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# HONEY AND SCHOOLS

Vol. VIII.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 27, 1890.

[No. 26.]

## Under the Mistletoe.

THERE are three evergreens with which the name of Christmas is ever associated—the yule, the holly, and the mistletoe.

"Bringing in the yule log" has formed the subject of many a Christmas poem and picture, and the holly is no less seasonable a tree in its way, but above both of these ranks the mistletoe.

Many are the legends which cluster round the little shrub with its bright berries and fresh, green leaves, and children well know that if they can manage to kiss some friend who happens to be standing directly beneath it, great happiness is assured to both parties. The little ones in our picture well understand this, for they have one and all left their toys on the floor in their efforts to kiss the grandmother, who also seems to understand her share of the fun. We only wish that happiness were so easy of attainment.

## 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 give thee thanks. Now 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 fruit of righteousness."



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

But I answered: "Thou hast also hidden from my sight the loved and the loving. Clouds are strowed upon their faces—they reply to my call no more. To the houses they made fair they return not, and the places that once knew them know them no more forever."

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."

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: "O 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."

Trembling, I asked: "New Year, whither wilt thou lead me? Art thou appointed to

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. There are 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."—*Anon.*

### The Old Year Dies.

BY MARGARET EYTINGE.

THE dying Old Year pallid lies  
Upon a bier heaped thick and high  
With faded roses and their thorns,  
And some weep as they watch him die.  
And these are they to whom he gave  
Nights of sweet rest and happy morns,  
And, though they withered in their time,  
The roses with the fewest thorns.  
They weep in fear—his reign once o'er,  
Such lovely flowers they'll find no more.

And some there are who see him die  
With tearless eyes—longing to hear  
The joyful bells and merry shouts  
That hail the happy young New Year.  
And these are those who 'mong his gifts  
But little joy unshaded found,  
To whom he never threw a rose  
That sharpest thorn did not surround.  
They wait in hope—his reign once o'er,  
Such bitter thorns they'll find no more.

And some with sight just dimmed, and lips  
That show the coming of a smile,  
Look on him with regretful gaze,  
Their hearts untouched by grief the while.  
And these are they who of dark clouds  
And sunshine have had equal share,  
Who for each care a gladness found,  
And with each thorn a rose most fair.  
They are content, his reign once o'er,  
Of him who comes to ask no more.

### How the Chinese New Year is Kept.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

It falls usually during the first week in February, and very near the 6th instant. To the Celestial it is the grandest jubilee of all the year, and is observed by men, women, and children of every grade, from the Emperor down to the humblest subject; and not alone with the Empire, but on sea and land, at home and abroad, wherever a Chinese community may chance to be on this propitious day.

Thought always a day of feasting and rejoicing, in 1888 it was celebrated by the Chinese in this country with more *éclat* than ever before, because of the opening of a new "joss-house" in the Chinese quarter of San Francisco, California; and in 1889 it was observed with surpassing splendour, wherever the Chinese are found, because of the expected marriage of the young Emperor. Enormous sums of money were spent by the Chinese Government in preparations for the double celebrations of the royal nuptials and the time-honoured festival of the "New Year," which, it is said, was to be observed on this joyful occasion

with many new features, indicating progress among that ancient people in the newer inventions of the people of the West.

Well, though the Chinese have a way of their own for doing everything, and not always the best way, yet there are some lessons that even we, with all our boasted civilization, may profitably learn of them.

For example: On every New Year's morning, each man and boy, from the Emperor to the humblest peasant, pays a visit to his mother, and carries her a present, which varies in value according to his station and pecuniary ability. He thanks his mother very devoutly for all she has done for him in the past, and humbly asks for a continuance of her favour for another year.

This matter of reverence for parents is a cardinal virtue among the Chinese, duly inculcated from early childhood, and so ingrained into the very warp and woof of the daily life, that the mother's influence over her sons usually lasts, for bane or blessing, all through their existence.

Another excellent custom is the squaring-up of old accounts, and, as far as possible, paying off every debt before the close of the old year, so that the New Year's dawn may be unclouded by a single anxiety concerning the one just ended. This is deemed so requisite to a man's good standing in business, that the rule is generally observed, even though it be necessary to sell off goods cheaper than at any other time, or at heavy pecuniary

loss.

While father and sons are thus engaged in store and counting-room, mothers and daughters are equally busy in renovating and adorning the home. Every niche and corner of the dwelling is thoroughly cleaned, and must put on its gala dress of flowers, flags, and mottoes before New Year's dawn; a feast of good things is to be prepared; and, above all, the household altar must be newly decorated, flowers fresh and fair laid thereon, and candles and incense lighted to welcome the incoming year with joy and gladness. Flaming red papers, bearing appropriate devices or expressive of some wish for "good luck," are placed over or beside each door and lintel; huge lustrous transparencies float above; and sundry devices, in the form of dragons, sea-monsters, etc., intended to keep off evil spirits, are displayed everywhere.

Every hill-top, temple, and street is gaily decorated with flags and paper lanterns of huge dimensions; and the idols in the temples are decked in silken robes and adorned with glittering jewels. Boats, houses, and fences are freshly painted and adorned profusely with long strips of bright red paper, upon which are inscribed, in black and gilt letters, good wishes, congratulations, and compliments to all who may chance to pass that way; and every street and lane is crowded with well-dressed people, who for the time seem to have no thought but for this festive occasion.

Some are calling on friends and relatives, porters are bearing loads of presents to various houses, and crowds are wending their way to the temples and "joss-houses." Every worshipper goes laden with gifts; and the altars of the gods of wealth, of war, of medicine, letters, fire, and many others, are literally piled with offerings of flowers, fruit, confectionery, and some more costly wares.

Each devotee selects from the group the "god" he specially desires to propitiate, lights his "incense-sticks," places them before the idol, and performs his devotions with sundry prostrations, salaams, and murmured words, unintelligible to all but himself, and then retires to spend the rest of the day in mirth and jollity—feasting, visiting, fireworks, or gambling, as may be most in accord with his special proclivities. But his religion comes

first. The devotees before the "god of wealth" are especially numerous among the Chinese, as among other nations.

