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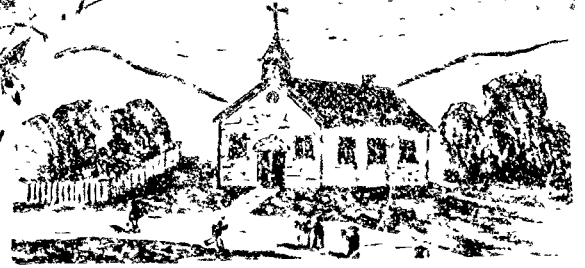
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HOME



VOL. IV.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 2, 1886.

[No. 1.

1886.

IN the midnight, cold and drear,
Sadly the old year goes,
Bearing a burden of memories,
Of sins and joys and woes.

The load he carries each human soul
Has helped to heap it high;
Many to see him go are glad,
Many there be who sigh.

He goes to the years of the Past—
A stately and solemn band,
Each crowned with the rue and rosemary
They passed to the Silent Land.

Those who were blithe to see them go,
And those who have grieved full sore,
Shall meet and greet those years again
Where conflict and strife are o'er.

There we shall take with a trembling hand
Our share from the burdened years,
Our morning's hope and our noonday's toil,
Our night of regret and fears.

The dreams and plans of our Springtide
fair,
That have long forgotten lain,
The thoughts and deeds of our Summer
time,
Our Autumn's scanty grain.

O! heavy the heart and sad the face
That must meet the past alone;
O! blessed who feel a nail-pierced hand
Is clasped around their own

Over the snow the New Year comes,
With a step that is light and free,
Give to him goodness and love and truth
To bear to Eternity.

A Flag for the New Year.

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

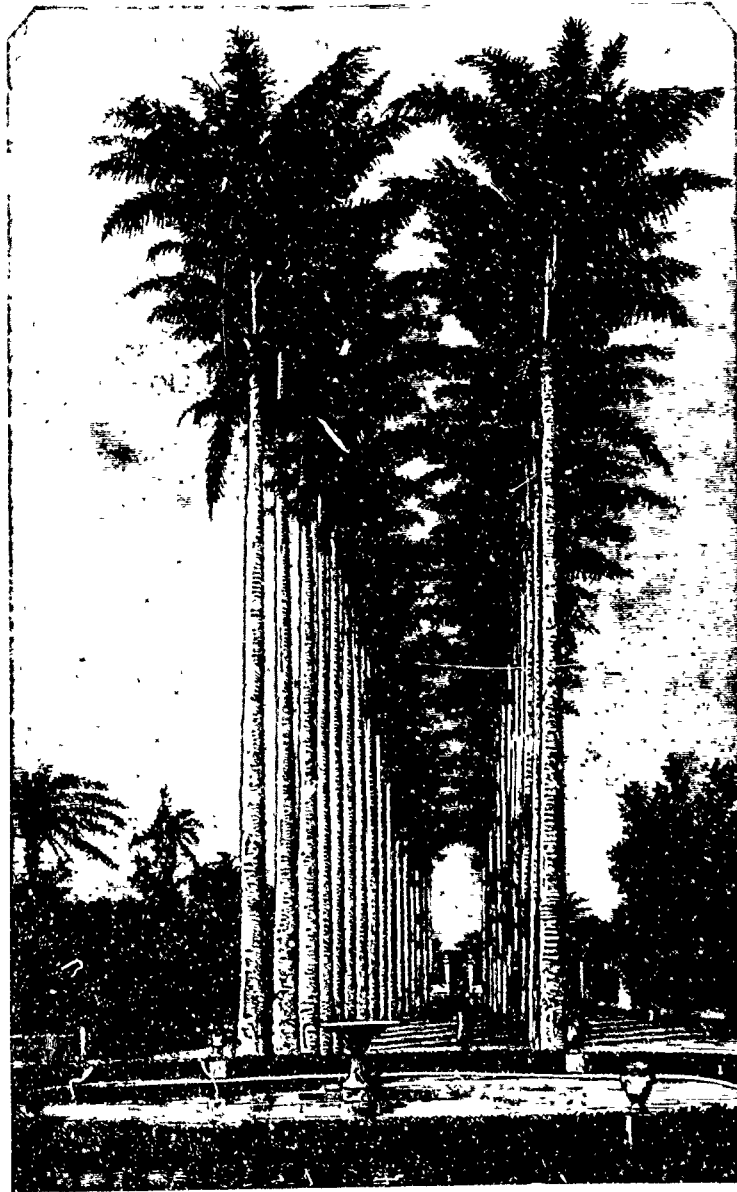
It is not necessary that our flag shall actually be a banner. It may be a motto that becomes a watchword, and helps men forward to victory.

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

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



AVENUE OF PALMS—RIO DE JANEIRO.

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 upset.

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

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!

Rio de Janeiro.

RIO DE JANEIRO is the name of both a province and a city in Brazil. The city is the capital of the empire. It is situated on a noble bay of the same name—one of the finest harbours in the world. It has a population of 260,000, of whom some 40,000 are slaves. It is supplied with water by an aqueduct over a hundred years old, which conveys the water on a double series of arches over a wide, deep valley. It has street railways, omnibuses and ferries, and all the appliances of civilization, and is said to be the best lighted city in the world. Among its special attractions are two fine parks—part of one of which is shown in our engraving. The remarkable avenue of palms, with their straight, clean, mast-like trunks and the feathery foliage at the top, are the delight of every tourist. The city and the surroundings are very interesting. They will be made the subject of an instructive article in an early number of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, with striking illustrations. See advertisement of special attractions of the *Magazine* for 1886 on last page.

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, Prids, Vanity, Falsehood, Gluttony, and Laziness*—a vile crew who prowl round happy homes like wolves about quiet

sheep folds. They will even steal away the joyousness of Christmas and of New-year's Day, and get children to quarrelling over their presents! Barfaced 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 good hearty laugh, but always wear a long face.

That is not the way to improve the passing years; we should rather call that a misimprovement. The fact is, that the happiest people in the world are those who are making the very best of life. They play, they laugh, they leap, they have a good time, but they do these as a relief to the more serious work of life, and consequently they work better. Instead of making a business of play, they make it a help to work. That is what play is for, and it is all that it is good for.

Let us try to get all the good we can out of this new year, from its beginning to its close. We ought to be better, wiser, and happier every year we live. When we work let us work with all our might; when we play let us play heartily. Work and play will then help each other, and both will help us.

God alone can enable us to live right. We should therefore ask His blessing on our life, and be careful not to do anything on which we cannot ask His blessing. Then we shall lead honourable and just lives. Let us pray, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

The Promise of the New Year.

BY KATHARINE L. STEVENSON.

FATHER, a new year waits before my door;
And I—so weak and helpless—how am I
To meet its still smile, or to lift my eyes
To that calm brow on which my fate is writ?
I may not question, for its lips are sealed;
I cannot read—Thy hand has marked the

lines,
And no eyes human may Thy writing trace.
I do not know what gifts it gives to me—
What boon or blight; what bliss beyond
compare;

What anguish which shall all my being
rend.

I do not know what paths it bids me tread,
Nor whether they shall lead to light or
gloom.

Ah me! it wears a quiet face, and yet
Full well I know that others of its band
Have come to me with smiles, with joyous
mirth,

And then have led me into dark, far lands
Where deep gloom reigns. I tremble and
start back,
Fearing to take my strange guest by the

hand
And bid it welcome. Ah! it waits not
words.

Already has it entered at my door
And calls me forth to follow. Must I go?
Is there no chart to lead me on my way?
No mystic spell which shall the future show—
No help, no guide, no counsellor? Hark!
What words fall sweet upon my listening
ear?

"Fear not!" Alas! how can I cease to fear?
"Fear not, for I am with thee, O my child!
Be not dismayed—I am thy God. My
strength

shall, in thy weakness, show; to thy great
need

My mighty help is given; when thy feet slip
My hand shall thee uphold; yes, My right
hand,
Strong in My righteousness. Why do you
fear?
Need you a stronger friend, a wiser guide?"

