

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

Covers damaged/
Couverture endommagée

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

Cover title missing/
Le titre de couverture manque

Coloured maps/
Cartes géographiques en couleur

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

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

Bound with other material/
Relié avec d'autres documents

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

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.

Additional comments:/
Commentaires supplémentaires:

Coloured pages/
Pages de couleur

Pages damaged/
Pages endommagées

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

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

Pages detached/
Pages détachées

Showthrough/
Transparence

Quality of print varies/
Qualité inégale de l'impression

Continuous pagination/
Pagination continue

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

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

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

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

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

HOME & SCHOOL.

Vol. II.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 5, 1884.

[No. 1.



C. Kronberger

The New Year.

Fades soon the mystic glory
That on fair childhood lies,
And all too brief the story
Its vanished dream supplies:
And youth, with heart high beating
With hopes that spring so fast,
Than morning mist more fleeting,
On swift wings sweepeth past.

The pride, the strength, the beauty,
That come with manhood's prime,
The zeal that nerves to duty
And strivings to deeds sublime;
Ambition's lofty scheming,
And pleasure's cup run o'er,
Wealth o'er its treasures dreaming,
Success that asks no more.

All, all, years wiftly flying,
Too soon leave far behind
To each year, ere its dying,
Some jewel is resigned.
Some star that bright was glowing,
To the strained sight is lost
Some flower that fresh was blowing,
Falls blighted by the frost.

The friends that once were treading
Life's pathway by our side
Their love its sweetness shedding,
Like perfume far and wide,
With mid-die years have slumbered,
Have vanished from our sight,
With holy angels numbered
Beyond the vault of night.

Yet Life! thy years that stay not,
Thy scenes that glide away,
Thy pleasures that delay not,
Thy strifes that fill thy day:
Come not in vain to mortals,
If faith Divine they give,
And up through heaven's high portals
Bring man with God to live.

New Year! that, with glad greeting,
Hast come once more to me,
In whispers still repeating
Words oft said tenderly:
Thy voice my soul now heedling,
To noblest aims I rise,
And on where God is leading
Tread with uplifted eyes.

When years so swiftly flying,
Shall all have run their round;
When death itself is dying,
And earth no more is found.
O Saviour, then behold me
From Thy great judgment throne,
And let Thine arms enfold me,
Thy lips call me THINE own.

Ray Palmer.

New Year's Weather.

The brave girl in the picture does not mind the blustering storm. My! how the wind does blow! and how the snow fills the air and covers the ground, drapes each tree and shrub "with ermine too dear for an ear!" Brave Betty Branscome is not going to stay at home from Sunday-school—or day-school either—for that. She has had a fortnight's happy holidays, and now in her warm hood and cloak, and sheltered by her big umbrella she hies with happy "morning-face" to school. Why, the cold but makes the blood tingle more warmly in her finger tips and gives a fresher bloom to her cherry cheeks, and makes her merry laugh ring out more merrily upon the frosty air. There is no land for health and happiness like our own happy Canada.

An English gentleman attended a ball in Vienna, where a distinguished lady frequently amused herself by saying discourteous things. "By the way," she inquired, "how is it your countrymen speak French so very imperfectly? We Austrians use it with the same freedom as if it were our native tongue." "Madame," he retorted in the blandest manner, "I really cannot say, unless it be that the French army have not been twice in our capital to teach it, as they have been in yours."

A Flag for the New Year.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

MEN like to fight under a flag. The flag that floats above them will have something to do with their victory or defeat. Constantine, the Roman general, was about to fight a battle with Maxentius, the heathen usurper of Roman power. It is said that he had a dream in which he was counselled to adopt the cross as his emblem, stamping it on the shields of his soldiers, and then to go against the enemy. Another account says, that while praying, Constantine saw a shining cross in the sky, and the motto, "By this, conquer," and that the next night in sleep, Christ directed him to prepare a standard cross-shaped. Constantine did use a cross-standard, setting aside the old Roman eagles. He gained a victory that made him emperor of Rome, that made Rome a champion of the cross. The cross was a good flag to fight under.

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

Maurice of Holland was the son of William, Prince of Orange. The latter was killed by an assassin who was stimulated to this by the offer of a large reward by Phillip of Spain.

The fiendish price put on the head of the noble prince was 25,000 gold crowns. Phillip tried to crush out the liberties and the Protestantism of William's country; but William resisted him. After his father's death, Maurice took this as his motto, "The twig shall yet become a tree." He took as a device to set it forth, a fallen oak from whose root sprang a young sapling. The Spanish Government found out to its sorrow that it was no idle boast. The twig did become a tree—a tree that all the windy violence of Spain might blow upon but could not upset.

What shall be our motto, our flag this new year? Stimulated by what purpose will we move out to take up the new duties of the year? This is a good flag for every young person, "Only one way and that the right way."

Ask each day what will be right, not what will be easy or popular. Finding out the right way, walk in it. Be sure though and make quick charge under that flag. Our standard may be the best in the world, but if we are slow to move, we may be long in repenting our slowness. There was once a commander who told his men in very plain language to "fix bayonets, uncap muskets and go over the enemies' works. Let us, though, remember our flag, our motto, 'Only one way and that the right way.'"

Who will march under that flag? Hands up!

This Year.

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

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

good hearty laugh, but always wear a long face.

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

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

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

New Year.

AND whether bright Thy face
Or dim with clouds, we cannot comprehend,
We hold out patient hands each in his place,
And trust Thee to the end.
Knowing Thou leadest onward to these spheres
Where there are neither days, nor months,
nor years. *Miss Mulock.*

Fight for a Happy New Year.

EVERY one who means to enjoy a happy New Year must fight for it. Yes, fight for it, and he must fight hard, and long too, or he will be joyless all the long, long year.

Why must we fight? With whom must we fight? With what weapons must we fight?

We must fight because a mighty giant has invaded the children's world. This giant feeds, not on flesh and blood, like the giants in foolish story books, but on people's happiness. He is a great glutton, and loves to have a big dish full of children's joys before him constantly, on which he may feast all the time. He keeps several servants, whose work it is to slink into happy homes, steal joys from the hearts and carry them to their grim master. Now, if we don't fight this monster, so unyielding as his servants and so vast is his appetite that he will not leave one bit of happiness for a single one in all this great land. He will fill it with sad, weeping, cross, miserable, wicked children. Up, then, and at him, bravely!

Who is this giant? Who are his servants? His name is SELFISHNESS! His chief servants are Self-will, Bad Temper, Hatred, Envy, Malice, Pride, Vanity, Falsehood, Gluttony, and Laziness—a vile crew who prowls round happy homes like wolves about quiet sheep folds. They will even steal away the joyousness of Christmas and of New Year's Day, and get children to quarrelling over their presents! Barefaced robbers! They ought to be whipped out of every house in the land.

If you would be happy you must fight this giant and all his crew with all your might. Love must be your sword. It has two edges—love for Jesus, and love for all your friends. Your shield must be faith—a hearty

believe that Jesus loves you. The giant and his servants are afraid of that Sword. They shrink from the tiniest child that wields it boldly. Their fiery darts are not sharp enough to go through the shield of faith. Fight this giant therefore, with the sword of love, and 1884 will be to you a happy New Year indeed.

Here is a prayer in rhyme for the New Year. Sing it.

Along the ever-rolling tide,
Our littlearks unceasing glide,
Without a sail, without an oar,
To yonder vast, eternal shore.

Almighty Saviour, help and save,
Or we must perish in the wave:
Our Pilot and our Captain be,
While we commit our all to Thee.

For all Thy care in former days
Accept our feeble hymn of praise;
And by our anchor, as we sail,
Of glorious hope, within the veil.

Safe past the rocks and shoals of time,
Conduct us to a purer clime:
And when we reach the port of bliss,
We'll sing a nobler song than this.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

Obeying Orders.

LORD DERBY was decorating one of his country mansions, and was having the central hall-floor painted. A young man, tall and powerful, was at work on one of the walls, when the earl ordered a number of slippers to be placed on the door-mat, desiring this young man to order any one that came in to put on a pair before crossing the passage, and added to the order, "If anybody does not do it, you must take him by the shoulder and turn him out." Soon after a hunting-party passed; and the Duke of Wellington, with his splashed boots, opened the door and rushed along the hall. The young man immediately jumped off the ladder on which he was painting, and seizing his grace by the shoulder, fairly pushed him out of the house. The painter said afterward that the duke's eagle eye went right through him! but as he did not know the duke, he only kept wondering who the person was. In the course of the day the earl, on hearing of the circumstance, summoned all the household and men at work into the study, and demanded who had had the impertinence to push the duke out of doors. The trembling painter came forward and said, "It was I, my lord." "And pray," rejoined the earl, "how came you to do it?" "By your orders, my lord." On this, the duke, who was present, turned round to Lord Derby, and, smiling, drew a sovereign out of his purse, and, giving it to the astonished culprit, said, "You were right to obey orders."

