

Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

Coloured covers/
Couverture de couleur

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

Covers restored and/or laminated/
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée

Pages restored and/or laminated/
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)

Showthrough/
Transparence

Coloured plates and/or illustrations/
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/
La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure

Includes index(es)/
Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from: /
Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/
Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

Title page of issue/
Page de titre de la livraison

Caption of issue/
Titre de départ de la livraison

Masthead/
Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

Additional comments: /
Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below /
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X	14X	18X	22X	26X	30X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
12X	16X	20X	24X	28X	32X
<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/>

THE PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

ENLARGED SERIES.—VOL. IV.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 27, 1884.

No. 26.

THE LAST HOUR OF 1884.

PAST hour of a dying year,
Oh, ere another takes your place,
Draw nearer, let me see your face,
Unshadowed now, by hope, or fear.

Changeless and sealed thy record lies,
Until before the great white Throne
Its every secret shall be known,
Unrolled beneath the Judge's eyes.

The evil I have wrought in thee,
The "loving darkness more than light,"
The good I did not when I might,
All these, Old Year, come back to me.

And yet, thank God, not wholly sad,
The retrospect that I must make,

WAITING FOR THE FERRY.

THIS is a characteristic scene in Switzerland. It is very much like one I saw on the Lake of Uri. The mountains rise abruptly from the side of the deep blue lake, the top wrapped in clouds and mist; the lower slopes afford beautiful pasture for the cattle, sheep and goats. Sometimes the cows climb so high that they do not seem much larger than mice. The stout herdsman is hailing a ferry boat to come and take him and his sheep and cows across the

LAST DAYS OF JOHN WYCLIFFE.

HE died at his post. He was conducting divine service on the last Sunday of 1384 with his loved and loving people of Lutterworth. Paralysis came down to him with noiseless, air-drawn touch, as of an angel's beckoning finger. He was borne from his church like a warrior from a field of battle. He was at rest. His last days had been twenty years of stormy strife, in which every day had seen a battle, and every

trious name, we look on it with a concentrated sensibility unfelt in Westminster Abbey. There hangs his portrait on the vestry wall; in that pulpit he was preaching when "heaven's usher of the white rod" touched him to escort him elsewhere; on that table he wrote; in that chair he died; he even wore that tattered robe, a very shred of which one might beg for memory! And the quiet waters of that stream were once strewn with his ashes! The lapse of time that deals heavily on this old building, leaves that still beautiful which once



WAITING FOR THE FERRY, SWITZERLAND.

Not all my vows were formed to break,
Nor all the good was turned to bad.

Some Christian thought, some deed of love,
Some triumph over self and sin,
Some spiritual life breathed in,
Some effort other hearts to move.

All these, Old Year, do softly cry,
Thou wast not given me in vain,
That Jesu's love can still retain
The soul he died to purify.

Farewell, Old Friend, hope fills my breast,
In trust that I am found to-day
A little further on my way,
A little nearer Home and rest.

And as the tears repentant start,
I hear a Voice, the Voice of Heaven,
"Repent, believe, then art forgiven,
And hold the New Year in thy heart."

lake. Notice the queer stockings he wears. They are too short both above and below. Many of the cattle wear bells. I have heard hundreds of these tinkling alone on the mountain side. The music is very sweet. This picture is one of several illustrating Swiss Scenery and customs which will appear in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1885, accompanied by descriptions by the editor of his own adventures during his wanderings through Switzerland on foot. Many schools have taken from one to ten copies of this Magazine for circulation instead of library books—being fresher, cheaper and more attractive than books. It is given at a reduced price to schools.

battle a victory, and now came three days of heavenly peace. His soul overflowed with gladness, a kindly light was on his face, and he seemed to breathe the air of paradise. In the closing hours of the year he entered upon the eternal years amid the solemn troops and sweet societies of the true and the brave on high. Devout men carried Wycliffe to his burial, and made great lamentation over him. The church of St. Mary, that in which he preached and in which he was buried, still overlooks the pleasant town of Lutterworth. It is of the pointed architecture that prevailed in the century before Wycliffe, and though its boast is of but one great and ill-

was so, and the associations here are fresh and unwithering. The thoughtful tourist will rather leave some places of more pretence unvisited. Years passed on, and up to the end of the century the dawn of reformation grew warmer and brighter. Other times then came, as we have already indicated. In 1400 Chaucer died. John of Gaunt was already gone. Only one of Wycliffe's great protectors, Percy, father of Hotspur, was remaining. Henry IV., following Richard II., gave all his influence to Rome, and the followers of Wycliffe fell on evil times and evil tongues. They found no comforter, none to hinder the swift wrath of their foes from its

dire sweep of vengeance. Their master's writings were publicly burned, and every curse found in the Romish formulas of anathema was heaped upon his name. But how could they degrade him to whom the Master had said, "Well done!" How disquiet him who had entered into the joy of his Lord! One weak display of hatred, like that which disgraces the foes of Oliver Cromwell, was within their reach. The bones of the heretic, buried in the chancel of the church where he had preached, were defiling a consecrated ground. His enemies had long chafed in vexation over his peaceful death and burial. "Strange, indeed," says Fuller, "that a hare hunted with so many packs of dogs should die at last quietly sitting on his form!"

In 1428, when in the ruin of the Lollards all spiritual life seemed trodden out in England—when the profligacy of the "club parliament" and the avarice and cruelty of the army in France blackened the English name—when in all christendom the one pure, heroic figure was Joan of Arc—in this midnight of church and state the last loyal deed was done. Wycliffe's remains were unearthed and burned upon the bridge spanning the little river Swift, that runs past Lutterworth, and the ashes thrown into the stream to defile English soil no longer. Rejected from consecrated ground, he gained a boundless sepulchre. "The whole earth," says Pericles, in his funeral oration, "is the tomb of illustrious men." Fuller says, "This brook did convey his ashes to the Avon, Avon into the Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wycliffe were the emblems of his doctrine, which is now dispersed the wide world over." So, indeed, it is dispersed! On what shore has the Bible in English not been read! What laws and institutions of our race has it not affected! In what country has it not caused some one to say, "My spiryt hath gladdid in God my helthe!" (From the Magnificat, Luke i. 46.) It has influenced every generation that has "hastened stormfully across the stage out of the darkness east into the darkness west."

In 1455, seventy years after Wycliffe's death, the first book was printed. It was the Mazarin Bible in Latin, of which six copies are said to be now existing; one being in the Lenox library of New York, another at Hartford. About twenty years later Caxton printed a Bible in England. Thus within a century came two great biblical epochs of transition—from Latin into English, and from penmanship into print. Think of the slow toil of Wycliffe's penman, and then note that since 1804 Bible societies alone (to say nothing of other publishers) have printed and distributed more than 180,000,000 Bibles, Testaments, and portions of Scriptures! But we must take our leave of the great schoolman, translator, reformer, and Protestant. It is fitting to pause at the five-hundredth anniversary of his death, the last day of this year. "Wist ye not that this daye is a prince, nay, a greates manne fallen doune in Israel!" The lips of those that can speak well should rehearse his virtues and his toils, and all who love and have freedom by the truth should glorify God in him.

THE DYING YEAR.

THIS is the last lone hour of the dying year,
And the winds are sighing low and drear,
As they toss the sleet, half snow, half rain,
Like gusts of sand 'gainst the window-pane,
As I listen to hear the glad some shout,
"The New Year in, and the Old Year out."

No one grieves for the Old Year's death,
As they wait for his latest, failing breath;
For now that his glory and prime are o'er,
He may go as the years have gone before
Where the bells of time are joyfully rung,
O'er the birth of the New Year fresh and young.

Could a bard of the ages truly sing
Of the changes this same New Year may bring,
His song translated would be like this—
"While some may quaff from a cup of bliss,
Alas! for those who may sadly know,
How bitter the days in a cup of woe."

Yet gladly we hail thee, bright New Year,
With words of welcome and songs of cheer,
When the springtime, and summer and autumn
are past,
Old winter shall grizzle thy beard at last,
And then when the glory and prime are o'er
Shall go as the years have gone before.

The years they come and the years they go,
While time, with a tide of ceaseless flow,
Is bearing us on through his changing hours
Now under the shadows, now 'mid the flowers,
But ever and anon, toward eternity's shore
Where time, with his changes, shall come
no more.

THREE NEW YEARS.

BY LUCIA E. F. KIMBALL

COME along! Don't be so scared! It's only pop-beer, and this is New Year's. Come on! We'll have jolly fun."

This was spoken by a handsome, well-dressed lad, evidently the leader of a little group that stood on a street corner one clear, bright, winter day. It was spoken to a smaller boy whose plain face and poor dress were in striking contrast to those of the speaker. But his voice had a manly ring in it as he answered decidedly,—

"No, thank you. I must go home. My mother wants me, and she wouldn't like to have me drink even pop-beer."

"Going home to wash the dishes and sweep the house for your mother—that's great fun for a live boy! But it's plenty good enough for any one that's afraid of a little pop."

This last remark was greeted with a peal of laughter from the group of boys. Did Josey Reynolds care? Of course he cared. He was a real live boy, and not one such likes to be told that he is "afraid" to do a thing. But a truly brave boy would rather be told this than really be afraid to do right.

