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#### THE END OF THE CENTURY.

By Edward S. Van Zile.

Where a century lay dying, The nations, waiting, heard A great soul softly sighing; They hearkened to its word. From a century of glory, A century of strife, Came a strange and stirring story In the evening of its life.

In the evening of its ending
Told the age that lingered there
A tale of grandeur blending A prophecy and prayer.

Spake the century that passes

To the Future: "You shall see
On the faces of the masses An epitaph to me.

"I saw the world a-groaning
'Neath the tyranny of might;
And I heard the people moaning. I was young, and it was night.

And where ocean rolled to ocean, Where land met land again, There was ship-of-war in motion, Or marching hordes of men.

"Then what nation cried to nation, What flew from wave to wave, But divided God's creation For despot and for slave. But tighter, ever tighter, I knit the hearts of men; Their burdens, growing lighter, Were bearable again.

"To tyrants came a warning;
The slave was freed at last.
The dawn broke, then the morning; The night of man was passed. Then races spake to races, Despite the hills and deep; soul, with countless faces, Awakened from its sleep.

"To-day a phantom haunteth
A genius far away;
To-morrow mankind vaunteth
New light upon its way!
For this the age of ages
Hath won from stubborn things— The wisdom of the sages Is born anew with wings.

There is no hermit nation; There is a human race! Who holds an outland station Must answer face to face. Where crucity still lingers Beside the widening path Are pointing ghostly fingers A-beckening God's wrath.

The heirs to ancient errors, The centuries shall die The champions whose terrors Prove blessings by and by; While they who rule the ocean, And they who win the land, Obey in every motion A spirit in command.

'Tis the soul of us awaking To the gleams that come again Of splendour in the making Of the history of mee. The very stars turned teachers, The rocks and caves awake,
The seas and hills made preachers
For Truth's immortal sake—

"These be the mighty powers That glorify the sight Of man, who seeketh flowers That cannot bloom at night-Can only bloom to-morrow, When war shall cease for aye, And the centuries of sorrow Are forgotten by and by."

## THE END.

Better is the end of a thing than the beginning thereof, says the proverb. That depends upon circumstances. The end of a well-spent life is certainly better than its beginning, so too is the end of a well-spent year; but if the year or the life be ill-spent, then the end is incomparably worse than the beginning. To secure a good end to the year on which we are about to enter we must see that its beginning and every day and hour be used as wisely as possible.

The accompanying picture is a sort of The accompanying picture is a saliegory. The Breton peasants sitting on the lonely seashore are looking out on that solemn emblem of eternity, the endless sca. On such a shore we wander day by day. Even the wisest of men are, as Newton said, like children picking up pebbles and finding perchance in some great discovperchance in some great discovery one pebble brighter than the rest. Let us, however, look not mournfully into the past, but look hopefully and trustfully into the future. If we have wasted life, let us waste it no longer. Let us seek God's guidance and grace for the future. Let us put our hands trustfully in his and go forward in his guidance, knowing that if we but follow it he will guide us into all truth, into per-fect peace, into endless life.

There is something very suggestive in the old Roman idea of the God of boundaries. For the lines that are drawn upon our life, as time passes away, and the future becomes the past, can scarcely be too closely scanned.

"Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours.

And ask them what report they bore to Heaven;

And how they might have borne more welcome news."

And, therefore, the passing away of one year, and the coming of the next, must challenge the very grave consideration of every thoughtful mind. For that has gone that can never be recalled; and that has come that will never

pass away. We can no more get back to where we stood, nor be what we were when the year commenced. Something has occurred about us which is irreversible; and something has taken place in us, which we cannot change.

And when we speak of the flight of time, do we not use words expressive of an idea that is not strictly true?

"It is not time that flies;
'Tis we; 'tis we are flying,
It is not time that dies; 'Tis we, 'tis we are dying! here, and as we are now constituted, is simply a tribute of acknowledgment of our imperfect state. It will not be our experience when we are clothed upon with our spiritual bodies.

Will it be said. Does not the Apostle assert that time is short?

Of course he does. But not in the sense of shert as opposed to long. The truth he is teaching has no connection with that. Literally, his expression is "The time that remains is shortened." Shortened as the furled sail is. As the

of the shortened sail, and the furled-in powers, is drawing to its close. Its sands are fast running out. By and by we shail reach the land of the living. "In a little while" we shall enter upon our perfected state, and that which is in part shall be for ever done away.

Meanwhile with strangely impressive

Meanwhile, with strangely impressive eloquence, the passing year calls upon

1. To place a right estimate upon the events by which we are surrounded. Because "the time is shortened," we should corpse, wrapped around with the grave-clothes of the ancients, was. It is true men." We must not be unduly elated by prosperity, nor cast down by adversity or trial.

2. To be faithful in doing the work that yet remains to be done. The command is, "Occupy till I come!" And the doclaration is, "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing!"

It is just the message of the new year to every one of us. Shall we wisely and reverently

heed it?