A LITTLE boy of extraordinary abilities being introduced into the company of a dignified clergyman, was asked by him where God was, with the promise of an orange. "Tell me," replied the boy, "where He is not, and I will give you two."

A BEVY of children were telling what they got at school. The eldest got, reading, spelling and definitions. "And what did you get, little one?" asked the father to a rosy-checked, little fellow, who at the same time was driving a tenpenny nail into the door-panel. "Mo? I gets roadin', spellin', and spankin'!"

Hitherto.

[FOR THE NEW YEAR.]

STAND IN THE early dawning
Of another opening year,
Oh look backward with thanksgiving,
And look forward without fear
For it may be richer blessings
Are laid up for you in store
Than you ever even hoped for
In the old years gone before;
And if trials, cares, and sorrows
Are out Father's will for you,
He will help, as He has helped you
Hitherto.

It may be through many dangers
You may pass, but not alone—
One who knows the way will lead you,
In His footsteps plant your own.
If the road is smooth and easy
Follow closer still your Guide,
It is on the smoothest places
That the feet are apt to slide,
You will never lose the pathway
If you keep Him well in view,
He will lead as He has led you
Hitherto.

In the shadow and the sunshine,
Joy and sorrow, pain and health,
In all times of tribulation,
And in every hour of wealth,
In the meetings and the partings,
Rest and labour, peace and strife,
In the valley of the shadow,
In the Everlasting Life,
Yes, for ever and for ever
He will be the same to you,
He will love as He has loved you
Hitherto.

Noah Stephens' New Year.

BY ANNA B. WOOD.

NOAH STEPHENS was a miser. The spirit of avarice, born in him, was strengthened by cultivation. From his earliest boyhood he had struggled to earn money, not to use, but to hoard. His earnings from picking berries and from odd jobs were carefully put in a tin box, and the spending money, which most boys would have used lavishly, remained untouched by him. When any of the silver pieces became tarnished, he would rub and scour them, and exult over his little property. It was his cherished dream to become a rich man, and the best energies of his life were devoted to accumulation of wealth. At fifty years of age he was the possessor of half a million of dollars, gained entirely through economy and industry, combined with fine business ability. He gave sparingly to the church of which he was a member; he paid his bills promptly and was honest in his transactions; but he knew not the meaning of the word philanthropy, for his soul was too narrow to contain any love for his fellow-men. He had bank and railroad stock, government bonds, and houses in the city and country. The more he possessed, the more his greed of gain increased.

One morning, as Noah Stephens sat in his office, Mrs. Ruth Ames came in. She was an old school-mate of Mr. Stephens, and was highly regarded by him. Mrs. Ames was a woman of culture and influence, whose precious deeds were a bright and shining light everywhere. She was a member of the Woman's Relief Society.

After a few moments' conversation, she said, smilingly, "Mr. Stephens, God has blessed you in all things; times are hard, winter is coming on, and there is a great deal of suffering in our town. You have thousands of dollars more than you can use; will you give me a little to relieve the unfortunate?"

He frowned, shut his lips tightly together, but said nothing.

"So many apply to our Relief Society for help," said Mrs. Ames, "that

we find it difficult to meet the demands. Here is a list of cases wanting immediate aid."

She took out a paper and was about to read several names, when Mr. Stephens interrupted her: "Don't want to hear anything of that kind! People needn't come to want if they work; lazy folk must expect to go cold and hungry, and drunken, shiftless people deserve to suffer. I earned my own living from a boy; nobody ever gave me a cent. I don't believe in helping an idle class; it encourages them in greater indolence and improvidence."

Mrs. Ames looked down upon her paper. "Do listen to me, Mr. Stephens," she said entreatingly. "Here is Joe Brintnell with a broken leg. His mother is sick, and his father who was a carpenter, fell from the house he was building, and was killed. Can a boy with his leg in splints and bandages take care of himself?"

"How did he break his leg?" asked Mr. Stephens.

"He fell from a loaded waggon."

"Is David Brintnell his uncle?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Then let his uncle help him; he can do it."

Mrs. Ames read another name from her paper: "Mrs. Martin, paralyzed, aged seventy. She needs coals and groceries; an excellent woman, in great want; her religion alone sustains her."

"Let her go to the almshouse. Heaven is just as near her there as anywhere," said Mr. Stephens contemptuously.

Mrs. Ames read on: Mrs. David Lee, a widow with six children and no means. You know her—an industrious, hard-working woman. Don't you think she deserves help?"

"Well, perhaps so," returned Mr. Stephens coldly. "Let the church help her."

"Noah Stephens," said Mrs. Ames, "you and I are old friends, and that gives me the right of plain speaking. Your hair is becoming sprinkled with gray, the signs of time are on your face, a few more years and you will be numbered with the dead. You can carry nothing with you. What will become of all the money you will leave behind?"

He made no reply.

"To whom much is given, much will be required," continued Mrs. Ames, in a solemn tone. "You are a member of the church, Noah Stephens, and you profess to be a follower of Christ. Think of what I have said!"

Mr. Stephens spoke not, and there was a long pause.

"The light of your earthly lamp will soon be out," she continued earnestly, with eyes fixed full upon him. "Will you let it go out in darkness? Oh, I hope God will not appoint a discipline of pain and trial to bring you to your senses in order to make you see what a worthless thing your hoarded gold is, when you might comfort and bless so many. Good morning, Mr. Stephens."

She left the counting-room and went her way, and Noah Stephens pursued his own thoughts. Her plain speaking was far from agreeable to him. He did not like the wholesome truths to which he had been forced to listen.

The day wore away, and when twilight was coming on, Mr. Stephens

rose from his easy chair and prepared to go home. He put on his warm overcoat, hat and gloves, and walked rapidly down the street.

It was a bitter cold night; the sidewalks were crowded with hurrying people, and the jingle of sleigh-bells sounded constantly in his ears. There was a sheet of glare ice in his path just before reaching his house, and as he went over it his foot slipped and he fell violently to the ground. He tried to rise, but sharp pains darted from his leg throughout his body. In a moment half a dozen people, who had seen the accident, were on the spot to give him assistance. Mr. Stephens grew white and dizzy from pain, and the pitying people carried him home and laid him on his bed. Dr. Howe was summoned immediately. His leg was broken, and the physician pronounced his injury a serious one. His leg was put in splints and bandages until the broken bone could unite, and he would have to lie quietly several weeks.

Poor Mr. Stephens! He was unused to suffering, and to be thrown helpless upon his bed in a moment was a trial almost beyond his power of endurance.

One night he could not sleep. It was the last night of the year. He heard the clock strike eleven. The old year was fast going out; a new year would soon be ushered in. Noah Stephens began to think. He did not want to think; there was nothing pleasant in his reflections, but there was nothing else for him to do. He thought of Mrs. Ames' words, which had come again and again like unwelcome visitors: "Will you let the light of your earthly lamp go out in darkness? Oh, I hope God will not appoint a discipline of pain and trial to bring you to your senses, to make you see what a worthless thing your hoarded gold is, when you might comfort and bless so many."

Again and again he asked himself if he was like what Mrs. Ames had said. Was he avaricious? Was he hard-hearted? What was to become of his money? He was worth half a million of dollars; he could not take it with him, but he must account to God for its use. Hoarded money! He began to see it in the light of a dangerous thing. It might stand in the way of his eternal happiness.

"Gold, gold, gold, gold,
Bright, yellow, hard, and cold."

Was he a miser? He did not like the word. There was pain in his broken limb, pain in his head, and pain in his heart. He hardly knew which caused him most suffering.

Morning came; it was New Year's day, bright and sunny. Mr. Stephens sent a message to ask Mrs. Ames to come to him, and to bring the list of names she had read to him. She obeyed the summons immediately, and soon sat by his bedside Mrs. Ames kindly enquired how Mr. Stephens was, and then waited for him to speak.

After a moment's pause, he said: "The plain truths you told me in my office that day, have proved a blessing to me. For one month I have not been able to take a step, and have suffered intensely. My thoughts have been busy, and daily your words have returned to my mind. I have thought it over and over, and now I see how mistaken I have been. You said you hoped God would not appoint a disci-

pline of pain and trial for me, but you see He has; and I am thankful for it, for without this suffering and your plain speaking, I should never have realized how much good I could do with my means. I made a resolve last night to do everything I can for the sick and poor. Now that I have suffered myself, I realize that others do. Will you please read that list again, and let me help you aid them?"