Josey was a kind-hearted, sensitive lad, who would have liked very much to have the boys friendly and think well of him. He was obliged to wear patched clothes and go without many things the others had. Harry Jones was the leader of the boys in his neighbourhood, and because he could not influence Josey as he did the others, he made him the object of many a cruel jest and much petty ridicule. These things were like sharp arrows to the boy's kindly, sensitive nature; but Josey wore a coat-of-mail like the warriors you read about in ancient history. It kept him brave and pure and happy in spite of his poverty and the selfish rudeness of Harry Jones and his followers. What was this armour, do you think? It was the

love for his mother that he carried, warm and bright and protecting, in his tender young heart. Next to the love of our Heavenly Father, this is the best and safest coat-of-mail any boy can wear.

Josey's home was a very plain, humble-looking house. A stranger would have said there was nothing attractive about it. The walls had once been painted, but faint streaks here and there of a very indefinite colour were the only signs of its former good looks.

There were five other children in the family. Mr. Reynolds thought the noisy activity of his younger boys and girls much greater proof of smartness than Josey's quiet, thoughtful ways, and with his father he was by no means a favourite. But one star shed its clear, soft light over that poor home and made it like no other place to the young lad. His mother had looked into the heart of her child and saw the beautiful blessings of nobleness and truth that were springing there. He knew the many burdens she had to bear, and hands and feet were always ready to do her bidding. Her smile of approbation and the tender look of love in her eyes (which in all after life Josey said "were the loveliest he ever saw")—made him so happy he was repaid for his self-denial and the unkindness of his companions. And then in that humble home, where there was so much care and hard work, between the mother and child sprang up a gentle sympathy which kept both hearts fresh and warm.

This New Year's day was not unlike a good many others to Josey. There was no great fun in bringing wood and water, and washing the dishes, and taking care of the baby. Now and then he thought of the boys, and though he did not want to drink beer with them, or do what was wrong, he would have liked very much to have been counted as one of their number and joined in their sports.

In the afternoon, when the sun made the fields all glistening with its brightness, Harry Jones, with a sleigh full of boys, rode by driving his father's coal-black horse. The boys looked very comfortable and cosy with the warm, rich robes tucked about them, and the merry music of the sleigh-bells rang out on the clear air along with their gay laughter. But, as you know, Josey was a brave boy, and he manfully drove away the bitter feeling that came over him as he watched the boys ride out of sight.

That evening, as he sat reading the new book his mother had managed to buy for him as a surprise, she said with a grateful look of love, "I couldn't have got through the day without you, Josey dear," and he felt more than happy.

As Josey grew older, the long evenings were spent in study. The many little garments to be kept in repair gave his mother few leisure moments, and she often sewed till late at night. The quiet hours spent with her after the sports of the other children were ended, were the happiest of all the twenty-four. His mother was his teacher, and when he advanced in knowledge beyond what had been afforded her, she began to study and became a scholar that she might aid and encourage him.

One afternoon in the early spring, Mrs. Reynolds received a letter from the cousin after whom Josey was

named, who lived in the city. He wrote that he wanted an errand boy in his store, and that he would give the place to her oldest son if she could get him ready to come right away.

"He don't seem to remember that the fellow is named for himself, as he calls him 'your oldest son,'" Mr. Reynolds said a little sharply when the letter was read to him. "But he might as well go. There's nothing for him to do here, and I reckon he's got book learnin' enough with all his studying."

Separation seemed very cruel to Mrs. Reynolds and Josey, but it was decided that the offer was too good to lose.

The neighbours wondered that his mother had no more wisdom than to encourage such a venture. "She always had high notions," they said, "but she would rue the day she sent that boy away from home. He never would do anything without her to back him."

Mrs. Reynolds did not trouble herself to answer the objections her neighbours saw fit to raise. She knew how well her boy had learned the lesson of self-reliance and how deeply the principles of nobleness and truth were written on his young heart. Though the parting was a grievous trial she felt that she could trust him to the tender care of the Heavenly Father he was trying to serve; and when the time came, he looked so noble and manly arrayed in the new suit her own hands had made, she could not repress a feeling of motherly pride that rose in her heart, and which seemed prophetic of future success. She had taught him, before, all that in this parting hour she could wish him to remember, so she had only to fold him to her heart, and with fast-falling tears breathe her tender, "God bless and keep you, my darling boy!"

"Joe Reynolds is going to the city to set up business for himself. Wonder how much capital his mother has given him?"

This was Harry Jones' parting thrust, given as Josey passed the group of idlers of which he was, as usual, the leader.

Ah, Master Harry! this brave boy with his pure heart, and his mother's love to keep it so, has a better future than you with all your father's gold and silver.

* * * * *

It was a fascinating scene that bitter cold night—light and warmth, tempting food and sparkling wine, merry faces and sounds of careless mirth. Very tempting to one who, like Josey, had only "lodgings" and meals when he could afford them. "Come in and get warm," said a voice, "you look half starved. I'll treat you to something that will bring a little colour into your whiteface." Could there be any harm if this respectable man was going in and wanted to take him along? His step was on the threshold; he felt the welcome warmth and odour through the open door; but there he hesitated. A calm, sweet face rose up before him. Would it wear the same approving smile, and would those dear eyes beam on him so mildly, if he entered there?

The victory was gained! "No, thank you, I'll not go in," and he turned resolutely away.

Another New Year's day Josey Reynolds had conquered himself. N-

one know it, and those who passed him in the street saw, if anything, only the white, resolute face of a young man poorly dressed; but heaven's recording angel wrote it with glad joy in the book that is golden with just such victories—silent, unseen, waiting to make the soul of the victor rejoice some day. And that mother far away in her quiet home performing its humble duties, knew not that she had saved her boy.

* * * * *

Again it is New Year's. Many have come and gone in their swift course since Josey Reynolds said goodbye to his mother and turned his face resolutely and hopefully toward a new, strange life. Many hardships, too, have come to him, and many temptations, but the lessons of his early life have never been forgotten, and slowly but surely he has conquered difficulties and discouragements.

A strong, fine-looking, finely-dressed man stepped from the car as it stopped in the Rockton station, and after giving directions in regard to his baggage, he walked briskly up the village street. Just in his way stood a drinking saloon; not a palatial affair at all, but dingy and tumble-down. A familiar face drew him inside by a sudden and resistless impulse.

"Harry Jones, this is not a good place in which to spend New Year's. Excuse my plain speaking, I am interested in every one that, when a boy, I used to know in this village."

"It's you, is it, Mr. Reynolds? Glad to see you! What you say is true enough, but I can't very well help being here, as this is my business."

"You don't say you keep this saloon, Mr. Jones?"

"That's just how the matter stands. It's poor business, I admit, but I've never been lucky like you, Mr. Reynolds. The place here opened, and it was this or nothing. You had a better start than I, with all my father's money. You see, I sort of thought it would last always, and I could do about as I had a mind to. You'd ought to be mighty thankful to that mother of yours that she started you right. Going up to see her now, I reckon. Well, I'm glad one of our Rockton boys has turned out well. Most of them have had poor luck enough."

"I must hurry along, for my mother is expecting me, but I hope you'll find something better to do soon. Good-day."

On a quiet, sunny corner stood a pleasant, white cottage with friendly, protecting evergreen trees about the ample yard. This was the home Joseph Reynolds had provided for his mother. Notwithstanding his many business cares and large social duties, he managed to spend each New Year's evening with her.

As they sit together before the cheery open fire, the old smile comes into the placid face, though it has many lines of sorrow and care, and the tender eyes rest fondly on the strong, manly form of her son, who carries with him the old air of quiet earnestness. They talk of other days, and find comfort in the thought that even the hardships and trial they brought helped prepare them for the better and brighter New Years that the future held in store.

THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

RING, ring, ye gladsome bells,
From yonder bellies high!
Ring out your joyful strains
From earth to sky!
For, lo, a stranger comes
Kingly and proud.
Upon the blast
He rideth fast,
Peal out your welcome loud!
Ring merrily,
Ring cheerily,
To the great, the coming year,
The glad New Year.

We'll lift with braver heart
Life's burden once again,
We'll act a nobler part
Among our fellow-men:
Hope's flowers again shall bloom,
Along life's dusty ways
And murmurings and sighs
Shall change to prayer and praise.
Faith shall with clearer vision
Look toward the coming days,
When peace shall o'er division
Reign with benignant rays;
When man to man as brother
Shall lend a helping hand
And God's best benediction
Rest on our smiling land!

Ring, ring, ye bells!
Ring loud, ring high!
Peal out your merry cheer
From earth to sky,
To greet the glad New Year,
That ever glad New Year!

HOLIDAY BOOKS.

WE have seen no more attractive holiday present than the bound volume of *Harper's Young People* for 1884.

It is a thick quarto of 332 large pages, splendidly illustrated and strongly bound. It hits, we think, the happy medium between the prosy and didactic and the light and frivolous. There are tales of stirring adventure for active boys; quieter stories for thoughtful girls; rhymes and simple pictures for the little folk; descriptions of sports and games; of foreign countries, and curious things; choice music and sketches of great musicians, natural history; how to do things; Christmas stories and poetry; instructive biography, etc. But the best feature of all is the copious illustrations. There are over 600 pictures, many of them superb examples of the engraver's art. J. G. Brown's pictures of the irrepresensible, mischievous boys of the period have never been excelled. Even better than buying these volumes all at once we think is to take the numbers of *Harper's Young People* week by week. It costs \$2 a year, and we can club it with *PLEASANT HOURS* so that any reader of this paper can receive *Harper's Young People* for 1885 by sending \$1.75 to Rev. W. H. Withrow, Toronto.

THE FAR NORTH.