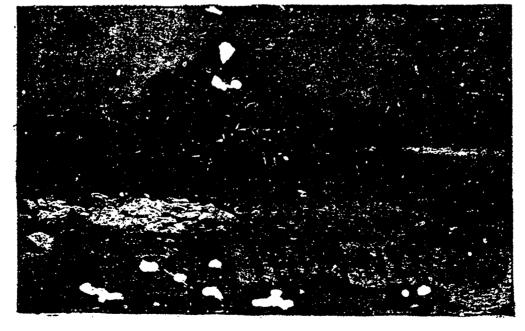
## THE COMING YEAR.

The new year can be likened unto a blank book of 365 pages, which has been placed in our hands. What will the book contain at the year's end? Some pages will be stained with tears. Some will be crumpled as if clutched the despoter Some will contain in despair. Some will contain words of hate and anger, which will burn the pages whereon they are written. Other pages will be filled with the record of 'something accomplished, something done,' which has carn ed a night's repose.' There will be the record of battles fought,

and at the end of the year we can turn back and see when we have conquered, when we have lost. There will be written upon these pages in letters of gold an account of self-sacrifices, loves and faithful devotions-Selected.

THE PROPERTY OF THE PARTY OF TH

"Let me offer you myself as a Christmas present, Mildred, dear, said young Mr. Goslin.



Time and eternity are ne-Time is eternity begua."

For is not time that which is measured by periods—because we are imperfectly developed? And is not eternity that which has no measure, because we have attained our de elopment? Does spirit ever grow old? Does thought ever decay? And is a spiritual nature subject to the measurement of the days and weeks and years? Therefore the measurement—by the revolution of heavenly bodies of the period of our existence

of "the time," or dispensation that remains. It is shortened, furled in, wound round with limitations, both of good and evil. The vessel with the furled sail is the symbol of the dispensation or time" in which we are called to do our work. Everywhere it is one of limited powers. There is no evil that is not checked. There is no good that is not hemmed about with opposing evil.

And the voice of the passing year is, And the voice of the passing year is, "I accept only useful Christmas gifts, that we are so much the nearer to the thank you, Mr. Goslin!" replied the close of this state of things. The area maiden. Another Year

Another year is dawning.
Dear Master let it be,
In working or in waiting,
Another year with Thee.

Another year of leaning Upon thy loving breast, if ever deepening trustfulness, Of quiet, happy rest.

Another year of mercies, Of faithfulness and grace, Another year of gladness In the shining of Thy face.

Another year of progress, Another year of praise; Another year of proving Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service, Of witness for Thy love; Another year of training For holler work above.

Another year is dawning;
Dear Master let it be.
On earth, or else in heaven.
Another year for thee.

#### OUR PERIODICALS:

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the cost popular Yearly Christian Guardian, weekly. \$100 Methodiat Magazine and Review, 00 pp., acouchly 2 00 Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and 8 Review. 275 | Sequence Magazina and Review, Guardian and Onward to WILLIAM BRIGGS. Methodist Book and Publishing House, Toronto.

# Pleasant Hours:

W. COATES, S. F. HUESTES, 2176 St. Catherine St., Wesleyan Book Roy Montreal. Halitax, N.S.

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 29, 1900.

We have come to January's gates, which will open before us into 1901. With the keeper of the gate we look back whence we have come, over the year and the years behind, and forward whither we go into the year and years Into the years, for not only are ahead we leaving behind the old year, but with every day of the new year upon which we are about to enter we will be leaving nehlud us the hundred years of the nineteenth century. With the year 1900 we will bid farewell to this century. The thought of having to leave the nineteenth thought of having to leave the ulneteenth century and enter the twentieth is as be-wildering as "a great reckoning in a small room." We speak of it now as "our century," sometimes proudly, Amerimes sorrowally, when we compare the things of it with the things of past centuries. A great multitude of us will perhaps always so regard it, and certainly we shall be regarded by a great multitude born in the twentieth century, or at the threshold of it, as "essentially in thought and manner belonging rather to the nineteenth century than to the twentieth century than the twentieth century the twentieth century than the twentieth century the twentieth century than the twentieth century than the twentieth century the twentieth thought and manner belonging rather to the nineteenth century than to the twen-tieth century," as our nineteenth cen-tury critics have so often said of many great ones who ended their lives in the first quarter of this century. The clos-ing years of the nineteenth century have cortainly been eventful ones. The pace has been quickened at the close, as if we wished to get as far forward as possible wished to get as far forward as possible. The last twenty-five pears have been one so unexampled material progress and prosperity, and last year was not one of the least progressive. Certainly, for the Anglo-Saxon race it has been a wonderful year Young, prosperous with a magnificent inheritance and with spiendld prospects, Canada is advancing to the front among the nations. If Canadians in making anything of him.

will remember that it is righteousness which exalteth a nation, the future of our country seems assured.—Adapted our country seem from The Wesleyan

#### LAYING FOUNDATIONS.

BY MAIDA MAITLAND.

