



# HOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others  
As ye would  
That they  
should  
Do unto  
You.

ROLPH SMITH CO. TORONTO.

Vol. V.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 31, 1887.

[No. 27.]

## New Year's Wishes.

WHAT shall I wish thee?  
Treasures of earth?  
Song in the springtime,  
Pleasures of mirth?  
Flowers on thy pathway,  
Skies ever clear?  
Would these ensure thee  
A Happy New Year?

What shall I wish thee?  
What can be found  
Bringing thee sunshine  
All the year round?  
Where is the treasure,  
Lasting and dear,  
That shall ensure thee  
A Happy New Year?

Faith that increaseth,  
Walking in light  
Hope that aboundeth,  
Happy and bright;  
Love that is perfect,  
Casting out fear  
These shall ensure thee  
A Happy New Year.

Peace in the Saviour,  
Rest at his feet;  
Smile of his countenance  
Radiant and sweet:  
Joy in his presence,  
Christ ever near—  
These will ensure thee  
A Happy New Year.

## "A Happy New Year."

This seems to be the very greeting shouted by the happy group in the picture. They are, we think, very fair representatives of young Canada. No country in the world can have more pleasant winter weather than our fine bracing climate gives us; and no more healthful winter sports than the skating, sleigh riding, and tobogganing, which our young folks enjoy so well.

We wish the many readers of HOME AND SCHOOL in the highest and best sense, "A Happy New Year." May it be the happiest and best that ever you have known! That it may be so, make the dear Lord your Friend and Counsellor and Guide. Put your hand trustfully in his and go only where he leads you and you shall be led into all truth, into perfect peace, unto full salvation.

Again we pray, God bless you and keep you, and whether you are per-



"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

mitted to see the year's end or not, so live, that when you reach that land where time is not measured by days and years, yours may be a happy eternity.

Do right and leave the results in the hands of the Lord.

## Happy New Year.

Our joy is chastened as we cast a retrospective glance along the path of bygone years. What changes do we observe; what mysteries of life are still unsolved; what trying vicissitudes have baffled our wisdom; what golden opportunities have been unim-

proved; what weakness of purpose has made our efforts to bless others ineffectual!

But let us never despair. Look upward and onward. All hail! happy New Year! We may not know what hidden experiences of trial await us in the veiled future. Be it so. We need not care to know. Whatsoever is permitted need not overwhelm us, for "as thy days, so shall thy strength be." If at any time we are in doubt, God will "guide us by his counsel;" if thirsty, he "will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys;" if weak, he will "give power to the faint;" if exposed to misrepresentation and malice, he will hide us in the secret of his presence from the pride of man; he will keep us secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues;" if mists of ignorance obscure the face of our blessed Saviour, God will send the Comforter, who "shall receive" of Christ and shall show himself unto us; if called to put aside our armour during this year, he will enable us to exclaim, "Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."

## Wine on New Year's.

THOUSANDS of tables will be spread with refreshments on New Year's Day, and the old custom of making calls will be observed. Few ladies are disposed to abandon the practice of setting a table, although it is a pleasure to find on calling no refreshments are offered. Wines and other intoxicating drinks ought to be dispensed with universally, and forever. The New Year needs no help from the intoxicating cup.

Hundreds of young men, and many young women, are made drunk on that day by the social use of wine. Every consideration of taste, of civility, of good sense, of religion and morals, should enforce the duty of withholding intoxicating drinks from those who call on New Year's Day.

### The Book of the New Year.

THE Book of the New Year is opened,  
Its pages are spotless and new;  
And so, as each leaflet is turning,  
Dear children, beware what you do!

Let never a bad thought be cherished,  
Keep the tongue from a whisper or guile;  
And see that your faces are windows,  
Through which a sweet spirit shall smile.

And weave for your souls the fair garment  
Of honour, and beauty, and truth;  
Which will still with a glory enfold you,  
When faded the spell of your youth.

And now, with the new book, endeavour  
To write its white pages with care;  
Each day is a leaflet, remember,  
To be written with watching and prayer.

And, if on its page you discover,  
At evening, a blot or a scrawl,  
Kneel quickly, and ask the dear Saviour  
In mercy to cover it all.

So, when the strange book shall be finished,  
And clasped by the angel in light;  
You may feel, though the work be imperfect,  
You have tried to please God in the right.

And think how the years are a stairway,  
On which you must climb to the skies;  
And strive that your standing be higher,  
As each one away from you flies.

—Selected.

### A New Year's Gift.

BY MISS F. B. WINSLOW.

"What can I give him, poor as I am?  
If I were a shepherd, I would bring a  
lamb;  
If I were a wise man, I would do my part:  
What can I give him?—give him my  
heart."

THE words were on a Christmas card, and they had a peculiar fascination for Mabel Grosvenor. When they had first come to her, from a friend, on Christmas morning, she could not have said that she fairly understood their meaning. She puzzled over the quaint old English letters, as they ran in and out to accommodate themselves to the design of the card, and finally she placed it among many others—Christmas and birthday cards and photographs of friends—in the lower half of the frame of the mirror which adorned the bureau in her comfortable bedroom. There were many other words among the collection well worthy of notice—choice selections from poets, mottoes of advice from eminent philosophers, loving wishes for happiness for the coming year from dear friends, sent to the girl who seemed to have everything on earth to ensure happiness; and yet among them all, as she came in and out—in gay preparations for pleasure during those Christmas holidays—these words only seemed to burn themselves into the heart and brain, "Poor as I am, poor as I am."

"What can I give him, poor as I am?"

Poor! Why, what girl of her acquaintance had more than she? Her feet sank at every step into rich carpets. Thick satins, furs, and plushes wrapped her delicate form whenever she went out; and as to mental advantages, books and pictures surrounded her; and the best schools and

masters of the great intellectual city had been employed in her behalf, and now, in her dawning womanhood, she stood prepared, it seemed, for almost any sphere of life or society she might choose to enter, and yet, "poor as I am" in the presence of the Christ whom the Christmas season had been bringing nearer and nearer to her heart.

What were all these gifts? When he was in this world, the great earthly possessions of the young man who came to him were as nothing in his eyes; Herod's wealth and Caesar's power had been as dross to this simple peasant of Galilee; the learning and wisdom of the Pharisees and scribes, with their famous teachers, had been utterly rejected by him. Mabel felt to come to him with an offering of earthly gift—money or education only—would be worse than useless. Yes, in anything that made life worth the living, Mabel was poor; and yet there was one gift he never despised—one offering he never rejected: the poorest and the richest of the sons of men could bring this gift to him, sure of his loving acceptance of it, and of his glad appreciation of its value.

