The Old Year and the New. Listen to the midnight bell. Tolling out the old years knell, O'er our hearts there comes a spell As we sadly say "Farewell" And we pender o er the past. Byes are dim and overcast, Silently falls many a tear, As we part with thee-Old Year!

Sensons come and seasons go, Summer flowers and winter's snow, Like the ocean's ebb and flow Joy and pain, and weal and woo! Birthday greeting—glad and gay— Wedded hearts are linked for aye. Not a churchyard—but a mound, Tells what reaper Death hath found.

Yet we welcome thee. Now Year, And approach thee without fear; Though we know not what may be Portion'd out for us in thee. Let us hope, and watch, and pray. Growing wiser day by day; Learning lessons from the past— As this year may be our last!

Though the dear Old Year must go. Shrouded in a sheet of snow! May the snow an emblem be Of the New Year's purity!
As our footsteps in the snow Show the path we wish to go, May each day our record be Coming nearer, God, to thee !

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Pleasant Hours:

PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK. Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 31, 1823.

THE BOY'S OWN ANNUAL.

This goodly quarto comes in all i. splondour of crimson and gold. It makes wish we were a boy again, to have time to revel in its stirri...
stories of adventures in many lat.d.
and on many seas. It will nurture
sturdy patriotism and cultivate a sense
of that British imperialism engirdling
the globe which is being realized more
and more year by year. The wealth of
well-drawn nictures, many of them well-drawn pictures, many of them coloured plates, the numerous cartoons and "funnygraphs," give a very appetizing notion of the fun in store for its hoy readers.

It is not all fun either, for there is lots of solid sense and useful information interspersed, talks on electricity, photointerspersed, talks on electricity, photography, reading, telegraph, animal life, how to take care of birds and dogs. Among the stories are one by that boys' prime favourite, G. A. Henty. "Among Malay Pirates;" slso "A Belgian Hare," a school story, by Rev. A. N. Malan, M.A., F.G.S.; "Simon Hart," a strange story of science and the sea, by Jules Verne: "A Bedawin Captive," by Alfred Colbeck; "Nic Revel," by G. Manville Fenn, and "Reaping the Whirlwind," a tale of the Mormon border." This like the other issues of the Religious Tract Society, is issues of the Religious Tract Society, is a book which parents may confidently place in the hands of their young folk with the assurance that they will get from it only good, and develop robust and manly Christian character.

ou The Boy's Own and Girl's Own Annuals." London The Religious Tract cociets. Toronto William Briggs. Price. \$1.75.

THE UIRL'S OWN ANNUAL

This is a companion book in size, shape, and price to the Boy's Own, but it is somewhat sedate and less bolsterous -no pun intended. Indeed, it is quite young-ladylike, has pages of music, fancy work, art papers, cookery recipes, housekeeping hints, home nursing, and health hints, nature studies, "frocks for to-mornints, nature studies, "frocks for to-morrow," and other few, inine frivolities so
dear to the hearts of girls. Indeed, it
has quite a grown-up character. The
serials are, "Dr. Andre," by Lady Margaret Majendie; "The Grooves of
Change," "If Loving Hearts Were Never
Lonely," "In Spite of All," "Sisters
Three," and many short stories, sketches, poems, and pictures galore, several of them coloured plates,—everything to develop a beautiful womanhood. The marvel is how so much good reading can be furnished for so small a price.

BRAINERD AND THE RATTLE-SNAKE.

BY REV. EGERTON R. YOUNG.

After David Brainerd, the missionary to the Indians in the early days of New England, had succeeded in winning to Christ quite a number of the Indians of some of the tribes, his great heart went out in loving sympathy to a fierce tribe that had become very much soured and embittered against the whites. The white man's fire-water and greed in the early days of the country's history very much hindered the progress of genuine Christianity among the original inhabitants of this great continent

This savage tribe, to which Mr. Brain-erd resolved to carry the Gospel, lived in a place that was considered far away in the forest fastnesses. From this re-treat they used to make their stealthy raids upon the white settlers, who were coming into the new country.

To win these savage Indians to Christ so aroused Brainerd's ardour that, although he was in feeble health, and was opposed by his warmest friends, he resolved to go among them alone and unarmed, and tell the story of the love of God for all the human race.