Once more Mrs. Ames read from her paper the name of Joe Brintnell.

"Joe Brintnell?" said Mr. Stephens.

"Is he the one with the broken leg?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Ames.

"Poor fellow!" continued Mr. Stephens. "How hard it must have been for him! I have had every comfort, and it was all I could endure, but he must have lacked many things he needed. Here is some money for him, which I will give you to expend as you think best. You see how changed I am. Six weeks ago I should have considered my money thrown away; but now I know I could not make a better use of it."

A look of pleasure came over Mrs. Ames' face as she took the money, and Mr. Stephens continued: "You said there was a widow with six children who were in great destitution. You know best what she needs, and if you will give me a list, I will have the things sent to her immediately. I wish to keep my resolve. Mrs. Ames you have spent your life in doing good; I have spent mine in making money. How much richer you are in the sight of God than I!"

Mrs. Ames put into his hand a paper containing several names and the necessities of each, and took her leave.

New Year's Day passed rapidly away. What a happy, useful day it was to Mr. Stephens! He sent money to individuals, and donations to his church, the relief societies, the society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, Orphan Asylum, Home for the Destitute, etc.

Never before had his thoughts been turned so completely upon others. Strange to say, in caring for and blessing the unfortunate, his own physical suffering was almost forgotten. Several thousands of dollars were sent forth on errands of mercy.

During the next week Mr. Stephens received many calls from the people whom he had helped, and many expressions of thanks and gratitude fell from their lips. That memorable New Year's day was the birthday of a new and brighter life. When he recovered his health and returned to his place of business, his counting room wore a different aspect. It was no longer a place where he was to invent schemes to gain money to hoard. The worth of money lay in its use, and no man during the subsequent years of health and prosperity which followed, knew better how to spend it wisely and well than Noah Stephens. May he live to enjoy many more Happy New Years!

"Pa, is English a dead language?"

"Why, no, my son; English is the most living of all languages." "Well, pa, I'm mighty glad to know that; I've heard so often about English having been murdered."

"What can I do for you to induce you to go to bed now?" asked a mamma of her five year old boy. "You can let me sit up a little longer," was the youngster's reply.

The Years.

The years roll on the happy years
That held no thought of coming tears,
When full and clear arose Life's song
When years were gay and hope was strong.

The years roll on the solemn years
With all their freight of care and tears.
Of burdens borne, of woes we brave,
Of hands unclasping at the grave.

The years roll on—the varied years
So much of light and dark appears
Along this chequered path of Life,
The days of dalliance or of strife.

The years roll on—the tender years
The time can soften bitterest tears;
And memory, with her gentle palm,
Lays on the aching heart a balm.

The years roll on—the blessed years
For heaven's light our darkness cheers;
And 'mid the changes of our lot,
Who walketh with us changes not.

Though years roll on, and day by day
The sands of life wear fast away,
Guide, Saviour, even to the shore
Where time and change shall be no more.

OUR PERIODICALS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp, monthly, illustrated	2 00
Magazine and Guardian, together	3 50
The Western, Halifax, weekly	2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp, 2vo., monthly	0 25
Under 6 copies, 65c.; over 6 copies	0 60
Canadian Scholar's Quarterly	0 08
Quarterly Review Service	By the year, 25c. a dozen; \$2 per 100, per quarter, 6c. a dozen, 50c. per hundred.
Home & School, 8 pp, 4to, semi-monthly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Over 500 copies	0 20
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp, 4to, semi-monthly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Over 500 copies	0 20
Berean Leaves, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Sunbeam—Semi-monthly—when less than 20 copies	0 15

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing, House,
75 & 80 King Street East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. LUSTIS,
3 Beury Street, Montreal, Methodist Book & Room Hallifax.

Home & School:

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

TORONTO, JANUARY 5, 1881.

Our Mission Work.

Letter from Ficher River, Indian Mission, N. W. T.

I PROMISED you long ago to write again about our school. Although long in fulfilling I have not forgotten my promise. I failed to see what struck me as likely to be of any special service or interest to those who wish us God speed in our work.

For the past few weeks we have seen fruit calculated to cheer all who labour for the welfare of our Indian School.

There has been all along a good large attendance, running from 55 to 80 per Sunday; but lately there has been much sickness and some deaths among our S. S. children. Some weeks ago a little girl some nine years of age, who met in my Sunday morning class and was very regular at Sunday-school, was taken ill and I went to see her at different times, giving her what aid I could medically, and conversing with her at the same time on religious subjects. We thought danger was past, and I started off on a long and dangerous trip, getting back in ten days. I at once enquired how Sarah was, and was told she was getting better.

Just as I was about to start on a short visiting tour to see Sarah and others who were ill I was told that

she was "no more." I went on to the house, and in conversation with her mother was told that Sarah had told her family "That she was near death, but not afraid to die. That God was near to her. She told them also not to weep hard for her after she was gone." She slept in Jesus.

Passing on to see another of our S. S. children I found her too very low and not expecting to recover. She told me herself that she expected soon to pass away. She was not afraid to die. Her trust was in Christ.

These things give us encouragement. And although often cast down we are not without evidences that the Gospel of Jesus Christ is the same mighty power to-day that it ever has been.

We have written the above, we trust, for the glory of God, that all friends of Indian Missions may thank God and take courage. Their givings and earnest prayers are not lost.

In that great day many a dusky son and daughter of the forest will shine amid the blood-washed ones; and all who have by giving and prayers upheld the Missions established among them will know then, as they cannot know now, how great was the work done. Yours in the bonds of the Gospel of Christ. A. W. ROSS.

Book Notices.

Canadian Methodist Magazine for December. Toronto: Wm. Briggs. \$2 a year, \$1 for six months.

Contents:—The closing number of the 18th volume of this MAGAZINE is one of the best yet issued. It has three copiously illustrated articles—Royal Palaces of England, Winter Health Resorts in the South, and the close of Stanley's Dark Continent—and other articles of special interest.

THE ANNOUNCEMENT FOR 1884

Is the best ever made. Including illustrated articles on Winter Scenes in Manitoba; Picturesque Canada; The Oil Wells of Canada; Walks About London, English Cathedrals; Seal Hunting in Newfoundland; Haunts of Luther; A Canadian in Norway; Mammoth Cave; Wonders of the Yellowstone; Holy Russia; Scenes in India, Africa, Japan, Italy, etc., and 12 papers on Lady Brassey's Voyage Around the World, with 118 fine engravings—and a total of 250 engravings. Among the contributors announced are.—The Right Rev. Dr. Fuller, Bishop of Niagara, Bishop McTeyre, Bishop Carman, President Nelles, Principal Grant, Judge Jones, Judge Dean, Prof. Foster, M.P., the Editors of the Toronto Globe and Montreal Gazette, and many others of the foremost writers of the country; also articles by Gladstone, Froude, Freeman, Schaff, Dawson, and other foremost writers in the world.

A handsome Premium—"Anecdotes of the Wesleys," pp. 390, bound, with steel portrait—is given for 35 cents extra.

The Choir Perennial. By Rev. W. L. Reusburg. Price, 75 cents per copy.

The Choir Perennial is a collection of Anthems, Chants, and Select Pieces, suited to various occasions in Church Service during the year. It is especially adapted to the Opening of Service; Revivals; Church Festivals; Confirmation; Ordination; Church Dedication; Missionary and Temperance Meetings, and Funerals. Address



A VERY SMALL GAS-FACTORY.

orders to the Lutheran Publication House, No. 42 North Ninth Street, Philadelphia.

The Pansy proves afresh that a periodical in which so much space is devoted to Sunday reading, may be edited and filled with as much brightness and talent as the secular magazines. Its religious stories are as entertaining and strong as the matter in *Wide Awake* and *St. Nicholas*. Like them, it has its serials, its short stories, its poems, its articles, its profusion of illustrations, its regular prospectus for the coming year—in short, it makes Sunday reading for the young as attractive as the popular magazines of the day. The volume begins with the November number. 75 cents per year. D. Lothrop & Co., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

The Pansy is only one of four periodicals issued by this House. *Babylonia*, 50 cents a year, *Our Little Men and Women*, \$1.00 a year, and *Wide Awake*, \$2.50 a year.

A Very Small Gas-Factory.

It was a cold November evening, and we were all cozily seated in the library, near the open grate-fire. Eddie had just been telling us what he saw at the gas-works, which he had visited that day with his papa.

Now, some children see a great deal more than others at the same places; for they use their eyes. They look at things carefully, and remember what they see. And, as Eddie had kept his brown eyes very wide open this day, he had a great deal to tell us.