On New Year's eve, sacrifices are made to the old year, and the custom of watching out its last expiring moments is strictly observed by the Chinese; and during the whole night the streets are thronged. At dawn on the New Year's day every door is closed for a time, and streets comparatively deserted. But, after a very brief lull, all hands wake up to a renewal, with interest, of noisy mirth, which is then kept up for a week at least, and with the wealthy for a much longer time.

The New Year being considered the most propitious day of all the year for important negotiations, many betrothals and marriages take place at this time, thus increasing the hilarity of both family and social gatherings.

Another very pleasant custom I observed among the Chinese while living among them. Every visitor who called on New Year's day was sure to go away loaded with presents—or, rather, to have them taken to his home by a servant. The gift is always accompanied with many compliments and good wishes from the donor. The value of the presents varies, of course, with the wealth or generosity of the giver. It may be only a basket of fruit, a vase of flowers, a pretty fan, or package of choice tea, but it carries with it the "New Year" charm, and is a pleasing token of friendly regard that is always welcome. It was especially so to us, as strangers and foreigners so far away from home.

Then, whenever Americans or Europeans look into the Chinese temples, from motives of curiosity, to witness the ceremonies of the day, they always receive a courteous salutation and an invitation to enter—for a Chinese, whether in business, religion, or pleasure, is always a gentleman. We who are Christians, and who claim for ourselves a higher civilization, may well learn of these foreigners to welcome them kindly to our churches and Sunday-schools, and try to lead them to the knowledge and worship of the true God.

We have been sadly remiss concerning the millions who, after these nearly nineteen centuries, are yet "without hope and without God," and strangely slow in carrying to them the words of life.

Now that God has brought some of the heathen to our doors, and given to us—here in our own fair land—a sight of the folly and sin of idolatry, shall we still close our eyes to its abominations, and permit the enemy, while we sleep, to sow the tares of paganism upon Christian soil?

### "When You Are at Rome, Do as Rome Does."

THIS is often said, but seldom thought of: your conduct would be contemptible if it ran in that line. It is said of the brilliant Frenchman—Voltaire—that he was a Protestant at Berlin, a Papist at Rome, and an infidel at Paris. I think he paid Berlin a high compliment, was sufficiently fawning at Rome, and made a fool of himself at Paris. It all shows that he had no principles to guide him; hence his eccentric conduct—like a ship without a rudder.

My dear young Christian, let your motto be: "Anywhere, everywhere, I will follow Jesus; everywhere he leads me, I will follow on." This will make yours a sublime life—a contrast to the life of that scoffer, who scoffed all his days, and at last had the temerity to build a temple "to God." Alas! he knew him not.

J. M.

North Wiltshire, P.E.I.

## The Waning Year.

I **W**ANING not now the waning year,  
I call not back the vanished past,  
No vain regrets shall vex me here,  
Nor doubts perplexed to hold me fast.  
Enough that from myself I turn,  
Still conscious of my sin and wrong—  
That thoughts of love within me burn,  
And move my heart to song.

O love supreme, love manifest  
In the vast world that round me lies;  
That knowing what for each is best,  
In wisdom grants, or else denies;  
O'er sun and stars, o'er land and sea,  
Rules undisturbed with ceaseless care,  
Yet condescends to compass me,  
And with my weakness bear.

The hurray, years may come and go—  
My heart with joy or sorrow fill;  
Yet evermore 'tis mine to know  
That I am close environed still.  
Forgotten not, though I forget;  
Still guarded, though I wayward be—  
Dear Lord, this is thy love, and yet  
How poor is mine for thee!

No king whom armies close surround  
Sits on his throne as firm and sure;  
No state with power and blessings crowned  
Can hold its subjects so secure.  
O sweet persuasion, that to-night  
Assures what is, and is to be—  
That life, nor death, nor depth, nor height,  
Can take my Lord from me.

O rest of faith—the gift of love—  
That dies not with the dying years;  
How brighten now the heavens above,  
How fair this lower world appears  
No marvel that from self I turn,  
Though conscious of my sin and wrong;  
That thoughts of love within me burn,  
And move my heart to song.

## "Faithful Children."

"FAITHFUL children;" or, "Children who believe." One day I met a little girl, six years old, who had had an illness from her birth, which weakened her mental powers. I offered her something, and the dear little creature took it with a smile that showed she trusted me. The Gospel of Jesus is so simple that even those who are not sharp-witted can believe and be saved.

I knew, many years ago, a half-witted youth who used to go about singing bits of bad songs that he had unhappily learned. Boys pelted him with stones, and shouted after him: "Silly Dick!" And poor Dick would swear at them, run after them, and try to hit them. One Sunday he went to a Methodist chapel, heard a simple, lively sermon, in which the preacher told the "old, old story;" and Dick believed, and was converted. He now gave up his bad songs, and learned scraps of Gospel songs. Naughty boys still teased him; but he went quietly on his way saying: "Lads, ye couldn't do soa." I visited poor Dick on his death-bed, and found him very happy. The last time I saw him he was thin, pale, and singing. Calling me by name, he said, with a bright smile:

"I'm going to heaven, and the angels won't call me 'Silly Dick,' will 'um?"

Now, if poor Dick could believe, cannot you? If any one asks me how soon a child may begin to believe Jesus, my answer is:

"As soon as he can believe his mother."

"Faithful children" love Jesus. Surely you can love him! Tiny girls love their dolls, and grieve over them if they are injured. Little boys can love pet birds or rabbits, and will cry if they die. All children can love their fathers and mothers. Now if boys and girls can love a pet animal, and much more their parents, can they not love most of

all the Lord Jesus, who died for them, and loves them beyond all human love!

