

Nip's New Year's Vision.

Nip was a newboy, small and thin;
Six years old he was at most;
Peach bloom cheek and dimpled chin
Never had much been his to boast;
A ragged bundle of bones and skin,
He looked no child, but a childish ghost.

From early dawn till the day grew dim
He cried his "news" through the crowded street;
Summer and winter alike to him,
Treading the stones with his naked feet;
A few more rags when the frost was grim,
And a hungrier stomach—and less to eat.

Poor little Nip, one New Year's night,
Famished and footsore, cold and spent,
Curled himself up as best he might
On his whisp of straw, and to sleep he went,
When, lo! as he lay there, still and white,
A wonderful vision to Nip was sent.

His rags were gone, and over his form
Fragrant waters there seemed to flow;
Then he was wrapped in a raiment warm,
And his senses steeped in a genial glow,
While a myriad of angels seemed to swarm,
Singing and fluttering to and fro.

And one that looked like a child, at last,
Took his hand 'twixt her tiny two,
And whispered: "Come to the New Year's feast
We have spread for you, and such as you:
North, and South, and West, and East,
They are clothed afresh and made anew!"

Then what a banquet did Nip behold—
Lying all white on his whisp of straw!
Dainties and dishes a thousand-fold,
More than waking, you ever saw,
In platters of silver, and cups of gold,
All for Nip of the hungry maw!

Ah! right royally Nip was fed
Then, with his hand 'twixt her tiny two,
"Come hither," softly the child-host said—
"One more joy there is still for you;
Come and rest on a dreamless bed;
Come, and our Father shall make you new!"

Balm for the sufferings manifold!
Sunk in a sweet and dreamless rest,
Gone the hunger and pain and cold—
Nip, in his vision rapt and blest,
That New Year's morning, at six years old,
Slept serene on the Father's breast!

Teachers' Department.

Vary the Exercises.

BY J. R. PANCHEN.

Let me urge superintendents to rise above conventional environments, and avoid the ruts of a stereotyped routine. Seek to sufficiently diversify the exercises of your school to ensure a stimulating freshness and vigour, and studiously exercise that tact and versatility which, if accompanied with patience and prayer, will assuredly vitalize your school with perennial grace. In these efforts to promote the efficiency and welfare of your school, keep as far removed as possible from anything bizarre or sensational; yet remember that your scholars are largely endowed with curiosity and imagination, and that tact for new adaptations, reverently used, will stimulate these God-given faculties into healthful activity and more readily prepare their minds for impressions of truth. How often the child-heart has been stirred by an unexpected appeal to the conscience, and thus been led to accept Christ!

The lamentable fact will be admitted that beyond the mere lesson of the day, the average instruction of the Sunday-school scholar in Biblical knowledge and religious history is usually meagre and unprofitable; yet such instruction, judiciously imparted, is necessary for the symmetrical development of a Christian life, and frequent occasion

should be afforded your school to secure it. The map, the blackboard, the book of travel, the microscope, and the newspaper, can be sanctified to your use in the school room, and their wise employment as Sunday-school accessories will surely receive the blessing of the Master. Use these adjuncts occasionally, and you will be surprised at the increased interest which they give to the lesson, the valuable testimony they add to the truth and the lasting impressions made upon the hearts and minds of your scholars.

A wise intermittance in your programme of exercises will be salutary, and a frequent sought for suggestion from your teachers will not be amiss. If a lesson-talk is expected from the class, let it be only occasional, sometimes as a prelude and sometimes as a review, but always with brevity, and after a silent prayer for the wisdom necessary for such a critical occasion. Remember, too, that since Paul was "all things to all men," you, the Sunday-school superintendent, should be many-sided, yet, withal, cordial, sincere, and sympathetic.

God invites the workers in his vineyard to use the freshest appliances and the best tools to be found in his workshop about us. He will surely sanctify the new use of old things, when prayerfully and properly employed, and will bless that facile handling of novelty which seeks to attract the youthful mind towards spiritual truths and love of God. Try new adaptations—glean in fresh fields—and you will surely meet with encouragement and reward.

"I Thought my Place was Here."

A SUPERINTENDENT.