When he had finished, his papa said, "If you have a clay pipe in the house, I will make some gas for you right here in this grate." The children were delighted, and rushed off in different directions to look for the pipe.

Their papa often tried little experiments of different kinds, which taught them a great deal. He was always ready to answer their questions, and had a way of explaining everything so clearly, that they liked his experiments even better than their playthings.

Little Emma was the first to come back; but her pipestem turned out to be only a slate-pencil,—at which we all had to laugh. The real pipe was soon found, though, and then papa sent Eddie into the yard for some clay.

"Will common mud do, papa?" he asked. "No, I must have clay. Can you tell the difference?"

Eddie thought he could, and in a few minutes came in with a little tin

cup of real clay. Papa filled the bowl of the pipe with small bits of coal. You know coal is made up of coke and gas, and, when it is heated, the gas rises up out of the coal, leaving only the coke.

In the gas-works there are large tanks to catch and hold the gas, and let it out into large iron pipes which lie underground in the streets, and from them into smaller iron pipes which go through our houses.

After papa had put in the coal, he took wet clay and spread over the top of the pipe like a cover, pressing it down hard and tight. Then the bowl of the pipe was put in the hottest, reddest part of the fire, and covered with hot coals. The end of the stem was left sticking out; and very soon smoke was seen coming out at the end.

Papa held a lighted match there, and this smoke burned as brightly as any gas you ever saw. There was a shout of delight; for the little ones like to see an experiment succeed.

Then Eddie, who had, as usual, been using his eyes, and thinking about what he saw, asked, "What did you put that wet clay over the bowl of the pipe for, papa?"

"The clay bakes in the fire and makes a hard, tight cover, which keeps the gas from coming out at that end and burning up in the fire," was the answer.

They all seemed to understand now how gas was made, and were delighted when papa promised to try another experiment for them in a few days.

A Happy New Year.

Yes, and not merely on New Year's day—or the first month of the year, but through all the circling seasons. In the bright and joyous spring time, when the streams break their icy bonds, and the leaves and flowers burst forth in beauty; in the sultry summer-tide, when the angler seeks the shade of the trees beside the water brooks; in the fruitful autumn when the maidens rest upon the stile after gleaming in the fields; in the stormy winter when the woodman and his son bring home faggots for the fire. All the year round may health and happiness be yours. That the year may be happy. Seek God's blessing every day. Without His smile, whatever else you have you are poor indeed; without you can never want. "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."



SYMBOLS OF THE TWELVE TRIBES.

THESE are the symbols or "coats of arms" of the Twelve Tribes of Israel. Who can explain by reference to Scripture their meaning?

The New Year.

A YEAR is dead! A year is born!
At two "cross-roads" we stand and view
Deserted paths, of verdure shorn,
And death along each avenue
With no magician's hand to bring
Back from the past a single thing.

Along the second road we see
A radiance form with ample wings;
Born from the great eternity,
It partly sighs and partly sings;
Its head is circled with a light,
Its feet are hid in clouds of night.

Thus Hope is born with every year,
And wears for all a sunny look;
It always brings a festive cheer, [book;]
And keeps well closed the "Doomsday"
It sometimes sighs, but mostly sings,
And hides the gloom beneath its wings.

As days, and weeks, and months unroll,
And light breaks forth from hidden gloom,
The year, unfolding thus its scroll,
Shall crown sweet Hope with richer bloom,
While many a fear we dreaded most
Will show an angel for a ghost.

Whatever shades may meet our eyes,
That spring from our Hope's cloudy feet,
From thankful hearts let songs arise,
That shade makes light the more complete.

That every new and untried year
Brings much for Hope, and less for Fear.

Resolutions for 1884.

I hereby solemnly covenant, as God shall help me—

Never to neglect my morning and evening prayers.

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

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

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

To strive to attend one devotional meeting during the week.

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

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

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

Another year of progress, another year of praise,

Another year of proving His presence all the days;

Another year of service, of witness for His love;

Another year of training for holier work above.

Christmas.

The following Christmas reading was crowded out of our last number.

Hail, Holy Season of good will,
Forgotten now be every ill,
That through the by-gone year,
Brother to brother-man hath wrought,
And be we all by Christmas taught,
And by all feelings dear.

With all our fellows' faults to bear,
Since their infirmities we share,
So this our motto be,
Both to forgive and to forget,
And each to each example set,
Of Christian unity.

Christmas, with all its joyous and happy associations and thoughts, comes upon us once more; and, amid the pause in the bustle and din of life, our minds turn from the solid realities of this matter-of-fact world to contemplate the brighter and warmer things of social life. To young and old, rich and poor, this most welcome and festive of all seasons of the year, brings a feeling of gladness and rejoicing, which neither time nor circumstances can control or affect. The veriest infant in the cradle, learns to lispen its welcome to old *Santa Claus*, whose advent it appreciates as one of the great events in its eventful existence; and, as the wondering senses of the eager little toddlers of more ripening years drink in the story of the "Babe in the Manger," and the "First Christmas Morn on the Hills of Bethlehem," their hearts are filled anew with delight. Truly, the "tidings of great joy" bring then gladdening influence to all people. The very air seems to partake of the general tone of crispness and cheerfulness, as it echoes to the merry shouts of romping school-children and pleasant salutations of those more advanced in

life. Everyone seems possessed with a new vigour; and all hard thoughts and unseemly feelings are as effectually hidden away as the dark earth beneath the glistening snow.

What a host of sweet recollections are awakened within us on each return of this happy time, as we look backward to the scenes of years gone by; when, at home, perhaps, as boys, we gathered around the old family hearth, listening with bated breath to the hushed tones of the never-tiring storyteller, or as we joined with whole soul in the frolics of Christmas eve under the holly and mistletoe.

THE BURNING OF THE YULE LOG.

This custom comes through our Scandinavian ancestors, who, at their feasts of *Juhl*, at the winter solstice, were in the habit of kindling huge bonfires in honor of their god *Thor*. In many parts of England it is still maintained, although it has entirely lost its original significance. Time gradually changed the form of this observance, and in the feudal times we find it so transformed as to be scarcely recognizable. Then, a huge log was drawn from its resting-place in the woods by a large company of men and boys, amidst sounds of minstrelsy and general shouts of acclamation and rejoicing. All who chanced to pass, or who met the procession on its way to its destination, gravely uncovered their heads and gave exclamation to an expression of devout reverence. Having reached the baronial hall, it was placed on the hearth of the wide chimney, where it was ignited with the charred remains of the log of the previous year; and as the flames crackled and roared, casting their ruddy glow on the massive walls and lighting up the dark corners, the sports began.

The baron, for the occasion, was displaced by a humble self, who did the honors of the evening in a right royal style. All fell to with a zest, and the sports, carried over the midnight hour, lagged not until the gray dawn announced the birth of another day. And often that dawn revealed the sight of nobles, vassals, and all, heaped together in ridiculous incongruity amongst the rushes on the floor, the prisoners of my Morpheus and strong ale. Games, such as jumping in sacks, diving in water for apples, jumping at bread and treacle, follow.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE

is of German origin, and still holds a high place in that land where Christmas is honoured as a high day. The tree is arranged by the older members of the family in the best room of the house, which is kept locked until the important evening arrives, when the door is thrown open. As the eager juveniles troop in, and behold the huge tree ablaze with many tapers, and loaded with little trinkets and presents, such as only children know how to prize, exclamations of delight break forth on every hand. The children, also, are in the habit of saving their money for weeks, in order to purchase gifts for their parents. These are concealed until Christmas morning, when they are brought forth; and gladdening is the sight of parents and children as they experience the truth of the saying, "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Our modern

SANTA CLAUS—

a corruption, of course, of *St. Nicholas*—is also a German institution, although

many of his characteristic features are innovations on the original introduced by the New England settlers. In the former country, the heads of families often on Christmas Eve, after selecting a present for each child as his or her character suggested, sought out some old man in the neighbourhood, who, all dressed up with white robe and fur, flax wig, buskins, etc., came next morning and, to the amazement of the youngsters, presented each with "the very thing he was looking for." As we have said before, the old gentleman who performs the same work in this land, under the well known cognomen of *St. Nick*, has had many additions to his outfit in the shape of a handsome cutter, a team of fleet reindeers, etc., and as he goes his yearly rounds, silent and unseen, save by those who are kept awake by the effects of too hearty a supper, no person on earth is for the time being so popular. But we shall leave our friends with this jolly little old fellow without a further introduction, for we are sure there are none who do not recognize him as one of the first of their childhood's acquaintances.