Stories of arctic exploration and discovery have a strange fascination for young and old, and no more heroic story was ever told than the simple record of those stout-hearted sailors

Who braved the perils of the wintry sea
To pluck its secret from the boreal pole.

In "the Voyage of the Vivian to the North Pole and Beyond," Colonel Knox, author of those fascinating books, "The Boy Travellers in the Far East," gives, in the form of an exceedingly interesting and instructive story, an account of pretty much all that is known about those far northern regions, which have kept for ages their secret locked in their icy breast. The results of previous voyages from the time of Berhing to that of Lieut. Greely are

summarized. To young readers the personal interest in the young tourists whose adventures are described will be an additional attraction; and, like the man who spoke prose all his life without knowing it, they will be learning geography, science, and history, without the consciousness of any irksome task. The nearly two hundred engravings that illustrate the book are selected from the copious resources of the great house by which it is published. (Harper Bros., New York. Price \$2.50)

FAIRY LORE.

The time was when reading fairy tales was thought a very silly, if not wicked, thing. It has been found, however, that they often embody the wisdom of the ancients, and have a profound inner meaning. In "Last Fairy Tales" (Harper Brothers. Pp. 382. Price \$2), M. Edouard Laboulaye, a distinguished French Statesman, and Professor of the Institute of France, has collected the fairy lore of many lands and many tongues. We have here Esthonian, Servian, Turkish, Dalmatian, Croatian, Neapolitan, Russian, Finnish, Icelandic, Norwegian, Nubian, Greek, Hebrew, Spanish, French, and German fairy tales. While fascinating for children, their elders will find here much of interest. We are told that the Vice-President of the United States, and the President of one of its largest banks, sat up nearly all night to finish a former volume of fairy lore by M. Laboulaye. The book has nearly 300 quaint and curious engravings by leading French artists.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

More fascinating, however, than any fairy folk-lore are the fairy tales of science. As Mrs. Browning says:

"God is far the truest poet,
And the real is his song."

In "Country Cousins," (Harper Brothers. Small 4to. Pp. 250. Price \$2.50),* Mr. Ernest Ingersoll gives a series of short studies of Natural History. He tells us of the curious ways of birds, and bees, and butterflies; of sea urchins, star-fish, and oysters; of sponges, hydroids, and worms; of seals and sea-fishing; of squids, cuttles, and devil-fish—*et hoc genus omne*. The book is copiously illustrated. Gibson's engravings of forest life in winter, and the like, are exquisite. We hope that many young people will be led by this book to begin those studies which Longfellow so beautifully describes in the case of his friend, the great naturalist, Agassiz:

And Nature, the dear old nurse,
Took the child upon her knee,
Saying: "Here is a story book
Thy Father has written for thee."

"Come, wander with me," she said,
"Into regions yet untrod;
And read what is still unread
In the manuscripts of God."

And he wandered away, away,
With Nature, the dear old nurse,
Who sang to him, night and day,
The rhymes of the universe.

And whenever the way seemed long,
Or his heart began to fail,
She would sing a more wonderful song,
Or tell a more marvellous tale.

*Any of the above mentioned books may be ordered through the Methodist Book Rooms at Toronto, Montreal, and Halifax.

A FAREWELL TO THE OLD YEAR.

COME, gather round the glowing hearth,
While swift the moments fly,
The hour which gives the New Year birth
On Time's swift wing, draws nigh;
So gather here with song and cheer,
To bid the dear, the grey Old Year
A long and last goodbye.

What though he touched some hearts with grief,
If others he made strong?
Bid him farewell, the night grows brief,
He must be gone ere long.
The hale Old Year, now blanched and sere,
Whose hour draws near, forgive him here,
Whatever is of wrong.

Hark! heavy o'er the frozen snow
The bell's pealing toll;
O sexton, toll it soft and slow,
It is his funeral knell;
Goodbye Old Year, to memory dear,
God rest thy Bier! with many a tear
We give thee our farewell.

NEW YEAR'S DAY CUSTOMS.

RINGING out the Old and ringing in the New Year with "A merry New Year! a happy New Year to you!" on New Year's Day, were greetings that moved sceptered pride and humble labour to smiles and kind feelings in the former times; and why should they be unfashionable in our own?

Dr. Drake observes, in "Shakespeare and his Times," that the ushering in of the new year, or New Year's tide, with rejoicings, presents and good wishes, was a custom observed during the sixteenth century with great regularity and parade, and was as cordially celebrated in the court of the prince as in the cottage of the peasant.

Among the Saxons of the North the festival of the New Year was observed with more than ordinary jollity and feasting, and by sending New Year's gifts to one another.

The next to this is New Year's day,
Whereon to every tittle,
They costly presents in do bring,
And New Year's gifts do sende.

These gifts the husband gives his wife,
And father eke the child,
And maister on his men bestowes
The like, with favour milde.

Honest old Latimer, instead of presenting Henry VIII. with a purse of gold, as was customary for a New Year's gift, put into the king's hand a New Testament. Dr. Drake is of opinion that the wardrobe and jewelry of Queen Elizabeth were principally supported by the annual contributions on New Year's Day. He cites lists of the New Year's gifts presented to her from the original rolls published in her "Progresses" by Mr. Nicholas; and from these it appears that the greatest part, if not all the peers and peeresses of the realm, all the bishops, the chief officers of state, and several of the queen's household servants, even down to her apothecaries, master cook, serjeant of the pantry, etc., gave a New Year's gift to her majesty; consisting, in general, either of a sum of money, or jewels, or trinkets, or wearing apparel. Dr. Drake says that though Elizabeth made returns to the New Year's gifts in plate and other articles, yet she took sufficient care that the balance should be in her own favour.

GRATITUDE is a duty which ought to be paid, but which none have the right to expect.

WYCLIFFE.

Died December 31st, 1884.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C.

BRIGHT morning star upon the front of time,
Glad herald of the dawn of glorious day,
Gleams, after age-long waiting, thy bright ray.
From mirkest gloom of midnight's deep abyme
O lambent light of dawn still higher climb!
Wrapped in that web of deepest darkness lay,
All the glad joys and hopes for which men pray,
Who wait the coming of day's golden prime.
Wycliffe's great gift all other gifts outshone—
The oracles of God in English speech,
The charter of a nation's liberty,
A gift beyond of gem or precious stone,
The Book of God, each English child to teach
And bless the far-off ages yet to be.
Toronto, Nov., 1884.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan Halifax Weekly	9 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Brecon Scholar's Quarterly, 30 pp. 8vo.,	6
.....ly Review Service. By the year, 36c. a	
dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a doz;	
60c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly,	
single copies	20
Less than 20 copies	25
Over 20 copies	25
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., semi-monthly, single	
copies	20
Less than 20 copies	25
Over 20 copies	25
Brecon Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Sunbeam—Semi-monthly—when less than 20	
copies	15
25 copies and upwards	15

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

C. W. Coates, S. F. Huettis,
3 Bligny Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N. S.

Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLKS:

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

TORONTO, DECEMBER 27, 1884.

ON THE BORDER.

WITH varied emotions all await the New Year. One may neglect the observance of his birthday, but none ever regards the first of January with indifference. Before time shall sweep us beyond it, let us look back upon the promises made, the blessings bestowed, the sorrow endured, the lessons learned, and then, with hands uplifted, like the traveller who peers through the darkness to detect the lights which may cheer him on his way let us move onward steadily, as Providence ordains.

There is much to be done, in the face of the new year, if we would have it better than its predecessors. The New Year's efforts at reformation that shall prevail are those that come from within and not those that are put on like a garment or tied on like the fruit on our Christmas trees. No mere indolent wish can accomplish our purpose. We must consider the past and take into account the days and years which are set down as investments in the Master's books, and for which a settlement, including both principal and interest, will be demanded. Those who are wise will seek an interview with the Master. If the account is all against them they should go into

human bankruptcy, and, pleading the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, give up all they have and are and begin a new account with the new year, in the strength of Omnipotence.

THE METHODIST MAGAZINE—
WHAT ITS PATRONS
SAY OF IT.

ONE of the great gratifications of Editorial life is the marks of appreciation of one's labours, and the kindly greetings and expressions of approval one receives from unknown correspondents. We have had many such expressions, for which we feel very grateful. We take the liberty to quote part of one such letter from a gentleman who occupies a distinguished educational position, with whom, at the time, we had not the pleasure of being personally acquainted:

"I can assure you," he says, "that we fully appreciate the efforts you are putting forth to supply the people of this Dominion, and particularly the Methodist portion of it, with a magazine possessed of real literary merit, and pervaded by a pure and high religious tone. In these days when so many of our young people are having their minds poisoned, and their religious feelings deadened, by reading publications of doubtful orthodoxy, and thinly disguised sceptical tendencies, it is very gratifying to find your Magazine standing firmly by the grand old truths of the Gospel. I have found this Magazine an invaluable assistant in the education of my family, by cultivating in the younger members a love for reading, and at the same time indelibly impressing upon their minds the great fundamental truths of our common Christianity. I am strongly in sympathy with the object you have in view. We are anticipating a pleasant time from the monthly visits of your Magazine, and trust that it will surely work its way into every Methodist, and, I may say, Christian family, in the land."