"Faithful children" obey Jesus. Now, you know, you can obey at home if you like. You ought not to be—you need not be—"unruly." Jesus gives children no hard commands—he simply says: "Follow me," as children can follow.—  
*Early Days.*

## New Year Customs in Olden Lands.

BY LEIGH YOUNGE.

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

"THIS shall be unto you the beginning of months, and on it ye shall keep the feast-day," was the command to the Hebrews in the centuries long gone.

And so the beginning of the months, or New Year's day—as in our English tongue we call it—has ever, among all nations, been regarded as a time to be set apart.

The Jew, Mahomedan, Christian, Buddhist, Chinese, and Roman, although differing as to the time from which they reckoned the beginning, all agreed as considering it as the season of seasons, and celebrate it by religious ceremonies, as well as festal rejoicings, differing as widely as their differing faiths.

The early fathers of the Church, in reprobation of the immoral practices of the pagan festivities, prohibited to Christians all rejoicing, and directed that the year be opened with prayer, fasting, and humiliation. The result of this mandate was a combination of the two—the early morning being reserved for the religious exercises, while the evening hours were given up to revelry.

The Hindus call the first day of the year, "The day of the Lord of Creation." It is sacred to the god of wisdom, to whom they sacrifice kids and deer, while they keep the festival with illuminations and general rejoicing.

The Chinese begin this year at the time of the spring equinox, and the festival with which they usher it in is one of their most splendid celebrations. All the people, including the Emperor, mingle together, and unite in thanksgiving for mercy received, and prayer for a genial season and an abundant crop. On that day all the shops are closed, and for several days no business is done, save the selling of candies, sweetmeats, and nuts.

The families collect in their houses on New Year's day, and make offerings to their household gods, of rice, wine, fruits, incense, and sweets of every description. After the "gods" have consumed the spiritual essence of the offerings, then the people are at liberty to enjoy the more earthly remains.

This ceremony concluded, feasting and fireworks make the order of the day. Red is a symbol of joy, and the presents of coins that are received must be strung on a red band to bring good luck.

The festivities are kept up for fifteen days, and end with the Feast of Lanterns, when every variety of style and shape that the imagination can conceive, or the skilful fingers of a Chinaman construct, is fashioned out of paper and bamboo, and made to do duty as a lantern. They are round, flat, square, oval—men, animals, and monsters; the angolic face of a cherub, or the grinning features of a fiend—the more grotesque the better; some roll over and over on the ground, while the light within scintillates like a kaleidoscope; others, shaped like houses and coaches, trundle along the ground.

Those of us who have been in Chinatown, in

San Francisco, on the Fete Day, will never forget the odd, wild, and interesting spectacle which the streets present. And if the reproduction, five thousand miles away from home, is so amusing, we can but wonder what it would be on its native heath, and if we ever have the good fortune to fulfil the desire of our heart, and put a girl's around the world, we shall time our sojourn in Canton to take in the Feast of Lanterns.

In the Middle Ages, when books were few, and travel—except to the crusading countries—little known, an adventurous voyager, Marco Polo, went abroad "strange countries for to see," and penetrated to the court of the Khan of Tartary, and has left us his experiences, "writ in a large book." Somewhat the same reputation he has left behind him which clings to Herodotus, the father of history. But we are not of the number of the iconoclasts, who would tear down all ornamentation, and leave only the framework of the great building which the ages have been erecting since the foundation of the world. What would history be without its tales and myths? So we pore over the malevolent genius of the fairy tale.

In the time of Numa Pompilius the day was dedicated to Janus, the double-faced deity, who faced the future while he looked back upon the past. And it was with somewhat the same idea that now, in many nations, the bells are solemnly tolled as the old year is departing, and thus ring out more joyously as the new year is ushered in.

And we, with the same end in view, hold our midnight watch-meetings, when we review our deeds of the past, which are behind us, and face the unknown new year, of which we know but this: that "Our Father is its King." And as we enter upon its untried paths, with their uncertain joys, and it may be certain pains, let us look upward in happy trust and confidence, sure in the knowledge that, whatever of change the New Year may have in its keeping—

"It can bring with it nothing  
But God can bear us through."

## Now.

How many attendants upon our services are passing through the last year of their lives! In the spring, or the summer, or the autumn they will die. Some of them have a foreboding of the event; disease has already made known its presence by symptoms which cannot be disguised and cannot but alarm. Most of them, however, expect many years to roll before they shall be numbered with the dead. How many are now passing through periods of special religious feeling who will never be moved again as they are now. They fancy that at any time they can turn to God and find the blessed peace of Christ's disciples. Whereas he said, "Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, shall seek to enter in but shall not be able." There are chains of habit, perverted will, and insensibility which are harder than adamant and stronger than iron. How many Christians have an opportunity to lead friends to the Saviour who will never have another privilege of influencing those whom they may reach now. Of some it is sure that they will be called away by death; the unsaved will die, and those who might have saved them will die. Others will forever drift out of the range of spiritual contact. Mystic, and often ephemeral, are the chords of moral influence. How many ministers are closing their terms of pastoral service never to renew their labours among the same people. What do these stern, and unalterable facts teach? One lesson to all. Now, NOW is the time for work. Now, NOW is the day of salvation.—*Epworth Herald.*

## Farewell, Old Year.

FAREWELL, Old Year, we walk no more together;  
I catch the sweetness of thy latest sigh,  
And crowned with yellow brake and withered heather,  
I see thee stand beneath this cloudy sky.

Here in the dim light of a gray December  
We part in smiles, and yet we met in tears;  
Watching thy chilly dawn, I well remember  
I thought thee saddest born of all the years.

I know not then what precious gifts were hidden  
Under the mist that veiled thy path from sight;  
I knew not then what joy would come unbidden  
To make thy closing hours divinely bright.

I only saw the dreary clouds unbroken,  
I only heard the splash of icy rain,  
And in that winter gloom I found no token  
To tell me that the sun would shine again.

O dear Old Year! I wronged a Father's kindness;  
I would not trust him with my load of care;  
I stumbled on in weariness and blindness,  
And lo! he blessed me with an answered prayer.