OUR MODERN CHRISTMAS.

We shall now speak of Christmas in the connection which gives to it its importance and significance in the eyes of the present age. Although formerly set apart as a time for fasting and prayer by the early Church, it slowly assumed a different character, and now many look to it as a season for eating and drinking. And why, in consideration of the import of the message brought by the angelic host on the first Christmas morn that the world ever saw, should not the heart be merry and voice utter words of gladness?

Is it meet to clothe our words with sadness and our countenance with sorrow and gravity, and afflict our bodies when "tidings of great joy" are brought to us? At the present day in some parts of Europe such undue solemnity and austere gravity is given to this anniversary that the children are not allowed to indulge in anything approaching to merriment, while any thing bordering on hilarity at such a time would be regarded as almost sacrilege. Is it any wonder that children born under such circumstances should lose many of the lessons which such a celebration should bring, or worse than that, grow up to despise the doctrines of One the anniversary of whose birth brought such a calamity? Nay, let the heart be filled with rejoicings, let every gloomy cloud be banished, only let not license and depravity displace soberness, and moderation. While we manifest our sympathy with everything that would heighten the pleasure which this glad season brings, we would discountenance and decidedly frown down that which would cause it to degenerate into a period of evil carousing and debauchery of any kind whatever. With our whole soul, then, we wish all our readers "A Merry Christmas," in the very best sense of the term, and may your Christmas be made all the merrier and happier by your endeavours to make some one else glad.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD, visiting a neighbour, was asked if she would have bread and butter. "No, thank you," she said, "mamma said I must not take bread and butter when from home;" suddenly brightening up, "but she said nothing about cookies."

New Year's Hymn.

"O year that lies before us,
What shall thy record be,
As thy short months roll o'er us,
And swift thy moments flee?
Now thou art fair and spotless
As Lullaby's opening hour,
Thy bed so pure and staidless,
Sly what shall be thy flower?"

"Thou bring'st new hope to cheer us,
New visions fair and bright,
Of higher aims and conquests,
And purer, clearer light;
New strength for fresh endeavour,
New purpose, firm and high,
New dreams of holy pleasures
Which wait us in the sky."

"So, year by year, in mercy,
To us it hath been given,
To climb from our past failures
Up one step nearer heaven;
To strive each year we journey
Upon our pilgrim way
That each new fair to-morrow
Be better than to-day."

"Lord, grant us grace to serve Thee
In serving each and all;
Our hearts keep warm and trustful,
Protect us lest we fall;
And if this year's last moments
On earth we may not see,
We know no harm will reach us,
For we shall be with Thee."

Turning Over a New Leaf.

BY M. J. B.

"WHAT do people mean when they say that they are going to turn over a new leaf?"

Hilda was so tall and fair and bright, that her sister, Rose, was sure that she could answer this or any other question. Moreover, Hilda was mother and sister in one—the real mother having gone to her home in heaven three years before.

"Hilda, please tell me," said Rose, repeating the question. "How is life like a book, and do people turn over a new leaf?"

Hilda, smiling, but evidently not giving the words much thought, replied: "I'll explain it some other time, dear: I want to finish this book to-night! See I have ever so many new leaves to turn over."

"Dear! dear!" cried Rose, "I wish that there were machines for answering questions! I wanted to know about this one, particularly, before the New Year!"

But Hilda did not give any heed to Rose's earnest enquiry. She was absorbed with her book the whole evening, stopping only once, when the children's bed-time came, to wish them good-night—the last good-night of the Old Year!

"One, two, three, four, five—six," counted Hilda, as she heard the clock strike next morning. It was New Year's morning! There was to be a seven o'clock meeting in the lecture-room of the church. "Everybody" would be there! Nobody who had been once, could willingly stay away and yet feel that the year had been properly begun. Hilda rubbed her eyes and jumped up to make sure that she was really awake.

The house was very quiet. It occurred to Hilda that if any of the family were to attend the meeting she must awaken them. Putting on her dressing-wrapper and slippers, she ran along the hall knocking at the doors, exclaiming:

"Six o'clock! A Happy New Year to you!"

"Happy New Year! Happy New Year!" shouted the boys. "It's not fair, though, Hilda, to catch a fellow that way. Wait till breakfast-time,

when we can all have an even chance."

"All the same, I have said it first," said Hilda, laughing, and running back to her room to get ready.

The church was only just round the corner. Hilda went out by herself, and she ran down the front steps, she looked up at her brother's window. The glance she caught of his disconsolate face made her laugh.

"I'll be there in time," he shouted. "If you meet Tom Green, please ask him to wait."

Some of the school-girls turned the corner just then, and almost overwhelmed Hilda with New Year's congratulations and plans for the day. In five minutes they were at the lecture-room, up the aisle, and in the very same seats that they had occupied the year before! Hilda noticed this—perhaps she could not have put into words the thought that flashed through her mind just then. She would not have acknowledged it to be a serious thought, however, though it made her look grave for a moment.

Just at seven o'clock the meeting began. There was first a hymn—something full of praise—then a prayer, with much of thanksgiving in it, then the reading of the Bible, followed by a bright little talk from the pastor. As he stood there speaking of things glad and sad, in the past, and looking forward hopefully into the future, the hearts of the people grew warm! Hilda glanced over at her little sister, and remembered the question of the evening before. For the first time life seemed to Hilda just like a great book; all the pages of the old leaves had been written on and turned over. Here, right before her, was a new blank page waiting—for what? Hilda did not like serious thoughts; she would have been glad to have been in some other place just then.

At that moment the first rays of the New Year's sun shone through a window, sending a thrill of gladness into every heart! Persons looked at each other and smiled! Hilda smiled too, and a word from the pastor fell like a seed into the heart! Quick as a flash came the thought, "I will fill the rest of my life-book with brave, beautiful deeds!"

How many more leaves was she to turn over? Who could tell? The names of the dear ones of the church who had been called away during the previous year were always read at that meeting. It was a long list that day, and tears came with the smiles! All the more earnest was Hilda in her resolve to write beautiful words on the new pages, as they came to her one by one!

Strange, wasn't it? She glanced here and there, over the room, till her eye rested on Mrs. Colton, a lady who was very much interested in work among the poor. Mrs. Colton, moreover, was looking at Hilda just then, and although they were "in meeting," they smiled, and nodded to each other! And Mrs. Colton thought: "Well, really, Hilda Dunn has often run away, or pretended not to see me, when I have wanted to ask her to go visit some poor, sick person. I'll try her again, though: I shouldn't be surprised if she had changed her mind about some things."

Miss Rees, too, was looking at Hilda, and wondering if she could be persuaded to come occasionally, and sing, or read, to the women, at the "Mothers Meeting!"

Hilda glanced again toward her little sister, and felt a twinge of conscience for not trying to answer her question.

The meeting was over then, and everybody was wishing everybody else a "Happy New Year," till the air seemed full of congratulations. Hilda could not understand herself! She had gone there, caring only to speak with her particular friends, and receive their good wishes. But now she felt like looking up all the poor little children and the men and women who didn't have many friends, and giving them good wishes! She had never before felt so happy! And she was surprised to find how many sober-looking faces broadened into a smile when she looked into their eyes, and made them the cordial little bow that every one said Hilda Dunn kept only for her special friends.

That first day of the New Year! Would Hilda ever forget it? It seemed just hushed of kind words and sweet, sisterly deeds! Hilda fell asleep that night thinking that one had only to resolve, and the thing would be done!

She awoke early the next morning—the first Sunday in the new year. For a minute, all that happened the day before seemed like a dream. She went to breakfast, with some confused thoughts about life as a book, in which she had turned over a new leaf, so that there lay before her a page on which she wished to write only what was good and beautiful. This thought helped her to be sweet and patient at table, even when Will made a provoking remark and Rose teased her with questions.

"After all," she thought, "if I keep my resolve, there are a great many ways in which I must grow better. I mustn't be late at church, for instance! Father says tardiness is one of my faults, and there must not be a single fault on the new page."

Hilda stopped a moment, in her dressing-room, to look once again at her New Year's gifts. Among them was a copy of "Golden Grove" a cousin in New York had sent to her. Hilda had looked at it rather disdainfully the day before.

"Of course it was kind in Cousin Sue to remember me," she said, "but I don't like such old-fashioned books. I wonder what any one can see so grand in Dr. Jeremy Taylor's writings."

That morning Hilda opened the book with rather more interest. The very first words she read were: "Every day-propound to yourself a rosary, or a chaplet of good works, to present to God at night." "I like that," she cried. "It fits in beautifully with all that happened yesterday."