On the first day of the New Year Mabel felt that, out of her poverty, this one thing was hers to give, and she began the year with the words of her Christmas card transmuted into a glad personal acceptance.

"What can I give him?—give him my heart."

It was a bright Saturday afternoon of the first week in January, and a shivering girl, slight and tall, apparently about sixteen years of age, stood on the corner of Westminster Street, idly looking into the window of a bookstore. There was a gaunt, hard, tired look about her, young as she was; and as Mabel Grosvenor stepped up, in her bright, fresh clothes, a look of positive dislike and malice came over the girl's face. It was not that the girl knew Mabel, but the evident prosperity of her appearance and bearing grated upon her; the contrast between it and her own seedy apparel becoming all the more apparent to her. As Mabel scanned a list of books in the window, the girl began to wonder how *she* would look in a plush sacque of wine colour, and a hat with two long plumes curled about it; and it was not only the looks—a girl who wore such things must have everything warm underneath, and plenty of food at home—things of which poor Ethel was very much in need.

Just then Mabel turned and looked at her, and Ethel began again to study the Christmas card she had been languidly regarding when Mabel's arrival on the scene attracted her attention. Now, for the whole week, Mabel had been thinking, "To give him one's heart means all—everything; all I can do and be belongs to him. How can I show that I love him? What can

I do to teach other people to love him too?" And when she saw the poor girl standing by her side, she longed to help her in some way. Her poverty would perhaps be easier to bear if she knew of Jesus, and felt sure she belonged to him. So, hurrying into the store, Mabel purchased the card which had been of so much service to herself, and came out to find the girl still standing before the window.

"Do you like the card? Would you like to have one?" she said; and the girl, starting at being spoken to by a stranger, and half inclined to feel offended, was disarmed by the pleasant smile and kind words. They walked along together as Mabel tried to tell her, in a few words, what the words on the card meant.

"Yes, I know. I went to a Sunday-school in the village we lived in before we came here," said the girl.

"How long ago was that?" asked Mabel.

"Oh, 'most a year. Mother came down here to get more work to do, and when we first came we all went to school; and then mother got sick and couldn't sew, and I stayed at home to take care of her."

"And did she get well?" asked Mabel.

"No," said the girl; her reserve quite melted by the interest of the other. "She died in November. A woman in the same house helped us, and I stayed at home to cook and mend the boys' clothes; and then, when the money we had was all gone, I got a place to tend in a store before Christmas. Now that the holidays is over I have no more work to do, and the children can't go to school 'cause their clothes is all worn out. Jim, he is ten, and sells newspapers; and that's all we have.

Here was work for Mabel to do. She went home with the girl, and found the children huddled in bed in a room without a fire. It was easy for her, with a well-filled purse, to provide food and warmth and clothing for this young family, but it was not so easy for her to give time and thought to their needs. Many a concert and art gathering, dear to her heart, were given up to find time for new and absorbing pursuits, which began to grow still dearer to her. She had given her heart to Christ, and time and effort, strength and money, followed as mere accessories to the gift. For Ethel she obtained a place to take care of children during the early part of the day, so that she could return home in time to be with her brothers when school was out.

Encouraged by the real friendship of Mabel, Ethel began to grow into something of health and cheerfulness. There was no reason she could see beyond the one of pleasing the Master, of whom she delighted to speak, which could have induced a girl of Mabel's position to give up time and pleasure for her good; and so, through her,

Ethel learned to love Christ, something of whose character she saw reflected in her friend's life.

They were both connected with a mission-school—one as teacher, the other as scholar. Mabel soon began to find Ethel a valuable assistant in bringing in the girls of her neighbourhood. The young teacher gave herself to them, studied their needs, and helped them as no one had done before. Ere the year was out, she had reason to believe that some of them were leading Christian lives, and helping others to begin in a similar way.

Again the New Year came with its renewed question to Mabel: "What can I give him?" and with it the same old answer: "Son, daughter, give me thy heart." The same heart, indeed—and only that—had Mabel to give; but was it no more of a gift than when, the year before, she had laid it untried upon the altar of her Lord? Yes, more and richer in the lessons it had learned of love for him and work for his children; greater and more fit for an offering to him who went about doing good, in that it had acquired something of the spirit of the life-long example of him who freely gave himself to the needs of his brethren in a complete sacrifice of self.—*Zion's Herald*.

### This Year.

OUR new 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 do this they must give up all enjoyment, and be solemn and gloomy; never play, but always work or study; never have "a good time," as you young folks call your periods of amusement.

This is all a serious mistake. The people who serve God best are ever those who enjoy life most. Take up your little commonplace duties cheerfully; offer every morning all your occupations, both work and play, to God; then each day will be a step toward Heaven, making of this promising young 1888 a truly happy New Year.

WHAT excuse can we urge for the countenance given to the use of ardent spirits on almost every statute book? On one page you will read of heavy penalties denounced against drunkenness, riots, and public disorder; and the next chapter authorizes the retail of the very poison which all admit brings on these outbreaching transgressions. Who can reconcile these glaring contradictions? . . . If men will engage in this destructive traffic, let them no longer have the law as a pillow, nor quiet conscience with the opiate of a court license.

### "A Happy New Year."

We 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 this time that comes to us  
A happy, happy year!

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 Angelus.*

### 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 little 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 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."

### An Awful Day.

It was the last week of the year 1000. The labourers in the fields and the artisans in the towns could not be induced to go about their daily tasks with any regularity—notwithstanding their daily bread depended upon it—for thinking of the outbreak of divine wrath which was about to take place. There were some wise and sober men, even in that age of darkest ignorance, who endeavoured to persuade the people that their alarm was without reasonable foundation; and even if this had been otherwise, that it would still befit them to go about their duties of life with diligence and faithfulness as unto God, so that if the Lord, if he should come as they expected, might find them watching. The terrified and conscience-stricken men paid no heed to remonstrances like these, but gathered eagerly round fanatic monks or half-crazed pilgrims, who poured into their ears their tale of horrors, even growing more wild and terrible as the week went by.

