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HOME AND SCHOOL

Do unto others
As Ye would
That They
Should
Do unto
You.

VOL. V.]

TORONTO, JANUARY 1, 1887.

[No. 1.

New Year's Wishes.

WHAT shall I wish thee?
Treasures of earth?
Songs in the springtime?
Pleasures and mirth?
Flowers on thy pathway?
Skies ever clear?
Would this insure thee
A happy New Year?

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

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

Peace in the Saviour,
Rest at his feet,
Smile of his countenance,
Radiant and sweet,
Joy in his presence,
Christ ever near!
This will ensure thee
A happy New Year.

A New Year's Thought.

BY AUNT HOPE.

It was New Year's morning, and the snow that had been falling fast all night lay thick and white on the streets. Merry sleigh bells rang out their "Happy New Year;" bright faces passed and repassed; joyous laughter chimed in with the glad day; and as I gazed out from my window upon the passing crowd, I could not help comparing it with the snow, pure and fresh in the morning, but trodden under foot ere night-fall. I thought, "How many of these merry voices will be smothered in drink, and what a heart-burden will be carried to many a poor father and mother!" It makes one shudder to think of the sin committed at the beginning of the New Year. How freely the wine flows, and how few young men resist the tempter in the form of a handsome lady, who, with bright smiles and coaxing eyes, says,

"Just one glass in my honour." Oh, why is woman so often the tempter! She who was made for man's helpmeet, but who, too often, proves his curse. Oh! you tempters, think of the end; think of what you are doing against your God, yourself, and the world; think of the homes you are helping to blight, and henceforth be a blessing to

your sex, and never curse your high position of womanhood, by using it to help the devil in his work. Rather help every one to keep good resolutions made on the coming of the New Year, and let your merry voice and bright eyes and happy, encouraging words, be the only stimulants offered by you on New Year's Day.

connected from any association with these sadder experiences. If the dying year speaks of any solemnity, it should be the solemnity of eternity. Let it sink deep into every heart—the thought that the year does not come back. Soon the last one will be measured out to us, and the book closed forever.

1886—1887.

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

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

But the year which we close up with the joys of Christmas festivities may serve to mark periods in our life's record dis-



WINTER SPORTS.

Enter the Year with Jesus.

O, ENTER the year with Jesus!
Not only with prayers to him,
Not only with songs of gladness,
For a cup that o'erfloweth its brim;
But walking in step with Jesus,
Thy hand in his mighty palm,
And so with his ear bowed o'er thee,
Presenting thy prayer and psalm.

The future is dark before thee,
The pathway is all unknown,
There are hidden and secret dangers,
O, enter it not alone!
There standeth a Friend beside thee,
He reaches his hand to thee;
He is going thy way, and whispers,
"Faint, weary one, journey with me."

He gently will lead thy weakness,
Will carry thy every load;
Thou canst not be lost, for he knoweth
Each turn in the distant road.
Will find thee a pleasant lodging,
A sleeping place on his breast,
And talk to thee, O, so sweetly!
Of the land of thy nearing rest.

And by and by in the evening,
At his own great mansion home,
He will stay thy feet on its threshold,
And, leading, will bid thee come.
If Jesus is with thee, brother,
The porter will fling the gate
To its widest stretch: not a moment
Shall a corner with Jesus want.

O, enter the year with Jesus!
And then, should the sky grow dark,
He'll brighten it, and defend thee
If over the hell-dogs bark;
If fainting, his arms will uphold thee;
He never will leave thy side,
O, enter the year with Jesus!
And near him each moment abide.
—The Christian.

Keren-Happuch.

A STORY OF THE NEW YEAR.
BY ERNEST GILMORE.

"Suppose Uncle Hal is sick; I can't see that that is any reason why we have to be poked into the back-parlour and not receive our friends on New Year's Day," complained Fanny Deshler, in a whining tone.

"Nor I either," said Edith, who invariably agreed with everything Fannie said.

"Supposing you should be called upon to receive some enemies on New Year's Day, how would you like that," asked Aunt Melitable, looking up with a grim smile.

"I wouldn't receive them," answered Fannie; and Edith echoed, "Neither would I."

"Ah! but if you had to, you would; there'd be no getting along without it. At any rate, that's the way things worked with my aunt Keren-happuch."

"Keren-happuch!" My! what a name for a girl! Enough to kill her," Fannie observed.

"Yes, I'll admit 'Keren-happuch' is not a euphonious name, and 'twould have killed some girls or rendered them miserable for life; but Aunt Keren-happuch was a strong soul, and so she shouldered her name as she did her burdens, and walked heavenward in spite of it."

"And did they really receive New Year's calls in those queer old times?" asked Fannie, growing interested.

"Tell us all about them, Aunt Melitable."

"Well, their New Year's callers were Indians. I don't suppose you'd care to receive them; neither did they. But I'll tell you all about it, just as mother told it to me.

"You see," she said, "there was quite a family of us, and Keren-happuch was the oldest child and just like a mother to the rest of us. We had a pleasant home, and never thought of complaining if we couldn't have everything just as we wanted. We worked hard, too, and so we didn't have time to worry and fret and call life dull; but when we really had a leisure-hour, we were ready to enjoy it. We spun our own clothes, our underwear and our warm woollen dresses; our linen sheets and heavy woollen blankets were homespun too. In bitter nights we had, in addition to our warm beds and blankets, comforting warming-pans. I'll never forget," said mother, "that after Josiah was born, and some one said my nose was out of joint, I thought the warming-pan the best friend I had, considering I couldn't have mother; and when Keren-happuch helped me undress and heard my prayers, and pulled back the flowing yellow bed-curtains, and boosted me into the high bed with the warming-pan at my feet, the world didn't seem quite so dark as it had done even if Baby Josiah was cuddled in mother's bosom.

"Well, 'twas in 1780 that Josiah was born, and before he was a week old we were awakened one night by the sound of horns and a shrill cry of 'To arms! To arms!' I was 'way down in a hollow of the bed with my beloved warming-pan, and as Keturah climbed over me, followed by Eliza Jane, it seemed as if I should be the one left to perish. By the time I stood upon the floor father was dressed and had his musket, and Ezekiel was dressed and had his musket, while Abraham and Jacob stood leaning over mother and Baby Josiah. You know 'twas common in those troubled days to have hiding-places, and we had ours in the woods not far from the house. Abraham and Jacob and Hezekiah had scooped it out in the summer days, when the earth was soft and yielding, and now, though 'twas bitter winter and the snow lay thick upon the ground, there had not much of it drifted into our refuge or found its way down through the thick growth of pine trees towering up above it. Much underbrush and many light branching boughs protected its sides, and over the broad wooden cover that the boys had made was a rank growth of wild vine, completely covering it.

