

**The Years.**

The years roll on the happy years  
That held no thought of coming tears,  
When full and clear arose Life's song  
When years were gay and hope was strong.

The years roll on the solemn years  
With all their freight of care and tears.  
Of burdens borne, of woes we brave,  
Of hands unclasping at the grave.

The years roll on—the varied years  
So much of light and dark appears  
Along this chequered path of Life,  
The days of dalliance or of strife.

The years roll on—the tender years  
The time can soften bitterest tears;  
And memory, with her gentle palm,  
Lays on the aching heart a balm.

The years roll on—the blessed years  
For heaven's light our darkness cheers;  
And 'mid the changes of our lot,  
Who walketh with us changes not.

Though years roll on, and day by day  
The sands of life wear fast away,  
Guide, Saviour, even to the shore  
Where time and change shall be no more.

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**Home & School:**

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D. Editor.

TORONTO, JANUARY 5, 1881.

**Our Mission Work.**

Letter from Ficher River, Indian Mission, N. W. T.

I PROMISED you long ago to write again about our school. Although long in fulfilling I have not forgotten my promise. I failed to see what struck me as likely to be of any special service or interest to those who wish us God speed in our work.

For the past few weeks we have seen fruit calculated to cheer all who labour for the welfare of our Indian School.

There has been all along a good large attendance, running from 55 to 80 per Sunday; but lately there has been much sickness and some deaths among our S. S. children. Some weeks ago a little girl some nine years of age, who met in my Sunday morning class and was very regular at Sunday-school, was taken ill and I went to see her at different times, giving her what aid I could medically, and conversing with her at the same time on religious subjects. We thought danger was past, and I started off on a long and dangerous trip, getting back in ten days. I at once enquired how Sarah was, and was told she was getting better.

Just as I was about to start on a short visiting tour to see Sarah and others who were ill I was told that

she was "no more." I went on to the house, and in conversation with her mother was told that Sarah had told her family "That she was near death, but not afraid to die. That God was near to her. She told them also not to weep hard for her after she was gone." She slept in Jesus.

Passing on to see another of our S. S. children I found her too very low and not expecting to recover. She told me herself that she expected soon to pass away. She was not afraid to die. Her trust was in Christ.

These things give us encouragement. And although often cast down we are not without evidences that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the same mighty power to-day that it ever has been.

We have written the above, we trust, for the glory of God, that all friends of Indian Missions may thank God and take courage. Their givings and earnest prayers are not lost.

In that great day many a dusky son and daughter of the forest will shine amid the blood-washed ones; and all who have by giving and prayers upheld the Missions established among them will know then, as they cannot know now, how great was the work done. Yours in the bonds of the Gospel of Christ. A. W. ROSS.

**Book Notices.**

*Canadian Methodist Magazine for December.* Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$2 a year, \$1 for six months.

Contents:—The closing number of the 18th volume of this MAGAZINE is one of the best yet issued. It has three copiously illustrated articles—Royal Palaces of England, Winter Health Resorts in the South, and the close of Stanley's Dark Continent—and other articles of special interest.

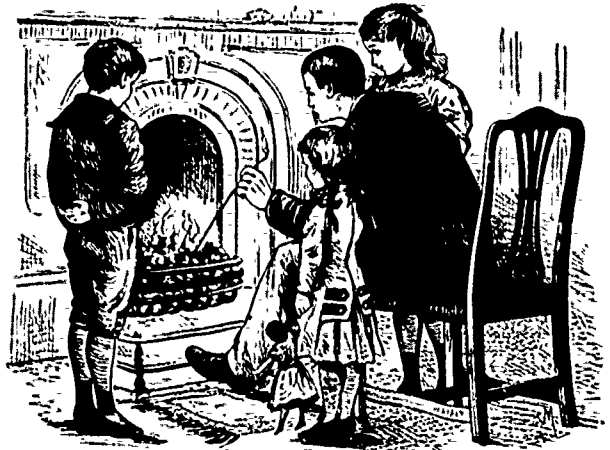
**THE ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1884**

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A VERY SMALL GAS-FACTORY.

orders to the Lutheran Publication House, No. 42 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

The Pansy proves afresh that a periodical in which so much space is devoted to Sunday reading, may be edited and filled with as much brightness and talent as the secular magazines. Its religious stories are as entertaining and strong as the matter in *Wide Awake* and *St. Nicholas*. Like them, it has its serials, its short stories, its poems, its articles, its profusion of illustrations, its regular prospectus for the coming year—in short, it makes Sunday reading for the young as attractive as the popular magazines of the day. The volume begins with the November number. 75 cents per year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

The Pansy is only one of four periodicals issued by this House. *Babylonia*, 50 cents a year, *Our Little Men and Women*, \$1.00 a year, and *Wide Awake*, \$2.50 a year.

**A Very Small Gas-Factory.**

It was a cold November evening, and we were all cozily seated in the library, near the open grate-fire. Eddie had just been telling us what he saw at the gas-works, which he had visited that day with his papa.

Now, some children see a great deal more than others at the same places; for they use their eyes. They look at things carefully, and remember what they see. And, as Eddie had kept his brown eyes very wide open this day, he had a great deal to tell us.

When he had finished, his papa said, "If you have a clay pipe in the house, I will make some gas for you right here in this grate." The children were delighted, and rushed off in different directions to look for the pipe.

Their papa often tried little experiments of different kinds, which taught them a great deal. He was always ready to answer their questions, and had a way of explaining everything so clearly, that they liked his experiments even better than their playthings.

Little Emma was the first to come back; but her pipestem turned out to be only a slate-pencil,—at which we all had to laugh. The real pipe was soon found, though, and then papa sent Eddie into the yard for some clay.

"Will common mud do, papa?" he asked. "No, I must have clay. Can you tell the difference?"

Eddie thought he could, and in a few minutes came in with a little tin

cup of real clay. Papa filled the bowl of the pipe with small bits of coal. You know coal is made up of coke and gas, and, when it is heated, the gas rises up out of the coal, leaving only the coke.

In the gas-works there are large tanks to catch and hold the gas, and let it out into large iron pipes which lie underground in the streets, and from them into smaller iron pipes which go through our houses.

After papa had put in the coal, he took wet clay and spread over the top of the pipe like a cover, pressing it down hard and tight. Then the bowl of the pipe was put in the hottest, reddest part of the fire, and covered with hot coals. The end of the stem was left sticking out; and very soon smoke was seen coming out at the end.

Papa held a lighted match there, and this smoke burned as brightly as any gas you ever saw. There was a shout of delight; for the little ones like to see an experiment succeed.

Then Eddie, who had, as usual, been using his eyes, and thinking about what he saw, asked, "What did you put that wet clay over the bowl of the pipe for, papa?"

"The clay bakes in the fire and makes a hard, tight cover, which keeps the gas from coming out at that end and burning up in the fire," was the answer.

They all seemed to understand now how gas was made, and were delighted when papa promised to try another experiment for them in a few days.

**A Happy New Year.**

Yes, and not merely on New Year's day—or the first month of the year, but through all the circling seasons. In the bright and joyous spring time, when the streams break their icy bonds, and the leaves and flowers burst forth in beauty; in the sultry summer-tide, when the angler seeks the shade of the trees beside the water brooks; in the fruitful autumn when the maidens rest upon the stile after gleaming in the fields; in the stormy winter when the woodman and his son bring home faggots for the fire. All the year round may health and happiness be yours. That the year may be happy. Seek God's blessing every day. Without His smile, whatever else you have you are poor indeed; without you can never want. "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."