When the last day of that week dawned the madness had attained its height. All work of whatever kind was suspended. The market-places were deserted; the shops were shut; the tables were not spread for meals; the very household fires remained unlighted. Men, when they met in the streets, scarcely saw or spoke to one another. Their eyes had a wild stare in them, as though they expected every moment some terrible manifestation to take place. A strange, unnatural silence prevailed everywhere except in the churches, which were already thronged with eager devotees, who prostrated themselves before the shrines of their favourite saints, imploring their protection during the fearful scenes which were on the point of being displayed. As the day wore on the number of those who sought

admission grew greater and greater, until every corner of the sacred edifices, large as these were, were densely crowded, and it became impossible to find room for more; but the multitude outside still strove and clamoured for admission, filling the porches and doorways, and climbing up the buttresses to find a refuge on the roofs which they could not obtain inside. It was generally believed that the expected loosing of Satan would take place at some time or other before the night was ended, but at what precise moment no one could say. A strange and solemn commentary on the text which binds men to watch because "they know not whether the master of the house will come at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning," was presented by the multitude which filled the churches that night. Watch in very truth they did. Not an eye was closed throughout the lengthened vigil; not a knee but was bent in humblest supplication; not a voice but joined in the penitential chant, or put up a fervent entreaty for help and protection. There were no clocks in those days; but the flight of the hours were marked by great waxen tapers with metal balls attached at intervals to them. These fell, one after another, as the flames reached the strings by which they were secured, into a brazen basin beneath, with a clang, which resounded through the church.

At the recurrence of each of these warning sounds the awe of the vast assembly seemed to deepen and intensify, as each realized the terrible fact that between him and the outburst of divine wrath only the briefest interval could now remain. At last the night, long as it was, began to draw to an end. The chill which precedes daylight pervaded the air, and in the eastern sky the first pale gleam of morning began to show itself. Satan was even now being loosed from his bondage. But no, the light grew stronger in the heavens, and the flame of the candles paled before it, and at last the rays of the risen sun streamed through the windows and fell on the white and anxious faces of the watchers. The night had passed away. A new day, a new year, a new century had begun. The terror which possessed their souls was, after all, God be thanked, a delusion.—*Sunday at Home.*

TEA-HOUSES, which take the place of our inns, are met with everywhere in Japan—on highroads and byroads, in temples, groves, and resorts of pleasure.

CRUIKSHANK, the artist, offered \$500 for proof of a violent crime committed by a total abstainer, and the money remains unclaimed to this day. A temperance society in England offers a large reward for proof of a single instance where property accumulated by liquor selling has descended to the third generation.

### A Mother's Thought.

MOTHER, with your children straying,  
Into danger everywhere,  
How, amid your household duties,  
Can you keep so free of care?  
"Oh!" she said, with pleasant smiling,  
"There are angels everywhere!"

"Angels guard the little children;  
All their wilful fancies rule;  
Watch them in the summer playing  
By the deep and reedy pool:  
Keep their little feet from straying  
Going to and from the school.

"On the winter's frozen river,  
In the summer's fever heat,  
In the woods or on the mountain,  
In the danger-haunted street—  
What could mothers do if angels  
Did not guard the little feet!"

And we are but larger children,  
Needing also angel care;  
They give courage when we're weary,  
Hope and help when in despair,  
Whisper many a word of caution,  
Keep our feet from many a snare.

In and out across our thresholds,  
They go with us every day;  
Oh, how often have they turned us,  
When we should have gone astray!  
Oh, how often death had met us,  
If they had not barred the way!

And we dimly feel their presence,  
Feel their love, and strength, and care;  
And amid a thousand dangers,  
In life's battle take our share  
Fearless; knowing like the mother,  
"There are angels everywhere."  
—*Scottish American.*

### A Touching Scene.

A SCENE occurred recently in front of a "lunch-room" on Broad Street, says the *Providence Journal*, which caused tears to flow from many of the ladies who happened to be standing by. A well-dressed, genteel-looking man and a tidy-looking girl, aged about fifteen years, came up Bennett Street; and it was noticed that the child was weeping, while the father was swearing at a furious rate. It seems that the child had taken the drunken father's pocket-book for safe keeping, as he was entering every drinking-saloon he came to. He swore at her, and said, "Mamie, give me that pocket-book."

The child replied, "But, father, what will mother do for food for breakfast? You have taken every cent from the house; and, remember, Gracie is ill—and mother could not send for the doctor, as she had no money. Oh, please, papa, come home with me! You promised Gertie when she was dying that you would not drink again."

At this point the father completely broke down, and wept like a child. He kissed his little Mamie and said, "Yes, dear, I do remember, and I will go home with you now."

He covered his face with his hands and moaned, "O Gertie, Gertie! Hark! Mamie, I can hear her sweet voice saying to me, 'Papa, dear papa, you will always love Mamie, and stop drinking.' Yes, dear, I will go home. Come!"

When the dialogue ended there was many a stout heart that could not hold back the tears, but said "amen" to that now resolve on the part of the father, and praised the courage of the child.

### The Opening Year.

The Old Year with its record,  
Is gone for evermore;  
The New Year, full of promise,  
Stands waiting at the door.

Ah! could we live it over!  
So sigh we of the past,  
Live we the new, as wish we now  
That we had lived the last.

That past, its lessons teaching,  
With guiding light should shine,  
To warn from self-dependence,  
And lead to grace divine.

With high resolve, and holy,  
With purpose, firm and true,  
Let us go forth with meekness,  
God's will and work to do.

Then golden moments wasted,  
And days all dark with sin,  
Shall not so sadly colour  
The year we now begin.

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## Home and School

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 31, 1887.

**\$250,000**  
FOR MISSIONS  
FOR THE YEAR 1887.

Methodist Magazine for 1888.

SPECIAL OFFER. — DECEMBER NUMBER FREE.

NEW subscribers to the *Methodist Magazine* for 1888 will receive the December number free. This is a special Christmas number, with a Christmas story by J. Jackson Wray; a Christmas sermon by Canon Farrar; extracts from John Wesley's Journal, showing how he spent seventeen Christmas days; a beautifully illustrated article by the late Lady Brassey, with 12 fine engravings, full of touching Christmas memories; memorials of John Wesley, with nine engravings of interesting souvenirs of the founder of Methodism; the British Princes at the Antipodes, with six engravings; a stirring, patriotic paper on Canada, its extent and resources, by D. E. Cameron, Esq., together with numerous other articles.