THIS sentence, uttered by a lady-teacher in our school last summer, gave me an experience of genuine delight and gratitude. It was a touching token of the conscientious regard the speaker had for a class of young children, whom she has learned to love with unselfish devotion. The teacher had spent the week in a lovely spot, where the lake, the leafy wood, the healthful, invigorating air, and the genial beams of the sun, seem to vie with each other in making it a perfectly desirable place of rest and happiness. All these charms, to which were added a large company of genial friends, were lighter than air, as the thoughts of the faithful teacher turned to her dear class of little ones; and the result of this deliberation was the expression of the earnest words that head this brief article: "I thought my place was here."

Youth as a Time of Service.

AN ARGUMENT FOR THE EPWORTH LEAGUE.

THE Church of Christ, like every other institution, needs the inspiration and power that come from young blood. Do not think, young Christians, that you are merely undergoing preparation for effective service by-and-by; that the Church, with all its institutions and teachings, is simply a school in which you shall have reached maturer years. Youth itself is a period of service, and noble service, for Christ. For, in the first place, youth is the time for enthusiasm. It is the time when life's ideals are loftiest and strongest and purest. It is the time when the heart glows with the hope of accomplishment, when the mind is full of ambitions, and the soul sees visions of better things to come. We all know the value of enthusiasm in work; and therefore youth, with all its ardour and hope, is the time of especial fitness for Christian service.

Again, youth is the time of unspent energy. All its powers are full and unwearied. The pulses leap, the whole being, exults in vigour and fresh-

ness. Excite that life's promptness to constant activity. Youth is ever restless, ever putting itself forth in some form of growth, like the budding plant. Now let this unspooled strength, this vital energy, be consecrated to the service of God, and what mountains of opposition will it not remove and cast into the sea! Whenever and wherever a company of young Christians are banded together in the service of the Lord, there the work of the Church is prospering, there the kingdom is coming with power.

Finally, youth is the winsome time of life. Christ made a little child the type of the divine. Youth is attractive, winning. Its sympathies are quick and genuine. Life has not jarred the responsiveness of the soul, nor sad experience chilled its feeling. Bring, then, that warm heart to the altar of Christ, O youth! Consecrate that winning power, and God shall bless the sacrifice and the giver.

The North Wind.

HAVE you listened to the wind, my dears—
To the strong wind when it roars,
When it whistles about the windows
And rattles and shakes the doors?
Have you heard the soft wind whisper?
Did you list to the gentle breeze?
Have you heard the sad wind murmur
And sigh among the trees?
Have you listened to the glad wind—
To the fresh wind when it sings,
When it drives away the storm-clouds
And golden sunshine brings?
Shall I tell you about the winds, my dears,
And what they do and say—
What they bring to us as the seasons change,
Scarce resting by night or day?

Oh, mercely comes the north wind
From his haunts of ice and snow,
With his breath so cold
And his strength untold,
Over the earth to blow.

He tosses the wintry clouds on high
And sends the frost from the clear cold sky;
The birds and the brooks will cease their song;
The flowers will die if he tarry long;
But the children's hearts must grow bold and strong,
For to work, to work, is the north wind's song.
Then cheerily, steadily work away—
The cold, bold north wind blows to-day.

A Rich Gentleman.

AN INCIDENT IN A FOURTH AVENUE CAR.

ALL the seats were occupied, when an old, poorly-dressed woman entered at Forty-second street. The first to offer his seat was a well-built, clean-cut gentleman—his face smooth shaven and firm, his eyes clear and alert, his whole bearing engaging and graceful.

The poor old woman was one of the loquacious creatures who often talk away in an innocent manner to strangers, and so, after thanking the man who had given her a seat, she told him of her trip to New Jersey to see her married daughter. She wanted to go to the Christopher-street ferry, she said, and didn't know how to do it. Her new acquaintance listened politely to all she said, and assured her that he would see that she was transferred to the blue car at Eighteenth-street, which runs to the ferry.

The gentleman's bearing toward the simple old woman was gaining the admiration of every one in the car. He was so patient and good-natured with her. At Eighteenth-street he stopped the car. Just then the desired other car shot across. Rushing to the front platform, the obliging gentleman called loudly to the driver of the cross town car. Then he helped the old woman from one car to another, ran back, and smiled good-humouredly over the trouble he had been put to.

The writer recognized the good Samaritan. He was *Cornelius Vanderbilt*.—*New York Sun*.