a New Year's call." "I'm sure I'm very glad to see you all," said the poor woman; and then she put the baby down, and got out an old rickety rocking chair for Miss Brown, while the little boy tried to find something for us girls to sit upon. The room was small, and there didn't seem to be much in it. The floor was bare, an old stove stood in the middle of the room, and there were no pictures on the walls. A door led into a small, dark bedroom; and though the bed was made up on two old boxes, yet everything looked neat and clean.

"Last Christmas," she went on to say, as we all seated ourselves, "I offered a prize to the scholar in my class who should in three months learn the greatest number of Bible verses. The little girl who won the prize, instead of accepting it, asked me to take the money and expend it on material with which to clothe a needy child. My class then proposed to make up the articles; so last summer they finished ten little garments, and we are here to-day to ask you to accept them for your little children."

I wondered afterward how Mrs. McKie felt at that moment, for there she stood, with the baby in her arms, not saying a word, and just looking at us. We were all a little embarrassed; but just then, the old rocking chair gave a solemn warning, and our teacher as suddenly arose,—just in time to escape a fall. We had to laugh then; and that seemed "to break the ice," for while Mrs. McKie carried the broken chair away, we girls, with quick fingers, were undoing our gifts. No wonder our bundles were big. We had

For the oldest boy, a nice warm suit. Stockings for feet, and a pair of boots; For Lillie and Freddie, our fingers had made Warm clothing complete; while Carrie—she gave To the mother an apron, and Hattie bestowed Books, tops, game and candies, the rest of our load.

It was just like what you read of in story books; we never thought they were so real before. Mrs. McKie thanked us again and again; the little girl, Lillie, fairly jumped up and down for joy, the boys were jubilant; and even the baby did its best to thank us, by joining in with its little voice. And how pleased the poor sick father was? He could scarcely hear our teacher, as she stood by the bedside speaking to him words of sympathy and encouragement; but his eyes brightened, as the little ones ran to him in their happiness.

Somehow, as we stepped out into the bustle of the street, our hands were lightened, a shadow from that home of poverty and suffering seemed to rest upon us. It was a new experience, and we walked very quietly beside our teacher on the way homeward. But the mother had promised to send all the little ones to Sunday-school on the morrow, and we felt sur-

she would keep her word. "I never thought," said little Belle, "that people lived so poor; it makes me feel real sad;" and this feeling was in all our hearts.

God was leading us out of self and into his love.

THE NEW YEAR'S COMING.

BY ELLA C. G. PAGE.

WHO cometh now along time's dusty way,
Beneath the last year's branches brown and sere,
Wrapped in a misty veil of cloudy gray,
Through which her eyes translucent shine
Like sparks of heaven's flame divine?
'Tis the New Year!
And the merry bells are chiming o'er forest,
hill and plain,—
"The Old Year dies at midnight, and the
New Year comes again."

What bearest thou, O Year, to us below?
Is it fair golden gifts, or promise dear
That strewed along life's path shall make it glow
With tender tints like sunset's rosy light?
Or dost thou bring us sorrow's midday blight?

Answer, O Year!
As loud the bells are chiming o'er forest, hill
and plain,—
"The Old Year dies at midnight, and the
New Year comes again."

And the New Year made answer to my quest
From lips serenely, gravely fair.
"I bear within my rosy arms close pressed
Full boughs of buds that yet shall bright
unfold
In blossom-bells of azure and of gold,
Hope's blossoms rare."

And still the bells are chiming o'er forest, hill
and plain,—
"The Old Year dies at midnight, and the
New Year comes again."

"I bear the golden, starry flower of Peace
To set above the nation's angry fray,
To bid all discords and all warning cease,
And brothers joined beneath one banner's fold
Shall sow the seed and reap the cornfield's
gold,
From day to day."

And sweet the bells are chiming o'er forest,
hill and plain,—
"The Old Year dies forever, and the New
Year comes again."

"I bring to some the signal of release
From all of earth—its weary round of
care;
The angel message of divinest peace,
The summons that shall open the radiant
door
To glories never thought or dreamed before,
To them I bear."

And joyous bells are chiming o'er forest, hill
and plain,—
"The Old Year dies forever, and the New
Year comes again."

"And smiling sweet among my gifts I stand
Amid the mortals on this whirling sphere,
An emblem evermore, a type most grand,
Of that bright goal to which the centuries
flow,
The goal of all man's days and years below,
Heaven's golden year."

And still the bells are chiming o'er forest,
hill and plain,—
"The Old Year dies forever, and the New
Year comes again."

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

BOYS, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe; with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas and rivers; with all its shipping, its steamboats, railroads and telegraphs; with its millions of darkly-grooping men, and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the boys of the present age? boys like you assembled in school-rooms, or playing without them? Believe it, and look abroad upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon its possession.