Just then the first church bell began to ring. Hilda liked plenty of time to arrange her dress. She was often late because of the very special attention she chose to give to the tying of a ribbon or the fit of a hat. She was to wear her new olive suit for the first time that morning. Everybody knows just what the first time with a new dress means—how anxious one is to feel that it is in good taste and becoming, and how awkward one is likely to feel in the attempt to seem quite at home in it.

Hilda passed through all this experience on that Sunday of the new year. She stood before the glass at last with a feeling of satisfaction and a smile, as

she anticipated the admiration she would receive from the girls. Suddenly the second bell began to ring. Hilda remembered that she had not given a thought to Rose, or a look at the boys; and they were always sure to need some help from her!—her father, too, he was so pleased always to hear her say: "Let me see, father, doesn't your coat need a little brushing?"

"This morning, of all others, you have been so selfish," Hilda thought, with a blush and an ashamed recollection of the "new page," was its beauty marred so soon!

The fact made her so very uncomfortable that she scarcely spoke a word on the way to church. Of course, this only made matters worse, as Hilda knew when she heard Rose whisper, "What makes sister so cross? I thought she was going to be perfectly lovely all through this year?"

After that it seemed as though so many disagreeable things happened, and all on purpose to vex Hilda, as she declared. The first peaceful moment that came to her was that afternoon in her Sunday-school class. Miss Alice Rodney was her teacher, and it was enough to quiet any troubled heart just to sit next to Miss Alice. The lesson was about the burial of Jesus. The sweet story of the ministry of the women came in just there. The girls all seemed very tender that afternoon. I think had each spoken as she felt, each would have said that her wish was to minister, in some way to Jesus Christ.

This was Hilda's wish, certainly, and yet she could not, for a great deal, have had anyone suspect it. She choked down the feeling in her throat, and turned away, after school, with a light, trifling remark that puzzled Miss Alice, and sent her home with an anxious heart.

"I don't understand Hilda Dunn," she thought; "I watched her in meeting yesterday morning, and I was sure she had decided to be a Christian."

Hilda did not understand herself. She understood, however, that she had broken a good many fine resolutions within twenty-four hours! "Oh, dear!" she sighed, "why cannot people do just what they have made up their minds to do?"

There was to be "Children's church" that evening. Mr. Winthrop, the pastor, wished the children to come as a Sunday-school, each class with its teacher, and sit in the pews on either side of the middle aisle. And whatever Mr. Winthrop wished was sure to be done.

Hilda was there with the other girls of the class. She was soon as much interested as were the very little ones of the congregation. Mr. Winthrop gave as his text: "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ."

Hilda found herself repeating the text, and the two divisions of the sermon: First, "What is the gospel of Christ?" Second, "Why we should not be ashamed of it?"

Gospel means "glad-tidings;" yes, Hilda knew that. But in this case, "Gospel of Christ," means Christ himself. St. Paul wrote the words, and that is what he meant by them! Hilda had not known this.

"Is a feeling of shame ever right? Yes, it is right to feel ashamed when one has done what is improper or sinful. When one has been mean, or

cross, or disobedient, or has told a lie, or in any other way disobeyed God."

"Why should we not be ashamed of the Gospel of Christ? St. Paul tells us: 'For it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.' St. Paul was writing to the Romans, and he knew how that word power would please them. It is a strong word.

"We all like power of some kind," Mr. Winthrop said: "At first the boy thinks most of physical power, he admires the man of strong muscle, or the boy who plays the best game of cricket or ball. As we grow older, we care more for mental power; we value most those who win prizes at school, or who write, or speak well!" Hilda's face flushed! She was an enthusiastic admirer of mental power! "But," said Mr. Winthrop, "higher than either physical or mental power is spiritual power—the power which will enable us to live aright." "Live aright;" Hilda caught these words! Yes, live aright from day to day; to be kind and patient, obedient, unselfish, the power to become all these can come to us only through the Lord Jesus Christ! Our best resolutions are weak, except as they are made in the strength that He offers to us. Was Mr. Winthrop thinking of Hilda? She was sure that he was looking directly at her.

"But what if we are ashamed of this power, ashamed of Christ Himself?" And then Mr. Winthrop told of many ways in which we are all tempted to deny our Saviour.

Presently he said very earnestly, "My dear young people, the time is coming when you and I would rather have one smile from Jesus Christ than all the smiles of all the great who have ever lived! Then, what if we have been ashamed of Him? Do you remember what He said? 'Whosoever shall be ashamed of Me, and of My words of him shall the Son of man be ashamed when He shall come in His own glory, and in His Father's and of the holy angels.'"

Hilda leaned her head upon her hand, and listened almost breathlessly to every word of that sermon.

Then Mr. Winthrop said so solemnly: "At the last Christ may say to some of you, Yes, I remember you; you were a scholar in a certain Sunday-school. You heard often of My love and sufferings on the cross. You were invited to come to Me and be saved. Your heart felt very tender toward Me sometimes, when you thought of My love for you, but you tried to hide your feelings; you did not decide to come out bravely and be My disciple; ashamed of Me, and now—now, I am ashamed of you; you must go away from My presence forever!"

"Will that ever be true of me?" thought Hilda with a sob. "Am I ashamed of Jesus Christ? Is that why I do not want people to think I like prayer-meeting? Is that why I always laugh, and pretend to be thinking of something silly when Miss Alice talks to me of those things? Mr. Winthrop talks about the power that we must have to help us live aright. Is it because I have refused this power, that I have spoiled the first new leaf of my New Year?"

Hilda could not keep back the tears. She was not ashamed of them any longer, however. She went home with a full heart. She ran upstairs and locked herself in her own room. It seemed to her that she had been blind all her life, and that only now her eyes

had been opened to see that it was Christ whom she needed—Christ the hope of glory, and the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.

There in the quiet of her room she fell at His feet, and the words that came from her heart were:

"Just as I am, and wanting not
To rid myself of one dark blot,
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each
spot:
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!"

And He met her, even as in the parable the father met his lost son.

Thus there came to Hilda the divine power that could alone help her to turn over, with faith and love, a new leaf in her book of life!—*N. Y. Observer.*

A Year.

BY MRS. H. E. LEWIS.

WHAT is a year? 'Tis but a wave,
On life's dark-rolling stream;
Which is so quickly gone that we
Account it but a dream:

'Tis but a simple, earnest throbbing
Of Time's old iron heart,
Which, tireless now, is strong as when
It first with life did start.

What is a year? 'Tis but a turn
Of Time's old brazen wheel;
Or but a page upon the book
Which time must shortly seal.

'Tis but a step upon the road
Which we must travel o'er;
A few more steps and we shall walk
Life's weary road no more.

What is a year? 'Tis but a breath
From Time's old nostrils blown,
As rushing onward o'er the earth,
We hear his weary moan.

'Tis like the bubble of the wave,
Or dew upon the lawn,
As transient as the mist of morn,
Beneath the summer's sun.

What is a year? 'Tis but a type
Of life's oft-changing scene;
Youth's happy morn comes gaily on,
With hills and valleys green.

Next summer's prime succeeds the
spring,
Then autumn with a tear,
When comes old winter—death, and all
Must find a level here.

Christmas.

PERHAPS there is no season in all the weary march of years so fraught with happiness for all classes as this mid-winter holiday. The hearts of the aged seem to grow young again, and the young gain higher and brighter heights of pleasure and enjoyment.

Clouds and sadness flee away at the coming of summer glory in the midst of winter's gloom. The voices of sorrow are hushed, as the joybells ring out in their silvery sweetness. The dark powers of anguish and despair are for once held in check by the invisible chain of silver and gold. Glad songs and floating melody come over the tranquil waters, where moaning tempests have lingered so long. Sweetness, beauty and sunshine all mingle lovingly together, to make up the crowning glory of the day.

Who can tell the secret of this glad day?

Who can point out the invisible power that makes it so beautiful? Is it the "ivy green" and winter flowers twined gracefully together in fantastic forms? Is it the many offerings of friendship and love? Is it the Christmas carol and grand anthem that float out in beautiful melody? Is it because

this glad day comes in the midst of the gloom and desolation of winter? Is it because all are joining in this scene of rejoicing? Perhaps these things help to render the scene beautiful, yet they do not constitute the central glory of it. The sweet love of Christ is the hallowed power that beautifies the day. The festive hours are ushered in, in memory of his coming to redeem the world, and the joy and gladness of that great day still floats down the tide of ages.

There was joy when he came, and there will ever be glad joy as the Redeemer's birthday comes with the years. We can well afford to be joyous as Christmas breaks upon us with its hallowed joys. We can well afford to bestow our "love offerings" upon others, when we have received by the coming of Christ a gift of untold worth. Oh! royal day, full of brightness and precious memories, we will keep thee sacred for ever.