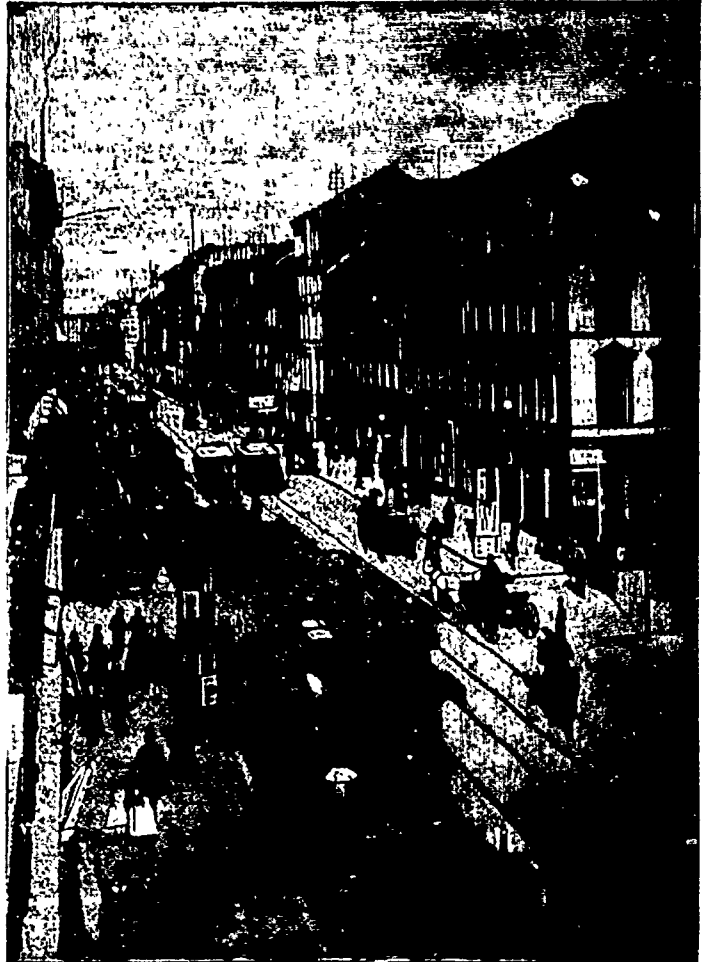
From the fact that most of our patrons continue to subscribe for the Magazine year after year, many of them from its very beginning, we judge that the opinion above expressed is not an exceptional one. With the unrivalled announcement and premium for 1885 we expect to very largely increase the number of our readers.

"LOOSE THEM, AND LET
THEM GO."

VISITORS to York Minster, England, will remember the crypt which is pointed out as the place in which the golden statues of the twelve Apostles were kept, on seeing which the sturdy old warrior, Oliver Cromwell, uttered the sentence at the head of this paper. Of course the command was obeyed, and immediately the statues were removed and melted into coin which was put into circulation for the good of the realm.

Are there not thousands of volumes in our Sunday-school Libraries, which are not even useful as ornaments, for they are no longer in demand, having been already read, and they are put into a dark corner as useless lumber, and will soon become mildewed and may be moth-eaten.

If we possessed the authority of Oliver Cromwell, we would issue our



STREET IN BERLIN.

STREET IN BERLIN.

mandate and say, "Loose Them, and Let Them Go." There are many schools in the poorer localities of our large and growing Dominion as well as in Newfoundland where the said books would be most gladly received. Since the formation of the Sunday-school Relief and Extension Fund of the Methodist Church over ten thousand volumes which were no longer needed in schools, particularly in the cities of Ontario and Quebec as well as the Maritime Provinces, have been sent to localities which, but for them, would have been without Sunday-school Libraries.

Let the Superintendents of Sunday-schools who may be replenishing their libraries this season, send the books which they no longer require to the Rev. Dr. Withrow, Methodist Book Room, Toronto, and he will repair such as may be somewhat worn or defaced, and, with the addition of a few new books, he will send them forth on their errands of mercy. He has in his possession many letters which he has received acknowledging the receipt of books thus sent among the fishermen of Newfoundland, the poor struggling settlers in Muskoka, and the hardy pioneers of the great North-West. "Loose Them, and Let Them Go."

E. B.

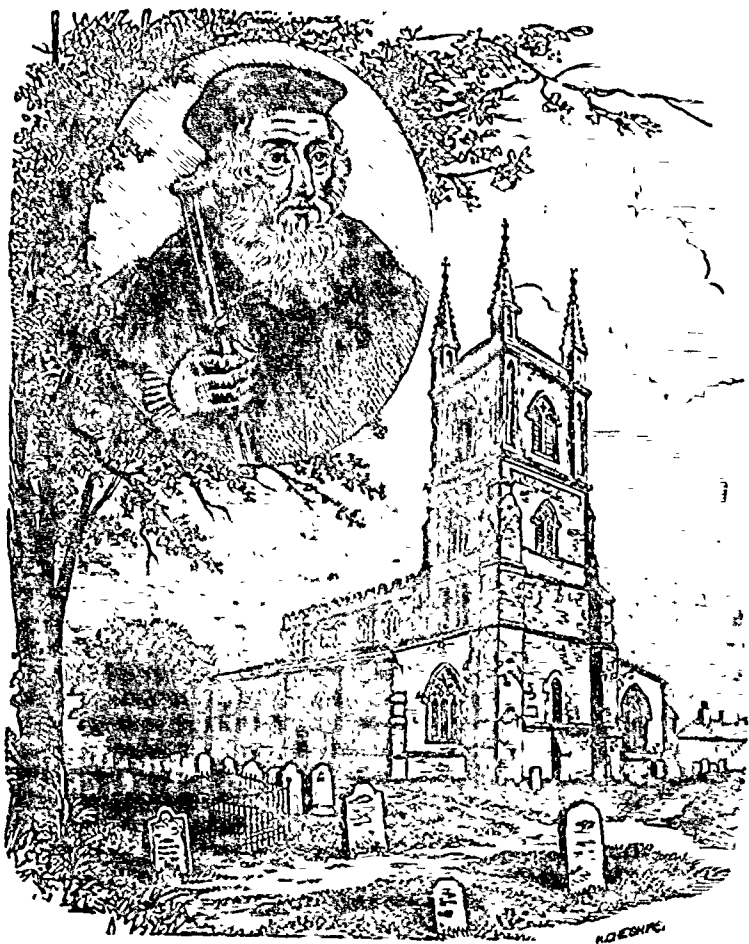
A GENTLEMAN sends Dr. Sutherland, Missionary Treasurer, \$1, the gift of his little boy eight years old, from his own earnings, for the poor Indian boy described in PLEASANT HOURS for November 1. Other monies have also been elicited by the same article. Dr. Sutherland will be glad to receive more contributions for "That Boy."

OUR Wycliffe articles commemorate the five hundredth anniversary of the death of the "Morning Star of the English Reformation."

BERLIN, the capital of the German Empire, is one of the most magnificent cities in Europe. Its palaces and its

seven hundred public buildings and its monuments are among the most imposing. It is the seat of the imperial court, and the old emperor, aged over eighty, is the most venerable figure. The principal street is called *Unter den Linden*,—"Under the Lindens," from the magnificence of these noble trees with which it is lined. It is another populous thoroughfare in one of the newer regions that is shown in our cut. It might almost be taken for a street in Liverpool or London or New York were it not for the German names on the signs. The bulletin kiosks on the sidewalk are a feature very common in Paris. The street railway is everywhere in Rome, Naples, Alexandria and Cairo, and will, I suppose, be in Jerusalem soon. This cut is one of a large number illustrating the different capitals of Europe, which will appear in the *Methodist Magazine* for 1885. Among other cities so illustrated will be London, Berlin, Vienna, Cologne, Rome, Venice, Athens, Madrid, etc. The whole series will prove very interesting and instructive. In order that the Magazine may be brought within the reach of every school a special discount of twenty per cent. will be given to schools.

The January number now ready, contains a portrait and life sketch of Mr. Moody; also splendidly illustrated articles on Mr. Gladstone at home, the Ice Palace at Montreal; Canadian Pictures by the Marquis of Lorne; the Cruise of the Challenger, and illustrated poem by Dr. Punshon, etc. This is the handsomest Magazine ever printed in Canada. Send 20 cents for a specimen.



JOHN WYCLIFFE AND PARISH CHURCH AT LUTHERWORTH, ENGLAND.

1884—MIDNIGHT—1885.

HAPPY merry, ye silver bells!
A bright new year
Doth now appear;
And hopeful once more we ignore fear
Of a year like the past;
Though a memory last
Of sadly muffled silver bells.
Ring cheerily, ye silver bells!
Old year depart
Nor leave a dart
Rankling in a careless, thoughtless heart:
May a profitless past
Be redeemed at last
In years to come, oh silvery bells!

THE DEPARTING YEAR.

NOW differently sounds the bell that tolls the dying year to different individuals! Some are filled with regret, for during this year has passed what seemed to them the supremest moments of existence, never perhaps to be revived. Others have been so sorrow-stricken and deeply laden with misery and woe, as to long for the dawning of another year, which may bring solace and peace to their aching hearts. And so our lives run along. Some days are joyous, others are sad, and thus should we look for a perpetual interchange while sin and sorrow exist in the world. For it seems to be needful for our spiritual betterment that dark days should come, else might we become intoxicated with continuous sunshine, and forget the Giver of all happiness and abiding peace in an overwhelming love and regard for self if we could only be rid of that word "self." It so narrows and confines men to such small boundaries. It does us great good to have our egotism exposed, and made to see that a regard for the welfare of others is absolutely essential to true and lasting happiness. And as the year 1884 advances with elastic tread to take its place with the centuries, let all resolve to be less selfish and more charitable, just and

kind to those about them, that many happy moments may be made to be cherished forever. This is not so bad a world if we will only look on its bright side, and strive to make others, and especially the needy, more comfortable. Would that our years had less of horrible and revolting crime to be stained with! Would that they overflowed with peace and good-will to all! Would that their annals might not be so dreadfully disfigured with the red finger of murderous crime, but replete with stories of Samaritan good and benevolence! But though the wish seems vain, may we not help to improve the time and correct wickedness? Alas! we vainly strive to seek pleasure and happiness in forbidden ways, and we only reap in the end remorse and regret. So when men come to die, too often they are all unprepared and reluctantly leave behind the things they most cherished. Fatal error! remediless mistake! For is not "man's chief end to glorify God and enjoy him for ever!"—Interior.