Father, I take Thy promise, and I go
Unknowing, but unfeared, on my way.
Already is the New Year's face aglow
With promise of Thy presence and Thy
peace.

Since Thy strength's mine, I surely cannot
faint;

Since Thy help's given, I need no other aid;
Thy hand upholding me, I cannot fall;
And whether joy, or grief, or life, or death
Come to me in the days which lie before,
I fear not; for they come alike from Thee.
O heart, the very clouds which dim thy sky
May prove the chariot of Thy coming,
Lord!
Then, even so, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

Turning a New Leaf.

BY LILLIE MONTFORT.

It was the last day of the year, eighteen hundred and thirty nine, and there had been a week or two of bitterly cold weather, with a heavy fall of snow. This morning dawned bright and beautiful, and the sunlight played on the long icicles that hung from the roofs, and brilliantly illuminated the snow-laden branches of the trees. It had not at present much dissolving power, but as the sun reached the zenith there would no doubt be a rapid thaw. So said James Turner, who in woollen comforter and gloves was industriously sweeping the snow from his doorway, and making a path by which himself and neighbours could cross over to the village shop. I suppose it is really very rude to look in at people's windows, and yet, I should like you to take a peep in at Mr. Turner's cottage window and admire Little Johnnie; he is sitting on a footstool near a fire, and, indeed, everything about him is bright.

There was no one else in the room, but that did not signify. Having finished his sweeping, James Turner opened the cottage door and asked,

"Where's your mother, Johnnie?"

"Upstairs, father," was the reply.

"Never mind, I'm going to send poor little Tim in to have a warm at that fire, Johnnie."

"All right, father," said Johnnie. "Send him along."

Little Tim came in shivering, with ragged clothing and bare feet; he was of the same age as Johnnie, but much smaller in size, and very pale and fragile-looking. His eyes sparkled when he saw the comfortable-looking Johnnie, and he exclaimed,

"O how nice it is."

"Come along, Tim," said Johnnie. "Here is plenty of room. O my! how cold you are. Put your hands on my porringer, and that will warm them proper."

Tim accepted the invitation, and it must be confessed that when he held the outside of the porringer his eyes fell longingly on the bread and milk it contained.

"Have you had your breakfast?" asked Johnnie.

"No!" said Tim sadly, "my mother has nothing for me this morning."

"O my!" said Johnnie again. "Well, never mind, eat that up quick."

And poor little Tim emptied the porringer, and basked in the warmth of the fire until strange questions suggested themselves, and, child-like, he asked them.

"Where do you get your milk?"

"We buy it of Old Styles. Where do you get yours?"

"We never have any. My mother never has any penny for it. I wonder why some people have money and others have none?"

Johnnie was puzzled now, but at last he said thoughtfully,

"I know why you have no money; it is because your father has not turned over a new leaf."

Tim looked puzzled now, but Johnnie continued:—

"A good long while ago I had no

socks or shoes, and my mother had no money, and father was often cross with her; but one day we had such a jolly supper that I wondered about it, and I asked if we should ever have another as good, and father said, 'Yes, Johnnie, plenty of them for I have turned over a new leaf,' and since then we have had fires and milk, and pudding, and clothes, and I have a Sunday suit in the cupboard. 'To-morrow we shall have a New Year's gift, and it is to be a clock, and it all comes from father turning over a new leaf.'

Just then Mrs. Turner came downstairs, and with true kindness spoke to little Tim, and then asked Johnnie if he had given Tim any pictures to look at.

"No, mother," said Johnnie, "we have been having a serious talk."

Mrs. Turner looked amused, but she asked,

"What has Johnnie been saying to you, Tim?"

"He has told me about the new leaf, and I shall ask my father to get one."

"Poor little fellow; it will be a happy thing for you if your father will alter. God help you all this winter."

Mrs. Turner found some clothes that her own little son had outgrown, and they were plenty large enough for her neighbour's child, and the little boys were both delighted with the change in Tim's appearance, but as Mr. Turner was coming home to dinner now, they sent Tim to his mother, to tell all his wonderful story, and to give her a new shilling as Mrs. Turner's New Year's gift.

That same night Tim Raglan, the elder, came home earlier than usual, and apparently in good spirits.

"To-morrow will be New Year's day, mother," he said jocularly. "Will you stand treat?"

"I wish I could," she said; "but, Tim, come and show yourself to father."

Tim came willingly, and his clothes were felt and admired, until nobody could say any more about them.

"Ah!" said Tim the father, "some people do get on. I remember when Jem Turner's wife had an empty cupboard, and no money for firing."

"Yes!" said little Tim. "Johnnie told me about it, and he says they have plenty now, because his father turned a new leaf."

"What does he mean by that?" asked Raglan, but his countenance showed that he knew well enough what it meant.

"Couldn't you turn a new leaf, father?" said the little boy, looking with pleading eyes into his father's face. "It would be nice to have bread and milk for breakfast in a nice hot porringer. Why, father, Johnnie says they buy their milk of Old Styles, and it's just delicious. Could you turn a new leaf, father?"

"I am afraid not," said the man huskily, and he hastily left the room and the cottage.

Mrs. Raglan feared he was gone off to the public-house, and scolded little Tim for letting his tongue run so fast, and so at the close of what had been to Tim a wonderful happy day, he crept to his comfortless bed, sad and heavy-hearted. Poor Tim! his last conscious thought was, "I wish father would turn over a new leaf."

About an hour afterwards there was a gentle knock at Mrs. Raglan's door, and to the poor woman's joyful surprise she found it was Mrs. Turner.

"I thought you would like to know

your husband is in our house and having a chat with mine. Your good times are coming. I've brought you a few sticks for your fire, and a little bit of tea; now you cheer up, and when we send him in you make him as comfortable as you can. God help you."

Poor Mrs. Raglan was unable to speak, but she speedily lighted her fire and put on the kettle, and then slipped over to the shop and got a loaf and a rasher of bacon, changing her new shilling for the purpose. And sure enough Timothy Raglan returned to his cottage in a penitent state of mind. Very timidly he spoke of his resolution to turn over a new leaf, but he had made it, and James Turner had promised to help him in every possible way.

He found it hard sometimes, but he said he prayed to God for grace to keep his vow, and every day it was easier, and now he could not live without prayer, neither could he go without his comforts very willingly, but the new leaf is still new, and he means to keep it.

Well! to finish my story. Let me tell you little Tim woke up and smelled the bacon cooking and in a great hurry jumped out of bed and called out,

"Mother! they are cooking the New Year's dinner in at Johnnie Turner's."

"Poor little chap!" said Raglan, "Come here Tim and hear the glad news. I am going to turn over a new leaf."

On his father's knee little Tim sobbed out his thankfulness and thought how soon his home would be like Johnnie's, and what a good thing it was to have a new leaf to turn.

Resolutions for 1886.

I hereby solemnly covenant, as God shall help me—

Never to neglect my morning and evening prayers.

Always to speak kindly to every person with whom I am associated.

Always to speak well, and never ill of any absent person.

To endeavour to lead at least one person to the Saviour during the present year.

To strive to attend one devotional meeting during the week.

My dear young Friends: The New Year is one of the times when we should gird on our armour afresh and renew our vows.

Will you cut out these resolutions; or, better still, copy them and sign your names to them, and place them in your Bibles and endeavour to keep them all the year through?

If at any time you should fail, remember you have an Advocate with the Father. Ask Jesus to forgive you, and commence again. Then shall the New Year prove to you—

Another year of progress, another year of praise,
Another year of proving His presence all the days;
Another year of service, witness for His love;
Another year of training for holier work above.