LAYING FOUNDATIONS.

BY MAIDA MATLAND.

The Ross boys had received a very handsome gift, a box of blocks of Norman architecture, and on a rainy Novomber day, Aunt Laurie found them all much interested in the building of a castle with an elaborate tower. Before ask how it, the dear, old ady was quite as interested as the boys, and by her time and the time is a true at the boys, and by her time is a true at the boys and by her time is a true at the boys and by her time is a true at the boys and by her time is a true at the boys and by her time is a true at the boys and by her time is a true at the boys and by her time is a true at the time at the boys and by her time is a true at the boys and by her time is a true at the boys and by her time is a true at the boys and by her time is a true at the boys and by her time is a true at the boys and by the boy

"The structure has a name called Character, and every one of you is busy at work on his own building."
"If you examine this tumbled-down castle here you will find our tower fell to the ground, bringing the rest of the building with it, all because one foundation block was at fault. See, this correct one has a piece out of it. When the weight of the tower came upon it, over the whole castle went. That is just except how a number of boys and girls are building to-day. Their foundation stones are not good ones, and when a few years have passed, instead of building up good and beautiful character houses, that will last forever, down will come their whole building, because their

houses, that will last forever, down will come their whole building, because their foundation was rotten."
"John Little, who went to jail last week for stealing, was one of these buildings. He laid in a bad foundation stone called Dishonesty, and although he had some good stones in his character house, this one upset all his building. "Make it easy Aunt Lourie," Cricket we can understand it better," "All right, dear," their aunt replied, as she drew the wee, tired girlle closer to her.

her.
"Suppose we just take two stones for to-night, and, if we all fully decide to lay them in our building, we will have enough for one evening. Last night we all sang

"'On Christ, the solid rock, I stand, All other ground is sinking sand."

"Grandpa after that read to graups airer mar read to us the story of two houses. One was built on a rock, and another on the sand, and you remember when the storms came and beat against these houses, the one on the sand was washed right away, because the foundation was procedure. its foundation was no good, and the other one stood strong and unbarmed because it was built on the solid rock."

other one stood strong and unbarmed because it was built on the solid rock." Now, you boys and girls are building either one of these two houses. Which is 1:7 If you want your character houses to stand the storms that will surely come to each of you in this life, you want to begin right, and begin and build on the Rock of Ages."
"That Just means, Cricket, dear, that if you want to build up a beautiful life you must begin first of all by deciding too be a little Christian, for if you don't you may build away for gars and years, but no matter how well you may think you are getting on, at last, when a storm called Death beats against your house, down it will come, for you never started on the foundation that will withstand this storm."
"So now, children, let us go on from this sure foundation and build up. The first stone we will put in sure and steadfast is a large and strong one, called Trothfulness."

"John Langdon, whom your father was compelled to dismiss from the office last week, had not looked after this part of the foundation of his character house.

week, had not looked after this part of the foundation of his character house, so, although he was a good boy in many respects, and might have made a success as a business man, this one bad foundation stone. Untruthulness, overthrew his whole house."
"So you see if our building is to be a success at all, we must lay sure and firm this grand atone. Then the other one is Unselfishness. Nothing makes a boy so much disliked as being selfish."
"The other day in one of our schools the teacher asked her class to write a composition asking for three things they would like. The boys and girls asked for overy imaginary thing that would give pleasure in their homes, but one very selfish and lazy boy wrote this: "First—I want a pony (because I have a bicycl.), to ride round town and be able to crow over the fellows walking. Second—I want a sister, all grown up, ow with the content of the selfish, and the content of the selfish, lazy duffer." came from "The selfish, lazy duffer." came from "The selfish, lazy duffer."

grass, 80 I work have to the the lawn mower."

"The selfish, lazy duffer," came from Jack, in a disgusted tone, "I'd like to wallop him."

"Wo'd help," came in a chorus from the others, as they all joined in the lawn.

All right, then," their aunt continued, "Wo're all agreed that the stone of Selfishness must not find a piace in our building."

A nurse was teiling me the other day about being in a home where a dear little fellow lay dying, and in leaving the room quickly she came across his sister kneeling in a corner and praying:
"Dear God, don't bother at all about

mg, but do comfort poor father and mother."

"Wasn't she a dear wee thing?" Ham-ilton asked, with strong approval in his

voice.
"Yes, she had fitted in that stone of Unselfishness, and it was making her building look very heautiful."
The talk had lasted until the tea bell rang, and as the little ones went quiletly out to the dining-room on each face there was marked the determination to there was marked the determination to build his house on the rock that would withstand all life's storms. Which, dear young reader, are you building? Oltawa, Ont.

#### BLOTTED OUT. BY LOUIS ALBERT BANKS.

"I will blot out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions."