LIEUT. GREELY AND THE GRINDSTONE.

WHEN a little boy not more than ten years old, Greely visited an uncle on his farm in Vermont. One day the uncle had occasion to use the grindstone, which may be found in every New England dooryard, and jocosely offered the boy five cents if he would turn the handle for two hours. The offer was accepted and the little fellow began to turn. In less than half an hour the perspiration poured from him in streams, fifteen minutes more elapsed and the tears began to mingle with the "sweat of his brow," but he still turned away manfully. Then the uncle told him to stop, that he had turned enough, and could have the five cents without more work. But the boy declined to

stop and worked away, although crying with fatigue. He stuck to that grindstone until the two hours had elapsed, and was laid up for some days afterward. "Knowing the man as I did," writes one who was his friend long ago, "I do not hesitate to say that he made up his mind to surmount the obstacle and bring his party through, and that it was his mental superiority that proved of more value to him than their physical strength did to the unfortunate seventeen."

JOHN WYCLIFFE, THE MORNING STAR OF THE REFORMATION

BY THE EDITOR.

IN a sunny afternoon in August, 1879, I visited the famous Lambeth Palace, on the Thames, for over seven hundred years the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury, the primates of England. But not the beauty of St. Mary's venerable chapel, nor the grandeur of the stately Hall, Guard-room, or battlemented gateway, interesting though they were, presented the chief attractions to my mind. It was the tragic memories of the picturesque Lollard's Tower that most deeply enlisted my sympathies. In its narrow cell many prisoners for conscience sake, saw the weary days drag on, while the iron entered their very souls. Here are the rings in the walls to which the prisoners were bound, the brands burned by the hot irons used in torture, the notches by which the victims of tyranny computed their calendar of wretchedness, and the trap-door in the floor by which, as the tide rose, they could be let down unseen

into the river. Here the destined martyr, Cranmer, who had dispensed a sumptuous hospitality in this very palace, languished in mental and bodily misery before he atoned, amid the flames, for the weakness of his recantation.

It was an easy transition from this memory-haunted Prison of the Lollards in Lambeth, to the chief scene of the public life of Wycliffe, the father of Lollardism at Oxford. It was with peculiar interest that I visited the quadrangles and chambers of Queen Philippa's and Merton Colleges, where, as a scholar, he studied, and the stately halls of Balliol, where, as master, he taught. The venerable shade of the first and greatest of the English Reformers seemed yet to haunt their cloistered seclusion.

Of the early life of Wycliffe* but little is known. He was born near Richmond, in Yorkshire, about the year 1324, and was descended of good old English stock. His ancestors for three hundred years had occupied the same land, and had given a designation to the obscure village of Wycliffe—a name destined to become famous to the end of time. The lad was designed for the Church, almost the only sphere of mental activity at that time: nearly all the lawyers, physicians, and statesmen, as well as the instructors of youth in school and college, belonged to the clergy. He was, therefore, early sent to Oxford,

* The name is written in sixteen different ways, but I adopt that which is most common. In those days every man spelled as was right in his own eyes.



JOHN WYCLIFFE'S STATUE AT LUTHER'S MONUMENT AT WORMS, GERMANY.

the great seat of learning of Western Europe.

AT OXFORD.

Wycliffe soon became as distinguished for his learning as for his piety. His study of the Scriptures and of the early fathers created a disgust for the logic-chopping of the schoolmen, and won for him the name of the Evangelic Doctor. One of the most dreadful plagues which ever devastated Europe was the pestilence known as the Black Death, which, in the early part of the fourteenth century, swept away, it is estimated, more than half the inhabitants. This scourge of God made a profound impression on the mind of Wycliffe. In his first treatise, "The Last Age of the Church," he describes these evils as a Divine judgment for the corruptions of the times. "Both vengeance of swerde," he wrote, "and myschiefe unknown before, by which men thes daïs should be punished, shall fall for synne of prestis."

THE FRIARS.

A characteristic feature of the times was the multiplication of religious orders. The White, Black and Grey friars swarmed throughout the kingdom. "They invaded," says Milman, "every stronghold of the clergy—the University, the city, the village parish. They withdrew the flock from the discipline of the Church, intercepted their offerings, estranged their affections, heard confessions with more indulgent ears, granted absolution on easier terms." These sturdy beggars who argued that Christ and his disciples, like themselves, were mendicants, Wycliffe unsparingly denounced. He branded the higher orders as hypocrites, "who, professing mendicancy, had stately houses, rode on noble horses, had all the pride and luxury of wealth with the ostentation of poverty." The humbler he described as "able-bodied beggars, who ought not to be permitted to infest the land."

PETER'S PENCE.

The eloquence and learning of Wycliffe won him fame and honours. He was soon chosen, too, as the champion of the realm against the encroachments of the Pope of Rome. Urban V. demanded the arrears of 1000 marks of Peter's pence alleged to be due the pontiff. This Edward III. refused to pay. The sturdy English barons answered on this wise: "Our ancestors won this realm and held it against all foes by the sword. Let the Pope come and take it by force; we are ready to stand up and resist him." "Christ alone is the suzerain. It is better, as of old, to hold the realm immediately of Christ." Wycliffe, with much boldness and learning, vindicated the independence of the kingdom of the temporal authority of the Pope.

Another evil of the times was the engrossing of all civil offices by ecclesiastics—from the Lord Chancellor's down to that of clerks of the kitchen and keeper of the King's wardrobe. One of these worldly prelates was able to equip three ships of war and a hundred men-at-arms for the King. Against this secularizing of the clergy, Wycliffe strongly inveighs, and sets forth as an antidote his Christian "Rule of Life." "If thou art a priest," he says, "live thou a holy life. Pass other men in holy prayer, holy desire, and holy speaking; in coun-

selling and teaching the truth. Ever keep the commandments of God, and let his gospel and his praises ever be in thy mouth."

WYCLIFFE ARRAIGNED.

Wycliffe's antagonism to the papal party in the realm soon brought upon him their persecution. He was cited to appear before the Bishop of London on the charge of "holding and publishing erroneous and heretical doctrines." Appear he did, but not alone. His powerful friends, "Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster," and Lord Henry Percy, lord marshal of England, stood by him, in the Lady Chapel of old St Paul's. The lord marshal demanded a seat for Wycliffe: "He hath many things to answer; he needs a soft seat." "But," writes Foxe, "the Bishop of London, cast esteons into a furnish chafe with those words, said, 'He should not sit there. Neither was it,' said he 'according to law or wisdom that he, who was cited there to appear to answer before his ordinary, should sit down during the time of his answer, but he should stand.'"

A tumult arose in the city between the partisans of earl and bishop, and in the larger contention the case of Wycliffe, for the time, passed out of view.

DENOUNCED BY THE POPE.

Soon a papal bull, nay, three of them, were despatched against Wycliffe. The University of Oxford was commanded to prohibit the teachings which, "in his detestable madness," is promulgated. In a special letter the Pope lamented that tares were suffered to grow up among the pure wheat in that seat of learning, and even to grow ripe without any care being applied to root them up. The reformer was cited before the Archbishop of Canterbury, and appeared at the episcopal palace of Lambeth. Old John of Gaunt was no longer by his side, nor the lord marshal of England. But he was environed by the true hearts of the English people. The sturdy citizens of London, always the bulwark of liberty, were now openly attached to his teaching. They forced their way into St. Mary's Chapel, and by their menaces deterred the prelates from the condemnation of the "Evangelic Doctor." "These were," writes the contemporary historian, "as reeds shaken by the wind: they became in their speech as scit as oil." The death of Gregory XI, and the great schism of the Church, with its rival pope and anti-pope hurling anathemas at each other's heads, put an end for a time to the persecution of the great champion of English liberty.

AT DEATH'S DOOR.

Amid his manifold travails and tribulations, Wycliffe fell ill, and was brought seemingly to death's door. The leaders of the Mendicant friars, whose wickedness he had denounced, thought this a fitting opportunity to procure the reversal of his severe condemnation of their order. In his mortal weakness they invaded his cell, and urged the retraction of his judgments before himself passing to the tribunal of the Great Judge of all. Rising on his couch and summoning all his strength, the heroic soul exclaimed: "I shall not die, but live, and shall again declare the evil deeds of the friars!" The strong will triumphed. The craven monks hastened

from the cell, and Wycliffe soon rose from his bed to proclaim anew with tongue and pen the doctrines of the Cross. To antagonize the false teaching of the friars, he himself sent forth itinerant preachers, who, at market cross and in village church, and on the highway, declared in plain, bold English speech the glorious evangel of the gospel.