A MOHAMMEDAN publisher in Delhi, India, proposes to begin a woman's periodical. It is designed for the zenana women, and the prospectus says it will discuss the following subjects: Bad customs and their reformation, female education, housekeeping, rights and duties of the wife, moral precepts, the training and duties of children, chastity, industry, etc.

Across the Continent.

Up with the flag, red, white and blue,
Where maple leaves shine softly through,
Follow the locomotive sent
Over the path of nations
Across the broad, free continent.

Cheers for the railroad track!
Cheers for the Union Jack!
Cheers for the field of blue!
Cheers for the nations new!

Empire goes, as goes the sun,
Through valleys vast where rivers run,
The iron horse unhindered speeds;
Another triumph thought has won,
Where thoughts are crystallized in deeds.

Cheers for the iron steeds!
Cheers for the age of deeds!
Cheers for the thought that's best!
Cheers for the mighty West!

The plough shall follow with its team,
The flying horse of flame and steam,
While mountains rise and valleys wind,
Before the wild eagle's scream.
As yellow harvests wave behind.

Cheers for the farmer's team!
Cheers for the horse of steam!
Cheers for the forests old!
Cheers for the crops of gold!

Like a huge shuttle thrown afar
With wool and warp upon the bar,
The locomotive passing fast
With its wide-wheeled and loaded car
Shall weave for us a future vast.

Cheers for the shuttle cast!
Cheers for the future vast!
Cheers for our destiny!
Cheers for all nations free!

A free, wide continent we span
With a bridge for the grandest march of man
That sun or moon or stars can see;
We consecrate the noble plan
To God and man and Canada.

Cheers for the noble plan!
Cheers for the race of man!
Cheers for all who would be free!
Cheers for fair Canada!

[The above eloquent poem (with obvious alterations) was composed by George W. Bungay on the occasion of the first railway built to the Pacific ocean; but as it is equally applicable to our own Canadian Pacific railway, I hope the author (if living) will pardon my use of it, as no better can be conceived by a human mind on this theme.]

D. I. MACGEE SMITH.

Winona, Ont.

Beginning the New Year Right.

BY CLYVA MANSE.

It was New-year's morning, and the house-girl had just made a good fire in Cornelia Lawson's cozy chamber, brought in fresh water, and gone out. When she closed the door, Cornelia, a girl of sixteen, and very much inclined to self-indulgence, though possessed of some sensibility of conscience, awoke and turned over; then, with a sudden resolution, she sprang out of bed, saying to herself: "Yes, I am determined to be ready for breakfast this morning, for I have resolved to start the new year right. Mother has had to speak to me too often about being late! And father likes us to be promptly in our places at the table. I know it is not right to inconvenience them and disregard their wishes just because I like to indulge myself."

"O what a glorious sunrise!" exclaimed she aloud, drawing aside a window-curtain. "How perfectly enchanting! It's worth while to get up early just to see the sunrise. By getting up so late I have missed this glorious scene; then I've had to hurry so over my toilet that it was really vexatious, and as for saying my prayer of a morning, I never had time for that; and when I went down-stairs I was generally out of sorts and easily provoked. When I look back I can see how I have wasted much valuable time, and now I am re-

solved to 'turn over a new leaf,' as people say, on this bright New-year's-day."

She carried out her resolution by appearing at breakfast the moment the bell rang, neatly dressed and with so bright and pleasant a look upon her countenance that it was a gracious surprise to her parents. She kissed them both affectionately and wished them a "Happy New Year." When she saw their faces light with pleasure she felt already repaid for having made a little exertion that morning. Mr. and Mrs. Lawson had some old friends to dine with them that day, and Cornelia was so considerate and helpful that her mother was relieved of much trouble in the dining-room, and was enabled to enjoy a quiet conversation with valued friends without interruption. That was another step in the right direction—trying to be helpful and agreeable at home. In the afternoon she seated herself by a cozy fire, and had just begun reading when she heard a knock at the back door. She opened it, and there stood a poor girl, who lived about a mile distant.

"I've come," said the girl hesitatingly, "to see if you ken pay me fur them hickory-nuts I brought you."

Cornelia had put off the poor girl when she took the nuts, saying she had no "change," and would pay her another time. The girl had looked disappointed, but said nothing. Cornelia really thought no more about the matter until the girl appeared before her again, and then her conscience told her it was not right to be so careless about such things.

Upon receiving the money, the girl said: "I wanted to buy somethin' to-day, or I should not have pestered you."

"You ought to have had your money when I bought the nuts," returned Cornelia earnestly, feeling very much ashamed of herself.

After the girl left, Cornelia sat a moment in thought. "By the way," said she aloud, "this hickory-nut business reminds me that I haven't paid for that ribbon I bought of Mrs. Harley a few weeks ago. I said I would pay for it the next time I went down the street; and I've been out a dozen times since, and still it is unpaid. I must attend to it this very day if possible; it would simply be terrible to get up a reputation of being unreliable. And O! one other thing—that book I borrowed of Jessie Burns a year ago, and promised to return as soon as read; and yet I've never done so. I shall attend to both of these matters this very evening."

And so she did. Cornelia felt quite relieved when she had attended to these apparently trifling matters; but after all, were they so trifling? It is in little things as well as large that character is shown. Cornelia had the pleasure of attending a New-year's entertainment that evening at the house of a young friend, and she was unusually agreeable. She restrained the cutting remarks for which she had established a kind of reputation, but strove to be in every way courteous and polite. When she retired to her room that night she felt she had gained much in happiness and self-respect even in one day. She had begun the new year right by trying to amend some of her careless ways, and on a leaf of her diary she wrote:

"Resolved, That I will observe secret prayer regularly; quit being lazy; help mother more; keep my promises; pay

whatever I owe; return whatever I borrow; treat everyone politely; think twice before I speak."

These were good rules. Will not some other young persons start the New Year by trying to correct their faults, as did Cornelia?

A New Year's Counsel.

BY THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT.

DURING one of my holidays in North Wales, I was staying with my family near a range of hills to which I was strangely attracted. Some of them were slanting, and easy to climb, and my children rejoiced to accompany me to their summit. One, however, was higher than the others, and its sides were steep and rugged. I often looked at it with a longing desire to reach the top. The constant companionship of my children, however, was a difficulty. Several of them were very young, and I knew it would be full of peril for them to attempt the ascent. One bright morning when I thought they were all busy with their games, I started on my expedition. I quietly made my way up the face of the hill, till I came to a point where the path forked, one path striking directly upwards, and the other ascending in a slanting direction. I hesitated for a moment as to which of the two paths I would take, and was about to take the precipitous one, when I was startled by hearing a little voice shouting, "Father, take the safest path, for I am following you." On looking down, I saw that my little boy had discovered my absence, and followed me. He was already a considerable distance up the hill, and had found the ascent difficult, and when he saw me hesitating as to which of the paths I should take, he revealed himself by the warning cry. I saw at a glance that he was in peril at the point he had reached, and trembled lest his little feet should slip before I could get to him. I therefore cheered him by calling to him that I would come and help him directly. I was soon down to him, and grasped his little warm hand with a joy that every father will understand. I saw that in attempting to follow my example he had incurred fearful danger, and I descended, thanking God that I had stopped in time to save my child from injury or death.

Years have passed since that, to me, memorable morning; but though the danger has passed, the fellow's cry has never left me. It taught me a lesson, the full force of which I had never known before. It showed me the power of our unconscious influence, and I saw the terrible possibility of our leading those around us to ruin, without intending, or knowing it, and the lesson I learned that morning I am anxious to impress upon those to whom my words may come.

Charles Lamb has said that the man must be a very bad man, or a very ignorant one, who does not make a good resolution on New Year's day; and believing that my readers are neither one nor the other, I want to show them the importance of their resolving to be abstainers not only for their own sakes, but especially for the sake of those around them. I want them to listen to the voice of the children who are crying to them in tones that it would be criminal to disregard: "Take the safest path, for we are following you."