Good-bye, kind year; we walk no more together,  
But here in quiet happiness we part;  
And from thy wreath of faded fern and heather  
I take some sprays and wear them on my heart.

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## Home and School.

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 27, 1890.

## Last Number of "Home and School."

THE pleasant intercourse which we have maintained for eight years with the readers of HOME AND SCHOOL has been to us a great pleasure, and—we have many testimonies—has not been without profit to our young friends. Although this paper ceases with this number its separate existence, it will re-appear in all its essential features, with many added improvements, with wider scope, superior illustrations, and better mechanical and literary make-up, in the new weekly paper, *Onward*. We hope to have the pleasure of addressing from week to week all the readers of HOME AND SCHOOL, and very many others, especially Sunday-school teachers, senior scholars, Epworth Leaguers, and young people generally, in this new organ. And by "young people" we mean not merely those who are young in years, but those whose hearts are young though their heads may be gray; those who are in sympathy and touch with young people, with their aspirations, with their ambitions and their Christian endeavours everywhere.

We shall not say "good-bye," as though this were the final parting, but we shall use the good old German phrase, "Auf Wiedersehen"—"to meet again." We hope that the new year, on which we



## THE DYING YEAR.

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,  
And the winter winds are wearily  
sighing;  
Toll ye the church bell sad and slow,  
And tread softly and speak low,  
For the Old Year lies a-dying.

are entering, may be for each one of us a happier, better, and both spiritually and temporally, a more profitable one than any we have ever known.

## To Schools Ordering Papers—How to Get the Most for your Money.

We strongly advise Sunday-schools ordering papers for 1891 to redistribute their order heretofore made for *Pleasant Hours* and *Home and School* as follows, viz.: To take three-fifths of *Pleasant Hours*, which will be published weekly, and two-fifths of the new weekly paper *Onward*, instead of equal numbers of *Pleasant Hours* and *Home and School*. For instance, if they have been taking twenty copies of *Pleasant Hours* one week and twenty copies of *Home and School* on alternate weeks, we advise that they take fifteen copies of *Pleasant Hours* weekly and ten copies of *Onward*, also weekly. They will thus get twenty-five papers of two different kinds each week for \$8.75, instead of twenty per week of the same kind for \$8.80, and will secure as well a greater quantity and much greater variety of reading, which will be moreover graded to suit the needs of the classes. They may order in the like proportion for any quantity greater or less than twenty.

Where *Home and School* has been already ordered for 1891, we will be happy to re-distribute the order in the above-named proportion, namely, three-fifths of *Pleasant Hours* to two-fifths of *Onward*, if so instructed. In the meanwhile, to schools not so instructing us, we will continue to send *Onward* once a fortnight in the place of *Home and School*, which now ceases to be published.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Wesley Buildings, Toronto.

C. W. COATES,  
3 Bleury Street,  
Montreal.S. F. HURDIS,  
Methodist Book Room,  
Halifax, N.S.

HEAVEN leaves a touch of the angel in all little children, to reward those about them for their heavy cares.

## Kissing Games.

THERE are certain frolicsome amusements practised by young people sometimes at socials and parties. Perhaps they fall under the general head of forfeit games. For instance, there is an elegant (!) one, during which the players sing: "Oats, peas, beans, and barley grows," and another, "Snap and catch 'em." Does one need to hunt long to find the evil in these? "Why! what's the harm?" exclaims some one. In the first place, most of these games are very rude and coarse. Take "Snap and catch 'em" for example. The young people (alas! I've known ministers with grey or bald heads to engage in the play) are standing in a ring while one of their number marches around, and presently "snaps" one of the members of the ring. And then begins a wild chase—the business of the one summoned being to catch the one who "snapped" him—or her. And when caught he—or she—must be kissed. What a spectacle that presents! what a violation of all the proprieties of civilized life this racing, clawing, tusselling is! It might do for our Norse ancestors, but how is it for the afternoon of the nineteenth century in the most advanced civilization the sun shines on? But the rudeness is not the worst part of it. After all, the improper relationship into which they bring the sexes is the worst mischief of these plays. The sad tendency is to break down in our girls the barriers of reserve and modesty and the sense of the sacredness of the body, which is most sedulously to be cultivated. What better calculated to undo in the minds of young men the lessons of chivalric honour and gentlemanliness taught by pure-minded mothers and noble-hearted fathers! When will all understand that promiscuous kissing is a profane practice? A kiss is a sort of sacrament—the sacrament of a holy affection. It is sacrilege to use it for aught else. That would be like taking the vessels from the altar of the Lord for the revelry of Balaam's feast. Using holy things profanely always results in disaster to some precious interest.—*Epworth Herald*.



### The Scandinavian Ski.

In Norway the snow-fall is generally very heavy; mountain trails and forest paths can be travelled no longer; even country roads will remain impassable for days at a time.

In this predicament the Norwegian peasant has recourse to his ski (pronounced *she*). The material is oak, ash, or pine, usually the latter; care being taken to select a piece having as few knots as possible. The length varies according to the size and strength of the ski runner, ten feet being an extreme limit; while the width at the widest part, where the foot rests, measures about three inches. The front part ends in a curved point preventing the ski from cutting under the snow or striking against minor obstacles. A shallow groove cut lengthwise into the smooth under-side of the ski acts as a rudder, steadying its course. The ski-runner, if an expert, straps his feet securely to the ski; for it might be a matter of life and death to him should he unfortunately lose one or both of them.

In the last war with Sweden, some seventy-two years ago, a small army corps mounted on ski did effective service. At present no part of the army is mounted in this manner, but military exercises on ski are everywhere indulged in by small select divisions of troops. Though of unknown antiquity, the origin of the ski probably dates back centuries before the Christian era. In Norwegian and Swedish history the ski meets with frequent mention. Thus, young Haakon, destined to become one of the greatest monarchs that the North ever had, owed his life to two trusty attendants and their swift-sliding ski.