### Rev. Dr. Potts on New Year's Calling.

At the close of his sermon in Elm Street Church last year, Rev. Dr. Potts said:—"Before next Sabbath, New Year's day will have come. It used to be the custom to offer wine and liquor to callers on that day. It is no longer necessary to respectability to do that now, and, indeed, as I look around this congregation to-night I do not recognize a family where the dangerous thing will be offered on New Year's day. I suppose it is the saddest experience of a mother when for the first time in her life, and that so often on a New Year's night, her firstborn boy comes home under the influence of liquor, and that mother looks him in the face and realizes that for the first time in his life her son could be called a drunkard. Indeed, if that should be the case next New Year's day that drink will have been offered by ladies, by mothers, by daughters, and sisters and wives. I wonder if any mother here would like to see her son thus coming home. That young man is somebody's son, and, therefore, if anyone in this congregation has the most distant thought of offering the tempting wine to any persons who may call upon them on New Year's day, I beseech you as you value the sobriety of your own family that you do not place the tempting glass before anyone who calls to wish you 'A Happy New Year.' He expressed the pleasure he felt at having been present this winter at three public banquets in the Rossin House conducted on temperance principles, and expressed the hope that he would live long enough to see the flag of prohibition planted in every province of this fair Dominion. The day had gone by for smiling at or ridiculing "temperance fanatics." Not a public man in Canada dared ignore the temperance question, and the bright and glorious day would come when the prohibition of the liquor traffic would be the law of the land from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

### Gray Man's Path.

THIS is the name of a remarkable natural bridge crossing a deep chasm on the wild sea coast of the county Antrim, Ireland. Few would dare to creep across that narrow rock bridging the deep and yawning abyss beneath. This singular freak of Nature is but one of many no less wonderful on the wild sea coast of Ireland. The engraving is one of a large number which will appear in early numbers of the *Methodist Magazine*, in a series of articles on "Picturesque Ireland," with numerous superb engravings of the finest scenery in Antrim, Londonderry, Donegal, Clare, Kerry, Cork, Kilkenny, and Dublin, including the Lakes of Killarney, the wild west coast, the Giants' Causeway, Dunluce Castle, and Dublin Bay. See announcement on last page.

### The Old and the New Year.

As the midnight hour drew nigh, the Old Year stood before me. Weary and wayworn he seemed, and in his hands was an hour glass, whence the last sands were falling. As I looked upon his wrinkled forehead memories, both pleasant and mournful, came over me. I spoke earnestly to him:

"Many blessings hast thou brought me, for which I gave thee thanks. New have they been every morning, and fresh every evening. Thou hast indeed, from my heart's garden, uprooted some hopes I planted there. With their clustering buds they fell, and were never quickened again."

"Praise God for what I gave and what I took away," he said, "and lay up treasures in heaven, that thy heart may be there also. What thou callest blighted hopes are oftentimes changed into the fruits of righteousness."

But I answered: "Thou hast also hidden from my sight the loved and the loving. Clods are strewn on their faces—they reply to my call no more. To the homes they made far they return not, and the places that once knew them know them no more forever."

Still he said: "Give praise to God. Your lost are with him. They have preceded you. None can drift beyond his love and care." Then his voice grew faint, and he murmured, "My mission unto man is done. For me the stone is rolled away from the door of the sepulchre. I will enter in and slumber with all the years of the past forever."

And he straightened himself out to die. As I knelt by his side I said, "Oh, dying year, dear, dying year, I see a scroll beneath thy mantle. What witness shall it bear of me when Time for me is done?"

Low and solemn was his voice: "Thou shalt know when the book of the universe is opened."

The midnight clock tolled, and I covered my face and mourned for his death, for he had once been my friend. I remembered with pain how often I had slighted his warnings, neglected the golden opportunities of growth he had given me, and cast away the precious hours he had been so generous with, and I buried my face and wept. When I again lifted my head, lo! the New Year stood in the place of the Old.

Smiling, he greeted me with good wishes and words of cheer. But I was afraid; for to me he was a stranger; and when I would have returned his welcome my lips trembled and were silent.

Then he said: "Fear not. I come from the great source of all good, whence come all good gifts."



GRAY MAN'S PATH.

Trembling, I asked, "New Year, whither wilt thou lead me? Art thou appointed to bring me joy or sorrow, life or death?"

Looking with glowing eyes into the untrodden future, he replied: "I know not. Neither doth the angel nearest the throne know: only he who sitteth thereon. Give me your hand, and question not. Enough for thee that I accomplish his will. I promise thee nothing. Follow me and be content. Take, with a prayer for wisdom, this winged moment. The next day may not be mine to give; yet if we walk onward together, forget not that thou art a pilgrim for eternity. If I bring thee a cup of joy be thankful, and be pitiful to those who mourn: and let all men be unto thee as brethren. If the dregs of bitterness cleave unto thy lips be not too eager to receive relief, lest thou betray the weakness of thy faith. God's perfect discipline giveth wisdom. Therefore count those happy who endure. When morning breaketh in the east, gird thyself for thy duties with a song of thanksgiving; and when night putteth on her coronet of stars, look over the day just gone, and let its failures and blunders guide thee to better things on the morrow, so that when I have no longer any days or nights to give thee, and must myself die, thou wilt bless me as a friend and a helper on the road to heaven."

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD child, in conversation with one older, used correctly the word "imagine." The older said sarcastically, "You don't know what that word means." The younger replied, "I do. It means looking at something you can't see."



"A HAPPY NEW YEAR."

### Welcome and Farewell!

WHEN the New Year came, we said,  
Half with hope and half with dread:  
"Welcome, child, new-born to be  
Last of Time's great family.  
All thy brethren, bent and gray,  
Aged and worn, have passed away  
To the place where dead years go—  
Place which mortals can not know.

Thou art fairest of them all,  
Ivory-limbed and strong and tall,  
Gold hair blown back, and deep eyes  
Full of happy prophecies:  
Rose-bloom on thy youthful cheek.

Welcome, child!" And all the while  
The sweet New Year did not speak,  
Though we thought we saw him smile.

When the Old Year went, we said,  
Looking at the grim, gray head,  
At the shoulders burden-bowed,  
And the sad eyes dark with cloud:  
"Was he ever young and fair?  
Did we praise his sunny hair  
And glad eyes, with promise lit?  
We scarcely remember it.

Treachrously he smiled, nor spoke,  
Hiding 'neath his rainbow cloak  
Store of grievous things to strew  
On the way that we must go;  
Vain to chide him: old and weak,  
He is dying; let him die."  
And the Old Year did not speak;  
But we thought we heard him sigh.

### A Happy New Year!

FRIENDLY greetings, the distribution of presents, and general feasting on New Year's day, form a custom of most ancient date. It is generally known that the nations of antiquity did not begin their year at the same time, and it still varies among different nations both in respect of the season at which it commences and of its sub-divisions. Cosmically speaking, there is no beginning of the year. The earth holds on her course round the sun, never halting for a second, so that she has no starting point and no goal. The Egyptians begin their year on the first day of their first month, Thoth, which was fixed by the heliacal rising of the brilliant star Sirius, that is, the time when it is sufficiently distant from the sun to become visible in the morning before sunrise. This day would answer to our 20th of July, and the time generally coincides with the rising of the Nile, the beginning of the agricultural year. So the Egyptian kept holiday and feasting in the dog-days, his labours being suspended by the overflow of the Nile,

which flooded his fields. The Jews began their New Year with the new moon of Abib, which was the month of the Exodus, and the time for the "Feast of the Passover," a feast which could not have been kept but in the spring, when lambs and kids are plentiful. The Greeks began their New Year in midsummer. It was fixed by the first new moon after the summer solstice; the eleventh day of the moon was the time of the Olympic games, when all Greece came together. The Chinese began their year in the month of January, but not always on the same day. New Year's day is a general holiday, when all labour is suspended, and feasting and enjoyment everywhere prevail. Every Chinaman contrives to have his house decorated, and to treat himself and his family with new dresses. He maintains a strict watch over his conduct and everything that befalls him, being persuaded that whatever he does on that day will influence his conduct during the whole of the year.