"The novelty and, no doubt," says Milman, "the bold attacks on the clergy, as well as the awfulness of the truths now first presented in their naked form, shook, thrilled, enthralled the souls of men, most of whom were entirely without instruction, the best content with the symbolic teaching of the ritual." So greatly did his doctrines prevail, that it passed into a proverb—"You cannot see two men together but one of them is a Wycliffite."

TRANSLATION OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Wycliffe was now engaged upon the greatest work of his life—the translation, from the Latin Vulgate, of the Bible into the English tongue, finished in 1380—five hundred years ago. This book it was that shook the papal throne—that stirred the thought of Christendom—that roused the Anglo-Saxon mind—that opened in the common speech a fountain of living water, and for all times a well of English undefiled, and laid broad and deep the foundations of England's liberties and England's greatness. In the "King's Library" of the British Museum, I examined with intensest interest a beautiful copy of that first English Bible.* This, doubtless in separate portions, must have been widely copied; for one of the Reformer's adversaries bitterly complains, as though it were a dire calamity, "that this Master John Wycliffe hath so translated the Scripture that laymen, and even women, who could read were better acquainted therewith than the most lettered and intelligent of the clergy. In this way," he continues, "the gospel pearl is cast abroad, and trodden under foot of swine, and that which was before precious, both to clergy and laity, is rendered, as it were, the common jest of both! The jewel of the Church is turned into the sport of the people, and what was hitherto the principal gift of the clergy and divines, is made forever common to the laity." Even Lingard, the Roman Catholic historian, states that "in the hands of Wycliffe's poor priests this translation became an engine of wonderful power." The new doctrines acquired partizans and protectors in the higher classes; a spirit of enquiry was generated, and the seeds sown of that religious revolution which, in a little more than a century, astonished and convulsed the nations of Europe.

COST OF THE SCRIPTURES.

The cost of a complete copy of the

* The following is a specimen of this first translation of Luke x. 38-42: "Forsooth it was don, while thei wenten, and He entride in to sum castel, and sum woman, Martha bi name, receyede Him into hir hous. And to this Martha was a siter, Marie bi name, which also sittinge by sydys the feet of the Lord, herde the word of Him. Forsothe Martha bisyede about moche scrayce. Which stood and seide, Lord, is it not of charge to thee that my syster lefte me alone, for to mynystre? therefore seye to hir, that she helpe me. And the Lord, answeringe, seide to hir, Martha, Martha, thou ert bysi and ert troubled about manye thinges, forsoth o thing is necessarie. Marie hath chose the beste part, which schal not be take away fro hir."

Scriptures, all writton out by hand, was so great that only the wealthy could afford to possess one. But the sacred evangel was brought within the reach of all by means of a great brass-and-leathern bound copy, chained to the desk of the parish church. Here, at stated times, some learned clerk or layman would read the oracles of God to the eager group assembled to hear them. In the old church at Chelsea and elsewhere may still be seen these ancient desks. In 1429 the cost of a New Testament alone was £2 16s. 8d., equal to more than \$100 of our present money. At that time £5 was a sufficient amount for the yearly maintenance of a tradesman, yeoman, or curate. So it required half a year's income to procure what can now be had for sixpence. The Bible-hating prelates brought forward a bill in the House of Lords for suppressing Wycliffe's translation. Bold John of Grant stoutly declared: "We will not be the dregs of all, seeing that other nations have the law of God, which is the word of our faith, written in their own language," and the bill was thrown out.

HERESY HUNTING.

The famous uprising of the people against the odious tyranny, known as Wat Tyler's rebellion, now took place. It had no connection with religion, but the prelates used it as a ground for casting odium upon Wycliffe. A synod assembled at the Grey Friars, London, formally condemned ten articles drawn from his writings as heretical, and an Act was passed by the House of Lords—the first statute of heresy promulgated in England—commanding the arrest and imprisonment of all Wycliffe's preachers, that they might answer in the Bishops' courts.

The toils of fate seemed gathering around the intrepid reformer. Even sturdy John of Gaunt advised submission to the bench of bishops. But Wycliffe shrank not from the danger. He was again condemned by a convocation of clergy at Oxford. He boldly appealed, not to the pope, but to the King. There was as yet no statute in England for the burning of heretics, and under the protection of the civil law he defied his adversaries. He was excluded from Oxford, but from his pulpit at Lutterworth he boldly proclaimed the doctrines of salvation by faith, and controverted the Romish dogma of the Real Presence in the Eucharist. In his humble rectory hard by, his busy pen wrote volume after volume,* in strong, plain English speech, that all men might understand, expounding, enforcing, unfolding the teachings of that blessed book which he had first given the people in their own mother tongue. By the hands of rapid copyists these were multiplied and scattered abroad on all the winds—seeds of truth immortal, destined to bring forth a glorious harvest in the hearts and lives of future generations of English confessors, ay, and martyrs for the faith.

WYCLIFFE'S DEATH.

Wycliffe himself failed of the honour of martyrdom, not from lack of courage on his part, or of the evil will on the part of his enemies, but through

* "His industry," says Dean Milman, "even in those laborious days, was astonishing. The number of his books baffles calculation. Two hundred are said to have been burned in Bohemia alone."

the good providence of God. His closing years passed in hallowed and congenial toil at Lutterworth. For two years previous to his death, he suffered from partial paralysis. But his high courage, his earnest zeal, his fervent faith, were unpalsied to the last. While breaking the bread of the Lord's Supper to his beloved flock, the final summons came. Standing at the altar with the sacred emblems in his hand, he fell to the ground, deprived at once of consciousness and speech. He left no words of dying testimony, nor needs there such. His whole life was an epistle, known and read of all men. His spirit passed away from earth on the last day of the year 1384.

ENGLISH MARTYRS.

Yet he did not all die. In the hearts of thousands of faithful followers his doctrines lived. In the troublous times that came upon the realm, his disciples bore the glorious brand of "Gospelers," or Bible-men. Ay, and in the Lollards' Tower, on the scaffold, and amid the fires of Smithfield, they bore their witness to the truth that maketh free. The first of the noble army of martyrs, the smoke of whose burning darkened the sky of England, was William Sawtre, rector of St. Osyth's in London. Then followed John Bidbee, a humble tailor, who, denying the dogma of transubstantiation, avowed his faith in the Holy Trinity. "If every Host," he declared, "consecrated on the altar were the Lord's body, then were there twenty thousand Gods in England; but he believed in the one God omnipotent." The lofty as well as the lowly in like manner bore witness of the truth. Among the most illustrious victims of papal persecution was the gallant knight Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham. As his sentence was read, he answered, "Ye may judge my body but ye have no power over my soul," and, like his Master, he prayed for his murderers. As he walked to the stake, he refused the aid of an earthly priest: "To God only, now and ever present, would he confess, and of Him entreat pardon." His last words, drowned amid the crackling of faggots and the roar of the flames, were of praise to God. Such were some of the glorious fruits of Wycliffe's teaching in the generation following his own death.

Although removed by God's providence from the evils of those troublous times, yet the malice of his enemies suffered not the bones of Wycliffe to lie quiet in the grave. Thirty years after his death, the Council of Constance—the same council which, in violation of a plighted faith, burned the two illustrious disciples of Wycliffe, Jerome and Huss—wreaked its petty rage upon the dead body of the English Reformer, by decreeing that it should be disinterred and cast forth from consecrated ground. But not till thirteen years later was this impotent malice fulfilled. At the command of Pope Martin V., his bones were dug up from their grave, burnt to ashes, and strewed upon the neighbouring stream. "And so," observes Foxe, "was he resolved into three elements, earth, fire, and water; they think thereby to abolish both the name and doctrine of Wycliffe for ever. But though they digged up his body, burned his bones, and drowned his ashes, yet the word of God and truth

of His doctrine, with the fruit and success thereof, they could not burn, which yet to this day do remain, notwithstanding the transitory body and bones of the man were thus consumed and dispersed."

"The ashes of Wycliffe," to quote the words of Fuller, "were cast into a brook which entered the Avon, and they were carried to the Severn, from the Severn to a narrow sea, and from the narrow sea into the wide ocean; the ashes of Wycliffe thus becoming an emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all over the world."

"The Avon to the Severn runs,
The Severn to the sea;
So Wycliffe's ashes shall be borne
Where'er those waters be."

THE JUBILEES.

VOICE of a people suffering long!
The paths of their mournful song,
The sorrow of their night of wrong!

Their cry, like that which Israel gave,
A prayer for one to guide and save,
Like Moses by the Red Sea's wave.

The blast that startled camp and town,
And shook the walls of slavery down—
The spectral march of old John Brown!

Voice of a ransomed race! Sing on
Till freedom's every right is won,
And slavery's every wrong undone!

THE "NEW YEAR CALL."

LITTLE did we think when Miss Brown offered a prize for Bible verses that it would end in a New Year call. Hattie learned the most—300 verses. When Miss Brown asked her what she would like to have, she answered, "I don't care for anything, please." Our teacher looked rather puzzled, but only said, "Think it over, Hattie, and let me know next Sunday."

Hattie did think it over, and the next Sunday asked Miss Brown "to please take the money and buy,"—but I guess I'll let you hear the story from our teacher, just as she told it to Mrs. McKie whom we favoured with a call.

We met in the pastor's study, and had a grand time in getting off. "Are you all ready?" asked Miss Brown with a smile. We answered with a merry "yes" and stepped out into the bright sunshine; although I don't think it was any brighter than the bright sunshine in our hearts. We were quite a procession, as we walked along. Our bundles gave us no end of trouble for they would keep coming undone; and two or three times we came to a halt—fearing their contents would be scattered on the street. "I really can't carry mine much further," at last exclaimed Carrie from behind the biggest bundle of all.