There is a story told of a boy who ran to his mother one day after he had read that promise, and said:

"Mother, what does God mean when he says ho will blot out my sins? What is he going to do with them? I can't see how God can really blot one on the says how to the says how the says had to the says how the says how the says had to the says how the says had the

-not out?"

The wise mother said to the boy,
'Didn't I see you yesterday writing on
your slate?"

"Yes," he said.

"Well, fetch it to me."
He fetched the slate. Holding it in front of him, the mother said, "Where

front of him, the mother said, "Where is what you wrote?"
"Oh." he said, "I rubbed it out."
"Well, where is it?"
"Why, mother, I don't know. I know it was there, and it is gone."
"Well," sho said, "that is what God means when he says, 'I will blot out thy transpressions."

transgressions, "
And so God will blot out your transgressions, dark and black and heavy
though they are, if you come to him in
repentance and faith in Jesus Christ,
and, though you may not know just his,
and, though you may not know just his,
your rebuking conscience will be gone,
your rebuking conscience will have
peace, and God will have freed you from your chains of evil habits.

#### THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW. A REFLECTION FOR DECEMBER 31.

A REPLECTION FOR DECEMBER 31.

We have come to the last day of the old year, To-morrow will begin a new year, and God grant that it may be a happy New Year for us all.

Do you want to know the secret of a happy New Year? I think it is given by the text from the book of Proverbs: "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart in all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." This is good motto for the new year. We want to be led by God himself through all the days of the coming year Here is the precious promise, that if we trust in God and obey him in all things, he will guide our, footstepts in the right path. our footsteps in the right path.

#### NOT ANOTHER YEAR.

NOT ANOTHER YEAR.

A new year, not simply another year.

Many people may be said to live the
same tame of the same and the same of the
succeeding year is the name unit added
ohee more to the sum of life. There is
the same task, performed in the same
spirit, with the same notive; the same
imperfection of character, the same failures of conduct. The times may change
and progress hasten, but if we stand
still we live only the same old year over
again. A new year never comes to the
contented ox—he simply grows old. It
is not the lapse of time, or progress of
civilization, but our progress, that makes
posible to us a new year.

When Christ was born there appeared upon the earth "the perfect Brother." Christ came to eave. He saves to serve. He took upon himself the form of a servant, and now calls: "Follow me!" The star of Bethlehem was and is a beckening star. It leads to service. This is why the burden of so many hearts at this season of gladness is, "What shall give?" "What will please this one, or that one, and do them the most of the control of the season of gladness is, "What shall the rest, and himself or herself forgotten. This is the Christmas spirit. Thanks be to God, this spirit is very busy in the world. It is at the root of all the great schemes of practical philamthopy and the numerous societies and associations that are to-day helping the people. If may be seen in the marriellous brothand the most of the seen of the control of the protection of the possess of the control of the passion for liberty that is so rapidary permeating the peoples of all lands, and in the sickening horror inspired by war. Let eyery servant of Christ strive to bring in the perfect and universal brotherhood.

A little boy in Scotland became blind. His parents sent him to school to keep him out of mischlef. The only reading book the scholars used was the Bible. As they read this they repeated the number of each chapter and each verse. By constantly hearing these readings, the boy Aleck soon learned many of the verses and coult tell where they have been constantly hearing these readings, they when he could be the bible by heart. If a person repeated any passages of Scripture, he would tell them the chapter and verse. One day a man reprated a-verse, that as light change in it. Aleck told him where it was, but said he had not correctly repeated it. The man asked him for the ninetieth verse of the seventh-chapter of Numbers. Alchoig where the seventh-chapter of Numbers. Alcked said, "You are fooling me, si there is no such verse; that chapte has but eighty-nine verse;" Althoigs he goed he could see and understand his holy word much better than many people who had two rood eyes. This is what that he could see and understand his holy word much better than many people who had two good eyes. This is what David meant when he said, "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

#### Tennyson's New Year's Hymn.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky, The flying cloud, the frosty light; The year is dying in the night; Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new. Ring, happy bells, across the snow. The year is going, let him go; Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind For those that here we see no more; Ring out the feud of rich and poor, Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause, And ancient forms of party strife; Riog in the nobler modes of life, With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin, The faithless coldness of the times; Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes

But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood, The civic slander and the spite: Ring in the love of truth and right, Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease; Ring out the narrowing just of gold Ring out the thousand wars of old, Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the vallant man and free, The larger heart, the kindler hand; Ring out the darkness of the land, Ring in the Christ that is to be. King Christmas and Master New Year. King Christman sai in his house of tee. And looked across the snow.
"Hallo, my little man!" he cried,
"Now, whither dost thou go?"

"I go, my Lord, along the way That all my kith have gone, Where thou, my lord, shalt follow me Before another dawn.

"Right gaily," cried the Christmas King,
"Who ride to-night with thee?"
"The days of grief, the days of joy,
Are they who ride with me."

"God keep thee, merry little man; Go whisper them that mourn How surely comes again the day When Christ the Lord was born.