"Well, to go back to Abraham and Jacob leaning over mother. I tell you they only lingered long enough to lift her and Baby Josiah within the feather bed, and then they started for the refuge, Ezekiel following with me in his arms, and Elizabeth, Keturah, and Eliza Jane bringing up the rear,

lugging another feather bed between them. The boys lifted the board cover carefully, and put the feather bed with mother and Josiah in it, in the best place; then we girls crept up as near mother as we could, and the boys arranged the underbrush and branches outside and whispered,

"Now, be quiet, and don't speak except in the faintest whisper; we'll be after you as soon as the coast is clear."

"It was no great effort for us to keep still, when we knew the Indians were about their cruel work; for folks early learned in those days to maintain a rigid silence when they knew their lives depended upon it.

"Now, I forgot to tell you that this was on the night of the thirty-first of December. It must have been near midnight when we received the alarm, and after we had been in our hole in the ground for a couple of hours—hours that seemed like days—Keturah, who was a queer child and would make a body laugh almost at the last breath, said aloud,

"Happy New Year, mother."

"Hush!" said mother, warningly.

"We smothered our laughter and scarcely dared to breathe a moment later, when we heard some soft footfalls very near us, and then through the underbrush at the side of our retreat we caught the gleam of a huge torch, and then another, and still another. Suddenly we heard a fearful whoop that seemed to freeze the very blood in our veins, and then the steps died away in the distance, and we heard mother say in a faint whisper,

"Thank God!"

"It must have been about five o'clock on New Year's morn when we heard footsteps again, and then a welcome voice shouted,

"I'm coming to release the prisoners."

"It was my father's voice; and when he held mother in his arms, she fainted for very gladness. When she opened her eyes again, she looked around questioningly. She saw her baby Josiah in Keturah's arms; she saw Jacob and Abraham, Elizabeth, Eliza Jane and me; but where were the others! Her voice trembled as she said,

"Where are our children—Keren-happuch and Hezekiah and Ezekiel?"

"They are safe, mother, and so is our home, thank God!" said father.

"You see," explained Keren-happuch, "I did think I'd follow you, but I changed my mind. I thought I'd hide the silver spoons first, and the bed-linen and the blankets and the lambs' wool, and lots of other things; so I carried them all down to the big hollow tree and tucked them away safely. I got back all right, and didn't see a sign of an Indian; but by the time I got another lot of things ready to carry away, and opened the door, I saw some haystacks burning and heard an Indian whoop not a stone's throw away. Knowing that father and the boys were at the Bend, expecting the

Indians to approach that way, I knew of nothing else to do but to close and bar the door, which I did. I got down on my knees then and prayed—harder than I ever had before; and pretty soon a strange idea came into my head. The old clock struck one; 'twas New Year's. I resolved to set the table, so that if the Indians should come I would be ready for them. I put on every thing we had ready for New Year. There was roast pig with a lemon in its mouth, baked chickens and baked beans; there was pickled beets and cabbage and mince-pies and pumpkin-pies and brown bread. Then I went up into the loft and looked out. I come near falling backward when I saw the Beecher cabin in flames and the Indians dancing around it, but I stood there fascinated until I saw them leave the Beecher cabin and come towards us; then I went downstairs, and it wasn't but a few minutes before they were pounding on our oaken door. I knew if I did not open it they'd break it down or fire the house, so I opened it."

"Oh, Keren-happuch!" said mother. "I know 'twas a risk, mother," she answered, "but 'twould have been a risk to have kept it shut. I opened the door, and six yelling Indians came in; they seemed dumbfounded when they saw the table. I motioned to them to go and eat, and one of them, who seemed to be their chief, waved the rest back and looked me earnestly in the face. He then led me to where the light shone bright, and looked into my eyes."

"Oh, Keren-happuch," I said, "how could you look into the horrible Indian's face?"

"She laughed as she answered: "I was sort of fascinated, I s'pose, just as folks are fascinated by snakes. Then the Indian muttered something and looked at the others, and they muttered something and crossed their hands on their breasts and looked upward. I suppose that the chief thought I looked like the wife he had lost: I couldn't account for their actions any other way. Then they all stood around the table and devoured the eatables. When they were through they went away peaceably, never troubling a thing, and the chief gave me this: and Keren-happuch displayed a long and beautiful wampum necklace."

"This is the story as mother told it to me," said Aunt Melitable. "And now perhaps you can tell me how you think you would enjoy such New Year's callers as were Keren-happuch's?"

"I shudder at the very thought," answered Fannie, "and I am thoroughly ashamed of myself for not being brave enough to mind mother in her desire for us not to receive calls this New Year. It doesn't seem as if such a brave woman as Keren-happuch could have been an ancestor of ours."

"And I'm ashamed too," said Edith, "and I'll go to poor Uncle Hal this minute and see if I can't do something for him."

The Dying Year.

BY MRS. L. Y. HAULMAN.

FAREWELL, Old Year! we turn to trace
The features of thy well-known face,
To trace the paths thy feet have pressed;
We count thy gifts of happy day
And sunlit hour, and softly say
Old friends are best.

Farewell! we fain would stay thy flight;
Too swiftly goes thy dying night;
Yet thou hast blighted and has blost,
Within our cup the bitter bay
Hast sometimes mixed, but still we say,
Old friends are best.

Farewell, Old Year! we now thee know;
Thy mystic writing on thy brow,
The hieroglyphics on thy breast
Have all been read; we fear no more,
And sigh to think thy reign is o'er—
Old friends are best.

Go, thou Old Year—day cometh fast—
To that dim land we call the past;
That ghostly land, by shade oppressed,
Capricious wast thou—cold and kind;
But yet, we trembling fear to find
Old friends are best.

Welcome, sweet guest in garments white,
Who at the turning of the night
Lift'st the dropped crown upon thy head,
Bring happy wish and happy smile,
Bring bounding heart of hope, the while
We greet the glad New Year.

Her hands are in her garments' fold,
Her scroll she holdeth all unrolled;
What mystic story will it tell?
What gift hath she? Her fingers white
May hold for us a crown of light,
Or clasp an asphodel.