In Norway at the present day, running on ski has become a truly national sport. Tournaments to test the endurance and prowess of boys and men on ski, are held every winter in different localities. The mountain valleys furnish the finest ski-runners. Their ease and grace on the ski, the steadiness with which they perform the most difficult evolutions, are phenomenal. The place selected for one of these prize runs is generally as steep a hill as can be found in the locality. To increase the difficulties, a bank of firmly packed snow is thrown up across the course on the hill side. Sliding down across the top, with all the momentum that a steep descent gives, the moment the ski-runner leaves this jumping board, as it may well be called, he finds himself shot out into space with nothing but his trusty ski to stand on. A sixteen-year old boy at such an occasion not only made a leap of sixty-six feet, but took off his toque while sailing along in the air, and saluted the spectators.

NEVER tease boys and girls smaller than yourself; only cowards do that. Find happiness in making others happy.

### Come to Jesus.

Why do you so long resist the strivings of the holy Nazarene, who gives you such wonderful opportunities of advancement in the religious life? "Plenty of time yet. I will become a Christian before I die," is the reply.

Oh, do not be deceived! "Now is the accepted time." Harden not your hearts with the vain irragination of "Time enough yet." How suddenly the hand of sickness is laid upon some who, perhaps, looked forward with pleasant hope of a long life, and are brought down as with a mighty grip into the grave!

And, dear reader, would it be any easier for you to come to Jesus in old age than now? Christ is the way, and we must come by him if we expect to reap eternal life beyond the grave. It has been said, "To-morrow never comes." "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor. 6. 2.)

Oh, reader, hastening on with such wonderful rapidity to the final judgment-day, when you cannot escape the fiery indignation of a just and holy God, how can you do otherwise than now to stop and turn in the road that will lead you to happiness through all eternity?

"How can I be saved?" Is that what we hear? "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved." Accept Christ, and be made "an heir to an inheritance incorruptible and that fadeth not away."

Seventy years, the allotted age of man, must soon pass away, and every living soul must then enter upon an eternal existence in a separate state. Neglect not so great a transaction, since upon your decision hangs the doom of an immortal soul. Christ is merciful, but if his offer is not improved, how can you expect him to do otherwise than to banish you from his holy presence, and cast you into hell? Oh, sinner, come now to Jesus before it shall be too late! For you Christ died. Christ wants to save you now.

The writer of the above is not yet seventeen years old, but has consecrated his life to the service of God, and intends to fit himself more fully to the work of the Master.—*Sel.*

### Christmas Books.

THE evidences of the approaching holiday season are being multiplied in the bright-coloured volumes which lie upon the counters of the book stores throughout the land. Christmas would hardly be Christmas without these delightful adjuncts, which, to our mind, are truer symbols of the higher civilization than the roast beef and plum-pudding, to which attention has been so largely drawn in the past. Conspicuous among the purveyors of this mental good cheer is the Worthington Publishing Co., New York. We notice a distinct advance in artistic and literary merit of their Christmas books, even over the excellent volumes of previous years.

One of the most important of these handsomely illustrated volumes is that entitled "The Land We Live In," edited by T. Bronsfield, D.D. Quarto, pp. 216. It recounts the experience of a tourist club, who tell in a pleasant, conversational style the story of their travels and adventures in different parts of the United States and Canada. Special prominence is given to the most remarkable scenic attractions of the continent, such as the famous Yosemite Valley, the Rocky Mountains and the Yellowstone Park, the Susquehanna and the Delaware, the mountain scenery of Pennsylvania,

Niagara Falls, Lake Superior, the White Mountains and picturesque New England, Lake George and the Adirondacks, the Hudson River and the Catskills. These are admirably illustrated with numerous engravings, many of them full-page. We much prefer books of this character for young people, conveying, as they do, much useful information on the history and resources of the regions visited and described, to the more sensational story books with which the young mind is so often fed.

Another volume adapted to more juvenile tastes is the "Worthington Annual for 1891." Quarto, pp. 208. It contains a series of interesting biographies, papers on natural history, etc., for the young. It is illustrated by upwards of 300 engravings, many of them full-page, and of superior artistic merit. The pleasant rhymes and interesting stories will be in the way of a sort of liberal education for the little folk, and combine pleasure and profit in a very conspicuous degree. The coloured frontispiece and the covers are very pretty.

But the *chef d'œuvre* of the Worthington Publishing Co.'s illustrated books of the season is a charming quarto, "Wee Tots," with illustrations by Ida Waugh, and verses by Annie Ella Blanchard. Pp. 48. Each page has a coloured picture illustrating some aspects of child life or child pets. There is a perennial fascination about these pretty pictures of children, "trailing clouds of glory with them as they come, from God who is our home."

The same house issues also, "A History of the United States," edited by Annie Cole Cady. 8vo, pp. 389. This is a simply written narrative for young people, copiously illustrated, and will prove an admirable introduction to the study of the history of the country. It is printed in clear, bold type, handsomely bound, and its many pictures will lure its young readers to the study of the text. The above may all be ordered through the Wesleyan Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax.

### The New Year.

BY T. E. DICKENGA.

I USED to think the year was long;  
I was a boy then, young and strong,  
With spirits all aglow;  
Impatient for the time to come  
When I should strike the whole world dumb  
By one stupendous blow.

I struck the blow—the world went on  
Unmoved, and days have come and gone,  
And I am still the same;  
A little older grown, 'tis true,  
And so, indeed, dear friend, have you,  
And others I might name.

Fame—fortune—I could always hear  
Their echoes in the coming year,  
Like bells across the snow;  
Like bells that through the air chime,  
Now all melodious, now sublime,  
Now swelling and now low.

Those boyish plans and hopes are past;  
The years came slowly, but went fast  
Each swifter than before;  
The bells ring out as cheerily  
For others as they did for me,  
But ah! for me no more.

But hark! I hear the glorious truth  
That was but shadowed in my youth  
Now pealing loud and clear;  
The truth that something better lies  
Beyond than all that now I prize  
Brings in this glad New Year.