"And be not sad, my little man, But when thou, too, art old,
And o'er the wintry wastes you come,
A weary man and cold,

"Right cheerly, I pray thee, then, To keep this gracious tryst, And leave thy weary burden here Where cares grow light, with Christ

"Now, bld thy gallant company Ride onward without fear For I, the King of Christmas, Have blessed the glad New Year." —S. Weir Mitchell, in The Century

#### HOW THE RESOLUTIONS WERE KEPT.

#### BY RLIZABETH DAVIS PIELDER.

Tom and Grace and Joe sat around the fire on New Year's Eve recounting the pleasures of the holidays, which were

now almost over. now almost over.
"What is New Year for, anyway?"
Joe demanded. "We all know about
Christmas being Christ's birthday, and

we make one another presents then; but what do people do on New Year?"
"Oh, you goose!" Grace exclaimed with 

Joe inquired.

Joe inquired.

"Joe, I hope you're not as silly as you seem to be," Grace answered. "How do you do it? Why, you write the resolutions on a big sheet of paper, and at sign their name to it. Then you can't ever, ever do those things again."

"I don't see how that keeps you from doing it," the sceptical Joe insisted.

"Well, it does, anyway," Grace declared.

Tom had a large sheet of paper ready, per acil. "1. '1: "and, '1e.

nd was sharpening his pencil. "It on't hurt to try it," he said; "and eally, it seems that we ought to celereally, it seems that we obrate New Year some way.

Tom was twelve years old, Grace ten, and Joe was nearing his eighth birthday—a rollicking, jolly trio, who did about —a rollicking, jolly trio, who did about the average amount of quarrelling and making up, heiping and hindering, com-mon in such households. Tom was in-clined to be soifigh. His things were his very own, every possession was dear to his boyish heart, and he had no inclina-tion to charact them with any care disc.

nis boyish neart, and no nan o inclina-tion to share them with any one eise.

Grace-had enough of Tom's disposition to enable, them to get along very well together, if not so well with other members of the household. She loved her own contort a little to much to be thoughtful of others, and in much to be thoughtful of others, and

insisting upon having her own rights, she was likely to overlook her duties.

Joe was unlike either Tom or Grace.

He was the tease and torment of the family, prying and inquisitive, always wanting to know the wherefore of everything, much to the annoyance of his elders.

I'm ready for the resolutions," Tom announced, with a flourish of his pencil.
"Let's begin with something we all need

After a brief consultation Tom wrote:
"Resolved, 1. That we won't quarrel

this year.
"2 That we will share our things, and not be selfish.

not be selfish.
"3. That we will keep our eyes open, and try to do something for somebody else ercry day.
"4. That we won't complain when mamma asks us to do errands, and will try to help her more than we did ! \*\*

"5. That we will have better lessons in

school, and not annoy the teacher.

"6. That we will spend fewer pennies.
for candy, and put more into the mission

box."
There !" Tom exclaimed: "I guess

that covers all the worst things we do Now I'll sign it first," and he wrote his that covers all the worst things we do.
Now I'll sign it first," and he wrote his
name in a very heavy, round hand.
Grace wrote hers neatly and carefully underneath; and after a long and laborious
effort, "Joseph Crawford" was scrawled in large, signag letters at the very bottom

large, signed, the play-room," Tom "I'll tack it up in the play-room," Tom nounced, "where we can see it every announced,

announced, "where we can see it every day, and not forget.
"As it we could forget!" Grace exciaimed. "You know Prof. Brown always tells us to write down the things
wo want to romember, and he always
makes us write the lessons we miss. I
guess there's no danger of our forgetting
the resolutions."

New Yoar's morning dawned crisp and clear after the snow-storm of the night, and all through the bright Sabbath day nothing happened to tempt the breaking of the resolutions.

Monday morning there was a great bustle and sitr, getting books and wraps and starting off to school.

"Where's my book-strap?" Tom demanded, rushing around the play-room in frantic haste.

"Where you put it, I guess," Joe

trantic haste.
"Where you put it, I guess," Joe
stopped whistling long enough to say,
"It's not! You know you had it
playing horse; I saw you myself. Now
you hunt it in a hurry!"
"I didn't have your old strap, and I
shan't hunt it!" Joe exclaimed angrily."

"Well, you both used my coloured pen-cils all week, and now I can't find one of them," Grace complained. "I need them for my maps, and you've got to find

"Everybody for himself!" Tom de-clared, tossing things about recklessly on the table in his search for the missing book-stran.

the table in his search to the book-strap,
When Mrs. Crawford came in a few
minutes later she found three angry children storming about the plan-room
saying some very naughty things to one
another. The missing articles were
found and the children quietly dismissed

another. The missing dictions were found and the children queltly dismissed to school.

Directly in front of them was a very small boy polyuching his way through the snow carpine a bundle of books very most boy carpine a bundle of books very most of them.

To laughed and gave him as ly nudge sa he passed by. "Hurry up, youngster, or you'll be tardy," Joe said.

