

What words can fittingly describe the change, the vast land with its teeming millions, its hives of busy industry, its great wealth, its boundless resources, its agencies for good?

And Canada, fair Canada! Then she had a few small centres on her water fronts of ocean, lake, and river, the nuclei of cities yet to be; while vast unbroken forests and prairies vaster still and more unknown, led to the wildest and most inaccessible and seemingly most valueless of all, the wilderness of snow-topped mountain rocks, that in serried rank on rank, six hundred miles from front to rear, stand guard eternal at the gateway of the west.

And now, a nation too, though daughter in her mother's house, yet mistress in her own, her streams driving industries and bearing the product of these industries to the markets of the world; her fertile valleys and plains yielding their rich plenty, her once unvalued rocks beginning to show their hidden millions, the earnest of the treasures untold which they shall yet reveal; while into her unoccupied territories is pouring from every land material for nation building. Much of it is raw material and needs long and patient work to hew it into shape, intellectually, nationally, morally, spiritually. But if as builders we are faithful to duty and opportunity, the structure will in time be goodly in kind, as great in extent.

In another and very sad way the last New Year of the Century is marked. Our Empire is involved in a war of greater magnitude in the effective fighting power she is putting forth than any she ever had in all her history, and greater in proportion to her strength than any she has had for nearly half a century.

But cruel as it is, it has this sad satisfaction, it is a war to which she was compelled, a war forced upon her by invasion of her territory when she was asking treaty rights for her subjects, a war that thus far has been wholly in British territory and in defence of that territory, a war for the integrity of the Empire, and through that for the best interests and peace of the world. May the year that opens in storm, have long before its close the sunshine of lasting peace.

It matters not what one's regular calling may be—the commonest daily work, or the most lowly office, or the highest duty of earth—whatever it is, it must always be the first in one's thoughts and in the occupation of one's time. There must be no skimping of one's daily task. Even a prayer meeting is not so sacred as one's ordinary duty which fills the same hour, and it will not be right to go to the prayer meeting when in doing so tasks for that hour are left undone.—Forward.

#### DEATH OF DWIGHT L. MOODY.

Few men, in this or any other age, have left their impress more wide and deep upon the world for good than he who passed away at Northfield, 22 Dec. Great and good men, while doing good along every line that offers, usually give their chief help to the world along some special line. Wilberforce and Gladstone did so in legislation, Carey and Morrison and Duff and Geddie in uplifting some part of the heathen world, Sir William Dawson in the wider opening of God's two books, nature and revelation, and in shewing the beautiful harmony between them, Moody in preaching the Gospel in great world centres and founding his well-known schools. The results of his life work in men and women won from sin to God, in new forces for good set in motion, in other lives stimulated to work, can never be measured by man.

The secret of his constant success has often been asked and variously answered. It is no mystery. A perfect workman with a good instrument always does good work. The worker in this case was God. The instrument was D. L. Moody. The instrument was one of the best of its kind, in body, mind and soul. Keen, alert, brave, wise, good, with strong common sense and a warm heart, he was a MAN in largest capitals. Henry Drummond said years ago, and Sankey repeated a few days ago: "He was the greatest 'human I ever met.'" The secret of his power and success, therefore, was that this splendid instrument gave himself unselfishly and unreservedly into God's hand, to be used by Him and through Him; and with him God wrought, unhindered by the selfish aims and the self-seeking that are so often put in His way by our selfishness and self-consciousness. A man whose powers are completely surrendered to God to be used by Him as He will, always does effective work because God works in him without let or hindrance, and the more complete the human instrument, as a rule, the better the work.

Moody's last hours were in keeping with his life. At eight in the morning he knew that the end was near, and said "God is calling me. Earth is receding. Heaven is opening." Between that and noon he was quite conscious, except two or three short fainting spells. Among other expressions that he used were, "No pain, no valley." Again, "If this is death it is not bad at all, it's sweet." Later—"I have been inside the gates. This is my coronation day. It is glorious."

Few, if any, can fill so great a place in the world's religious history, but each can fill the place God wants him to fill. The highest encomium heaven has to bestow is "Well done, good and faithful." And who-soever will may receive it.