Unmoved, her rosy finger-tips
Keep the closed book; her smiling lips
Drop not one word, so calm she stands;
We can but trust a guest so fair,
Her fateful wisdom would not share,
Or see her hidden hands.

A Helpful New Year's Mystery.

SOME one had sent Mrs. Sharpley a turkey; and she had no more idea who the giver could be than as if it had come from the man in the moon.

It must have been intended, too, as a New Year's gift, as it arrived the day before; and such a fine, plump turkey as it was!

Mrs. Sharpley had several times made mental calculations with a view to deciding whether or not she could afford a turkey, or perhaps a chicken, for her solitary dinner the next day, especially as she was sick on Christmas Day and so indulged in nothing richer than gruel; but poultry was high and her receipts small, so she had decided, perforce, that a chop or a bit of steak would do.

Mrs. Sharpley had been indulging in some rather bitter reflections during the closing weeks of the year, and their result had been visible in her manner and speech, although she was probably not aware of it.

Her life was a lonely one, and full of exertion, as there was no one to in the sharp constant struggle for daily bread.

She imagined Mr. Stock, the provision dealer, did not care much for her small trade, and regarded her as rather a bore, although he was polite and attentive enough, for that matter.

Then Mr. Pounds, the grocer, always mentioned the price of his cheapest things when she went there, as if of course she couldn't afford the best, and the worst of it was, she couldn't. So she allowed herself to feel a little sore and sensitive towards both the butcher and the grocer.

But little Miss Styles, who lived opposite, had committed a positive grievance. She once actually proposed altering over Mrs. Sharpley's bonnet for nothing, "just as a neighbour, you know," she said, half apologetically, when making the presuming offer.

Mrs. Sharpley knew the little milliner had been eyeing her home-made bonnet rather closely, and as she had about as much lack of taste in such matters as the milliner had supply of that useful commodity, of course the bonnet looked queer to the skilled vision of the latter. But then Miss Styles was evidently taken quite aback by the prompt, not to say indignant, refusal with which her offer was met.

But now that the main part of a nice dinner had been so kindly and unexpectedly furnished, the widow at once concluded to get some vegetables, also to make a small plum-pudding. And, moreover, she felt aware that her feelings had undergone some subtle and sudden change towards all her acquaintances. She concluded that after all Mr. Stock might think more of her little patronage than she thought of. And like as not he was the very man who sent the turkey! Or, perhaps Mr. Pounds, who raised poultry and sold it in the market, might have considered her reduced circumstances and sent it himself out of the kindness of his heart.

At all events, having made satisfactory arrangements as to what she would have for dinner the next day, Mrs. Sharpley, naturally kind-hearted and social, next resolved she never could enjoy revelling in such luxury all by herself.

But whom invite to the feast?

She kept thinking of the little milliner over the way, and fancying how it might cheer her up spending New Year's day out, and having a nice turkey dinner. And perhaps she didn't mean to be insulting about the matter of the bonnet, she seemed like a nice enough little lady, and certainly had nice customers; and so at length Miss Styles was invited and really accepted so kind an invitation.

In vain Mrs. Sharpley quizzed first the market man's then the grocer's boy as to where they carried turkeys the day before; either they were obtuse and could not understand the drift of her inquiries, or else they knew more than they wished to tell.

But the dinner was delightful. Little Miss Styles proved herself so agreeable a companion that Mrs. Sharpley secretly promised herself many future visits from the dear little woman. She knew now nothing amiss was intended about her poor old bonnet, and even went so far as to consult

Miss Styles about its further renovation. And the milliner, without foolish ado, began at once to rearrange and retrim the dilapidated structure, declaring that next to a splendid dinner, she *did* enjoy putting on bonnets.

In short, the little visit was the beginning of a friendship which became a great blessing to both ladies.

After a while Mrs. Sharpley, so sure in her own mind that Mr. Stock sent the turkey, that when his boy was taken down dangerously ill, insisted on being allowed to watch with him three nights, and the last night of her watch the fever turned and recovery was speedy. Then the grateful provision dealer told everybody that Mrs. Sharpley had the kindest heart, and was the best nurse of any one he knew; and sundry packages received at different times from Mr. Stock's best supplies warranted and induced repeated visits from the genial little milliner to her opposite neighbour.

But, strange to tell, Mr. Pounds' little girl fell sick almost as soon as the little Stock boy got well. And Mrs. Sharpley was seized with a sudden conviction that after all it was the grocer who sent that turkey. Anyway, she would serve the two dealers alike; and her prompt offer to watch with the little suffering Pounds child was gratefully accepted. And after a tedious illness the child rallied back to health and strength again.

Then it was that when Mrs. Sharpley asked for anything in the grocer's store she was not informed of the real price at all, but the choicest of any kind she happened to ask for was at once put up. And the way Mr. Pounds did act about the pay! Didn't charge what even second or third rate goods were really worth, but would say after putting up a dollar's worth or more of things, "Well, give me a quarter if you like, that's all I'll take anyway." And when Mrs. Sharpley hinted that she should feel delicate about trading with him if he would not take more pay, he told her if she traded elsewhere he should only keep sending things he thought she needed without any pay at all.

But still the matter of the turkey remained a mystery. And what was more, Mrs. Sharpley never really knew who sent it.

The fact was, the whole thing was simply a mistake. A wealthy lady, who lived a mile or more from Mrs. Sharpley, failed to receive her New Year's dinner as expected. But when she appeared at the up-town market where she traded, to discover, if possible, the reason why she was neglected or overlooked, it was impossible to trace the matter. Three boys had been busy all the day previous running errands and filling out orders. Whether a turkey had been sent her or not was uncertain; but there were plenty other nice ones on hand, and a right royal looking bird was forwarded forthwith to her spacious dwelling.

But only to think of all the good that resulted from a poor, lonely, nearly discouraged woman having been, as she thought, kindly noticed by some one better off than herself! It really seems well worth one's while to try the effect of benefiting some person poorer off than one's self.

Mrs. Sharpley was another woman from the time that big turkey entered her door; and had it been only a chicken, the tendency would have been the same.

Of course we know that God sent the widow the good, cheering meal, and its consequent pleasant results, although, alas! no one was credited on the celestial records with having performed the good deed.

But how beautiful it must be to be able to make one of God's creatures so happy, and such an acceptable way to begin a New Year! So much like the dear, loving Saviour who, when here upon earth, went about doing good!—
Golden Rule.