Miss Brown laughed, and we stopped again,—but this time to enter a store, and while the refractory bundle was being tied up more securely, we purchased, oh! such a pretty blue hood, and the most cunning little dress that ever you saw. Again we started out, and down into a dingy, dirty street we wended our way.

"Here we are!" said Miss Brown, as she pushed open a door of a large tenement house. How dark it looked up those stairs! We all held our breath, and little Belle exclaimed, "Oh my!" as we followed closely the steps of our teacher. Up, up we climb to the very highest storey, and

then waited in silence, as Miss Brown tapped gently at a door.

"Come in," a voice said. But such a small room! We filled it compactly as we walked in with our bundles; while a woman with a baby in her arms, and three children, stared at us in amazement. I'm sure I don't wonder that they did—for we were rather a big New Year's call. "This is my Sunday-school class," kindly explained our teacher, shaking hands with Mrs. McKie, and "we have all come to make you a New Year's call." "I'm sure I'm very glad to see you all," said the poor woman; and then she put the baby down, and got out an old rickety rocking chair for Miss Brown, while the little boy tried to find something for us girls to sit upon. The room was small, and there didn't seem to be much in it. The floor was bare, an old stove stood in the middle of the room, and there were no pictures on the walls. A door led into a small, dark bedroom; and though the bed was made up on two old boxes, yet everything looked neat and clean.

"Last Christmas," she went on to say, as we all seated ourselves, "I offered a prize to the scholar in my class who should in three months learn the greatest number of Bible verses. The little girl who won the prize, instead of accepting it, asked me to take the money and expend it on material with which to clothe a needy child. My class then proposed to make up the articles; so last summer they finished ten little garments, and we are here to-day to ask you to accept them for your little children.

I wondered afterward how Mrs. McKie felt at that moment, for there she stood, with the baby in her arms, not saying a word, and just looking at us. We were all a little embarrassed; but just then, the old rocking chair gave a solemn warning, and our teacher as suddenly arose,—just in time to escape a fall. We had to laugh then; and that seemed "to break the ice," for while Mrs. McKie carried the broken chair away, we girls, with quick fingers, were undoing our gifts. No wonder our bundles were big. We had

For the oldest boy, a nice warm suit. Stockings for feet, and a pair of boots; For Lillie and Freddie, our fingers had made Warm clothing complete; while Carrie—she gave To the mother an apron, and Hattie bestowed Books, tops, game and candies, the rest of our load.

It was just like what you read of in story books; we never thought they were so real before. Mrs. McKie thanked us again and again; the little girl, Lillie, fairly jumped up and down for joy, the boys were jubilant; and even the baby did its best to thank us, by joining in with its little voice. And how pleased the poor sick father was? He could scarcely hear our teacher, as she stood by the bedside speaking to him words of sympathy and encouragement; but his eyes brightened, as the little ones ran to him in their happiness.

Somehow, as we stepped out into the bustle of the street, our hands were lightened, a shadow from that home of poverty and suffering seemed to rest upon us. It was a new experience, and we walked very quietly beside our teacher on the way homeward. But the mother had promised to send all the little ones to Sunday-school on the morrow, and we felt sur-

she would keep her word. "I never thought," said little Belle, "that people lived so poor; it makes me feel real sad;" and this feeling was in all our hearts.

God was leading us out of self and into his love.

THE NEW YEAR'S COMING.

BY ELLA C. G. PAGE.

WHO cometh now along time's dusty way,
Beneath the last year's branches brown and sere,
Wrapped in a misty veil of cloudy gray,
Through which her eyes translucent shine
Like sparks of heaven's flame divine?
'Tis the New Year!
And the merry bells are chiming o'er forest,
hill and plain,—
"The Old Year dies at midnight, and the
New Year comes again."

What bearest thou, O Year, to us below?
Is it fair golden gifts, or promise dear
That strewed along life's path shall make it glow
With tender tints like sunset's rosy light?
Or dost thou bring us sorrow's midday blight?

Answer, O Year!
As loud the bells are chiming o'er forest, hill
and plain,—
"The Old Year dies at midnight, and the
New Year comes again."

And the New Year made answer to my quest
From lips serenely, gravely fair.
"I bear within my rosy arms close pressed
Full boughs of buds that yet shall bright
unfold

In blossom-bells of azure and of gold,
Hope's blossoms rare."
And still the bells are chiming o'er forest, hill
and plain,—
"The Old Year dies at midnight, and the
New Year comes again."

"I bear the golden, starry flower of Peace
To set above the nation's angry fray,
To bid all discords and all warning cease,
And brothers joined beneath one banner's fold
Shall sow the seed and reap the cornfield's
gold,

From day to day."
And sweet the bells are chiming o'er forest,
hill and plain,—
"The Old Year dies forever, and the New
Year comes again."

"I bring to some the signal of release
From all of earth—its weary round of
care;
The angel message of divinest peace,
The summons that shall open the radiant
door

To glories never thought or dreamed before,
To them I bear."
And joyous bells are chiming o'er forest, hill
and plain,—
"The Old Year dies forever, and the New
Year comes again."

"And smiling sweet among my gifts I stand
Amid the mortals on this whirling sphere,
An emblem evermore, a type most grand,
Of that bright goal to which the centuries
flow,

The goal of all man's days and years below,
Heaven's golden year."
And still the bells are chiming o'er forest,
hill and plain,—
"The Old Year dies forever, and the New
Year comes again."

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

BOYS, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe; with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas and rivers; with all its shipping, its steamboats, railroads and telegraphs; with its millions of darkly-grooping men, and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over to the boys of the present age? boys like you assembled in school-rooms, or playing without them? Believe it, and look abroad upon your inheritance, and get ready to enter upon its possession.

THE OLD YEARS BLESSING.

AM tiding from you,
But one draweth near,
Called the Angel guardian
Of the coming year.

If my gifts and graces
Coldly you forget,
Let the New Year's angel
Bless and crown them yet

For we work together:
He and I are one;
Let him end and perfect
All I have undone.

I brought good desires,
Though as yet but seeds
Let the New Year make them
Blossom into deeds.

If I gave you sickness,
If I brought you care,
Let him make one Patience
And the other Prayer.

Where I brought you sorrow,
Through his care, at length,
It may rise triumphant
Into future strength.

If I broke your idols,
Showed you they were dust,
Let him turn the knowledge
Into heavenly trust.

If I brought temptation,
Let sin die away
Into boundless pity
For all hearts that stray.

If your list of errors,
Dark and long appears,
Let this new-born monarch
Melt them into tears.

May you hold this angel
Dearer than the last—
So I bless his future,
While he crowns my past.
Adelaide Proctor.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES.

A. D. 58.] LESSON I. [Jan. 4.

PAUL AT TROAS.

Acts 20. 2-16. Commit to memory vs. 9-12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

And upon the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread, Paul preached unto them. Acts 20. 7.

OUTLINE.

1. The Christian Company, v. 2-6.
2. The Christian Service, v. 7-12.
3. The Christian Pilgrimage, v. 13-16.

TIME.—The close of A. D. 57; Paul at Troas in the spring of 58.

PLACES.—Macedonia and Greece, in Europe, Troas and Assos, in Asia Minor, and the islands of Lesbos, (at its capital Mytilene,) Chios, and Samos; Trogyllum and Miletus, on the coast of Asia Minor.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Utere*—Southern Greece, as distinguished from Macedonia. *Unleavened bread*—The passover. *Many lights*—Therefore the fall of the young man could at once be perceived. *Dead*—Not apparently so. When the young man was restored he was brought back to life, and not simply to consciousness and so a miracle was performed. *Life is in him*—After Paul's miraculous embrace it was true that the young man was living. *Saved by Ephesus*—In which was the chief church of Asia, and if Paul had landed here he would have had to tarry too long.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. Diligence in duty?
2. Power of a man of God?
3. Regard for divinely appointed service?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Where had Paul been before coming into Greece? At Ephesus. 2. How long did Paul and his companions abide at Troas? Seven days. 3. What did Paul do at Troas? He preached unto the disciples. 4. What did Paul say of the young man who fell from the loft? "His life is in him." 5. Where

was Paul's next stopping place on his way to Jerusalem? At Miletus.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The Lord's day.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

137. What is regeneration or the new birth? It is the work of God in the soul, by the Holy Spirit, which begins the new life in Christ Jesus. Matthew xii. 33; 2 Corinthians v. 17; John iii. 3; 2 Peter i. 4; 1 John v. 11.

[John iii. 6, vi. 53; Romans vi. 4-7, viii. 2; Ephesians ii. 10; James i. 18.]

138. What follows from our regeneration or being born again?

Our new life being begun, we receive power to grow in grace and in the knowledge of Christ, and to live in the exercise of inward and outward holiness. 1 Peter ii. 2.

[John xv. 16, xvii. 3; Romans viii. 29, 2 Corinthians iii. 18; Colossians i. 9, 10; 2 Peter iii. 18.]

139. What is sanctification?

It is the work of grace which purifies the soul from the defilement of sin, and consecrates it to God.

A. D. 58.] LESSON II. [Jan. 11.

PAUL AT MILETUS.

Acts 20. 17-27. Commit to memory vs. 18-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. Acts 20. 21.

OUTLINE.