"I know it," the poor little chap responded, and there were two big tears on his plump, red'checks. "I can't keep my rubbers on; and every time I stop to the them I drop my books. I wish—"But Joe was aircady out of hearing. There were a great many interesting things to hear and tell on that first day after the holidays, and it is small wonder that the resolutions were entirely forsotten.

gotten.

Joe made an appointment with Willie Denton to bring the new sleds to the hill back of his, house for a good, long slide after school. Grace borrowed Bessle Blake's new torty-book, and Tom's chum was coming to help him fill the new scrab-book.

was coming to help that are considered as he was going out of the gate. "I wish you would take this package down to Mrs. Brown's for me."

for me."

Joe's countenance fell. "Seems like
I might have a little time to play," he
grimbled, tossing the package on the
sled. "You might ask Tom to do the
errands once. In a while."

Mra. Crawford closed the drow with a
troubled countenance and returned to the

troubled countenance and returned to the stitung-room. Grace was comfortably sattled in the low, easy chair by the window, reading her preclous story-book. Mrs. Crawford picked up her darning-backet and looked at Grace as if expecting her to rise. She was deeply interested in the story, and did not move, so her mother turned away to find a seat elsewhere.

In the meantime Tom and his clum were scritting and arranging the pictures

were sorting and arranging the pictures for the new scrap-book.
"Why don't you get some of those cards down at the book-store for the first

page?" his chum inquired.
"Hadn't thought of it," Tom answered. "Besides, I can't afford it."
"Can't afford it? You haven't spent

"Can't afford it? You haven't spent all that dollar your grandpapa gave you for Christmas, have you? "Nearly all." Tom said hesitatingly. There was only one dime left, and he meant to keep one of the resolutions with that.

with that.
"I believe I'll just have a look at them. I must get some mucilage, anyway. I'll be back in a moment," and Tom hurried out of the house with the dime in his pocket.

"How about the resolutions?" Mrs. Crawlord asked when she came in that night to hear the prayers and have a little bedtime talk.

There was silence, and three very creat-failen little faces shone in the firelight.

"I'm arraid we've broken, "We began and the state of the state

have helped him an easy as not, and saved him a scoiding."

"And I have been as blind and selfan as I could be," Grace said sorrowfully, "I took mamma's easy chair by the window and sat there ever so long, while she perched on one of those straight-backed things trying to work in the dark. It was borrid of me. Why couldn't we keep them? I seemed so easy at frait." "I will tell you why," mamma said tory gently. "You felt strong enough to do it alone, so you did not take your resolutions to God and sak him to help you keep them. It is a good thing for us to learn our dependence on him Suppose you try that to-night, and see if they are not assier key to -morrow."

if they are not easier kept to-morrow."
So three little figures knelt with mamma in the firelight and followed her as ma in the firelight and followed her as she asked the loving Father to bless them in their entries to live a better life and help them keep the New Year resolu-tions.—Sunday-school Visitor.

#### LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER. STUDIES IN THE LIVE OF JESUS.

LESSON I -JANUARY 6. JESUS ANOINTED AT BETHANY. Most 26 616 Momory verses, 11-13.

COLDEN TEXT. She hath done what she could.-Mark

1. An Expresion of Love, v. 6-9. 2. Our Lord's Yaluation of Love, v.

10-13.
3. One Awful Result of the Absence of Love, v. 14-16.

Time.—Saturday evening (probably April 1, A.D. 39). Place,-Bethany, a suburb east of Jer-

#### TO HELP YOU KNOW.

TO HELP YOU KNOW.

This lesson gives a pleasing scene in the social life of the time of Christ. Bethany was a small village, but the greatness of a place does not depend upon its size. Great men and great deeds make it famous for ait time. The house is than of one Simon, who is caited a leper. Leprosy was a lowthsome disease in that hot climate, and the Jews made that disease a trype of sin. Sin was the leprosy of the soul.

The act of the woman showed faith

was the leprosy of the soul.

The act of the woman showed faith
in Christ. The words Messiah and Christ
mean the same thing; that is, the Anmean the same thing; that is, the An-olnted One. Persons were anolated with sacred oil for their work as prophet or king, and by that ceremony were set apart for their work. Jesus was anoint-ed of God for his work as rrophet, priest, and king. Her act showed that she had the spirit

Her act showed that she had the spirit of sacrifice, and it was, therefore, fair to see. The ointment was costly, and had been purchased by the woman for personal adornment, but freely she poured it on the head of the Master. She did not at that time court the cost, and why did she not?

did she not?

Because she had for Jesus affection
and gratitude, and she felt she could not
repay him. But why were the disciples
so indignant? Because they thought it
was a waste of that which was costly
and might have been sold and the money

iven to the poor. But Jesus made it clear that the woman had acted rightly. The poor are always with us and we should do good the year around. There are persons whom we must help now or not at all, and we must be generous to them, for it is the last time we can be. It is only prudent to count the cost, as a rule, but always one should be very generous, and think more of the person than of the value of the gift. And then what a eulogy did Jeaus pronounce on the woman and her act!