What Our Patrons Say.

ONE of the greatest 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 have to take the liberty to quote part of one such letter from a gentleman who occupies a distinguished educational position, but with whom we have 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.

The Pearls Pure and Fair.

EVERY year is a pearl, dear,
Perfect and pure and fair,
That God lets grow within your life,
Trusting it to your care.

And death is the golden clasp, dear,
That fastens the pearly chain,
And it shines with a clearer lustre
If the pearls are white through pain.

Some of the chains are short, dear,
And some are of many strands ;
But every one returns at last
To the Master Workman's hands.

So watch your precious pearls, dear,
And keep them ever bright,
That with the crown-jewels they may glow
At last in the infinite light.

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FOR THE YEAR 1887.

The New Year.

ANOTHER year is past. We hope it has been to our readers the best year of their lives. The Lord has given us many blessings during the past year; we should thank him for his goodness, and love him with all our hearts. We may have had afflictions and sorrows, yet the Lord has blessed us above many others; many of our friends and acquaintances have died, we still live. Praise the Lord!

But how is it about the future? What will we do through the year just commencing? Shall it be spent for Jesus? What will be our motto for the year 1887? How would this do—"I will live for Jesus all the year." Perhaps some of our readers will be in eternity before the close of the year. What a serious thought that some of us may either be in heaven, or lost forever, before this year ends. We should think of these things and pray over them, and improve the time; and be always ready, and then if we should die, even to-day, we need not fear. We hope that

during this year many of our readers will give their hearts to Jesus. Then it will prove to be the happiest year of all your life.

The Duty of the Hour.

A STATEMENT AND AN APPEAL.

THE General Board of Missions has met, and after two days and nights of anxious, painstaking work, has adjourned, leaving the Church face to face with a grave responsibility.

Wearied though the members were with the long and arduous labours of the General Conference, there was no disposition to slight the work of the Mission Board. Each member seemed to feel that his task as a guardian of the great mission work of the Church was sacred, and must be performed with the most scrupulous care. Every detail of proposed expenditure was minutely examined; where reduction could be made without impairing efficiency, it was done; but when the final result was reached, the members of the Board found to their dismay that the amount distributed would give to the men on the Domestic Missions only 65 per cent.—rather less than two-thirds of the modest stipend agreed upon as a basis of distribution. They gazed at the figures with sorrowful faces; but they had done the best that men could do with the means at their command, and they could only return to their homes praying that the Church might be aroused to measure up to the responsibilities of the hour.

The gravity of the situation is increased by two circumstances: the numerous claims upon the liberality of the people, and the fact that we have no returned missionaries this year whose thrilling stories of missionary work might rekindle flagging zeal. In the Western Conferences large sums must be raised for Victoria College; help must be given to a number of embarrassed church trusts; while in all the Conferences appeals will be made for a supplementary fund out of which aid must be given to the poorly paid men on many dependent fields. With all these claims pressing upon the people there is danger that the Missionary Fund will suffer, unless prompt and vigorous efforts are made to sustain it.

In this emergency our appeal is alike to ministers and people, as the help of each is indispensable. The situation is grave, but it is by no means desperate. The call is for a rally all along the line. The resources of the Church are ample, if only they can be utilized. Other claims should not be forgotten, but this must be foremost. Keep it before the people. Let it be woven into many a sermon, and be made the burden of many a prayer. *That Quarter of a Million for Missions must be raised!* and every circuit should aim at doing its share. Two-and-a-half cents a week from each member of the Church will more than do it. One cent a day



THE SICK GIRL'S CHRISTMAS TREE.

from each member will do it nearly three times over. Every member can be reached if the right means are taken, and every member *must* be reached if the desired end is to be gained.

Much depends upon the pastors. If they are enthusiastic, the people will respond; but if they are indifferent, the people will be so too. Let them think of the issues at stake. Failure means increased burdens for scores of discouraged missionaries who have already more than they can bear. Success means help and hope to hundreds who are sorely in need of both. Do not take it amiss if we venture a suggestion or two. 1. Take the people into your confidence. Tell them all you know about the Society, its work and its needs, and give them a practical share in the task of distributing information and raising the fund. 2. Try a monthly missionary prayer-meeting; they have proved a benediction wherever established. 3. Circulate information. The General Secretary will gladly supply you with tracts if you will let him know how many you can use. 4. Send on the funds to the head office as early as possible, so as to stop interest for bank advances. Every dollar saved tells in the result.

In this blessed work let the people rally to the support of their pastors. Do not leave them to carry the burden alone. There are a score of ways in which you can co-operate. Hold missionary prayer-meetings; circulate missionary information; see that every member and adherent of the Church gets a chance to contribute; and bring in your offerings without waiting to

be called upon. The time is short and there is much to do. The result aimed at will be reached if each one does his share. What your share is can be determined only when you have honestly answered the question, "How much owest thou unto thy Lord?"

A SUTHERLAND.

The Sick Girl's Christmas Tree.

THIS little girl was too sick to go down to the parlour with the rest of the children for her Christmas tree. So her loving brothers and sisters prepared a little toy tree for herself. And wasn't it a glad surprise when they took it into her? It almost made her well, and the other children enjoyed their sick sister's delight in the little tree more than they did the presents on their own big tree in the parlour. So true are the Saviour's words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

HEAVEN is a day without a cloud to darken it and without a night to end it. In heaven there is the presence of all good, and the absence of all evil. As heaven is kept for the saints by Christ, so they are kept for heaven by the Spirit. If we live with God here below, we shall live with him above. In heaven our hearts will swell with rapture, but never murmur; our breasts warm with gratitude, but never sigh; our eyes be charmed with visions, but never weep; our hands enriched with palms of victory, but never tremble; and our heads encircled with an exceeding and eternal weight of glory, but never ache.—*Wm. M. Taylor.*



one. But all around him were multitudes of these little flowers, and they had been blooming there for years. He thought this showed the order of intelligence, and that the mind that ordained it was God. And so he shut up his book, picked up the little flower, kissed it and exclaimed: "Bloom on, little flowers; sing on, little birds! you have a God, and I have a God; the God that made these little flowers made me."—*Mrs. C. G. Furbish.*

INFORMATION has reached us, says the *London Recorder*, that in several circuits class-rooms are being opened as evening reading rooms for young people. Brightly lighted, comfortably seated and warmed, supplied with wholesome and attractive literature, gladdened occasionally with a little instrumental music, they make pleasant resorts for young folks, who in many instances are far from home. A young man coming to a great town from the country, living perhaps in a business-house which makes no such provision for its assistants, or doomed to be a lodger in a single room, is forlorn. The church which woos him from the streets, or worse, into a genial home, is a true mother, and will win a son's affection and esteem. [Might not many of our city churches open reading rooms?—*Ed.*]

Wide Awake for 1887.