1. An Apostle's Record, v. 17-21.
2. An Apostle's Resolve, v. 22-27.

TIME.—A. D. 58, immediately following the last lesson.

PLACE.—Miletus, a sea-port in the province of Asia Minor.

EXPLANATIONS.—*Repentance . . . faith*—This is the order of all true conversion. First the renunciation of all sin, and the turning from Satan to God. *Bound in spirit*—That is "compelled and urged in my spirit." *My life dear*—"Even my life is not reckoned to me valuable for myself, that is, for my own personal interest." *Blood of all*—Paul declares himself guiltless, if any, through unbelief, suffer the second death.

TEACHINGS OF THE LESSON.

Where in this lesson are we taught—

1. Faithful service?
2. Willing obedience?
3. Fearless trust?

THE LESSON CATECHISM.

1. Whom did Paul summon from Ephesus? The elders of the Church. 2. What was the burden of Paul's preaching? Repentance and faith. 3. What awaited Paul in every city? Bonds and afflictions. 4. What did Paul say concerning this fact? "None of these things move me." 5. What had Paul not shunned to declare? The counsel of God.

DOCTRINAL SUGGESTION.—The ministry of the Word.

CATECHISM QUESTIONS.

140. When does sanctification begin? When our sins are pardoned, and we are born again, we are at the same time sanctified.

141. What is entire sanctification? Entire sanctification is the state in which the heart is cleansed from all unrighteousness, in which God is loved with all our heart and mind and soul and strength, and our neighbor as ourselves. 1 Thessalonians v. 23; Matthew v. 48; 1 John iii. 3; Mark xii. 30, 31.

142. How are believers kept in this state of salvation? By the power of the Holy Spirit, given through Christ, in answer to fervent prayer. 1 Peter i. 5.

[Ephesians vi. 14-18; Jude 20, 21.]

"Do trains for Boston leave this depot?" inquired a traveller of a man whom he found lounging on the platform at a country station. "Wall," responded the rustic, "I have lived hereabouts nigh onto twenty years, and I haven't seen none of them take it with them."

At an Indiana wedding the choir sang, "Come, ye disconsolate." The officiating clergyman, feeling awkward about it, attempted to mend matters by giving out a hymn, but unluckily struck into the one beginning, "Mistaken souls that dream of bliss."

THE CANADIAN
METHODIST MAGAZINE
FOR 1885.

XXIst and XXIInd Volumes; 1,152 Pages,
with over 200 Fine Engravings.

\$2.00 a Year; \$1.00 for Six Months.

W. H. WITHROW, D.D., F.R.S.C., EDITOR.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

OUR ILLUSTRATED SERIAL

WILL BE

"The Cruise of H.M.S. 'Challenger';"

Voyages over many Seas. Scenes in many Lands.

This cruise, the most important that ever sailed from any country, covered a period of three years and a half, and a distance of 69,000 miles.

In the January number will appear Part I. of above, together with "CANADIAN PICTURES," by the Marquis of LORNE.

MR. GLADSTONE AT HOME,

with four fine engravings of Hawarden Castle and its surroundings. "THE ICE PALACE AT MONTREAL," with numerous engravings of the Palace, Snowshoeing, Tobogganing, etc. "THE MIRACLE AT NAIN," by the late Dr. PUNSHON, beautifully illustrated.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES.

Among these will be the following:

- "HERE AND THERE IN EUROPE."
- "WANDERINGS IN SPAIN."
- "SAUNTERINGS IN ENGLAND."
- "SCENES IN THE GERMAN FATHERLAND."
- "ON THE RHINE."
- "ALPINE PICTURES."
- "VENICE FROM A GONDOLA."
- "WALKS ABOUT ROME."
- "WALKS ABOUT LONDON."
- "IN CLASSIC LANDS."
- "MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS."
- "STUDIES IN THE SOUTH."
- "THROUGH THE VIRGINIAS."
- "JAMAICA AND ITS PEOPLE."
- "HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE BRITISH POETS" (Several Papers).
- "MEMORIALS OF THE PRINCESS ALICE."
- "STUDIES IN CHRISTIAN BIOGRAPHY." (With Portraits and other Illustrations.)
- "A MISSIONARY BISHOP," etc.

The above will all be handsomely some of them very copiously, illustrate

Several other Illustrated Articles also appear.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Among these will be.—"OUTPOST METHODISM IN NEWFOUNDLAND" A series of narrative sketches by the Rev. George Bond. "CHARLES WESLEY, THE MISTREEL OF METHODISM." A series of studies of Wesley's Hymns, by the Rev. S. P. Dunn, of Annapolis, N. S.

"CHRISTIANITY" and "SCRIPTURE." By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

"WHAT TO READ." By the Rev. John L. Withrow, D.D., Boston, Mass.

"HALF HOURS IN A LUNATIC ASYLUM." By Dr. Daniel Clark, Superintendent of the Toronto Asylum. Also a paper on "WORRY." By Dr. Clark.

"IN A LEPER HOSPITAL." By Dr. J. E. Graham.

"AMONG THE ROCKIES." By Prof. Coleman, Ph.D.

"ON MUSIC." By F. H. Torrington, Esq.

"ST. ANSELM." By Rev. Prof. Badgley.

"MEMORIALS OF REV. DR. RICHEY." By the Rev. Dr. Lathern.

"REV. DR. DALLINGER'S FAMOUS LECTURE," etc., etc.

Principal Nelles will contribute a Paper on "PREACHING;" and the Rev. Dr. Sexton, the distinguished Scientist, one on "SCIENCE AND RELIGION."

The graphic "SKETCHES OF MISSION WORK AMONG THE LOWLY," by Helen Campbell and by the Riverside Visitor, have been very popular. Similar sketches will from time to time appear.

CONTRIBUTORS MAY ALSO BE EXPECTED FROM:—Revs. Dr. Rice, Dr. Carman, Dr. Williams, Dr. Jeffers, President Nelles, Dr. Stewart, Dr. Potts, E. A. Stafford, Dr. Burwash, Prof. Shaw, Dr. Jacques, Dr. Burns, Principal Austin, Hugh Johnston, B.D., Dr. Laing, James Aude, Percy H. Funnell, C. H. Paisley, and others.

LAY CONTRIBUTORS:—John Macdonald, Esq., the Hon. G. W. Ross, Minister of Education; Professor Haanel, F.R.S.C., Prof. Coleman Ph.D., Prof. T. Nelson Dale, His Honour Judge Dean, Prof. Robins, LL.D., J. J. McLaren, Q.C., D. Allison, Esq., LL.D., John Cameron, Esq., of the Toronto Globe; John Reade, Esq., F.R.S.C., of the Montreal Gazette; and numerous other writers.

OUR SERIAL STORY.

Arrangements for this are not quite complete. It will probably be a stirring tale of the early times in New England, when an English Colony, entitled "WITCHCHAFT DAYS," describing the strange and thrilling events connected with the witchcraft delusion in Massachusetts Colony.

Such a varied and comprehensive announcement has never before been made in Canada.

Some schools take from two to ten copies. Send for special rates to schools to Rev. William Briggs, Methodist Publishing House, Toronto.

TEMPERANCE LITERATURE.

List No. 3.

Science, the Interpreter of History as to Unfermented Wine. A Supplement to the "Divine Law as to Wines." By G. W. Samson, D.D. 25cts.

A Synopsis of Temperance Lesson-Book. By C. R. Agnew, A.M., M.D. 10cts.

The Temperance School. By Julia Colman. 60cts.

Text-Book of Temperance. By Dr. F. R. Lees. Paper cover, 50cts.

The Vow of the Nazarite. By Canon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S.C. 10cts.

FIVE CENTS EACH; SIXTY CENTS PER DOZEN.

A High Fence of Fifteen Bars. By the author of "Lunarius." 50cts.

Christianity against the Liquor Crime. By G. T. Stewart.

Constitutional Prohibition. By Hon. Daniel Agnew.

Dramshops, Industry, and Taxes. By A. Burwell.

Drink and the Christian Church. By Rev. William T. Sabine.

Drinking Usages of Society. By Bishop Alonzo Potter.

Ethics and Policy of Prohibition. By O. J. Chubbuck.

Fruits of the Liquor Traffic. By Sumner Stebbins, M.D.

Gentle Woman Roused. By Rev. E. P. Roe.

The Heredity of Alcohol. By Norman Kerr, M.D., and the Effects of Alcohol on Offspring. By Nathan Allen, D.D.

History and Mystery of a Glass of Ale. By J. W. Kirton.

Is Alcohol Food? By Dr. F. R. Lees.

The Liquor Traffic—The Fallacies of its Defenders. By Rev. E. G. Read.

Medicinal Drinking. By Rev. John Kirk.

Methods of Church Temperance Work. By Albert G. Lawson, D.D.

Mischief by Law. By Rev. Lew Meredith.

Moral Suasion with Moral Action. By G. T. Stewart.

Physiological Action of Alcohol. By Prof. Henry Munroe.

Prohibition in Kansas. Addresses of Gov. John P. St. John, of Kansas, and Gov. A. H. Colquitt, of Georgia. Without cover, 3cts.

Social Drinking and its Effects. By Rev. William Ormiston, D.D.

The Son of My Friend. By T. S. Arthur.

Stimulants for Women. By Dr. James Edmunds, M.D.

Stimulants and Narcotics. By James Muir Howie, M.D.

Send for our List of Temperance Tracts and Pamphlets.

WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King St. East,

TORONTO.

O. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,

Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.