The sound of the Gospel goes farther than it's sounding notes of the trumpet of fame. A prophecy is here fulfilled. This woman lives in the thought of the Christian world as she could not if her

what we do for Jesus will make us live. He sees all, he knows all, and if the world name us not, or soon forget us, Jesus will be mindful and we shall live. Work do.e for him fails not, and he who does it has a cure reward.

#### HOME READINGS.

anointed at Bethany,--Matt. 26. 6-16.

Tu. A sinner's graittude.—Luke 7. 36-47.
W. The good part.—Luke 10. 38-42.
Th. Duty to the poor - Deut, 15. 7-11.
F. He first loved us.—1. John 4. 5-19.
S. All for Christ.—Phil. 3. 1.1-12.
Su. A costly gift.—John 12. 1-11.

QUESTIONS TO HELP THE STUDENT. 1. An Expression of Love, v. 6-9.

Where is the scene of this lesson?
Name some of the events which make
the town of Bathany famous,
What act of service did the woman

narform f What was the meaning of this act? What motive prompted her to

What effect had this conduct on the

Why were they moved to indignation ?

Name some reasons why some people 2. Our Lord's Valuation of Love, v. 10-13. What question did Jesus ask his dis-

cinies ? Whom have we always with us?
How should we act toward the poor?
Are all poor persons worthy of char-

In what other ways can we help them

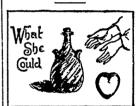
sides giving money?
What is the meaning of the words of sus, "she did it for my burial"?

3. One Awful Result of the Absence of Love, v. 14-13. Who went to the chief pricets?
What kind of a man was he?
What did the pricets want to do with

Jesus ?

For how much money did Judas promise to betray him?

Could he have done this thing if he had loved Jesus ?



O how can little hands like these The King of heaven serve and please 'Your hearts, O little children, bring, And you will serve and please the King

When love brings an offering it reck-ons not the cost; it counts no act of sacrifice or self-denial too great if it may thereby make the gift more acceptable to the one loved. The woman at Rest



any did what she could, she gave her best and costliest treasure, and lavished best and costlient treasure, and lavished it without stint or measure upon the Master's head. If we, like her, were prompted by a loving heart to give to the very limit of our ability, what better service and richer gifts we should have for Jesus!

"So you wish to take my daughter away from me," remarked her doting father. "Well-ah-that wasn't just father. "Well—ah—that wasn't just exactly my thought," stammered the nervous young suitor, "my folks could perhaps spare me with fewer pangs."

Humours of Irish Life.-Here is an Irishman's gibe at his climate— At a large exhibition of pictures an Irishman was standing, catalogue in hand, before a vivid representation of the Deluge. when an old lady, seeing he t catalogue, asked him to tell her the bad Christian world as and could not at ner figure ws. carred in stone or moulded in fact of the painting. "A summer day in the west of freland, madam," replied which made her memory endor and the Irishman promptly.

### What Will You Do?

What will you do with the New Year?
The question is asked to-day,
To you who are travelling onward,
To the land that is far away,
The old year is gone forever—
It has bid you a last adleu;
Ah, children dear! consider,
What will you do with the New!

Do you wish for a happy New Year,
Without one anxious care?
Then turn to the face of Jesus—
Lift up your soul in prayer.
Trust yourself to his keeping,
Follow him as your guide,
Willingly work in his vineyard,
Closer press to his side.

Do you wish for a holy New Year I Then sit at the Master's feet, And ask for his Holy Spirit To guide your faltering feet; Then resting upon his promise, Without a doubt or fear, You may step out with gladness Into the fair New Year.

# OLD ALMANACS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

Sometimes we hear it said, of one thing or another, that it is "as useless as last year's almanac." But I know a man

year's almanac." But I know a man who treasures old almanacs as worth a thousand times more to him than the came number of this year's almanacs would be, and I myself greatly prize an old pocket - memorandum book of the year 1867. On the margin of the calendar, opposite the 1st of July, is written the word "Hurrah!" I enjoy reading that. A useless calendar it may be in one sense, but I would not sell it for a car-load of those of 1900. Why not? Has it still a purpose to serve?

On New Year's Eve, in the quaint old German city of Nuremberg, the lighted windows along the deserted streets tell of festivities indoors until the bell of the ancient church peals out its flist stroke of twelve. Then the fun-loving Nurembergers come rushing out, making the streets resound with all manner of clatter and din. Immediately bonfires begin to blaze all through the town. The ancient city wall, the many-windowed, many-gabled roofs of mediaeval houses (some of which were the abode of men like Durer, Sachs, Krafft, Vischer, and Peller), the ancient castle, with its five-cornered tower, the Hangman's Bridge, the "Beautiful Fountain" in the market-place,—all these are aglow with the jolly flicker of scores of bonfires, fed by thousands of—what? Last year's almanaes! It is said that the demand for these almanaes during the last few days of the old year is so great that the shopkeepers carry a large stock to meet it. Old almanaes "to burn," sure enough! And why not? Have they not served their purpose?