THIS charming magazine for young people has hitherto been published at the rate of \$3.00 a year—and was well worth it. We have pleasure in announcing that it will be given to every subscriber to the *Canadian Methodist Magazine* for 1887 for \$2.00 a year. Its monthly visits to any household will be welcomed with delight. Its handsome illustrations will improve the taste, and its interesting and instructive stories and other articles will inform the mind. The following is a partial list of its contents for 1887:

"The Story of Keedon Bluffs." By Charles Egbert Craddock. A serial of boy life in the Great Smokies. Illustrations by E. H. Garrett.
 "Romulus and Remus." By Chas. Remington Talbot.
 "Montezuma's Gold Mines." By Fred A. Ober, author of "The Silver

City." This serial of romantic adventure is based on Mr. Ober's own search for the lost gold mines of Montezuma. Illustrations by Henry Sandham.

"The Secrets of Roseladies." By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. Illustrations by W. A. Rogers.

"Howling Wolf and his Trick Pony." By Mrs. Lizzie W. Champney. The hairbreadth adventures of a bright little Indian boy. Illustrations by H. F. Farny.

"Bird-Talk." By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney.

"In War Times at La Rose Blanche." By Mrs. M. E. W. Davis.

"Ballads About Old-Time Authors." By Harriet Prescott Spofford. In twelve picturesque ballads, Mrs. Spofford will relate some tender stories from the lives of the masters of the earlier English literature.

"Fairy Folk All." By Louise Imogen Guiney. Twelve papers.

A new department of great interest and value will be opened in the December (Christmas) number. It will have the co-operation of many of the leading authors in the country.

A group of Longfellow articles, including two by the poet's brother, Rev. Samuel Longfellow; a "Lend-a-Hand" group, by Mrs. Jas. T. Fields, Margaret Sidney, Kate Gannett Wells, and others; "Hans Christian Andersen at Home," and other articles, by Jessie Benton Fremont; a group of school articles—some educational extremes; six remarkable series (twelve instalments each) in the C. Y. F. R. U. readings. The superbly illustrated articles will include "Child Life in London," by Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Pennell, author and artist; "Concord: Its Highways and Byways," by Margaret Sidney; fascinating scientific articles by Grant Allen, the brilliant English author; some beautifully illustrated "little classics" of English prose literature, etc., etc. Sample copy mailed for ten cents.

A Curious Experiment.

THERE is a small part of the eye that is shut out by blindness from seeing the beautiful things that the other parts enjoy. The following directions will enable anyone to find it:

Shut your left eye, and with your right one look steadily at the cross below, holding the paper ten or twelve inches from the eye.

X

O

Now, move the paper slowly toward the eye, which must be kept fixed on the cross. At a certain distance the other figure—the letter O—will suddenly disappear; but if you bring the paper nearer it will come into view again. You may not succeed in the experiment on the first trial, but with a little patience you can hardly fail; and the suddenness with which the figure vanishes and reappears is very striking.—*Young Folks' World.*

1886—1887.

WITH silent step and slow,
The old year glides into the shadowy past;
As all ships solemn go
Out into ocean's desert, drear and vast.

Oh, with this fading year,
Would all unworldly thoughts might now depart!

Perish each base born fear,
And selfish aim. Lord, cleanse the awakened heart!

And with the new dawn stealing
Upon our household homes, with noiseless feet,

Come every generous feeling
And heavenly influence, mild, sedate, and sweet.

Come with the growing day,
Increase of wisdom bending from the sky;
Come with fresh airs of May,
Glad hopes, and grateful pulses bounding high.

Come with the summer hours,
Large-hearted love, compassion full and free;

With autumn's falling flowers,
Come holiest trust, and peace and charity;

And when the winter's blast
Of some young year grown old, is round us sweeping,

Come angel death at last,
And waft us hence to God's eternal keeping.

The Chautauqua Circle.

WONDERFUL how fast they multiply!

What about the long winter evenings that are coming on? How are you planning to spend them yourself? What have you in mind for your older scholars? A round of parties and other amusements will scarcely be enough to think of. There should be a large amount of self-improvement gotten into these golden hours. There are thousands of good books which are waiting, with all their precious wealth of knowledge, to be read in just such quiet hours as the winter brings. What about a Chautauqua Circle in your community? If this is not practicable let your household become such a circle, or even one person can read profitably alone. One or two hours every evening for six months spent in diligent, thoughtful, well-selected reading will add immeasurably to your fund of useful knowledge.

BEGIN the year well. The young man who proposes to sow several acres of wild oats runs the risk of raising only wild oats forever—a seedy, shabby camp-follower, instead of an officer, or even a decent private in the ranks. Men hedge themselves terribly by bad beginnings. Be true rather than false, plain rather than ambiguous, on one side rather than on both, and if a few hard blows are in store for you, the caress of the Divine Hand will soothe the wounds. Drop the habit which harms your soul. Take up the duty you have omitted. Become a Christian. Be a better Christian. The first week will probably give character to the fifty-two. Guard it as zealously as the seraph does the gate of the Holy City, lest there enter into it anything that defileth.

Taught by a Flower.

ONCE knew a gentleman who was turned from infidelity by a flower. He was walking in the woods and reading the writings of Plato. He came to where the great writer uses the phrase, "God geometrizes." He thought to himself: "If I could only see plan and order in God's works I could be a believer." Just then he saw a little Texas star at his feet. He picked it up and then thoughtlessly began to count its petals. He found there were five. He counted the stamens; there were five of them. He counted the divisions at the base of the flower; there were five of them. He then set about multiplying these three fives, to see how many chances there were of a flower being brought into existence without the aid of mind, and having in it these three fives. The chances against it were one hundred and twenty-five to one. He thought that very strange. He examined another, and found it the same. He multiplied one hundred and twenty-five by itself, to see how many chances there were against there being two flowers, each having these exact relations of numbers. He found the chances against it were thirteen thousand six hundred and twenty-five to

A Thought for the New Year.