Birth of the New Year.

THE bells of the city are ringing,
Their clappers are joyously swinging,
And they strike sweet notes
From their iron throats,
Their welcome tidings bringing.

A solemn thing is the birth
Of a year untold, unknown;
What a myriad startling things
May arise from zone to zone!
And the earth, now once more peaceful,
May bristle again with steel,
And the halcyon calm of rest
Be burst by the thunder-peal;
And the friends that now are left us,
Though few, may fewer grow,
And silence fall over the infant,
And over the locks of snow.

We know not, but 'tis solemn,
This birth of an infant year,
And we know not whether to smile,
Or whether to drop a tear.
But here the bells are ringing,
And laugh our fears to scorn,
And we will be up and doing
Upon the untold morn;
With a fostering God above us,
To guide us on our way,
Through weal and woe to love us,
So all hail to the New Year's Day!

A Harmless Delusion.

If there was ever such a thing as a blessed delusion, it is that which little children entertain in respect to that mysterious personage who goes under the various names of Knecht Rupert, St. Nicholas, Kris Kringle and Santa Claus. We can see no possible harm arising from it, and it adds tenfold to the pleasure of the Christmas season, and the value of the gifts received. We have no sympathy with the hard-hearted, dry-as-dust sort of people who say that it is childish and nonsensical, and that it is wrong to fill the minds of the children with such visionary ideas. Let the children have their Santa Claus as long as they can; they will discover the truth of it soon enough. Among the happiest memories of our own childhood, are those associated with Christmas eve, when we cherished the belief that while we slept Santa Claus came down and brought us always just what we most desired. The mystery of his coming, the witchery of the whole night, marked each recurring Christmas as the best and happiest day of all the year. We cannot remember when the enchantment of the season was first removed, but this we know, that the day has lost its keenest pleasure, its rarest delight, since Santa Claus was materialized.

Puzzledom.

Answers to Puzzles in Last Number.

61.— J A R
A B E
R E D

62.— D
L E E
L E B A N
D E B O R A H
E A R T H
N A H
H

63.— Know how sublime a thing it is
To suffer and be strong.

64.— Frank, rank, Fred, red.

65.— Salem, Oporto, Amoy, Brighton

66.— Bog, fog, jog, log, dog, cog.

NEW PUZZLES.

67.— ENIGMA.

My first is in India;
My fourth in Nova Zembla;
My seventh in Ethiopia;
My third in Andorra.
My fifth in Holland;
My second in Venezuela;
My sixth in Oregon.
My whole the hero of a popular
English novel.

68.— RHOMBOID.

Across: Wood; to perfect; land of
the British West Indies; patron saint
of the French; a genus of animals.
Down: A letter; a Scripture land;
noise imitated; a carousal; a number;
to extract; an abbreviation; a letter.

69.— CHARADES.

A salutation; abounds on the sea-
shore. My whole man never saw in-
years.

A nickname; a vowel; a truth; a
conjunction. One who benefits.

70.— WORD SQUARES.

Periods of time; a mantle; an Old
Testament prophet; to trade.

A great General; a clause added to
a bill in Parliament; to love devotedly
strength; large plants.

To grant; an Arabian prince; ex-
quisite; a character in fiction.

New Year Gems.

THE years were given for our personal improvement and work in behalf of the world. Each year should find us better, wiser, and stronger, more ready for the life which is not measured by human calendars.—*Chas. F. Deems.*

WE have employment assigned to us for every circumstance in life. When we are alone we have our thoughts to watch, in the family our tempers, and in company our tongues.—*Hannah More.*

OUR acts our angels are, or good or ill.
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.
—*John Fletcher.*

NEVER do an act of which you doubt
the justice or the propriety.—*Latin.*

HAVE more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest.
—*Shakespeare.*

THE small courtesies sweeten life,
the greater ennoble it.

WHATEVER you dislike in another
take care to correct in yourself.

"Thou shalt love the Lord." (Deut.
vi. 5.)

"As thy day, so shall thy strength
be." (Deut. xxxiii. 25.)

The Old Year.

ANOTHER year has gone,
With swift and noiseless tread,
Winter and spring have glided on,
Summer and autumn sped—
Each season with its joys and pain;
And they will never come again.

I mourn its wasted time,
If I could live it o'er,
Its sad mistakes I'd try to shun,
Its wrongs would do no more.
But, no; the loss none can repair,
'Tis gone for ever, the old year.

This only can I do:
Be sorry for the past,
And at my loving Saviour's feet
My weary burden cast.
He will blot out sin's crimson stain,
And strengthen me to try again.

And as a bright new year
Comes with its hope and joy,
I'll seek to live aright, and all
My hours for God employ;
And this new year will try to live
That it a record fair may give.

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

HEARING AND DOING.

A. D. 50.] **LESSON II.** [Jan. 13.

James 1: 16-27. *Commit to mem. vs. 22-25.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only.—James 1: 22.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The nature of true religion. (Repeat v. 27.)

THE LESSONS IN JAMES.—These are placed here (1) because this is the last mention of him in the Acts (save in Acts 21: 18); and (2) because the book may have been written about this time.

JAMES.—(1) Either James the apostle, son of Alphaeus, and, if so, a cousin of Jesus, and called his brother, perhaps because he was adopted into the family of Mary. Or (2) James, the own brother of the Lord, and a different person from the apostle. In either case, this James was the president of the Church at Jerusalem, a very influential person. Josephus says he was stoned to death in A. D. 61, or early in 62.

THE EPISTLE OF JAMES.—(1) *Written to the Jews who were Christians.* (2) *Time of writing.* Uncertain; some say A. D. 45; others as late as A. D. 61 or 62. (3) *Where written.* At Jerusalem, the home of James.

INTRODUCTION.—James is writing to the Jewish Christians to correct certain errors of doctrine and practice. The Epistle begins with comfort for them in their trials. He shows that while God is in these, yet real evil is never from God. All that comes from Him is good.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—16. *Do not err, in believing that God is the author of evil.* 17. *The Father of lights*—The creator of the heavenly bodies which give us light, and the author of all spiritual light. *No variability*—Always the same in character and principles. Never retracts his promises or changes his purposes. *Shadow of turning*—Shadow caused by the turning or revolution of the heavenly bodies. 18. *A kind of first-fruits*—The first-born of the flock, the first-fruits of the harvest were consecrated to God (Num. 15: 19-21), as showing that all came from Him, and all should be used for Him. Christians were the beginning of the conversion of the whole world to Christ. 21. *Superfluity of naughtiness*—Overflowing of malice from a bad heart. 25. *Perfect law of liberty*—The truths and moral teachings of the Gospel which make men free (1) from sin (2) from bad habits, (3) in the natural flowing of a good life from a good heart. 26. *Bridleth not his tongue*—As a horse is bridled to control and guide him. 27. *Pure religion*—Religion here is observance of religious rites and services. This is the way the love of God shows itself.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—James. The Epistle of James.—God as the source of every good gift.—The Father of lights.—Christians a kind of first-fruits.—The illustrations in vs. 23-25.—The law of liberty.—Nature of true religion.—Unspotted from the world.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—Why do the lessons now change to this Epistle? Who was the author

of it? What can you relate of his life and character? When and where was the Epistle written? To whom? What is the subject of the verses previous to the lesson?

SUBJECT:—THE NATURE OF TRUE RELIGION.

1. **ITS SOURCE FROM GOD (vs. 16-18).**—Why are the brethren exhorted not to err? What is it to err? What is the source of every good gift? Does anything that is not good come from God? Why is God called the Father of lights? (John 1: 3-9.) What is said of his character? Meaning of "shadow of turning"? Has God no variations of feeling or action? What is meant by unchangeableness in a spirit? What comfort to us in the fact that God never changes? What is the source of our Christian life? (John 3: 3, 5.) What were the "first-fruits"? (Num. 15: 19-21. Ex. 23: 19.) How may Christians be said to be a kind of first-fruits of all God's creatures?

2. **SOME OF ITS DUTIES AND DANGERS (vs. 19-25).**—What three exhortations in v. 19? What is it to be swift to hear? Why should we be slow to speak? Why slow to wrath? Why does anger never do any good? What two things must be laid aside? How should the word be received? How does it save our souls? What two ways are there of treating God's word? What are the "hearers only" like? Why? In what respect is God's word like a mirror? Why is it called the law of liberty? What is said of the doers? How are they blessed in their doing?