The ancient Roman year commenced with March, as is indicated by the names "September, October, November, December," which the four last months still retain. July and August, likewise, were anciently called Quintilis and Sextilis, their present appellation having been bestowed in compliment to Julius Caesar

and Augustus. The first Julian year commenced with the first of January of the 46th year before the birth of Christ, and the 708th from the foundation of Rome. The month received its name from the double-headed god Janus, who saw what was behind and before, and was placed between two periods of time—the Old Year and the New Year. On New Year's day, for a good omen, every one was accustomed to handle his tools, or do a little work. "The literary man read a little, wrote a little, spoke a little," etc. All ill-omened actions and words were carefully avoided. The Romans addressed to one another good wishes and cheerful words on this day. "May the new year be auspicious and happy to thee," was the friendly greeting. A branch of a sacred evergreen shrub formed a New Year's gift; with figs, dates, a jar of honey, or a cake made of honey. The giving of these sweet things symbolized good wishes—that the flavour of sweetness might attend the year through its whole course. To wish your friend and neighbour a "Happy New Year" is a most ancient custom, and was practised by nations which were old before the dawn of the Christian era.—*London Methodist.*

### A Japanese Christian and His Beads.

Mrs. FLETCHER writes from Japan: "In the Hakone Mountains, in one of the lovely valleys which delight the traveller everywhere in Japan, with a bare ridge culminating in rocky peaks accessible only by the narrow wooded defiles up the O Tomi Pass on one side, and the sulphurous scarred and whitened summit of the Gjojocu (Great Hill) Mountain, rising on the other side, is the little hamlet of Senkoku. Shut in by the piercing cold of its higher altitude for the greater part of the year, the people see and care for very little of what is going on in the plains below. Some time ago our good Tokichi (who went out of our household first as a student, and later to obey the call of the Church to serve the Master as an Evangelist) had occasion to pass through the neighbourhood, and took the opportunity to stop and see a brother Christian living in or near the village. This man becoming a believer in the much hated "Jesus religion," had, because of persecution, been forced to leave his former home, and was now more peacefully earning his small living by his trade in this place of Senkoku. As Tokichi sat talking with this man, very simple but very earnest in his faith, he noticed with great surprise that he wore on his person a string of beads, a rosary such as Buddhists use in their prayers. He knew the man was sincere in his renunciation of idolatrous practices, but why should he carry about him a symbol of such an unmistakable character as this rosary? At last he questioned him about it, and the man, poor in spirit, in intellectual and worldly goods, but rich in faith, told him that it had been a matter of much trouble to him to find out when Sunday, the Lord's Day, came; being unable to read, he could not know from books or papers, and his neighbours neither could nor would give him information in regard to it. So, being anxious to have some means at hand by which he could know when the day came to rest from labour, he joyfully resorted to his rosary, on which instead of numbering his "Namu A-Midu Butsu," he remembered the days of the week, counting the small beads as ordinary days, and putting a large one where the long-sought day of rest should come. This settled the matter for him, and his rosary had now become an indispensable treasure, in its new-found use, to the Christian turned from his idols to serve the living God."—*Missionary Link.*

A LITTLE girl was asked to bring papa's slippers, but didn't want to leave her play. Finally she went for them very unwillingly, and came back without a smile. "I's bwinged 'em, papa, but I guess you needn't say 'Thank you,' 'cause I only did it with my hands; my heart kept saying, 'I won't.'"

## The Years.

MARCHING onward, ever onward, like a  
serried host appears  
With its slow and measured footsteps, the  
procession of the years;  
Looking far adown the ages, one unbroken  
line we ken;  
Whither, whither do they journey? for they  
come not back again.

On they go across the river, silent river,  
deep and wide;  
There the long procession halteth, marshalled  
on the other side;  
Waiting till the last one crosseth, till the  
angel by the shore  
Shall proclaim with voice of trumpet-tones,  
that "Time shall be no more."

Each division is in order, for the discipline  
is famed;  
Every regiment is numbered, every company  
is named;  
"Eighteen eighty seven" has vanished, with  
its blessings and its woe;  
"Eighty-eight" is pressing onward, pausing  
not for friend or foe.

January's snowy whiteness February melted  
fast;  
March came on with noise and bustle, and  
its storm-clouds whirling past;  
April skies looked down upon us, vales  
blossomed by the way;  
And while birds sang sweetest carols, April  
glided in—*av.*

May, with all her happy voices, laughter in  
the very air—  
Fragrant with a thousand springing, bud-  
ding blossoms everywhere.  
Deeper grew the blue above us, tender grew  
the song-bird's tune,  
Life and joy and love exulted with the thrill  
of blissful June.

While the breath of roses ravished all our  
senses with delight,  
Lo! the July sun was shining in its splen-  
dour clear and bright;  
And the gorgeous, golden, glowing summer  
days went swift and soon,  
As the ripened fruits of August shone be-  
neath the August moon.

Now the cool September mornings show us  
many a falling leaf,  
And another summer leaves us only mem-  
ories, sweet as brief;  
Soon October with her rainbow hues will  
bathe the maple tree,  
And her brilliant colours burnish all the wood  
from sea to sea.

Soon again, with garnered harvest, we shall  
gather round the fire,  
In Thanksgiving's glad reunion—maid and  
matron, son and sire.  
While November rains are falling, tenderly  
we say good-night;  
In the morning, lo! December's snows are  
glistening pure and white.

Ah! December, with its Christmas, with its  
watch-night and good-bye  
To the Old Year—how the parting touches  
every heart and eye!  
So they leave us, while they journey onward,  
whither we shall go;  
Sweet the thought, we there shall gather all  
their gifts to us below.