Then good-bye, Old Year, if you must,  
And welcome, New Year, to your trust,  
We greet you with a prayer;  
Keep us from sorrow and from strife,  
And bring us peace and love and life,  
Through all your seasons fair.

## Another Year.

ANOTHER year is fading  
 Into the shadowy past,  
 What it for me, my Saviour,  
 This year should be the last?  
 Could I, with joy recalling  
 The hours and moments gone,  
 Say I had well employed them,  
 Nor o'er one failure mourn?

Another year is passing,  
 And I am passing, too—  
 Passing from earth and earthly scenes  
 To those earth never knew,  
 What shall I plead when standing  
 Before the "Great White Throne"?  
 Nothing, O Christ, but thine own blood,  
 Thy righteousness mine own.

Another year is dying,  
 And time is dying, too,  
 And all things here below, with him,  
 Are passing out of view;  
 Passing as swiftly as our thoughts  
 Flit through our minds, then flee—  
 Oh, realizing facts like these,  
 What ought our lives to be!

Another year is adding  
 To those already dead.  
 Dead! will they never rise again?  
 Where, all the actions fled,  
 We surely yet shall meet again,  
 This old year and our souls:  
 His deeds will greet us yet, though now  
 Oblivion o'er him rolls.

We leave the year with Jesus  
 To sprinkle with his blood:  
 Jesus, the loving One, who once  
 As our sin-bearer stood.  
 We leave the year with Jesus,  
 And thus the weight is gone;  
 We trust the future all to him  
 Who all its weight hath borne.

*John Wesley.* By Rev. R. Green. London: C. H. Kelly; and Methodist Book Rooms, Toronto, Montreal and Halifax. Price, 50 cents.

*John Wesley, His Life and His Work.* By Rev. M. LeLièvre. Translated from the French by Rev. A. J. French. Eleventh thousand. Same publishers. Price, 35 cents.

The approaching centenary of the death of the founder of the original Methodist societies calls attention, universally, to his life and work. Enquiry is naturally made as to the best popular lives of Wesley in compendious form and of inexpensive price. Of course Southey's charming work will always be a classic on the subject, and Tyerman's exhaustive volumes leave nothing to be desired in fulness of detail. But the one is rather out of date, and the other too voluminous for busy people. We recommend, for a comprehensive view of the world-wide movement called Methodism, Dr. Abel Stevens' admirable "History of Methodism." For Sunday-schools and for busy people the choice, we think, will lie between the two volumes mentioned above. Mr. Green's little book is a careful study of the salient points of Wesley's life. It is plain in style, concise, and clear. Mr. LeLièvre's is the outcome of a need of the French Methodists for a volume on the origin of Methodism. His book, deservedly one of much merit, won a prize of a considerable value offered for such work. He invests his subject with the peculiar charm and vivacity which characterizes most French writers. His narrative is considerably more full than that of Mr. Green's, and is, moreover, the cheaper in price. The translator has done his part well, and preserved much of the characteristic vivacity and brilliancy of the original.

It is peculiarly fitting that the people called Methodists should study widely the remarkable career of the great man honoured of God in in-

augurating the religious revival of the eighteenth century. As the century since his death closes, he looms up, like Mont Blanc from Salanches above the lesser mountains, as one of the most conspicuous figures in that century. Canadian readers, especially, should study this life, because the year 1891 marks two important centennials: first, the introduction of Methodism to the provinces of old Canada, and secondly, the death, or translation rather, of the principal agent in the great world movement which has made of a despised and persecuted people the most numerous Protestant church in Christendom.

*The Choir Boy of York Cathedral.* By Rev. A. S. Twombly, D.D. Pp. 292. Price, \$1.25. Congregational Sunday-school and Publishing Society, Boston and Chicago; William Briggs, Toronto.

In this book are collected five stories, each artistically illustrated and excellently printed. The stories are quite varied. That of the title gives a thrilling description of the burning of York Minster by a maniac. "God's Dove" tells of the rescue of a little girl from an old tower in Paris, during the siege, by means of a carrier-pigeon. "Pietro and Nina" are two children who stray into Rome and earn their living, Pietro by selling goat's milk, and Nina by her service in the Odoscalchi palace. In "The Best Possible Christmas" we have a fantastic child's dream. The longest, and in some respects the best, is "A Huguenot Story," a thrilling description of the abduction of a Huguenot boy, his life in and escape from a monastery, and his final return to friends after a bitter experience. Each of these stories is thoroughly interesting, and about Christmas-time especially the book will be wanted.

## The Old Year.

BY MRS. MARY A. SMALL.

THE year has dropped her months one by one, "like an old monk telling his beads," until we are treading upon the verge; its hours are fast being numbered. It has brought to us many changes. Many home-circles have been broken; many graves made, not only in our cemeteries, but in hearts. The old year has added to the inhabitants of the unscen world, and yet we love the "OLD YEAR."

As we gaze down the months we are reminded of leaving a home in which we have long lived. When the members of the family have gathered all the movables they linger on the threshold and look back through every room. Here by the chimney corner is where mother sat; in yonder room the precious little ones first saw the light of day; and by yonder window some precious form lay cold in death. The happy bride here gave her hand to one who promised to love and cherish until death should come; and from this home they went forth strong in each other's love to battle with life's stern realities. No wonder our hearts linger around such memories.

And thus we linger on the threshold of the old year. We are ready to take our departure into the new. We have gathered all that we can carry with us, and that is so little. We look back into every month, and each brings to some heart distinct recollections. Each is dear. From them many have gone forth to battle in the great field of life, and many have fallen. Joys and sorrows strangely mingle in this life. I stood beside a casket. She who lay there was beautiful in death. A little time ago a bride, she was suddenly called, and her little one will never know a mother's love. All in one short year.

