

small table, covered with a white cloth, was placed before us, then after singing

"Be present at our table, Lord,"

The different courses were served up. After tea speeches were made by Rev. Cuyler and Hopkins, one chief, and several others, then singing and prayer, and all dispersed.

Two of the young men had dressed the Christmas trees, and when the Chinese lanterns were lighted they looked quite beautiful. The programme consisted of several speeches, singing, accompanied by the organ, and last, but not least, the distribution of gifts. These were chiefly supplied from the mission-house, not one in theillage being forgotten. A few others also contributed. Every one seemed pleased, and declared that this meeting was "slip kloshe" (the first best). So ended my first Christmas on a mission field.

We were very tired. The last few weeks had indeed been busy ones, and next day resolved to rest, but had scarcely settled ourselves to that when we again received a call, this time to witness their old heathen way of feasting and enjoyment. Some parts were laughable—some were hideous. Fortunately it was a grave offence—often death—to laugh during the performances or to recognize one of the actors, but this day the house rang with laughter, and we freely conversed with the actors, yet there was something in the whole that made me shudder. At the close of this speeches were made, in which the parties told of their gladness in having been shown the new and better way, and several prayers were offered thanking God for the light of the "glorious gospel of Jesus Christ."

The whole holiday week was spent in feasting, etc., but during all not a service was neglected, nor did they allow their feasts to infringe on the time of service.

The last revival service was held on watch-night. It was a solemn meeting, but blessed. During the watch-service, professions were renewed in humble dependence upon God. The last ten minutes were spent in silent prayer. Then as the bell tolled out the old, and rang in the new year, the church rang with

"In the sweet bye and bye,  
We shall meet on that beautiful shore."

My letter is already long, and, lost a weary you, I shall close. With best wishes to all, yours in Christian love,  
E. A. REINHART.

It is a good thing for a weaver in a mill, who is in monotonous duty, rather discouraging in some of its details, to think of himself not as an "operative" at a dollar and a quarter a day, but as an essential factor in God's work for the world. It is a good thing for a boy on a prairie in Dakota to remember, as he oils the running gear of the reaper, that he is the person whom the God of Heaven has chosen so that the prayer for daily bread of some sailor in Alaska or some old woman in the Scotch Highlands may be answered. It is a good thing for any of us, who want to know God, to accept this great offer of partnership which He has made to us, and to work not as separate speculators, on our own capital in our own way, but as fellow workmen together with Him.—Edward Everett Hale in "How to Know God," in The Chautauquan for April.

Canada.

By WILLIAM H. RUSSELL.

HAIL, Canada, home of the free!  
Long may thy flag with Britain's wave  
O'er the fair land, whose liberty  
Has ne'er been marred by foot of slave!

A glorious heritage is thine—  
Of noble deeds, and lofty aim,—  
Source of a power almost divine  
To inspire the soul with patriotic flame:—

Heroes, alike, who battles gained,—  
Or for United Empire—lost,  
Who naught but loyalty retained,  
And for thy flag the border crossed.

O patriot hosts! your fame how fair!  
Brightening as age on age rolls on;  
Be ours to guard, with grateful care,  
The treasures by your conflicts won.

Endowed with full self-government, [I have,—  
Vast realms whose bounds three oceans  
Thy task their grand development!  
What more can nation have?

On every sea, by every coast,  
Thy ships sail forth, fair oildes to greet;  
Of rank the third, thy seamen coast  
In wide worlds' merchant fleet.

Free to retain the ancient tie,—  
Love's golden link,—to Britain's throne,  
For which thy patriots dared to die:—  
Yet, free to stand alone!

Conscious of manhood's ripening power,  
The heroes of thy storied past  
Are reproduced in danger's hour,  
When sweeps rebellion's blast.

Yes, amid the leaden storm, thy call  
Fired loyal souls—like flaming torch,—  
Vigilant to be—or nobly fall!  
Witness their charge, Batoche!

Self-sacrificing, valiant, strong—  
To guard with life their country's fame!  
What nobler traits to those belong  
Who boast a nation's name?

O Canada, speed on thy course  
True to thy past! bid changelings wait,  
'Till federation's growing force  
Unites an empire great.

For Britain shall her lustre shed  
On myriad states in compact bound,  
Not colonies—but empire,—spread  
Wherever British hearts are found.

In that grand phalanx, thine shall be  
A foremost place, high in esteem;  
And thy brave sons shall glory see,  
Surpassing far their proudest dream!

O Canada, thy destiny  
Of splendor may thy statesmen find,  
Pledge of the coming harmony,  
"The federation of mankind!"

MONTREAL, 1886.

The Young Man of Principle.

A YOUNG man was in a position where his employers required him to make a false statement, by which several hundred dollars would come into their hands that did not belong to them. All depended on this clerk's serving their purpose. To their vexation, he utterly refused to do so. He could not be induced to sell his conscience for any one's favour. As the result, he was discharged from the place.

Not long after, he applied for a vacant situation, and the gentleman, being pleased with his address, asked him for any good reference he might have. The young man felt that his character was unscathed, and so fearlessly referred him to his last employer.

"I have just been dismissed from his employ, and you can inquire of him about me."