—*Boston Transcript.*

In one of the Sunday-schools the  
teacher of a class of little boys in-  
quired of each one if he thought he  
had become a better boy during the  
year. Each answered in the affirma-  
tive except one little eight-year-old,  
who was silent. The question was  
asked him a second time, when, with  
much earnestness, he replied, "I am  
just as worse as I ever was."—*Sel.*

## New Year's Wine.

It is unfortunate that a custom so  
pleasing should have associated with it  
suggestions of evil; but, though sad,  
it is true that New Year's day is a  
time of temptation. There are young  
men and old men, whose smothered  
appetite is roused by the smell of  
liquor, and to whose good resolutions  
one taste of wine is as dangerous as a  
candle in a powder magazine. Ladies  
who, in arranging their tables, have  
supplied wine or stronger drink, can  
do real good by correcting their bills  
of fare.

The importance of this advice may  
be illustrated by an incident which  
occurred three years ago. A family  
of this city served wine to their guests,  
but when the two sons of the family  
came the bottles were slipped to one  
side. The boys started on their round  
with the sisterly admonition, "Now,  
you won't take anything!" To a  
caller, who had just refused pressing  
offers of sparkling liquor from this  
same sister, the admonition had a  
strange sound, and he said, "Do you  
so much fear the effect of a little wine  
on your brothers?"

"No; but when they begin they  
don't know where to stop."

The door opened, and half-a-dozen  
persons—two being mere boys—  
came in. They all took wine; and  
the afore-mentioned caller had not  
even time to suggest that their sisters  
might be anxious lest they would not  
know where to stop. The caller saw  
them later in the day, and they were  
unmistakably tight. He saw, also,  
the two boys whose sister's caution he  
had heard, and they too were drunk.  
He has seen them since in the same  
condition, and knows that one of the  
two is the slave of strong drink, and  
physically and morally a wreck.

We do not know that New Year's  
wine is responsible for this ruin, or  
that it led to the ruin of the boys to  
whom his sisters served it, but are sure  
that many a young man dates his  
movement on the downward grade  
from liquor served on New Year's day.  
We are glad to believe that the custom  
of thus tempting men is on the de-  
cline, and equally glad if any word-  
blows we give will help it out of good  
society.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

## A New Year's Thought.

BY AUNT HOPE.

It was New Year's morning, and  
the snow, that had been falling fast  
all night, lay thick and white on the  
streets. Merry sleigh bells rang out  
their "Happy New Year;" bright  
faces passed and repassed; joyous  
laughter chimed in with the glad day;  
and as I gazed out from my window  
upon the passing crowd, I could not  
help comparing it with the snow—  
pure and fresh in the morning, but  
trodden under foot ere nightfall. I  
thought, "How many of those merry  
voices will be smothered in drink, and  
what a heart-burden there will be car-

ried to many a father and mother!  
It makes one shudder to think of  
the sin committed at the beginning  
of the New Year—the time for good  
resolutions, and a day to put them  
into practice. How freely the wine  
flows! and how few young men resist  
the tempter in the form of a hand-  
some lady, who, with bright smiles  
and coaxing eyes, says, "Just one glass  
in my honour!" And fast on to that  
glass follows many glasses, until the  
glorious New Year becomes a blank  
to them.

Oh, why is the woman so often the  
tempter! She who was made the  
man's *helpmeet*, but who, too often,  
proves his curse. Oh! you tempters,  
think of the end; think of what you  
are doing against your God, yourself,  
and the world; think of the homes  
you are helping to blight, and hence-  
forth be a blessing to your *sex*, and  
never curse your high position of  
womanhood by using it to help the  
devil in his work. Rather help every  
one to keep good resolutions made on  
the coming of the New Year, and let  
your merry voice and bright eyes, and  
happy encouraging words, be the only  
stimulants offered by you on New  
Year's Day.

## The New Year.

The year in silence dies away,  
And softly o'er the snow  
Another comes with outstretched hands,  
Whose face we do not know;  
Yet must we rise and walk with him  
Wherever he may go.

Perhaps through waters deep and dark,  
Perhaps by sunny rills,  
O'er rough and thorny mountain sides,  
Or pleasant sloping hills,  
The stranger closely grasps our hands,  
And leads us where he wills.

But high above the passing years  
We know the Lord is King,  
And every day of all the months  
Some gift from him shall bring;  
We trust him, and are not afraid  
The while his love we sing.

He never has forgotten us!  
The story of the years  
Is full of his great goodness  
Through all our hopes and fears;  
And he will bless us every day,  
And wipe away our tears.

After the darkness comes the dawn,  
And though the past was sad,  
The sunshine will break forth again,  
And all the world be glad;  
Where death has been, the flowers shall  
bloom,  
In summer beauty clad.

And so we lift our eyes to thee,  
O thou who changest not;  
Thou keepest us within thy heart—  
We shall not be forgot;  
And light from thee shall bless the way,  
Whate'er our earthly lot.

We thank thee for thy tenderness;  
We praise thee for thy grace;  
We fear not anything that comes  
Before we see thy face.  
Lead thou us yet another year  
Nearer thy fair home place.

—*Selected.*

DIFFICULTIES are the stones out of  
which all God's houses are built.

## 1887—1888.

Few there are to whom the bound-  
ary line between the old and the new  
year does not become something like a  
milestone on life's journey. To some  
—especially the very young or the  
very old—the steps of their pilgrimage  
are measured off by birthdays. Those  
who are more actively engaged in the  
struggles common to humanity, often  
have special periods from which they  
reckon for a season. The young man  
and woman who have agreed to make  
this journey united in the holy bond  
of wedlock, for a few years measure  
their progress by the return of the  
day when they first went forth to-  
gether. Would that the years might  
always continue to come and go noted  
only by the return of such a happy  
period! But, alas! death is abroad,  
and soon one or both may be found  
measuring the years by the return of  
the day on which a grave hid from  
sight the form of a loved one, for whose  
absence time can offer no healing balm  
to the bursting heart. Then may be  
heard a voice often impatiently crying,  
"Quick, time, with these cyclical years  
of earth, and give me the cycles of  
eternity in a realm where partings are  
not known!"

Others there are whose sad lot it is  
to remember that, so many years ago,  
on such a day, their life was darkened  
by some great calamity, such as being  
plunged into poverty, or suffering from  
disgrace of character.

But the year which we close up with  
the joys of Christmas festivities may  
serve to mark periods in our life's re-  
cord disconnected from any association  
with these sadder experiences. If the  
dying year speaks of any solemnity,  
it should be the solemnity of eternity.  
Let it sink deep into every heart—the  
thought that the year does not come  
back. Soon the last one will be  
measured out to us, and the book  
closed forever.