I SAT alone with my conscience,
In a place where time had ceased;
And we talked of my former living
In the land where the years increased,
And I felt I should have to answer
The question it put to me,
And to face the answer and question
Throughout an eternity.

The ghosts of forgotten actions
Came floating before my sight,
And things that I thought were dead things
Were alive with a terrible might;
And the vision of all my past life
Was an awful thing to face;
Alone with my conscience, sitting
In that solemnly silent place.

And so I have learned a lesson
Which I ought to have learned before,
And which, though I learned it dreaming,
I hope to forget no more.
So I sit alone with my conscience,
In the place where the years increase;
And I try to remember the future,
In the land where time shall cease.
And I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful so'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.

—London Spectator.

What New Year's Brought.

BY EMMA WARD BUMSTEAD.

IN a little log cabin back in the woods dwelt an old man and his grandchildren—Paul, twelve years old, and little Reba, two years younger. They were very poor, but happy, and above all grateful for their many mercies. For although the thatched roof was broken and often let in the rain, and the potatoes had been scanty, still had not the butternuts been more plenty than usual, and the venison they had secured had been a rare treat.

Often as they gathered round the fire the old man would while away the long evenings by telling of some of his early adventures, and the children, never tired of listening, would look with awe at the deer's horns and other trophies which hung over the fireplace.

As they were thus employed one rainy night, a stranger entered—a rough looking man with a gun, and a dog following close at his heels.

"Got anything to warm a fellow up with?" he demanded in a gruff voice.

"Nothing stronger than tea," replied the old man, who, no matter how poor he was, always managed to have a little tea in the house.

"Well, give me a cup of that. Strong d' hear?" addressing the latter half of the sentence to Reba, who had brought out the teapot. So saying, the man put his gun in the corner and sat down in front of the fire, while the dog skulked away under the table.

"Rough weather this," said the old man, trying to draw out the stranger.

"Middling. I've seen worse. How far is it to Flatham Falls?"

"Nigh onto ten mile. Be you going there to-night?" queried the old man.

"Any robbers in these woods?" asked the man, not appearing to notice the last question.

"They never come near us," said the old man, "though I've heard they

prowl round and waylay travellers sometimes."

The stranger sat in deep thought for several moments, till roused from his reverie by Reba, who handed him a smoking cup of tea, which he eagerly drank, and handed back the cup for another. He looked so dark and threatening that Reba involuntarily shrank back, and with trembling hands poured out cup after cup of the strong beverage.

"Guess I'll put up here for the night. You needn't put yourself out. I'll sleep on the floor here," said the stranger presently.

Paul and Reba stole up stairs and lay awake for a long time in the loft overhead until the stranger, overcome by the warmth of the fire, had fallen asleep and was snoring loudly.

When Paul awoke next morning and went into the room below, the stranger had gone, while in the cup which stood on the table was a bright five-dollar gold piece. Paul could hardly believe his senses, and he rubbed his eyes to see if he were not dreaming, but the gold still remained in the cup. He turned it over, when the coin rattled upon the table, and then rolled off on the floor and disappeared down a crack under the hearth.

"Oh, dear, I've lost it!" he exclaimed, while tears of disappointment started in his eyes.

"Why, Paul, isn't the fire made yet? What are you doing on the floor?" asked Reba, coming down and seeing Paul intently working over the bricks.

Before he could answer they heard the sound of horses galloping down the road. Another moment and they had stopped at the door, and before the children could gather their scattered wits, a loud knock came and a man's voice said, "Hurry up there, and undo the door!"

"Grandpa, come quick! Some one's breaking down the door," exclaimed both children in a breath.

While the old man stumbled down the ladder in his haste and unbarred the door, the men were muttering and cursing outside.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"We're hunting for a thief. Have you seen anyone hereabouts?" demanded the foremost one, while the others searched the loft above.

"A stranger came here last night," replied the old man, "but I don't know where he's gone."

"How long ago did he go?" asked the sheriff.

"I left him asleep here and don't know nothing more about him," replied the old man. "He inquired the way to Flatham Falls."

"Tisn't likely he's gone there," responded the sheriff.

"Hold! What's this?" exclaimed one of the men, as his eyes rested on the dislodged brick, and he eagerly examined it closer. "Perhaps we shall find some clue here."

Hastily removing the bricks by

means of a poker, he found the missing half-eagle.

"One of the identical ones," he exclaimed, holding it up to the light. "Where'd you get this?" he demanded.

"Oh, I found that in the cup this morning, and it rolled down there," replied Paul, amazed at the unexpected turn the affair had taken.

"Likely story," sneered the officer, "At any rate, there are no more here," he added, after carefully examining the bricks.

"And you don't know where he's gone?" he asked, fixing a piercing gaze upon each in turn.

"There's nothing to be gained staying here. Let us be going. He's got a good start while we've been fooling away our time," impatiently said one of the men, mounting his horse.

"I'm not sure of that," said the sheriff. "The old man may be in a conspiracy with him. It'll be a sorry day for you if you're hiding any more of this money," he added, addressing the old man, who replied trembling with fear and apprehension, while the children clung to him: "I've told you the truth. I know nothing more about it."

After carefully looking for any hidden place where the treasure might be secreted, and telling the old man that he would have to appear in court, they mounted their horses and were soon out of sight.

"What did they mean, grandpa?" asked Reba, while Paul stood with flashing eyes, gazing at the bend in the road where they had disappeared.

"I don't know, child. But somehow it will come out all right. God knows I am innocent, and he will provide and take care of us."

The days dragged slowly by, and little Reba did not sing as usual while busy about her work, for a dread apprehension hung over them. The sheriff had been there again and searched the surroundings, for the thief had not been caught, and a large reward was offered for the recovery of the treasure.

Christmas came and went, but brought no brightness into the little household, though Paul had made a willow basket and filled it with bright red berries for Reba, and their grandfather had killed a pheasant, which at any other time would have made the day a gala one. They had both gone to the Sabbath-school Christmas tree, but somehow the tree, brilliant with lights and sparkling ornaments and with the fruit and gifts hanging temptingly on the heavily-laden branches, did not look as fascinating as usual, and they were glad to get away from the merry crowd. A year ago they had been the gayest and most light-hearted of all the children.

New Year's Eve had come, and as his custom had been for years, the old man took down his cloak and hat to attend the evening service of watching out the old year.

"Are you going to-night, grandpa?" asked Reba.