The Opening Gates of the New Year.

BY REV. E. J. LAND.

AMONG the old Roman deities was one that had two faces, Janus. He had this advantage, that he could look two ways—before and behind. The gates of heaven were supposed to be in his care, and consequently, the gates here on the earth were imagined to be in his charge. It is thought that he may have received his two faces from the fact that a door faces in two directions; and so this heavenly doortender could without turning watch the ways leading to his post of duty. From Janus comes the name of the first month of the year. He had many temples at Rome. The leading temple was called Janus Quirinus. When the doors of this temple were open, it was a sign of war. The shutting of the doors signified peace. The spirit of war was supposed to be then boxed up, safe behind bolt and bar.

That evil spirit, though, was out of doors the most of the time. The Romans rather loved to crack other people's heads; and if any one in return gave a little rap, back flew the gates of Janus Quirinus, and the spirit of war went abroad, thundering over the land in the tramp of Rome's heavy legions.

Sometimes this interesting old deity, Janus, had four faces, and then his name was Quadrifrons. The temples of Janus Quadrifrons had four equal sides, each side having a door and three windows. The four doors represented the four seasons. The three windows symbolized the three months in each season. If it be handy to have two faces, the possessor of four was at a great advantage. No enemy coming from any direction could possibly surprise such a four-faced being. Janus Quirinus, Janus Quadrifrons, and all the other Januses, long ago went to "the bats and the owls." Their images are a part of the world's castaway crockery heaps; and they will not be asked again to fool intelligent men and women.

And still, can we not learn a lesson from the fanciful being that kept all the gates of heaven and earth? We would not forget it this month of January that is named after the old door-keeper. May we stand on the threshold of the New Year looking two ways. May we look back, sorry for our many shortcomings, willing to see where we failed, and penitent for all failure. May we look ahead, watchful against errors, earnest to see, and take, and keep the path of duty. Such a reasonable Janus as this may there be found in every bosom.

A RECENT suit in the Toronto Courts has disclosed the fact that, aside from local contributions, the anti-Scott Act party have expended out of their Central Fund, raised for that purpose, \$30,000 in Scott Act election campaigns. Of this sum, it is said, Mr. E. King Dodds received no less than \$6,000, his pay being \$100 for each evening meeting he attended held within doors, and \$150 for each open air meeting. The wages were none too high for the class of work in which he was engaged, and fairly express Mr. Dodds' appreciation of what it is worth to defend a cause which has so little in itself to commend it. There are plenty of orators who would not do it even at the price paid him.—*Guardian*.

In Memoriam.

"[Lines written in memory of Mrs. William Gooderham, by her niece. Mrs. G. was a great sufferer for over ten years. She fell asleep in Jesus on November 2nd, 1885.]

She is not dead, but only gone before;
Gone to the brightness of the Father's home;
Free from all sorrow, weariness, and pain,
She waits to greet us, when our call shall come.

She is not dead, but only gone before;
Though here our home is filled with grief and gloom,
She is at rest, safe in her Saviour's arms;
Our faith can look beyond the dark, cold tomb.

We see her as she is, no pain, no tears;
No weary nights, no sorrowful, dark days,
Walking the golden streets, beside the crystal sea,
Her voice is blending in the "Song of Praise."

Sorely we miss her here, but God knows best,
'Twas He that gave, and He that took away;
'Tis He that smites, and He alone can heal;
Oh, Heavenly Father, comfort us this day.

Oh blessed Saviour, give us all Thy grace,
To "suffer all Thy will" as she hath done,
To hear—as she does now, the "welcome home,"
The cross laid down, the victor's crown is won.
—KATIE.

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 2, 1886.

The New Year.

We have just stepped upon its threshold. For 365 days we have been walking the streets of the old year, visiting its enchanted gardens, entering its dark and gloomy vales, or pushing our way amid the jostling multitude of its busy marts. But we have passed from them all at length, and left them all behind us forever.

As we enter this new realm, as like the old as one country is like another, we have before us, nevertheless, a region which is wholly unexplored. Is there no light to be shed upon this untrodden realm? Or must we tread it in darkness and without a guide?

Men have learned that the experience of the past is a lamp for the future. Let us, therefore, though we may not return to the dominion of the old year ourselves, send back memory, our faithful friend, and gather whatever we can which will throw light

upon the year at whose opening gate we now stand. Let us carefully and honestly seek to know just how much of success and how much of failure has been the result of the last year. Let us not seek to disguise or hide the truth. We must meet the consequences; why, then, should we dissemble? What report, then, brings our messenger friend? Have we made failures? Listen to the recital of the steps which led to these failures. Have we lost opportunities? Hear the rehearsal and analyze the motives which led to the neglect of these opportunities. Let us weigh well all causes which have led to such results as we would avoid hereafter. Have we made progress, overcome obstacles, and so achieved desired success? Let us not forget that like causes will produce like results. How important, then, that we scrutinize carefully, and search diligently for every step which has led towards success. Are we not now pausing at the portal of our New Year and looking hopefully out into the future? How much may depend upon the success or failure of this New Year, it is impossible now to determine. In it may be the key to all that is most important of an unbounded future, the seed of a sowing, the fruit of which shall be reaped in success or failure without end. Then let us prayerfully seek the lessons of the past, and cautiously but trustfully study the openings of the future.

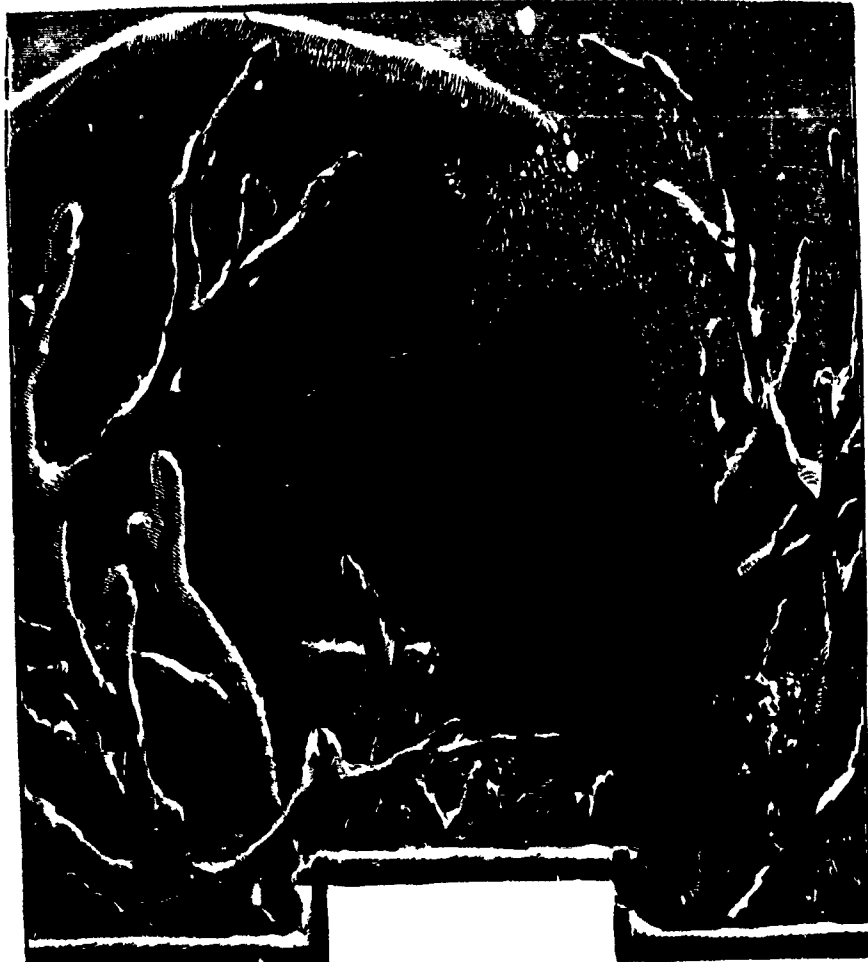
A Cold New Year's.