## Never Say Die.

MUNGO PARK, stripped and plun-  
dered, sank down in despair. It was  
in a wilderness in Africa, five hundred  
miles from any European settlement.  
A little moss was at his feet in flower,  
and it inspired him with the thought  
that he who planted, watered, and per-  
fected in the desert that tiny blossom  
could not be insensible to the sufferings  
of one formed after his own image.  
So he went on his way encouraged and  
rejoicing, and soon came to a village.  
Yes, little things are of great import-  
ance, though it seems a mere truism  
to write it. They are the last links in  
a long chain of effects, or the first in  
a chain of causes, or they are both.  
They make the sum of human things.  
They test a man's character every  
hour of the day, and, as the jutting  
and curving of the bank regulates a  
river's flow, so do they, directly or in-  
directly, determine the course of our  
existence for good or for evil.

## The Book of the Year.

Of all the beautiful fancies  
That cluster about the year,  
Tiptoeing over the threshold  
When its earliest dawn is here,  
The best is the simple legend  
Of a book for you and me,  
So fair that our guardian angels  
Desire its lines to see.  
Is full of the brightest pictures,  
Of dream, and story, and rhyme,  
And the whole wide world together  
Turns only a page at a time.  
Some of the leaves are dazzling  
With the feather-flakes of the snow;  
Some of them thrill to the music  
Of the morriest winds that blow;  
Some of them keep the secrets  
That make the roses sweet;  
Some of them sway and rustle  
With the golden heads of wheat.  
I cannot begin to tell you  
Of the lovely things to be,  
In the wonderful year-book waiting,  
A gift for you and me.  
And a thought most strange and solemn,  
Is borne upon my mind—  
On every page a column  
For ourselves we'll surely find.  
Write what we may upon it,  
The record there will stay  
Till the books of time are opened  
In the court of the Judgment Day.  
And should we not be careful  
Lest the words our fingers write  
Shall rise to shame our faces  
When we stand in the dear Lord's sight?  
And should we not remember  
To dread no thought of blame,  
If we sign each page that we finish  
With faith in the dear Lord's name?  
—Mrs. M. E. Sangster.

## New-Year's Tangles.

SOPHIE sat all day and sewed until her cheeks were very pink. It was the day before New Year's, and she felt that her new blue suit must be finished. She was sewing on buttons, and there were so many of them, and they were so small and so slippery that it really took much time and patience. But Sophie gave patience and perseverance, and at last the dress was done. With a happy heart she hung it away in the clothes-press. To-morrow she was to wear it. Helena, the married sister, who lived in the new handsome house on the corner, was going to receive calls all day in her lovely parlours that were just settled, and Sophie had been invited to spend the day and help wait on the guests, and enjoy all there was to enjoy. There was nothing that Sophie liked better than to be dressed up, and play grown-up young lady in her sister's beautiful home.

Alas for her plans! There was another married sister, living three miles away, and on that last night of the old year her baby grew sick, and in the grey dawn of the morning a sleigh stood at the door, and Sophie's mamma came, with cloak and bonnet on, to speak a last word to Sophie.

"I must go, dear, of course. Baby may not be very sick, but Alice is sadly frightened, and wants mother.

And, Sophie, you must stay at home, of course, with little Fannie to-day. It will not do to leave her with Jane. She is too now a girl; I am not sure that I could trust her; and Fannie must not go out, you know. Good-bye, dear. Kiss Fannie for me when she wakes. I'll come back to-night, if possible."

And the sleigh drove away, carrying all the brightness out of Sophie's life with it. Had mamma forgotten the new suit that she worked so hard to finish, and the New Year's calls in Helena's lovely parlours? And here she must stay cooped up all day, playing with Fannie. New Year's day! and her birthday too! Do you wonder that she cried? You don't know what suddenly stopped the tears and made the little woman hop out of bed and dress herself rapidly. I do. It was one of her Christmas presents, and hung at the foot of the bed—an illuminated motto, done in her favourite colours, blue and gold: "*Even Christ pleased not himself.*" She had promised to try to live by it. It would never do to desert it on New Year's morning.

I might write a book about the trials of that day. Fannie was just getting over the measles, and was not perfectly angelic, I assure you. She needed amusing the whole time. She needed watching all through breakfast-time. She wanted her milk in a certain goblet that was not on the table, and she wanted a certain spoon that was not to be found; and she did not want her toast wet, nor her eggs soft. Poor baby! she wanted her mamma. It seemed to Sophie that her papa took less notice than usual, but left Fannie wholly to her care. Patiently she tried to steer the cross baby through the trials of breakfast and prayers. Patiently she humoured her whims, even keeping her still and happy after dinner, while papa sat in the room and wrote letters. A string, that could be woven by skilful fingers into all the queer cat's-cradle shapes, was the thing that amused her then. But one unlucky moment it tangled itself in a dozen knots, and Fannie's temper was not proof against them. She squealed dismally because Sophie could not instantly pick them out; but Sophie tried picking, and petting, and beginning a funny little story, in a whisper, while she worked. Certainly Sophie did not try to please herself during all that trying day. It closed at last; and Fannie, tired out but happy, was put to bed and sung to sleep, and Sophie came down to the sitting-room to rest. Mamma had returned, and was resting in the easy-chair.

"Alice's baby wasn't much sick," she was saying, as Sophie came in. "She has a cold, and was pretty hoarse in the night, and you know how easily young mothers are frightened. I've taken care of baby all day, and let Alice rest. They will do nicely to-night, I think."

Surely Sophie was glad that Alice's baby was better, but it made her weary day seem so unnecessary. What a trial it had been to give up Helena! But nobody seemed to notice it. This was her birthday, and she had not had a single present from anybody. True, she had not expected it; she had always preferred to receive them with the family on Christmas. But then papa and mamma nearly always took some notice of the day, and gave her a book, or a little picture, or something to remember it by. This day had passed without notice; and Fannie had been so cross, and she was so tired, and it was all so unnecessary. She wondered if Helena had missed her.

"Did you call at Helena's?" mamma asked just then, as if she could see the thoughts in Sophie's heart.

"Yes," papa said. He stopped a moment. "Helena had callers; the house had been full all day; she had missed Sophie sadly." Then he turned to that sad-faced young woman sitting in a dull heap in the corner. "Are you too tired, daughter, to go over to Helena's this evening? She said I was to bring you over at eight o'clock to celebrate your birthday. So put yourself in that blue dress, for I suspect there will be other company. But first, my dear, can you untangle this knot for me? I saw you were patient about such work this afternoon."