Bidding farewell to his friends, some of whom wept at his departure, and all of whom declared they would never see him alive on earth again, he turned his face toward the wilderness, and began the long journey to the haunts of that savage tribe. He carried with him a little tent, and the few essentials he needed for existence in the forest while prosecuting his missionary work. He did not wish to increase their opposition to him by being a burden upon them.

Day by day he travelled on. He was never very strong, and so could not make much progress, burdened as he was. However, without being molested by any one, at length he reached the vicinity of the principal village of the tribe he was seeking. Here among the trees he pitched his little white tent, and then, ere he went the remaining distance that stretched between him and the wigwams of the Indians, he resolved to spend some time in prayer for another blessed assurance of the divine approval upon his attempt.

But while he was alone with God in his tent, other eyes had been upon him. The sharp eyes of some Indian hunters had been watching him as he wearily noved along, and then finally decided upon his camping-place. They, while upon his camping-place. They, while nid from his notice, had watched him as he pitched his tent, and had then hurried away to the village, and had told the chief and warriors what had been seen

of the doings of the white man.
Of course, there was a great deal of excitement among them. A hasty councll was held, and the audacity of this white man, coming in this manner into their country, and even daring to pitch his tent without their consent, was intolerable; and so it was unaut-mously decided that he must be killed. So a band of warriors was sent off with orders instantly to kill and scalp the rash white man, who had dared to invade their hunting-grounds.

Indians do not require much preparafor such expeditions, and so it was not long before those appointed for this work were ready and off. It did not take them long to reach the vicinity of the little white tent, which could be ob-

served in the distance among the trees.
Indians do not fight like the soldiers
or warriors of other nations. They prefer to act by stealth and cunning rather than by coming shoulder to shoulder, like civilized soldiers, in making their attacks upon their enemies. The amburende is ever preferable to the attack in the open ground. To get behind a tree or rock, and from that position to assail their foes, is ever their ambition.

So in this case, although informed that

tack when they reached the neighborhood of Mr. Brainerd's tent they his themselves in sheltered places, and walted for the white man to come out, that they might shoot him with their bows and arrows.

But while they waited, the man of God continued long in prayer. Doubtless he felt that at this critical time, when he was about to face these wild savages, he needed much of the companionship and help of Him who has said, "My presence shall go with you," and for that be pleaded, and would not be satisfied until he had received assurance that he should be prospered in his work.

The Indians had not his patience, and so they became tired of watching, and, after a whispered consultation among themselves, it was decided that three or four of them should noiselessly approach the tent and find out all that was possible about the white man, and then return and report to the others. Quietly and cautiously they approached the little tent, and, as everything was still, they at length reached it unob-

Cautiously looking in through the partially open curtains of the doorway, they saw the missionary on his knees, with his back toward them. So absorbed was he in his devotions that he was utterly unconscious of their presence. To them he seemed to be engaged in earnest conversation with some other person, whom they could not see, but who must surely be visible to him, or he would not con-

tinue to talk so earnestly to him.

As they gazed and listened, their superstitious natures were awed and subdued, and they felt that they dare not injure him; and still, in slience most profound, they watched him as though

riveted to the spot.

But, look! What is that? rattlesnake pushes its ugly head under rattlesnake pushes its ugly head under one of the ride curtains of the little tent, and comes gliding in. It moves along, and goes straight for the feet and legs of Brainerd. Over them it crawls, and, rearing itself up parallel with the kneeling man's back, it seems to threaten to strike its deadly fangs into his neck. However, it does nothing of the kind, and after a few more movements it glides out of the tent, under the curt in on the opposite side from that on which it entered, and disappears in the ong grass.

The startled Indians, with hands on

their tomahawks, had watched the movements of this venomous snake with in-tense but suppressed excitement. They knew well the nature of those poisonous snakes. That it had not stung the man over whose legs it had crawled was to them a great mystery. Here was something that completely amazed them. Noiselessly they drew back and joined their impatient comrades in the forest their impatient comrades in the forest. and with much quiet, rapid words, and many gestures, described to them what they had witnessed at the tent. also, when they heard the story, were strangely excited by it, and it was un-animously decided to return to the village, and report to the chief and tribe

what they had heard and witnessed.