The poor little birds in our picture look quite frozen out. It would seem to be cold comfort sitting in the snow like our little friend in black, and looked out of doors, too, as he seems to be by the fierce fellow in the nest. But if you would take him in your hand you would find his little body quite warm beneath his coat of down. His little heart beats so fast that his circulation is very active, and it is only in the severest weather that the winter birds perish. If they can only get food they are all right. Thus God enables these tiny creatures to stand the cold, and will He not also supply our wants if we but put our trust in Him?

Holiday Books.

Bric-a-Brac Stories. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Illustrated by Walter Crane. Pp. 299. Price \$2. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons; Toronto: William Briggs.

It was a happy idea of Mrs. Harrison to have the varied articles of foreign bric-a-brac in a well furnished house tell characteristic stories of their native land. Thus we have the stories of the Russian samovar, or tea urn; of the Welsh feathers, of the Arabian pipe, of the Chinese mandarin, of the Moorish dish, of the French fan, of the Swiss clock, of the German chateleine, of the Scotch hunting horn, of the Italian harp, and many others. But the book is of interest also to children of a larger growth—as embodying the folk-lore and popular tales of the different nations represented, sometimes condensed and modified to the requirements of modern taste. The author has gleaned a choice anthology of the folk-tales of many lands, and acknowledges her indebtedness to several of the leading writers of many lan-



A COLD NEW YEAR'S.

guages. Mr. Crane's two dozen illustrations are a fitting accompaniment to these striking stories, and the odd-looking bric-a-brac cover and red edges are in keeping with the quaintness of the general design.

Talks About the Weather. By Charles Barnard. 16mo, cloth. Price 75 cents. Chautauqua Press: Rand, Avery & Co.; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

The design of this book is to give a series of easy, simple, and inexpensive experiments in the study of the temperature, the atmosphere, the wind, and rain, in their relation to the care of plants and animals, and to show how the variations in the seasons and in the climate may affect work upon the farm, in the garden, and in the greenhouse. The sun, the wind, the rain, the temperature, and the climate are examined from a scientific and commercial point of view, with the intention of interesting young people and students in the daily panorama of natural events passing before their eyes in the procession of the seasons. The book is designed to entertain as well as instruct, by making real things interesting and instructive. It will prove of value in the home circle and in schools of every grade as a practical guide in forming habits of observation.

Pepper and Salt; or, Seasoning for Young Folk. Prepared by Howard Pyle. 4to, illuminated cover, pp. 122. New York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto: Wm. Briggs. Price \$2.

This book is something unique. Both in stories, poems, illustrations, and binding it is more odd and quaint than anything we have seen. The accomplished artist and editor, Howard Pyle, has had ample experience in

catering for the taste of young folk. It is hard to say whether his pen or pencil is the more successful in this book. The stories are chiefly from the folk-tales of England and Germany, and illustrate some of the quaint, not to say grotesque, fancies of the remote past. The chief charm, however, is the illustration. The free and vigorous drawing of the knight on horseback on the title page and on page 27, the airy grace of others, and the remarkable humour of all will make the book a delight both to the little folk who can read and to those who cannot. The book is what it purports to be, the pepper and salt, the Attic wit and humour, the seasoning for the holidays—not staple food for the young. The stout linen cover, with its striking device, will endure the wear the book is pretty certain to receive.

A Smaller Scripture History. Edited by William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. 375. New York: Harper & Brothers; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax. Price 60c.

We wish that this book could be in the possession of every Sunday-school teacher, or at least in every Sunday-school library. It will very greatly help both scholars and teachers to understand the historical connections and relations of the Biblical narrative. That narrative is here given in consecutive sequence, with the numerous side-lights thrown thereon by secular history, and the gaps in the sacred story, as, for instance, the 400 years between the Old Testament and the New are filled. It comes down to the destruction of Jerusalem, A.D. 70. A great merit of the book is its condensation and its cheapness. It is intended to be used with, and not in place of, the Bible. It contains, also, some 40 illustrations, chiefly of biblical



OPHELIA.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

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antiquities. It will help to make plain many things that would be otherwise obscure. For those who need a more expanded treatment of the subject, the same publishers issue Smith's Old and New Testament History in two volumes with maps and illustrations, for \$1.25 per volume.

A New Year.

BY MARGARET SANGLER

Why do we greet thee, O blithe New Year?
What are thy pledges of mirth and cheer?
Comest, knight-errant, the wrong to right,
Comest to scatter our gloom with light?
Wherefore the thrill, the sparkle and shine,
In heart and eyes at a word of thine?

The old was buoyant, the old was true,
The old was brave when the old was new.
He crowned us often with grace and gift;
His sternest skies had a deep blue rift.
Straight and swift, when his hand unclasped,
With welcome and joyance thine we grasped.
O tell us, Year—we are fain to know—
What is thy charm that we hail thee so?

Dost promise much that is fair and sweet—
The wind's low stir in the rippling wheat,
The waves' soft splash on the sandy floor,
The bloom of roses from shore to shore,
Glance of wings from the bowery nest,
Music and perfume from east to west,
Frosts to glitter in jewelled rime,
Blush of sunrise at morning's prime,
Stars above us their watch to keep,
And rain and dew, though we wake or sleep?

These, O Year, we shall have from thee,
For the thing that hath been aye shall be.
Sowing and reaping, from seed to sheaf,
The waiting long and the fruitage brief.
What beyond is thy guerdon bright
To us who stand in thy dawning light?

Canst drop a balm into sorrow's heart
Till the aching wound forgets to smart?
Canst comfort the mother, when tempests
beat
On a mound with stones at head and feet?
Canst fill with courage the weary soul,
And give the peevish bliss for dole?
Thus other years have been rich in grace,
Have dried the tears on the furrowed face.
O, day by day, and from sun to sun,
Wilt thou, good Year, do what they have
done?

A whisper, such as an angel drops
When over a cradled babe he stops.
It says: "Oh, never to grief or pain,
To anguish or yearning, loss or bane,
Hath any such ease to bring as Time.
Listen, how softly my joy-bells chime."
So, out of the winter and through the snow,
The New Year's promises flash and glow.

Once more a voice, and I hear it call
Like a bugle note from a mountain wall;
The pines uplift it with mighty sound,
The billows bear it the green earth round;
A voice that rolls in a jubilant song,
A conqueror's ring in its echo strong;
Through the ether clear, from the solemn
sky
The New Year beckons, and makes reply:
"I bring you, friends, what the years have
brought
Since ever men toiled, aspired, or thought—
Days for labour, and nights for rest;
And I bring you love, a heaven-born guest;
Space to work in, and work to do,
And faith in that which is pure and true.
Hold me in honour and greet me dear,
And sooth you'll find me a Happy Year."
—Harper's Bazaar.

Ophelia.

THIS fine engraving represents one of Shakespeare's most pathetic characters—a poor, distraught girl, who in a fit of insanity destroys herself by drowning. She dresses her hair with wild flowers and sings:

Bonny, sweet Robin was all my joy. . .

And will he not come again?
No, no he is dead,
Go to thy deathbed,
He never will come again.

He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan,
God's mercy on his soul!

In the picture the artist has finely shown the strange, distraught look and the pathetic attitude and gesture.

This Year.

THIS year, this precious new year, what will you do with it? God has given you the beginning of it, and let us hope that you will live to see the end of it. Like all other gifts of God, it is bestowed for a wise purpose. It is not to be trifled away in idleness or in sport, but is to be improved to the greatest profit.

They make a great mistake who suppose that the right improvement of life is necessarily a dull and dreary business; that, in order to this, they must give up all enjoyment, and be solemn and gloomy; never play, but always work or study; never have a 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 1886 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 barks 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."