I asked why the old almanacs should not be treasured, and now I ask why they should not be burned. Both questions suggest an important truth for the new year. If I tall you what

year. If I tell you what that truth is, it will not be worth so much to you as if you work it out for yourself.

In the meantime, let us note that Moses advises the children of Israel to "ask not of the days that are past," and David says, "I remember the days of old," although Paul says, "Forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on."

# SEERING AFTER GOD IN JAPAN.

In her lesson one day a young Japanesso came to the word "Creator," but did
not know its meaning. Turning to the
dictionary, she read, "Creator, one who
creates;" but was still in the dark. She
turned up a larger dictionary and read:
"Creator, one who creates; a name given
to God, who made all things." A startileg thought to her, for she had never

heard of such a God; and it filled her mind by night and by day. She looked at the stars and said, "that God must have made all these stars." The sun and even the trees suggested the thought, God made them. She went to the temple and looked at the image of Buddha, and she said to herself, "It is not you, Buddha, for I never heard you made anything."

When she went to Tokyo an old woman in the same house said to her: "Tasshee, I am going to a meeting, come with me."

"What meeting?"

"A meeting to hear about God."
"Oh, no," said Tasshee," I do not want
any of your gods. I have a God of my
own, if I only knew where he is."

Tasshee, however, went to the meeting. The missionary opened the Bible and read, "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." Tasshee was startled. "Why," she said, "this is the God I am looking for," and she became so agitated that she could hardly keep her seat, and so eager was she to put the question. "Where is he?"

became so agitated that she could hardly keep her seat, and so eager was she to put the question, "Where is he?"

When the meeting was over she rushed to the missionary and said, "Tell me, where is this God that made the heaven and the earth?" Her desire was met by proper instruction. She came to the next meeting and heard, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begot-



In Japan there are no cows; the Japaness neither drink milk nor eat meat. There are but few horses, and these are imported mainly for foreigners; there are but few dogs, and these are neither used as watchdogs, beasts of burden, nor in hunting; there are no sheep, and wool is not used in clothing—silk and cotton being the staples. There are no pigs; pork is an unknown article of diet. There are no goats, mules or denkeys in Japan.

Twice a year the adherents of the Shinto faith in Japan cut small figures out of paper and throw them into the river, the idea being that with the immersion of these figures their own sins are washed away.

The Shinto priests of Japan scrupulously practice cleanliness in their religious service. Their garments are always spotless, and they even bind a slip of paper over their mouths so that their breath may not pollute the offering.

breath may not pollute the offering.

Japan claims the oldest wooden building in the world. It is a log storehouse of Yara, that is now used to shelter some of the Mikado's art treasures. An age of one thousand two hundred years is claimed for it. Some of the logs are nearly worn away by the weather.—Selected.

to warm you, you're like a man who sets his house on fire and warms his fingers by it as it burns.

stomach and brain,"

A New Leaf.

The sick man watched the wood first send out little pulls of smoke, and then burst into flame, and replied: "Of course not; it's burning itself!"

Oh, yes; alcohol will warm you up, but who finds the fuel? When you take food, that is fuel, and as it burns out you

keep warm. But when you take alcohol

"And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol; you are literally burning up the dollcate tissues of your

He came to my desk with a quivering

The lesson was done.
"Dear teacher, I want a new leaf," he said:

said;
"I have spoiled this one."
In place of the leaf so stained and blotted,

I gave him a new one, all unspotted, And into his sad eyes smiled— "Do better now, my child."

I went to the throne with a quivering soul-

The old year was done.
"Dear Father, hast thou a new leaf for me?

I have spoiled this one."
He took the old leaf, stained and blotted.
And gave me a new one, all unspotted,
And into my sad heart smiled—
"Do better now, my child."

-Anon.



Ring out the old, ring in the new—
Ring, happy bells, across the snow.
The year is going—let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

ten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Here again Tasshee was startled. A God of love! Her gods were gods of hate, of revenge, of anger. This God gave his Son. All the gods she had ever heard of never gave anything; the people had to give them offerings.

This thirsting soul received the water of life. Tasshee is now a Christian teacher, dispensing the water of life to others, telling them of a God who spared not His own Son, but gave him up for us all.—Church at Home and Abroad.

# LIKE A HOUSE AFIRE.

A patient was urging with his doctor the necessity of his taking a stimulant. He argued that he was weak, and needed it. Said he:

"But, doctor, I must have some kind of a stimulant. I am cold and it warms me."

"Precisely," came the dector's crusty answer. "See here, this stick is cold," taking up a stick of wood from the box beside the hearth and tossing it into the fire, "now it is warm; but is the stick benefited?"

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