We entered upon this fast-fading year with many resolves to make it the best year thus far of life, but we look back with regrets. It is like a land-

scape where the shades richly blend; and viewing it thus, even though our hearts ache, we would leave it untouched. We turn our eyes toward Him who readeth the heart, and bowing before him, re-consecrate ourselves to his service, and thus hope fully step out into the new and untried year.

"I know not what awaits me,  
 God kindly veils mine eyes,  
 And o'er each step of my onward way  
 He makes new scenes to rise,  
 And every joy he sends to me,  
 Comes a sweet and glad surprise."

## Concentration in Prayer.

THERE is too much prayer that does not lay hold of the thing desired—too much catalogue prayer, that simply enumerates before God a long list of items in respect to which his benevolence might properly enough be exercised, but which do not enlist the vital sympathy of the petitioner. Such prayer is never prevailing, and seldom helpful. What Christians, and especially young, active Christians, need in their devotions is more concentration. Deeply realize the need of something, and then pray for it with a singleness of spirit which shall uplift the whole being and bring it, as it were, into the very audience-chamber of God. If you feel the need of personal purity above everything else, just leave the progress of the kingdom, the conversion of the heathen, the upbuilding of the visible Church, and every kind of general petition to him who knows infinitely and loves infinitely and blesses infinitely—leave these world problems to him, and cry out of the depths of your sin-sick soul: "O God, my Father, help me to be pure! O Christ, my brother, help me to be pure! O Holy Spirit, my comfortor, help me to be pure!" Let this be your prayer, and your only prayer, until your great need is answered.

So let it be with all your soul's deepest needs, and with all the deepest needs which you find in humanity about you. Do not pray about the bush. Select something; or, rather, let something get possession of you, and then pray for it with all your mind and soul and strength. One archer places five arrows in his cross-bow so as to be sure of hitting the target; but they all fall short. The other archer puts all the strength of his bow into one well-aimed shaft, and it flies swift and straight and quivers in the centre of the mark.

## How Long are the Days?

THE following, showing the length of the day in different localities, is of interest. Far toward the north-pole the days stretch out into great length, the same being true toward the south-pole as well. As the days increase in length, the nights correspondingly shorten; and, *vice versa*, the long nights are mated with short days.

In London, England, and in Bremen, Prussia, the longest day has sixteen and one-half hours. At Stockholm, Sweden, it is eighteen and one-half hours in length. At Hamburg, in Germany, and at Dantzic, in Prussia, the longest day has seventeen hours. At St. Petersburg, Russia, and at Tobolsk, Siberia, the longest day is nineteen hours, and the shortest is five hours. At Tornea, Finland, June 21st brings a day nearly twenty-two hours long, and Christmas one less than three hours in length. At Wardbury, Norway, the longest day lasts from May 21st to July 22nd without interruption; and in Spitzbergen the longest day is three and one-half months. At St. Louis the longest day is somewhat less than fifteen hours; and at Montreal, Canada, it is sixteen hours. At Chicago and New York the days are a little longer than at St. Louis, those cities being situated farther north; while at New Orleans, farther south, they are shorter.—*Exchange.*

## A Hymn of Praise.

January 1st, 1891.

BY MRS. LIZZIE FINNER BAKER.

*"As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing"*

WHAT can I bring to thee, Master,  
With the year that is dawning to-day?  
A heart which thy rod has sore smitten,  
A heart which rejoiceth alway;  
Eyes that look ever up to the Healer,  
Tho' dim with the earth-gathered tears;  
Hands that hold fast thy treasures of promise  
In the tempest of trouble and fears;

Feet swift to run quick at thy bidding,  
A tongue thy pure praises to sing.  
O, Jesus, my Rock and my Refuge,  
To thee will thy loving one cling.  
Strong arm, which hath never forgotten  
Thy child in its love-clasp to hold—  
How tenderly now art thou leading  
The sorrowful sheep of thy fold.

How sweet to my soul is thy chastening,  
How lovely the smile of thy face—  
O, year that is new, thou art dawning  
Upon me in glory and grace;  
For with me in patient abiding,  
The thrice-blessed Three deign to dwell,  
And the peace of my soul passeth knowledge,  
Its comfort no angel could tell.

O, year that is new! to their guiding  
I give thee from dawn until end—  
Life and death in the hands of the giver,  
My God, and my Father, and Friend.

## The New Year.

WHAT do you mean to do with this bright, white, beautiful year that God has now put into your hand? It is a book of three hundred and sixty-five pages—all blank pages yet, pure, clean, unsoiled. You are to write something on each page while it lies open under your hand. Then the leaf will be turned over and sealed down, and another one will spread out its white face before you. At the close of the year your book will be written full, and then it will be carried away by the Angel of Time, and preserved until the last day, when it will be opened to show how you have lived this year.

What are you going to write in this book? You know that everything you do writes itself down. One of the wonderful inventions of these late times is an instrument which preserves the words that are spoken into it. You talk beside it, and every word is caught. It may be carried thousands of miles, and laid away for years; but when the wonderful machinery is set in motion, the words come out just as they were spoken, and you hear the very tone of voice of the person who uttered them.

This is a little illustration of the way our deeds and our words go down on the pages of the book each one is writing. We do not always think much of what we are doing as the days pass. Sometimes we do careless things, or even very wrong things. We speak words that are not gentle and kindly; we show tempers and dispositions that are not sweet and beautiful. We forget these things soon afterward; but let us remember that they have all gone down, day by day, on the pages of our book, and are not lost. Some day we shall have to see these pages opened again, and shall have to look at what we have written on them; some day we shall have to hear our careless, bitter, unkind or untrue words again in the very tones of voice we used when we spoke them.

This ought to make us very careful what we do and what we say. Now is a good time to begin in the new. How was last year's book filled? What did you put on the pages? Perhaps they were

blotted, some of them, or stained by sins or follies. Perhaps there were whole pages with nothing beautiful on them—only idle words and idle acts. Well, you cannot change anything now in last year's pages. The things written you cannot blot out; the words said you cannot unsay.