3. **THE CHARACTERISTICS OF TRUE RELIGION (vs. 26, 27).**—What is it to bridle the tongue? Why is doing this a sign of the true religious life? What is meant by religion in v. 27? Why is it spoken of as undefiled "before God"? What is the first service of true religion? Why are these two classes mentioned? If we despise or neglect the poor or the weak, is it a proof that we are not Christians? Why is doing good to the needy a true religious service? Will any number of ceremonies or forms of worship take the place of this? What does Christ say in Matt. 23: 31-46? What is the other characteristic of true religion? Meaning of *world here*? What is it to be unspotted from the world?

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- All good things are from God to make us love Him who is so good.
- God, being unchangeable, His words and promises, spoken thousands of years ago, are as true and certain as if uttered to-day.
- Because we are God's children, we should speak and act in a manner worthy of our Father.
- Scolding and anger never do any good (v. 20.)
- Every act of love to our fellow-men may be also an act of worship toward God.

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School in Concert.)

- Who was the leader in the conference at Jerusalem? **ANS.** James, the brother of our Lord.
- To whom did he write an Epistle? **ANS.** To the Jewish Christians.
- For what purpose? **ANS.** To correct some errors into which they had fallen.
- What is the source of true religion? (Repeat v. 17.)
- What is the nature of true religion? (Repeat v. 27.)

A. D. 50.] **LESSON III.** [Jan. 20.

THE POWER OF THE TONGUE.

James 3: 1-18. *Commit to mem. vs. 2-5.*

GOLDEN TEXT.

By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.—Matt. 12: 37.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

The tongue is an instrument of the greatest good or the greatest evil, according as we make a good or a bad use of it.

TIME.—This Epistle was written probably about A. D. 45.

PLACE.—It was written at Jerusalem.
TO WHOM.—To Jewish Christians everywhere.

INTRODUCTION.—James is warning the people against various sins to which they were especially liable. Among the most dangerous were sins of the tongue.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—*My brethren*—He calls them brethren, for he was tempted as were they. *Be not many masters*—Do not be ambitious for the highest places,—to rule, to teach, to have honour. 2. *We offend all*—We all offend, or stumble, and fail of our duty. *The same is a perfect man*—Because

the tongue is the easiest outlet of what is in the heart. All others are controlled more easily than this. *To bridle*—To control and govern, as horses are by their bridles. Four illustrations of the power of the tongue now follow. 4. *Governor*—Captain, steersman. 5. *Boasteth great things*—And the boast is not in vain. It does do great things. *How great a matter*—How large a forest, how much fuel. 6. *The tongue is a fire*—(1) It can scorch and burn others' feelings; (2) a little word may do much mischief. *A world of iniquity*—All the evil of the world condensed. *The course of nature*—The whole orb of the world, or the whole course of man's life. *Set on fire of hell*—A bad tongue is the instrument of the devil, and utters the things which are inspired by hell, belong to hell,—as envy, malice, blasphemy, lying. 11. *Doth a fountain*, etc.: Showing that nature itself is against this double use of the tongue, and that if the tongue that curses seems to bless, it is but seeming and hypocrisy. 14. *Lie not against the truth*—To try to teach the Gospel when you have envy and strife in your hearts is a lie and hypocritical. 15. *This wisdom*—Narrow, selfish, envious wisdom that is sharp and shrewd for self. 17. *But the wisdom*, etc.: Divine wisdom is, first of all, goodness.

SUBJECTS FOR SPECIAL REPORTS.—Many masters,—v. 2.—The tongue like a horse's bit,—like a ship's helm,—like a little fire,—untamable.—The good uses of the tongue.—The bad uses of the tongue.—Earthly wisdom,—heavenly wisdom.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—To whom is James writing? What kind of sins does he condemn in to-day's lesson? Was there special need then of these warnings? Is there equal need of them in our day?

SUBJECT:—THE RIGHT AND THE WRONG USE OF THE TONGUE.

1. **FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE POWER OF THE TONGUE (vs. 1-8).**—Against what does St. James first warn us? What is it to be many masters? Meaning of offend? Are any perfect? In what way are we most likely to stumble and fail? Why is one that does not offend in word a perfect man? What is the first illustration of the power of the tongue? What is the second illustration? What is the third illustration? What does St. James say of the tongue? How is it "a world of iniquity"? What is the source of the evil in the tongue? What is the fourth illustration? Why cannot the tongue be tamed? In what way is it an unruly evil? How may it be said to be full of deadly poison?

2. **THE GOOD AND BAD USES OF THE TONGUE (vs. 9-18).**—What are some of the good uses of the tongue? Is there any way of doing more good than by a right use of the tongue? How was this shown by the gift of tongues on Pentecost? What are some of the evils from a bad use of the tongue? Can good and evil things come from the same tongue? How does a wise man show his wisdom? What are the signs of a false wisdom? What is its source? How may this be called wisdom? Have you ever known any examples of it? What are the seven characteristics of heavenly wisdom? What is the fruit of righteousness? (Gal. 5: 22, 23.) Why does peace always join with true wisdom? (John 16: 33. Ps. 119: 165. Rom. 5: 1.)

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

- The greater the power of the tongue, the more earnestly should we seek to use it aright.
- The tongue may be used in uttering praise, in giving comfort, in proclaiming the truth, in imparting wisdom, in expressing love, in converting the world.
- The tongue may be used in uttering slanders, lies, hatred, blasphemy, envy, pride,—in leading men into evil, in destroying their souls.
- Note the distinctions between the two kinds of wisdom,—the earthly and the heavenly.

REVIEW EXERCISE. (For the whole School in Concert.)

- To what does St. James compare the tongue? **ANS.** (1) To the bit that controls a horse, (2) to the helm that guides a ship, (3) to a match that kindles a great fire, (4) to an untamed wild beast.
- What are some good uses of the tongue? **ANS.** Praising God, teaching the truth, expressing love, giving sympathy, leading others to Christ.
- What are some bad uses of the tongue? **ANS.** Slander, lying, cursing, speaking bad words, leading others astray.
- What is the golden text?

The Boys' Own Favourite Series.

Complete and Illustrated, 12mo, Cloth.

\$1.00 EACH.

- Manco. By W. H. G. Kingston.
- Chums. By Harleigh Severne.
- The African Wanderers. By Mrs. Lee.
- Tales of the White Cockade. By Barbara Hutton.
- The Three Admirals. By W. H. G. Kingston.
- The Missing Ship. " "
- Will Weatherhelm. " "
- The Fiery Cross. By Barbara Hutton.
- Travel, War, and Shipwreck. By Colonel Parker Gillmore.
- True Blue. By W. H. G. Kingston.
- The North Pole.
- John Deane. By W. H. G. Kingston.
- College Days at Oxford. By the Rev. H. C. Adams.
- Mark Seaworth. By W. H. G. Kingston.
- Hurricane Hurry. " "
- Salt Water. " "
- Out on the Pampas. By G. A. Henty.
- Early Start in Life. By E. Marryat Norris.
- Peter the Whaler. By W. H. G. Kingston.
- Fred Markham in Russia. " "
- The Three Midshipmen. " "
- The Three Commanders. " "
- The Three Lieutenants. " "
- The Young Franc-Tireurs. By G. A. Henty.

The Girls' Own Favourite Series

Complete and Illustrated, 12mo, Cloth.

\$1.00 EACH.

- Shiloh. By W. M. L. Jay.
- Holden with the Cords. By W. M. L. Jay.
- Rosamond Fane. By M. & C. Lee.
- Simplicity and Fascination. By Anne Beale.
- Isabel's Difficulties. By M. R. Carey.
- Millicent and her Cousins. By the Hon. Augusta Bethell.
- Aunt Hetty's Will. By M. M. Pollard.
- Silver Linings. By Mrs. Bray.
- Theodora. By E. Marryat Norris.
- Alda Graham. By E. Marryat Norris.
- The Court and the Cottage. By Emma Marshall.
- Michaelmas Daisy. A New Story. By Sarah Doudney.
- The New Girl. By Mrs. Gellie.
- The Oak Staircase. By M. & C. Lee.
- For a Dream's Sake. By Mrs. A. H. Martin.
- Gladys the Reaper. By Anne Beale.
- Stephen the Schoolmaster. By Mrs. Gellie (M. E. B.)
- My Sister's Keeper. By Laura M. Lane.
- "Bonnie Lesley." By Mrs. Herbert Martin.
- Left Alone; or, The Fortunes of Phillis Maitland. By Francis Carr.
- Very Genteel. By Author of "Mrs. Jer-ningham's Journal."
- My Mother's Diamonds. By Maria J. Creer.
- Kind Hearts. By Mrs. J. F. B. Firth.

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

78 & 80 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUESTIS,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N. S.