NOTE the legend on our Missionary Banner for this year:—"A Quarter of a Million for Missions!" This sounds large, but one cent a day from each member of the Church will do it, and leave a surplus of \$421,600 besides. If every member would but lift a little, how easily this could be done! It is probable we have made a remark like this before; but a good rule in teaching is—"Simplify and repeat." Let the aim on every circuit be an average of one cent a day and upwards from every member.—*Outlook.*

It is a curious circumstance that in Ontario more than one attempt has been made to wreak vengeance on some of the more prominent supporters of the Scott Act. Only a short time since, the dwellings of two respectable residents in Orangeville were injured by means of the deadly explosive, the inmates fortunately receiving no serious injury. Now it transpires that in Barrie a dynamite cartridge with a lighted fuse attached was picked up on the verandah of a house whose occupant was a prominent advocate of the Scott Act in Simcoe county. Such dastardly deeds meet with universal condemnation, and men base enough to resort to such weapons, in order to gratify their revengeful spirit on those who seek to discharge their duty conscientiously, ought to have the full measure of the law meted out to them.—*Canada Presbyterian*

Thoughts for the New Year.

WE are standing on the threshold of a New Year. Behind us is the old year—spent, and worn out and done with. Whatever it had to give us it has given us. We know all about it. It has come and gone. It is like an empty basket, all the contents of which have been poured out and are before our eyes. Nothing more can come of it for our good or for our joy. It has not been, probably, for any of us exactly what we expected and wished for. To some it brought many sorrows, many failures, many disappointments. Its good things were not as good as we expected they would be, and many unexpected evils came tumbling out along with the good. And if it has been so with our circumstances, it has been so less with our performances. As the past lies behind us with its tale of failures, omissions, shortcomings; its triumphs of self-will over duty; its defeats of good purposes by over-masterful affections; its wasted opportunities; its lost seasons; its humiliating compliances; its blank pages with no record of good done, and its foul pages with their record of evil—how can we look upon it but with a sense of dissatisfaction and shame!

But the New Year is coming, and there is not one of us who does not look upon its advent with a peculiar interest. The thought that it is *new* invests it with interest. It is its *novelty* that constitutes its charm.—*Bishop Hervey.*

Sunday Best.

RUFUS CHOATE, when at the climax of his reputation, said that his brain would long before have given way, owing to the intense and constant strain of professional work, had it not been for the refreshing and recreating influence of the fiction, poetry, history, and Greek and Latin classics he read. But Rufus Choate did die of an over-worked brain, which shattered a nervous system that knew but little of the restfulness of relaxation.

What the great orator sought for in books, the zealous man of business and the faithful man-of-all-work may find in the periodical rest of Sunday. "Men who labour six days in the week and rest on the seventh," said Dr. Farre, in his testimony before a committee of the House of Commons, "will be more healthy and live longer, other things being equal, than those who labour seven; they will do more work and better work."

Twenty leading physicians of England said, "We say ditto to Dr. Farre." The managers of large stables, where several hundred horses are kept, say a horse must have one day's rest in seven, or he will break down. One day's rest in ten, or nine, or even eight days, will not keep him in working condition.

Mr. A—was a driving man of business, and—nothing more. He made a fortune, and worked seven days in the week, as if he were struggling to gain his first ten thousand dollars.

One day, in the midst of his prosperity, his mental vision being dazed by the apprehension of some coming evil, he took his own life. The physician's judgment was, "Insanity caused by overwork." The friends said, "He had worked seven days in the week for years; that killed him."

Mr. B—was the President of a manufacturing company, the manage-

ment of which kept him from his home six days. On Saturday he would return home, taking with him a large package of business papers, and passed Sunday in examining them.

"Why do you labour and toil as you do?" said a Christian friend. "Six days in the week are enough for one to work, who wishes to retain his health. You will kill yourself by this continuous strain. Besides, my dear friend, you are neglecting the better part of yourself, as well as your family, by allowing business to absorb your Sundays."

"I know it," he said, sadly. "But I must do it, or my business will get ahead of me. By-and-bye I hope to get time to rest on Sundays, but I can't now."

He went on working seven days in the week, and died, in the prime of life, of softening of the brain.

"Had it not been for the weekly rest of the Sabbath," said a Boston merchant of twenty years' successful business, "I should have been a maniac long ago. It was nothing but the quiet of that day which rested my brain and saved it from giving way under the constant pressure."

"I have had an extensive acquaintance with business men," said another Boston merchant, "and I cannot recall one who worked seven days in the week who did not shorten his life or go insane."

Some men say, "Oh, the Fourth Commandment is an old Jewish law intended for an isolated farming people—it was not applicable to modern civilization."

That is a mistake—it is the command of a higher than human intelligence, the declaration of the physiological law of rest, which demands obedience one day in seven, under the penalty of a physical punishment that shall make the violator an imbecile.

Pick Out Your Time.

WHEN will you begin resolutely, heartily, wholly to serve God?

How varying the answers!

"When I think I am good enough."
"When I sha'n't disgrace my profession."

"When I am a little older."
"When out of this set of young people, who will laugh at me."

"When I have run my round of good things."

Set these all down.

Don't you think it fair that God should have something to say in this matter? Let God pick out His time. To the first He says, "Come now and let us reason together; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."

To the second, "My grace is sufficient for thee."

To the third, "Those that seek Me early shall find Me."

To the fourth, "Fear ye not the reproach of men."

To the fifth, "I will mock when your fear cometh."

A MINE is a pit in which rich men may sink fortunes; and the most successful miner is one who makes them do it.

AN epicure is a man who knows what is good to eat, and who talks about his food incessantly. All an epicure needs is bristles, and then he could be classed at a glance.

A Happy New Year.

BY MARIANNE FARNINGHAM.

I SEND to you a greeting,
Dear, unknown friends, to-day,
Wherever you may journey
God speed you on your way!
God's smile be on you, every one,
The distant and the near,
And make the time that comes to us
A happy, happy year!

We have not seen the faces
That many of you wear,
But we know they oft are shaded
By sorrow and by care.
We cannot hear the voices
That sing the songs of earth, [sighs
But we know that sometimes there are
To check the joyous mirth.

We often kneel together
Before our Father's feet,
Perhaps we pass each other
Along the crowded street.
We shall go home together,
And know as we are known
Within our Father's house above
When He shall call His own.

And so we send our wishes
To you across the snow;
Our heart longs for the blessings
Which you desire to know.
God make, if it be best for you,
The trouble-storm to cease,
And give to you true riches,
And fill you with His peace!

May winter days grow cheery
With love for warmth and light;
May summer's joy last all the year
To make your spirits bright;
May labour have its guerdon
Of good reward and rest,
And with the holiest benison
May each of you be blest!

May this new year be better
Than any gone before,
Filled with devoted service,
And crowned with Plenty's store.
God cheer it with His presence,
And, if it be the last,
Grant an eternity of bliss
When the fleeting years are past.

The Children of Douglas Camp.

DOUGLAS was a mining-camp in California twenty-eight years ago. Twenty-four years ago there were cabins on the slopes, cabins in the ravine, five hundred able-bodied men were at work there, stores and hotel-throve, and every one had money and to spare.

But there were no children in the camp. That was the only drawback. No boys yelling and whooping along the dusty street, no sun-bonneted maidens coming from school, no babies, except when a family of Humboldt Indians trotted through town, the mother carrying a brown and swaddled pappoose on her back. It was a mid-summer afternoon, and the shadows were long, the day's work nearly done. Red-shirted miners everywhere visible threading the paths down cliffs or climbing from damp and shaded gulches on their way to the town, the central "camp" where they lived—such was the picture.

The miners assembled for their evening meal. The long dining-room of the Johnson House was crowded, and men passing stopped and leaned through the windows to chat with those inside. Every one was in shirt-sleeves, or if he had a coat carried it evidently for the convenience of pockets. Miners sat in the open doors of their cabins and smoked, or lifted the whole side of their tents, stretched themselves on a pile of blankets, and kept watchful and amused observation of all that went on below.