"Yes. Maybe we shall find comfort

in the house of the Lord," replied the old man.

Silently the two children prepared to accompany him. The church was well filled and the service had already begun when they reached the door, and as the hymns and testimonies followed each other, bringing comfort to the oppressed and sympathy to the sorrowing ones, their burden seemed to grow lighter. Soon the old man rose and said,—

"I came here very sorrowful to-night, for a dark cloud hangs over me, but the Lord never forsakes his children. 'I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.'"

"Let us pray," said the pastor, and he poured out a prayer of entreaty in behalf of the aged pilgrim, that the Lord would sustain and deliver, clearing the innocent and bringing the right offender to justice.

Peacefully they returned home in the bright moonlight on New Year's morning, strengthened for the coming days. As they were gathered round their simple noon meal, the post drove up to the door and handed Paul a letter for his grandfather, who opened it in eager haste, for letters were rare occurrences, and read that the thief had been arrested in a distant city, and had "confessed where he hid the treasure, and that he left the gold piece in the cup so as to fasten suspicion on the old man and thus give him a chance to escape." "Thank God!" reverently ejaculated the aged man, while tears of thanksgiving coursed down his cheeks.

"Happy New Year!" shouted a boy, coming up to the door, and laying a chicken on the step.

"Happy New Year!" echoed several voices in unison, while neighbor after neighbor, who had heard of the good news, entered with gifts, to congratulate the old man, who was too overcome to speak. Then they sang in united voices, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," and silently departed, leaving the children and their grandfather to enjoy the gifts and good-will showered upon them.

Jesus was a child, that children may love him. When he was twelve years old he said he must be about his heavenly Father's business; and Mary found him in the temple.

"WHAT ails papa's mouf?" said a sweet little girl,
Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl.
"I love him, and kiss him, and sit on his knee,
But the kisses don't smell good when he

Young man, are you spending your time loafing? Are you in the habit of visiting saloons and similar places? Stop! If you keep going that way, and go on loafing, ruin will be the result. Time is of great value. Good books and good work will make you what you ought to be. Follow the good.

Old and New.

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

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

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

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

Ring out the care, the want, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

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

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

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

—Tennyson.

"A Child was Sorry for Me!"

A GENTLEMAN was standing, one morning, on the platform of a railroad station in New York, holding by the hand a little girl seven years old, named Alice. There was some slight detention about opening the car in which they wished to sit, and the child stood quietly looking around her, interested in all she saw, when the sound of the measured tramp of a dozen heavy feet made her turn and look behind her. There she saw a sight such as her young eyes had never looked on before—a short procession of six policemen, two of whom marched first, followed by two others between whom, chained to the wrist of each, walked a cruel, fierce-looking man, and these were followed by two more, who came close behind the dangerous prisoner. The man was one of the worst ruffians in the city. He had committed a terrible crime, and was on his way to the state-prison, to be looked up there for the rest of his life. Alice had heard of him; and she knew who it must be, for only that morning her father had said he would have to be sent up, strongly guarded, for it had been suspected that some of his comrades would try to rescue him from the officers.

The little company halted quite near her. Her father, who was busily talking to a friend, did not notice them, or probably he would have led his child away. Alice stood and watched the man, with a strange, choking feeling in her throat and a pitiful look in her eyes. It seemed so very, very sad to think that after this one ride in the sunshine by the banks of the river the poor man all his life would be shut up

in the gloomy prison. No matter how long he might live,—even if he should become an old, old man,—he could never walk in the bright sunlight, a freeman, again.

All at once the prisoner looked at her, and then he turned suddenly away. But in another moment he glanced back, as if he could not resist the sweet pity of that childish face. He watched it an instant, his own features working curiously the while, and then turned his head with an impatient motion that told Alice she had annoyed him. Her tender little heart was sorry in a moment, and starting forward she went almost close to the dangerous man, and said, earnestly:

"I didn't mean to plague you, poor man; only I'm sorry for you. And Jesus is sorry for you, too."

One of the policemen caught her up quickly, and gave her to her father, who had already sprung forward to stop her. No one had heard those whispered words save the man to whom they were spoken. But, thank God! he heard them; and their echo, with the picture of that tender, grieved child's face, went with him through all that long ride, and passed beside him into his dreary cell. The keeper wondered greatly when he found that his dreaded prisoner made no trouble, and that, as time passed on, he grew gentler and more kindly every day. But the wonder was explained when, long months after, the chaplain asked him how it was that he had turned out such a different man from what they had expected.

"It is a simple story," said the man. "A child was sorry for me, and she told me that Jesus was sorry for me, too; and her pity and his broke my heart."

Ah! there is power in the tender pity of a loving soul. And there are none so low, so utterly lost, as to be beyond the pitying love of Christ, the Son of God. Let the fact that Jesus pities us, even while sinners, melt our hearts to tenderness and turn our feet into the way of life and peace.

A Policeman's Testimony.

A NUMBER of young men were one day sitting around the fire in the waiting-room at Normanton Station, on the Midland Railway, talking about total-abstinence societies. Just then a policeman came in with a prisoner in handcuffs. He listened to the young men's conversation, but did not give any opinion. There was also in the room Mr. Macdonald, a minister of the gospel, who, hearing what the young men were saying, stepped up to the policeman and said:

"Pray, sir, what have you got to say about temperance?"

The policeman replied, "Why, all I've got to say is, that I never took a teetotaler to York Castle [prison] in my life, nor to Wakefield House of Correction either."—*Band of Hope Review.*

New-Year Stands at an Open Gate.

THE New Year stands at an open gate,
And the eyes of my soul are blind;
Oh! just for a moment let me wait,
For the old road lies behind!

Let me remember, while I can trace
The steps on the wandering track;
Let me say "Farewell!" for a moment's
space,
I shall never, never go back.

Let me look forward and humbly pray,
Ere the gate shall be closed behind;
How can I tell on the unknown way
What sorrow or joy I may find?

There's the New Year's chime! Be glad
and bold;
There is light on the other side;
Go through, remember the promise old;
Go through, for the portal is wide.

—Mary B. Burnett.

Above His Business.

"I WOULDN'T do that," said one clerk to another whom he saw doing a disagreeable piece of work.

"It must be done, and why shouldn't I do it," was the excellent reply.

In a few minutes the wouldn't-do-it clerk, ashamed of his remark, was assisting the clerk who was not above his business.