In the meantime the missionary had been so engaged in prayer and communion with God that he knew nothing of the visit of the snake, or of the savage warriors who had come to destroy him. He had been so absorbed in his audience with Delty that he was oblivious to everything else. O'taining the assuring answer. which perhaps came to him as to one of old, "My presence shall go with you," he rose from his knees. and his Bible with him, proceeded to the village, little knowing how he would be welcomed by the wild savage people, received him as one under the immediate informed by those who had tried to dissuade him from venturing among them.

To his great astonishment and delight, it seemed as if the whole village, headed by the chief, came out to meet him, and welcomed him as if he were a long-absent, and now much-welcomed, friend. They treated him with great respect, and receive him as one under the immediate protection of the Great Spirit, whom it would be madness on their part to injure.

To his teachings they gave heed, and in time many of them were converted, and there was wrought a moral transformation that continued.

Toronto, Ont.

A story is told of James Garfield, an American President, which is worth remembering. He had risen slowly to fame and at last he was elected by the many, many thousands of American people to be their President. Through all the years of toll, his mother had cheer d him and struggled to help him. on, and now she stood by him in the day of his exaltation. Then James Gar-field did a noble act. Before all the So in this case although informed that greatest and noblest of American citi-there was only one white man to at-

printed a kiss upon her aged and wasted It was a kiss of honour; it was a kiss of love. In the moment of his greatest triumph he remembered his mother, he was not ashamed of acknow ledging her, though she had known poverty and hardship.

It is one of the deepest disgraces that can ever come to a boy that he is

thoughtless of his mother's comfort, or ashamed to let it be known that he "thinks the world of her."

A Boy's Year.

BY AGNES LEK.

As I watch the old year go, In my memory, like a show, I can see the months pass by, One by one, before my eye; See them in the leafy street Of the garden at my feet; See them pass, and hear them talk, And how slowly some would walk!

Just a boy with all his might. Seeing all with all his sight, Playing hard with all his strength. Reaching out to life's full length Eager in a race to run, With a heart that beat for fun, Slow to freeze and quick to thaw-Was what January saw.

Just a poor form, sick and bound, Fleeting February found. Cried she, "Follow, and rejoice!" But I hardly heard her voice, March blew softly in my ear, Then more loud, my heart to cheer. But I scarcely saw her pass, Stepping o'er the frozen grass.

April tried to comfort me: Laughed, and sang a merry glee. How her face with kindness shone! Yet she'd melt in tears anon. Then my wayward tears would start Till I cried with all my heart, Cried as lonely fellows may, On a cloudy April day.

But, behold! again I smiled, For I saw a beauteous child, And I called (I knew her form In the yellow sunshine warm)-"Give me, May, oh, give me, do! Just a little violet blue!" Then below my window, cee! Lovely violets bloomed for me.

June, the summer's own delight. Left me roses red and white. And July her rich perfume Wafted through my little room; Beckoned me, the livelong days, To her quiet woodland ways. And I whispered, "Dear July, I am coming, by-and-bye!"

August glided, one sweet night Down the path of Northern Light, Till, with laugh and sudden bound. Lighted she on mortal ground.
While from wide-flung upper bars Angels pelted her with stars. And I longed to join their mirth, Looking down upon the earth.

Ah, September, sad and wet! How shall I her face forget? Darkest month of all my thought, For the dreadful dream she brought As I lay one candle light. How the rain fell down that night! Some one whispered in the rain, "He will never walk again!"

Yet I hailed October well, Tingling from the hickory dell, Where she left the boys at play, Midst the nuts and barberries gay. Heaping up the tangled maze For the crackling bonfire's blaze, "Oh," I thought, "do they recall One whose laugh once led them all?"

In the cold November blast. Called I, as Hope came at last, To the leaves of brown and red, Skipping, skeltering ahead:—
"Some day, little leaves, maybe You shall run a race with me: You shall see my faster feet, As they twinkle up the street !"

Dear December, clad in white, She that brought that Holy Night, me, and tarried With a message in her song. Sweetest month of all of them, For her Star of Bethlehein! Yes, and in my life's dark cup. Look, my starlight filtered up!

New Year's Day! with snow and sleet Once again beneath my feet !. New Year's Day—my pulses swing, Till, for very strength, I sing! Hall the New Year back again! All the pageant mouths of pain, Safely in my heart secured It is sweet to have endured!

No one is true to God who is false to himself.