A canvas-covered waggon came down the slope of the hill, crossing the last ridge that divided Douglas from the outside world. Bets were freely made as to its mission.

"It's some prospector. The road stops here. He'll have to go on horse-back."

"It's a show of some kind, fellows. No show here these two years. Hurrah for the minstrels!"

"It's one of them Government or teacher chaps that studies the forests and digs up roots and things."

"Some camping-out sports from the city, I should say."

At last imagination failed, suggestions were exhausted, waiting was the last resource. Slowly the white cover approached, until the waggon stopped in the heart of the town—bony, worn-out horses, tired and disconsolate man driving, baggage and bedding apparently filling up the waggon. The hearty, bluff and outspoken miners gathered about it.

"Old fellow, what do you want in these diggings?" said one.

"Hasn't struck it rich in any other camp," remarked another.

The man, seeing himself closely observed by several hundred men, looked peculiarly helpless and ill at ease. He finally spoke to one miner nearest, and said,

"My friend, I don't know what to do. I do want to earn my livin', and I haven't any money."

The word ran through the crowd like the chorus of a Gilbert song, "He doesn't know what to do." Bursts of laughter began to ripple forth here and there. Two or three miners began to ask him questions in a bantering way. He had had misfortunes and lost his property. His wife and daughter were dead. He knew nothing of mining, but he couldn't make a living in the valleys. The choruses ran through the crowd: "He can't make a living." "He don't know what to do." And the crowd might fitly have answered, "Neither do we." Unconsciously the old man meandered along. Already one or two had begun to shout, "O, go off old man."

"Grandpa," cried a shrill, girlish voice from within the curtains, "ain't we 'most somewhere? I'm so tired, so is Buddie."

A hundred hands tore the canvas into strips and completely wrecked the cover of the waggon. There stood on a pile of bedding, her little brother at her feet, a blue-eyed, golden-haired child of nine. She looked astonished, but not frightened, as the bearded men crowded about and began to talk to her in wild and happy excitement. Nothing like it ever happened in Douglas before. Goods were left unattended, cards and money on the table; every inhabitant of the town was on the spot in less than five minutes. The little boy rubbed his eyes, sat up, and began to take in the situation. Pretty children both—children to be proud of.

"Hurrah for our Douglas Camp children!" shouted a miner. "Pass them along so that we can have a chance at them." And strong, gentle hands lifted them from the waggon, deep manly voices whispered blessings; from hand to hand, from heart to heart, half-frightened, half-pleased, till every man on the ground had held them in his arms.

"All right, old man," shouted Tommy Williams, the best-known miner in the camp; "jest trundle out and go inter the hotel with the kids, and get the best dinner an' the best

room ye can. We'll pay for them, and we'll 'tend ter yer team."

"Yes, an' we'll find plenty for you to do," shouted a dozen other miners.

A few days later the old man was given a sincere as day watchman of several sluices, and was installed in a cabin, with meals duly provided for himself and the children: And there had come to Douglas the first of its children as beautiful blessings and as inspirations of good.

Nine-year-old Ethel was wise beyond her years, and a gentle and loving child withal. So when the O'Raff-neys, of Ragged Rock Claim, and the Johnsons, of Blue Hill, began to quarrel over their respective boundaries, and drew pistols, it was Ethel, brave as a lion, who asked them to stop, and had her own way. As for Bobbie, or Buddie, his four-year-old consciousness was only aware that his lines had fallen in pleasant places, and he grew and thrived mightily.

Soon over the camp it was "our Ethel," and pet names innumerable and schemes of delightful simplicity were devised for winning her favour. Gambling was lessened, and rowdies and drunken men were fewer. The town was quite another place before the end of that season. Then the miners planned to give the children a Christmas tree, and ended by giving each other presents also, and so in universal jollity and good cheer the year went out.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly*.

Johnnie's Sermon.

It was very short, and that is a good thing in a sermon. It was all true, and that is another good thing. It did just what every sermon ought to do—turned a soul to God—and that is the best of all.

Johnnie's papa was an infidel. He said he did not believe in God or prayer or any such thing, but he loved his little boy dearly. One day somebody took Johnnie to a children's meeting where the old story of Jesus and His love was told, and when he heard that a little boy might give his heart to Jesus, and be safe and happy in His love, he just did it right away. Then he went home with his cheeks flushed and his eyes sparkling. His papa saw him as he came in, and said, "Johnnie, what is the matter?" Johnnie ran into his father's arms, and, hiding his face on his shoulder, whispered, "Oh, papa, I have found Jesus!" The big man smiled, kissed his little boy, and thought, "He is excited, but will soon get over it."

But the days passed by, and the little fellow did not get over it. He grew sweeter and more manly every day, and often and often he said to his papa, "Oh, I am so glad that I have found Jesus!"

And that was Johnnie's sermon, and it led the strong, proud man, who saw how truly his child followed the Lord Jesus, to the same blessed life of love and faith. This is a true story, and it shows how God can use the testimony of a child when it is the real heart experience that influences the life—*S. S. Advocate*.

The doors of earthly happiness and heavenly happiness swing on the same hinges.—*President Bascom*.

A THOUSAND copies of the New Testament, printed in phonetic type, have been shipped to Bishop Taylor, on the west coast of Africa.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN JEWISH HISTORY.

B.C. 622.] LESSON II. [Jan 10

JEREMIAH PREDICTING THE CAPTIVITY.

Jer. 8. 20-22; 9. 1-16. Commit vs. 20-22.

GOLDEN TEXT.

The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.—Jer. 8. 20.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Salvation is lost by neglect and by sin.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Jer. 1. 1-19. Tu. Jer. 2. 1-13. W. Jer. 3. 12-19. Th. Jer. 5. 1-6. F. Jer. 7. 1-14. Sa. Jer. 8. 11-22. Su. Jer. 9. 1-16.

TIME.—In the later years of King Josiah, after the last lesson, B.C. 622-609, or early in the reign of his son Jehoiakim.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, at a gate of the inner court of the temple, where the prophet stood and addressed the people in the outer court.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—Our lessons change from Kings to Jeremiah, because he prophesied at the period whose history we have been studying, and his words throw light on the history. After the last lesson, the excitement died away, many were v. touched by the revival, and the people grew very bad, as described in to-day's lesson. Jeremiah was sent to warn and entreat them, lest they perish on account of their sins.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—21. *I am black*—Rather, I go mourning. 22. *Balm*—Balsam, used for medicine externally and internally. *In Gilead*—Where it grew in abundance. There was abundant help for the people in God, but they refused it. 3. *Their tongue like a bow*—Lies were the venomous arrows they shot from their tongues. 7. *Melt and try*—As metals, which are thus purified from dross. 9. *Shall I not visit them*—With punishment. These warnings were fulfilled by the three devastations of the kingdom, and final destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar of Babylon. (See Lesson 4.) 1. *Dragons*—Better, jackals. 14. *Baalim*—Plural of Baal, the idol of their neighbours the Phenicians.

SUBJECTS FOR HOME STUDY.—Jeremiah's history.—Jeremiah's character.—The Book of Jeremiah.—The sins and crimes of Judah.—The calamities that came upon them.—Opportunities, and how they are lost.—Why punishment follows sin.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Why do we change our lessons from Kings to Jeremiah? When did Jeremiah live? Where? His father's name? Give some account of his life? What kind of a man was he? What can you tell about the Book of Jeremiah?

SUBJECT: LOST OPPORTUNITIES.

I. THE OPPORTUNITIES LOST (vs. 20-22).—What promises did God make to the children of Israel? (Gen. 26 4; Joshua 1. 4; 2 Chron. 17. 9-12.) What blessing did he want them to enjoy? (Deut. 28. 1-13.) Repeat v. 20 of the lesson. What harvest was past? What is meant by "the daughter of my people"? What hurt is referred to? (See 2 Kings 23. 29-33; 24. 10-14.) What is balm? What is it good for? Where was it found in plenty? What does the prophet mean by this verse?