"Never shall thy spoken word  
Be again unaid, unheard.  
Well its work the utterance wrought;  
Woe or weal—what'er it brought—  
Once for all the rune is read,  
Once for all the judgment said. \* \* \*  
Rue it all thy living days,  
Hide it deep with love and praise;  
Once for all thy word is sped:  
None invade it but the dead. \* \* \*  
Spoken words come not again."

The past you cannot change, but now a new book is in your hands, with pages white, clean, unsoiled. What will you write on these pages? Will you stain them, too? Does not every young person who reads these words desire most earnestly to fill the pages of this new year with beautiful things?

Begin, then, on the first morning of 1891. Begin with an earnest prayer to God for help. Then watch your acts and your words, that you do nothing and say nothing which you will be ashamed to see or hear again years hence. Fill the day with gentle things, and useful, helpful things.—  
*Forward.*

## Self-Control.

THERE is a story told about Alexander and his horse Bucephalus, which may well "point a moral."

When Alexander was but a boy he was present one day when a Thessalonian brought the horse Bucephalus to Philip, offering to sell him for thirteen talents. But when the fiery animal was taken to the field to try, he proved so unmanageable that none of Philip's men dared so much as to venture near him. Philip bade them lead him away as useless; and as they were about doing so, young Alexander said:

"What a fine horse do they lose for want of address and boldness to manage him!"

At first Philip did not notice the boy's remark; but when it was repeated, and he saw how sorrowful he was to see the horse taken away, he said:

"Do you reproach those who are older than yourself, as if you knew more, and were better able to manage him than they?"

"I could manage this horse," replied the lad, "better than others do?"

"And if you do not," said Philip, "what will you forfeit for your rashness?"

"I will pay," said Alexander, "the whole price of the horse."

The men who stood by laughed heartily, but the wager was accepted, and the bold youth hastened to the horse, and, taking him by the bridle, turned him towards the sun, having noticed that the animal was afraid of his own shadow. Then, stroking him gently, he watched his opportunity and sprang quickly upon his back. Gradually, and with great gentleness, he drew in bridle and curb, and presently, when the fiery creature found that he had a master, the bold youth let him go at full speed, speaking to him with the ringing tone of command, and even spurring him on to increased speed.

When he came back presently, flushed and triumphant, but with the horse under full control, Philip, who had been deeply anxious for his son's safety, is said to have shed tears of joy, and to have declared, as he kissed him, that Macedonia was far too small a kingdom for so great a spirit as his son possessed!

Alexander could never have conquered the horse

if he had not had control of his own spirit. Impatience, fretfulness, lack of self-restraint, thwart themselves, for they prove weakness in the one who exhibits them, which even a dumb animal can feel.

How great a pity that one who, as a boy, could thus control himself and others, when he became a man could yield to his lower appetites to such a degree that he is actually said to have died the death of a drunkard!

Alexander did not know the true meaning of the word "conquer," for he never learned to conquer himself. To conquer nations is a small thing compared to the conquering of one's self; for "greater is he that ruleth his own spirit than he that taketh a city."

## 1890.

Into the mid-night cold and drear,  
Sadly the old year goes,  
Bearing a burden of memories,  
Of sins and joys and woes.

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

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

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

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

The dreams and plans of our spring-tide fair,  
That have long forgotten lain,  
The thoughts and deeds of our summer-time,  
Our autumn's scanty gain.

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

## 1891.

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

## Bits of Fun.

—"I shouldn't care to marry a woman who knows more than I do," he remarked.

"O, Mr. DeSappy," she replied with a shake of her fan, "I am afraid you are a confirmed bachelor."

—One day Julia Ward Howe was introduced to Sitting Bull by that full name, and the gentleman remarked "How" with his usual urbanity. "Ah!" said Mrs. Howe, with quick apprehension, "the gentleman has heard of me, I see. He is really a very intelligent aborigine."

—At the Water Cure.—Governess—"Elsie, see how that gentleman springs up the steps. Early this morning he walked quite slowly. The change comes from drinking mineral water."

Elsie—"Isn't it from drinking spring water, Fraulein?"

—"How many birthdays do you think I have had?" one person was heard to say to another in the horse-car.

"O, about forty-seven," hazarded the person addressed.

"Only one birthday. The rest have been anniversaries," was the explanation, and the car suddenly stopped.



The Dear Old Songs of Home.

Oh, wheel sublime of tireless time, Turn backward in your flight, Ring out the chime in fairy rhyme Of boyhood's music bright!

Make me a boy, with boyhood's joy, As in the days of old, When ruddy blaze before our gaze Went up in sparks of gold.

At set of sun, when day was done, Like silver-chiming bells, Rose on the air, with evening prayer, The song we loved so well.

No time can blot this fragrant spot, This chime of silver bells; But oft my heart, with sudden start The secret surely tells.

Looking Pleased.

Not all can take an active part in entertaining, but it is possible for every one to look pleased at the efforts that others are making.

It is a hard trial to entertain those who will not be entertained. They sit around like graven images, seeing all there is going on, taking everything in, yet giving out nothing in return—not even so much as a smile.

Try as hard as you will, it is impossible to please them. Your jokes are lost upon them, as they have no appreciation of humour.

Now, it is only right and proper that some return should be made for favours received. None is so poor that he cannot give thanks, and the expression of gratitude sincere—from the heart—is often a greater com-

pensation than gifts of money value. If we have no chance to speak our mind, or to applaud, or to make what we consider a suitable return, we can at least look pleased, and that will go a great way toward cancelling an obligation.—Exchange.

The Mother is in the Baggage Car.

It was on a Pennsylvania railroad train coming north from Washington. All the passengers but two in the sleeper had dozed off. The exceptions were a young man and a baby.

"See here, sir, why don't you take that child to its mother? She will be able to manage it much better than you. It evidently wants its mother."

The young man continued to pace up and down for a moment, then said, in a quiet, strained voice:

"Let me take it for a while," he said softly; "perhaps I can quiet it." —New York Sun.

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