In Scotland there is a branch of the legal profession known as "writers to the signet." A young gentleman was apprenticed to one of these writers. The youth thought himself a very fine person, much above ordinary apprentices.

One evening the master desired him to carry a bundle of papers to a lawyer whose residence was not very far off. The packet was received in silence, and shortly afterward the master saw a porter enter the outer office. In a few minutes the youth walked out, followed by the porter carrying the parcel.

Seizing his hat the master followed, overtook the porter, relieved him of the packet, and walked in the rear of the apprentice. The lawyer's house being reached and the door-bell rung, the youth cried out, "Here fellow! give me the parcel!" and slipped a sixpence into his hand without looking around.

"Here it is for you!" exclaimed a voice which caused the youth to turn around. His confusion as he beheld his master made him speechless. Never after that was he above his business.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE New Year has a rainbow around it. Heaven, which seals the book, does not forbid the hope that good fortune is written on its leaves. If last year's voyage ended on the rocks, we may build new ships from the remnants of the wreck and start again. Thus does God compensate men for the sadness which often tinges the close of a day or the end of a year. The sun sets to rise again. Weary and discouraged, we close the door of the old year, but as Peter to the cripple at the temple gate, Hope says to us at

the entrance of the New Year, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." Like wonderful pictures hidden by drapery until a set day, the truest joys of life are wrapped at first in clouds. The earth must feel the plough in her heart before you get the harvest. Christ suffers the pains of crucifixion before he attains the glory of resurrection. And if New Year's greetings falling into a sorrowful life seem to be like rubies thrown into the sea, God rules the year and can bring us to its close with this star in our right hand: "In all these things we are more than conquerors." It is absolutely certain that God wishes us every one, "A Happy New Year!"

What Royal Children Do.

THE education of Queen Victoria's grandchildren is conducted on the principle that the Prince Consort, Albert the Good, introduced into her family. Particularly is this true of the Crown-Princess of Germany. They have to rise early and retire early. During the day they have punctually to perform their duties, and to keep strictly the time allotted to the various branches of study and recreation. They breakfast at eight with their parents; and the time between ten in the morning and five in the afternoon is devoted to their lessons, with an interruption of one hour for dinner. Accomplishments, such as riding and skating, receive as much attention as art and science. Their meals consist of simple dishes, of which they have their choice without being permitted to ask for a substitute if what is placed before them does not suit them. Between meals they are not allowed to eat. Only inexpensive toys are placed in their hands, and the princesses dress themselves without the aid of waiting-maids.

ANOTHER sad instance of the awful demoralization caused by intemperance has occurred in Toronto. A father has been killed by his son in a drunken quarrel. The evidence adduced at the coroner's inquest reveals the depths into which the drinking habit in many cases leads its victims. The inquest ended in a verdict of manslaughter being returned against the son, who, by his brutality, had caused his father's death. Is it any wonder that the movement for the suppression of the liquor traffic should grow stronger when these and similar instances are of such frequent occurrence?—*Presbyterian.*

GIVE me these links: first, sense of need; second, desire to get; third, belief that, though he withhold for awhile, he loves to be asked; and fourth, belief that asking will obtain—give me these links, and the chain made by them will reach from earth to heaven, bringing all heaven down to me, or bearing me up into heaven.—*Dr. Guthrie.*

Next Year.

"Next year, next year, we say
When come to naught
Our plans and projects gay,
Our bright dreams, fraught.

With brighter hopes, that shine
On that far rim
Of life's horizon line,
Where dreams lie dim.

And touched with morning dew,—
"Next year, next year,"
And while we plan anew,
The days grow sere.

The year has fled, and lo,
We've left behind
The glory and the glow
We hoped to find.

And missed again the dew
We meant to heed—
The cherished plan to do
Some cherished deed

"Next year, next year!"
Oh, why not now,
Delaying soul, this year
Keep word and vow!

Oh, why not now and here,
Why not to-day,
Before another year
Shall run away.

Keep word and faith or ere
An hour's delay,
Make good the promise fair,
To-day, to-day!

—*Youths' Companion.*

New Year's Greetings.

Looking forward into an empty year one finds therein no recognition. It is the years behind us that are prophetic, they have a friendly aspect, and it is by the experience gathered from them that we cross the threshold of the year 1887 prepared, if we only make use of the experiences, to meet in a right way whatever the new year has in store for us. There is always something hopeful and inspiring in the thought that we have one fixed date on the calendar of Time when, as it were, we can begin anew, letting what we would like to erase from our lives die with the old year, and build again on foundations made safer from the ruins of the old. It is the *hopefulness* that the coming year may bring us what its predecessor did not, and also that certain sorrows may never be repeated, that makes us wish one another, as we meet, "a Happy New Year." It is the outpouring, generously, of the happiness we would fain have, hoping it will touch all whom we greet, and by the touch render *this* year one to be held apart in memory's halls. Don't form "good resolutions," perhaps only to be broken, and regretted having made them because broken. But do try from the light of the years in the shadow to brighten the coming one, and thereby as each year closes making your life and the lives of those around you better and more noble from out the experiences of the past.

"Where does the Old Year go, mamma?
When it has passed away?
It was a good old year,
I wish that it could stay;
It gave us spring and summer,
The winter and the fall;

It brought us baby sister,
And that was best of all.
Where does the Old Year go, mamma?
I cannot understand."
"My love, it goes to join the years
Safe folded in God's hand."

"From where will come the New Year,
When the good Old Year is dead?
Now all my birds and all my flowers
With the Old Year have fled.
I do not think that I shall love
This New Year at all."
"Yes, dear it too will bring the spring,
The summer and the fall."
"Where will it come from, mamma?
I do not understand."
"It comes whence all the coming years
Are hidden in God's hand."

"Well, Molly," said the judge, going up to the old apple-woman's stand, "don't you get tired sitting here these hot, dusty days?" "It's only a little while," said she. "And the cold,

dismal days?" "It's only a little while, sir." "And your sick, rheumatic days?" "It's only a little while, sir." "And what then, Molly?" "I shall enter into that rest which remains for the people of God; and the troublesomeness of the way there doesn't pester or fret me. It's only a little while, sir."

SOME little folks have the habit of whining. They get up in the morning in a bad humor, and they whimper, and whine, and make ugly faces, and put everybody in pain who hears or sees them. It is a habit which is easily formed; and once formed it is a habit which is very hard to break off. The whining boy or girl is sure to make a scolding man or woman, unless a sweeter spirit comes to bless the life.

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