

**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 fears;  
Of bardic borus, 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  
That can so often soften bitter 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.

**A FLAG FOR THE NEW YEAR.**

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

MEN like to fight under a flag. The flag that floats above them will have something to do with their victory or 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 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 uproot.

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

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 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!

**TOBACCO FOR BOYS.**

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Public Ledger* says:

"I used tobacco over twenty-one years, and it did not get me to drinking. Seven years of that time I was on a committee having charge of a benevolent work among the prisons and reformatories of New York City. The experience led me to believe that the following conclusion of an investigation of the subject in one of the great Northern State prisons was correct—namely, that of seven hundred male convicts there then, court records showed six hundred were there for crime done under the influence of liquor, and that with five hundred of these the use of tobacco was the very beginning of intemperate habits. I was so vividly impressed with this as true that, though more intensely loving to smoke than most men, I dared not let my example with boys—especially those coming out of the reformatories—be on the side of what I have come to believe to be one of the most terrible temptations of the age." . . . The French and German governments have come to recognize smoking by boys so great an enemy to their moral and mental conditions as to prohibit its use by those having government aid in getting an education. Some of the States are moving in this direction, but few of them act with the vigour demanded from even a politico-economic standpoint.

**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, Pride, Vanity, Falsehood, Gluttony, and Laziness—a vile crew who prow round happy homes like wolves about quiet sheepfolds. They will even steal away the joyousness of Christmas and of New Year's Day, and get children to quarrelling over their presents' Barefaced robbers! They ought to be whipped out of every house in the land.

If you would be happy you must fight this giant and all his crew with all your might. Love must be your sword. It has two edges—love for Jesus, and love for all your friends. Your shield must be faith—a hearty belief that Jesus loves you. The giant and his servants are afraid of that Sword. They shrink from the tiniest child that wields it boldly. Their fiery darts are not sharp enough to go through the shield of faith. Fight this giant, therefore, with the sword of love, and 1888 will be to you a happy New Year indeed.

Here is a prayer in rhyme for the New Year. Sing it.

Along the ever-rolling tide,  
Our little bark unceasing glide,—  
Without a sail, without an oar,  
To yonder vast, eternal shore.

Almighty Saviour, help and save,  
Or we must perish in the wave;  
Our Pilot and our Captain be,  
While we commit our all to thee.

For all thy care in former days  
Accept our feeble hymn of praise;  
And fix our anchor as we sail,  
Of glorious hope, within the veil.

Safe past the rocks and shoals of time,  
Conduct us to a purer clime;  
And when we reach the port of bliss,  
We'll sing a nobler song than this:

"Glory to God in the highest, and  
on earth peace, good will toward men."

WHAT is a dram-shop? Let us have a just interpretation of it. It is a manufactory not only of paupers but of incendiaries, madmen and murderers. Is such an institution, if I may dignify the abominable thing by that respectable name, compatible with the public safety? No. I deny that civil government is faithful to its great province while it suffers the dram-shop to be in existence, so long as it establishes and permits it. The civil government that allows this enemy to the safety of person and property is unworthy of the name of civil government.—Garrett Smith.

**A LEGEND OF THE FLIGHT INTO EGYPT.**

"ARISE, and take the child and his mother into Egypt," and they fled through the solemn darkness of the night.

The next day they came upon a man sowing corn. Some mysterious influence attracted him to the travellers. From the countenance of the mother, or from the earnest eyes of the child she bore in her arms, a softening gleam of grace descended into his heart. He was very kind to them, and permitted them to cross his field, and the young mother, folding her babe yet more closely to her heart, leaned forward, explaining to him that they were pursued by enemies, "And if they come this way," said the sweet, love voice, "and ask if you have seen us"—

"I shall say you did not pass this way," was the eager interruption.

"Nay," said the blessed mother, "you must speak only the truth. Say 'They passed me while I was sowing this corn.'"

And the travellers pursued their journey. The next morning the sower was amazed to find that his corn had sprung up and ripened in the night. While he was gazing at it in astonishment, Herod's officers rode up and questioned him.

"Yes, I saw the people of whom you speak," said he. "They passed while I was sowing this corn."

Then the officers moved on, feeling sure that the persons seen by the sower were not the Holy family, for such fine ripe corn must have been sown months before.—Ruth O'Connor

**Child's Prayer at Sea.**

Jesus keep me on the billow,  
Let thine arm around me be,  
Let thy bosom be my pillow,  
While I sail the rolling sea.

M. E. L.

**THE BRANT.**

THIS bird is lazy and slow in its flight. Let me tell you about one of its ingenious devices to save itself trouble.

It never dives for its food. It waits until low tide, when the mud-flats are bare, and then it waddles about among the rock-weeds and water-plants, and tears up by the roots in great quantities beat suited to its taste.

When the tide comes in, the surface of the water is covered with the weeds, and the lazy bird floats idly about and feeds at its leisure.

When the spring comes, the Brant starts on its long northward journey—some say to the north pole.

Certain it is that it goes far out of reach of the most curious naturalist, and that nothing whatever is known of its nest or eggs, or its habits while rearing its young.—By F E Glifford, in *St. Nicholas*.

Be gentle and obliging to your brothers and sisters, and all with whom you come in contact.