He handed her a little white paper package—a small square box. The string was tied several times in knots, but fortunately they were bow-knots, and Sophie's fingers soon undid them. The cover was lifted off. Pinned, with a card on it that said, "For a little girl who cheerfully pleased not herself all day." Could the cotton speak? Or what soft, low voice was that whispering under it? "*Tick, tock, tick, tock!*" That was what it said. But the way in which it fitted into the new watch-pocket of the blue dress that Sophie did not know was there, and how she appeared in the new suit at the birthday surprise party, I shall leave you to guess.—*The Pansy.*

THE dealers in ardent spirits may be compared to men who should advertise for sale consumptions, fevers, rheumatism, palsies, and apoplexies. Would our public authorities permit such a traffic? No; the public voice would be heard at once demanding the punishment of such enemies of our race; and the rulers that would not take speedy vengeance would be executed and removed. But now the men who deal out this slow poison are licensed by law, and they talk about their constitutional rights, and plead their lawful callings. These traffickers in the blood of men tell us that this work of death is their living—their means of supporting their families. But where lies the difference in criminality between the dramseller who for gain administers slow but certain death, and public murderers? The former is licensed in his wickedness by law, the latter must be hanged.—*Dr. Lyman Beecher.*

## LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER, 1888.

A. D. 20] LESSON II. [JAN. 8.

THE MULTITUDE FED.

Matt. 14. 13-21. Memory verses, 19-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life. John 6. 35.

TIME.—20 A. D., following last lesson.

PLACE.—Near Bethsaida, at the north-east of the Sea of Galilee.

RULES.—Same as in the last lesson.

CONNECTING LINKS.—Just after this news of the death of their Master's friend and forerunner had reached him, the disciples returned from their ministry attended by great multitudes, many of whom were on their way to Jerusalem to the passover, which was near. Jesus was compelled for retirement and peace to go into a desert place apart, and here, thronged by the multitudes, he wrought the miracle of this lesson.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Departed thence*—From Capernaum. *Went forth*—From his seclusion on the east side of the sea. *Evening*—The Jews had two evenings: one began at three of the afternoon and lasted till six o'clock; this is the evening here meant. The second evening commenced at six o'clock, and is the one meant in verse 23. *The time is now past*—Two or three interpretations are given. It seems most natural to suppose it means the hour is past for the evening meal. *Five loaves*—Thin bread-cakes, baked after the Jewish manner in the shape of a plate. *Blessed and brake*—This was a custom common for the head of the family among the Jews. *Baskets*—Traveling-baskets, or such as were carried by the people upon their journeys.

QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

- The Master.*  
What caused Jesus to go into a desert place apart?  
How did he go?  
Who followed him?  
How did the people go?  
How was Jesus affected when he saw the multitude?  
Why was he moved with compassion?  
Mark 6. 34.  
What did he do for their sick?
- The Miracle.*  
At evening what request did the disciples make?  
Why did they wish the people sent away?  
What did Jesus command the disciples to do?  
How much food had the disciples?  
What were they told to do with the loaves and fishes?  
What command was given to the people?  
What did Jesus do with the food?  
What did the disciples do with it?  
What portion of the people ate, and with what result?  
What shows that each had enough?  
How much remained after all had eaten?  
How many people were there?  
Of what better bread does the Golden Text tell.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

- Where are we taught in this lesson—
- That Jesus has sympathy with human need?
  - That he has power to supply our daily need?
  - That it is our duty to help the needy as far as we can?

HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

- Find in the other Gospels five particulars about this miracle which are not named by Matthew.  
Find another instance of feeding the multitude, and compare the two miracles.

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

- What made Jesus leave Capernaum and go over the sea? Sorrow for John's death.
- What made Jesus leave his retirement and come forth to the people? Compassion for the perishing people.
- What did they seem like to him? "Like sheep having no shepherd."
- Of what was his miracle a symbol? Of his spiritual relation to men.
- In what words did he express that relation? "Jesus said unto them, I am the bread of life."



DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Divine compassion.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

3. Who is the great Teacher of religion? Jesus Christ, the Son of God, our Redeemer.  
4. What do you call his religion? Christianity.

A. D. 29] LESSON III. [JAN. 15.

## JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

Matt. 14. 22-36. Memory verses, 25-27.

## GOLDEN TEXT.

Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid. Matt. 14. 27.

TIME.—29 A. D.

PLACE.—In the same locality as last lesson, and on the Sea of Galilee.

RULES.—Same as before.

CONNECTING LINKS.—The multitude, having eaten the evening meal, are sent away by Jesus, after he has first sent his own disciples across the sea in a boat. He himself went into the lonely mountain to pray. The lesson tells the story of what followed.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Straightway* . . . constrained—Immediately compelled, charged them with such authority that they dared not refuse. *Fourth watch of the night*—Between three o'clock and six o'clock in the morning. *It is a spirit*—Not an angel, or spirit in that sense, but, in the superstitious sense, a ghost, or spectre. *Saw the wind boisterous*—He could not see the wind; he saw the high, rolling waves, the effect of the wind. *The Son of God*—That is, the divine One. This is the first confession made by men of his true character.

## QUESTIONS FOR HOME STUDY.

1. *On the Mountain.*  
What did Jesus direct his disciples to do? What, meantime, did he do? Where did he then go? For what purpose? When evening came who was with him?

2. *On the Sea.*  
Where was the ship? What sea was this? Why was the sea rough? At what hour did Jesus seek the ship? How did he go to it? What effect had his appearance on the disciples? For what did they mistake him? What did Jesus say to calm their fears?

GOLDEN TEXT.  
To make sure that it was Jesus, what did Peter propose?

What did Peter then do? Why did he soon become fearful? What was his prayer as he began to sink? What rebuke did Jesus utter? What happened as soon as they reached the ship? What confession did the disciples make?

3. *On the Shore.*  
In what region did they land? What did the people do when they knew that Jesus was there? What requests did he make for the sick? What occurred when the sick people touched his garment? In what other instance did a touch of the Saviour's garment bring healing? Matt. 9. 20.

## TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—  
1. The duty of praying in secret?  
2. The duty of trusting God always?  
3. The duty of bringing our friends to Jesus?

## HINTS FOR HOME STUDY.

Find how many instances are recorded where Jesus went away alone to pray.  
Find three other instances in Matthew where Jesus rebuked his disciples as men of little faith.

## THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where did Jesus go after feeding the five thousand? Into the mountain to pray.  
2. Where did he send his disciples? Across the sea in a ship.  
3. What happened as they were crossing the sea? A great storm arose.  
4. As they toiled and struggled with the waves what did they see? Jesus coming, walking upon the sea.

5. Filled with terror, what loving words came to them over the roar of the storm. "Be of good cheer," etc.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—Christ and his people.

## CATECHISM QUESTION.

5. Are there any other religions in the world? There is only one Divine Teacher, and only one true religion; but there have been many false teachers, and there are many false religions.

1 Cor. viii. 5, 6. For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or on earth; as there are gods many, and lords many; yet to us there is one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we unto him; and one Lord, Jesus Christ, through whom are all things, and we through him.

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