It was a new fashion of getting a young man's recommendations, but the gentleman called on the firm, and found that the only objection was that he was "too conscientious about trifles." The gentleman had not been greatly troubled by too conscientious employes, and preferred that those entrusted

with his money should have a fine sense of truth and honesty; so he engaged the young man, who rose fast in favour, and became at length a partner in one of the largest firms in Boston.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Even unscrupulous men know the worth of good principles that cannot be moved.

A gentleman turned off a man in his employ at the bank, because he refused to write for him on Sunday. When asked afterwards to name some reliable person he might know as suitable for a cashier in another bank, he mentioned the same man.

"You can depend upon him," he said, "for he refused to work for me on the Sabbath."

A gentleman, who employed many persons in his large establishment, said, "When I see one of my young men riding for pleasure on Sunday, I dismiss him on Monday. I know such a one cannot be trusted. Nor will I employ any one who even occasionally drinks liquor of any kind."

Honour the Sabbath and all the teachings of the Bible, and you will not fail to find favour with God, and with man also.—Illustrated Temperance Tales.

Silently Sleeping.

By REV. J. LAWSON.

SILENTLY the infant sleeps  
While the mother o'er it weeps;  
She has lost her darling child,  
Cannot now be reconciled;  
Still it sleeps, released from pain,  
All those tears are shed in vain.

Silently the brother sleeps,  
While the sister o'er him weeps;  
She has lost her noble brother,  
Ne'er will she have such another;  
Still he sleeps, free from all pain,  
Never here to wake again.

Silently the sister sleeps,  
While the brother o'er her weeps,  
He has lost his gentle sister,  
When she died, oh, how he miss'd her!  
Lonely now he sits and weeps,  
But the sister coldly sleeps.

Silently the mother sleeps,  
While the father o'er her weeps;  
Round her, see, the children stand,  
Kissing the cold, lifeless hand;  
Death has come to her release,  
Still she sleeps in quiet peace.

Silently the father sleeps,  
While the mother o'er him weeps;  
Children sadly gather near,  
Gazing through the dimming tear;  
But he heedeth not who weeps,  
Quietly the father sleeps.

Silently we thus shall sleep—  
While our friends shall o'er us weep—  
'Till the trumpet of God shall sound,  
Ringing through the earth around;  
Ourselves sleep will then be o'er,  
We shall wake to sleep no more.

The Lifeboat.

"A SHIP on the sands! a ship has struck!" was the cry that rang through a little fishing village, one stormy day in November.

Between two and three miles out to sea there were some treacherous sands, which were neatly uncovered at low water, and on which many fine ships had been wrecked. The day was stormy and wild, the rain fell, the wind was high, lashing the waves to fury, and the ill-fated ship was aground on the sands! Rocket after rocket was sent up to tell the tale of their peril to those on shore.

The rockets were seen, and the lifeboat was quickly taken out and put on a cart, and driven across the sands that it might be launched at the nearest point to the ship. The crew, with

their oars and life-belts, followed it; brave, true men, risking their lives to save their fellow-creatures. The wives and children of the fishermen, and a few friends, struggled over the sands through the storm to cheer the noble lifeboat men, and to do what they could to help.

It was an awful time. The hungry waves looked ready to engulf the ship and drag it down; it shivered and staggered with every wave, and seemed ready to sink in a moment. The lifeboat was soon launched, and started amid the cheers and prayers of those on shore, who watched it with straining eyes, as now it floated on the top of a wave, and then was almost lost to sight deep down in the trough of the billows.

After what seemed a long, long time to those on shore, the boat was seen returning full of saved ones. Glad cries and welcomes greeted them, eager hands were stretched out to help them, and the lifeboat was pulled on shore with many hearty cheers, as it was known that all on board were saved, and that though the ship was rapidly sinking no lives were lost.

How much we rejoice when life is saved at sea, how much we admire the brave men who risk their lives to save others, but oh, how little we think of the love of the Lord Jesus, who not only risked His life, but "gave it up," that we might be saved from everlasting death and misery!

Are you in the lifeboat, dear child? That is, have you come to the Saviour, and are you now sailing on over the seas of this world to the bright land on the other side of the sea? If so, live for Jesus, shine for Him, and do all you can to bring others to Him, too.—Every Youth's Paper.

Making a Choice.

SOME years ago two lads were standing at the corner of one of our streets. They were talking earnestly. There was a little meeting at the chapel near, and one was trying to persuade the other to go; both were sons of Christian parents, both were brought up under all good influences.

"I am going to the chapel to-night. Father expects it; our minister expects us; our Sunday-school teacher expects us; everybody who thinks most of us expects us to be there. I am going. Come, you go, too."

"Oh, I can't. I don't want to be a Christian. I won't be. I am not ready; but I know I shall if I go, so I shan't go."

"And I shall," said his companion. One went one way, the other the other way. Each made his choice, and it proved to be a choice for life. Augustus joined a Christian church, and is an earnest, pious man, a rising lawyer, beloved and honoured. James turned his back upon God and His church. To-day he keeps a gambling house, and has just been heavily fined for a drunken fight. When we make a choice, we take the consequences which follow from it.—Exchange.

We have for some time charged extra rates for brewers and persons engaged in the manufacture or sale of beer and spirits, even when the applicants themselves were abstemious men, for we fear that persons so engaged cannot keep so near the fire without getting burned.—Equitable Life Insurance Company.