II. THE SINS BY WHICH THEY ARE LOST (vs. 1-3).—How did Jeremiah express his grief over the sins and miseries of his people? (vs. 1, 2.) How many different sins are mentioned in these eight verses? Which of the ten commandments were broken by them? Name the Beatitudes which were contrary to these sins? What sin is mentioned oftener? Why is deceit and lying one of the most deadly of sins?

III. THE CALAMITIES THAT FOLLOWED (vs. 9-11).—What should befall the country? (v. 10.) What should become of the city? (v. 11.) Read a description of the fulfilment of these warnings? (2 Chron. 36. 5-7, 15-20.) What punishment will fall on all who continue in sin? (Rom. 2. 8, 9; Matt. 7. 2, 19; 25. 41-46.)

IV. THE REASON OF THESE CALAMITIES (vs. 12-16).—Who would understand the cause of these troubles? What was the cause? What is meant by wormwood and gall in v. 15?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

1. The tender, gentle, and loving spirit is best fitted to warn men of their danger?
2. We must do right, although we stand alone in it.
3. God has a great harvest of good for us all.
4. Many waste their opportunities till it is too late.
5. Opportunities for good are lost by sin and by neglect.
6. The reason any are lost is because they will not repent and serve God.
7. Punishment is the certain fruit of sin.
8. God warns us because he loves us.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

6. What great prophet began to prophesy at the time of our last lesson? **ANS.** The prophet Jeremiah. 7. How long did he prophesy? **ANS.** More than 40 years, from the time of Josiah till after the destruction of Jerusalem, B.C. 586. 8. What was the character of the people? **ANS.** They broke all the commandments, and worshipped idols instead of God. 9. What punishment was threatened? **ANS.** The destruction of their country. 10. What mournful words did they utter? **ANS.** (Repeat the Golden Text.)

B.C. 604] LESSON III. [Jan. 17

THE FAITHFUL RECHABITES.

Jer. 35. 12-19. Commit vs. 18, 19.

GOLDEN TEXT.

For unto this day they drink none, but obey their father's commandment.—Jer. 35. 14.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

Obedience and temperance the way to a long and happy life.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Jer. 35. 1-11. Tu. Jer. 35. 12-19. W. Prov. 3. 1-18. Th. Prov. 1. 8, 9; 6. 20-23; 30. 17. F. Prov. 23. 29-35. Sa. Eph. 6. 1-12. Su. Gal. 5. 16-26.

TIME.—B.C. 604-5, fourth year of Jehoiakim.

PLACE.—Jerusalem, in one of the courts of the temple.

RULES.—Jehoiakim, king of Judah, B.C. 609-598. Nebuchadnezzar, son of emperor of Babylon, now commander of the Chaldean army in Judah, becomes emperor, B.C. 604.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—A few years pass away since the warnings in our last lesson. The end is drawing near. Nebuchadnezzar's army is devastating Judah and approaching Jerusalem; but the people have grown worse and worse. And now Jeremiah makes one more effort to persuade them to a better life.

JEREMIAH'S OBJECT-LESSON.—See Jer. 35. 1-11. The Rechabites came into Jerusalem because Nebuchadnezzar with his fierce soldiers was destroying the country. Here they still lived in tents. Jeremiah takes them into a frequented court of the temple, and placing wine before them, asks them to drink. They refuse because Jonadab 275 years before had so commanded. So, says Jeremiah, you should obey God your father.

THEIR REWARD.—(1) Rechabites continue to exist to the present day. (2) Some joined the tribe of Levi, and continued to serve in their temple. (3) Every true temperance person is a spiritual descendant; such have always existed.

SUBJECTS FOR HOME STUDY.—The people growing worse.—The devastations of Nebuchadnezzar's army.—The Rechabites, their history.—Their belief and practice.—How Jeremiah tested them.—The lesson the Israelites should learn from them.—The lessons of obedience we should learn.—The lesson of temperance.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—How long a time between this lesson and the last? What evil had Jeremiah foretold in that lesson as the punishment of the people's sins? Had his warnings begun to be fulfilled? Who was devastating the country at this time? (Jer. 35. 11.) Who was king of Israel?

SUBJECT: OBEDIENCE AND TEMPERANCE.

I. THE RECHABITES.—Give some account of the history of the Rechabites? Where did the Rechabites live? What were their peculiar beliefs and practices? (Jer. 35. 6-10.)

II. JEREMIAH'S OBJECT-LESSON OF OBEDIENCE (vs. 12-15).—Why did these Rechabites come into Jerusalem to live for a time? (Jer. 35. 11.) Where did Jeremiah take them? (Jer. 35. 3, 4.) What did he offer them? (Jer. 35. 5.) Did they yield to the temptation? (Jer. 35. 6.) What reason did they give? Was all this done publicly? What did Jeremiah teach the people by this?

III. REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS vs. 16-19).—How were the Israelites punished for their disobedience? What reward did God promise the Rechabites for their obedience? Has it been fulfilled?

IV. APPLICATION TO OBEDIENCE.—(1) How does this apply to our obedience to God? What reasons can you give why we should obey God perfectly? (2) Apply it to obedience to parents. (3) To obedience to the laws of our country. In what ways are we tempted to disobey? What is the punishment of disobedience to God? (Matt. 25. 46; Ezek. 18. 20.) To parents? (Prov. 30. 17.) To country? What is the reward of obedience to God? (Prov. 3. 1-4; 1 Tim. 4. 8.) To parents? (Exod. 20. 12; Prov. 1. 8, 9; 6. 20-22.) To country?

V. APPLICATION TO TEMPERANCE.—Why did the Rechabites drink no wine or strong drink? What temptations have we to use strong drink? What reason for total abstinence do you find in the Bible?

LESSONS FROM THE RECHABITES.

I. Obedience.—(1) The duty of obedience; (2) The tests of obedience in daily life; (3) The reasons for obedience to God's commands; what God has done for us, his messengers, his providence, the rewards of obedience, and the punishment of disobedience.

Obedience.—(1) To God; (2) To parents; (3) To laws of our country; (4) Of country to laws of God.

Temperance.—(1) An example of temperance; (2) Resisting temptations; (3) The reasons for temperance; (4) The rewards of temperance.

Reasons for Temperance.—Required by obedience (1) To God's word; (2) To the law of love; (3) To science; (4) To reason; (5) To experience.

REVIEW EXERCISE.

11. What peculiar people lived among the Israelites? **ANS.** The Rechabites. 12. What did Jeremiah do with some of them? **ANS.** He offered them wine to drink. 13. Why did they refuse? **ANS.** Because their founder commanded them not to drink wine or strong drink. 14. What did Jeremiah teach by this? **ANS.** That the Israelites should obey God. 15. What lessons may we learn? **ANS.** Obedience to God and man, and total abstinence from all that can intoxicate.

A Question for a Lawyer.

At the time Hopu, a young Sandwich Islander, was in this country, he spent an evening in company where an infidel lawyer tried to puzzle him with difficult questions. At length Hopu said: "I am a poor heathen boy. It is not strange that my blunders in English should amuse you. But soon there will be a larger meeting than this. We shall all be there. They will ask us only one question, namely, 'Do you love the Lord Jesus Christ?' Now, sir, I think I can say yes. What will you say, sir?" When he had stopped all present were silent. At length the lawyer said that as the evening was far gone, they had better conclude it with prayer, and proposed that the native should pray. He did so; and as he poured out his heart to God, the lawyer could not conceal his feelings. Tears started from his eyes and he sobbed aloud. All present wept, too, and when they separated, the words, "What will you say, sir?" followed the lawyer home, and did not leave him till they brought him to the Saviour.—*Word of Life.*

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