

## The Christian Life.

### THE OLD YEAR.

BY CLARENCE URMY.

What is the old year? 'Tis a book  
On which we backward sadly look,  
Not willing quite to see it close,  
For leaves of violet and rose  
Within its heart are thickly strewn,  
Marking Love's dawn and golden noon;  
And turned down pages, noting days  
Dimly recalled through Memory's haze;  
And tear-stained pages, too, that tell  
Of starless nights and mournful knell  
Of bells tolling through trouble's air  
The *De Profundis* of despair—  
The laugh, the tear, the shine, the shade,  
All 'twixt the covers gently laid;  
No uncut leaves, no page unscanned;  
Close it and lay it in God's hand.

### HAIL AND FAREWELL.

To the New Year, Hail. To the Old  
Year, Farewell. What eager expectation  
in the New; what fulfillment in the  
Old. Once the Old was New, and  
speedily the New will become Old.

Life is a looking forward to the New,  
a using of the Present, and a looking  
backward to the Old. The apostle's  
word about forgetting the things that  
are behind and reaching out after the  
things that are before is not the whole  
theory of life. We naturally reach out  
into the future, but we quite as naturally  
remember and hold fast to the past.  
For the past has its lessons: hard,  
bitter, helpful; and its memories: tender,  
sad, precious. If there were disap-  
pointments, there were also joys; if  
there were sorrows, there were also  
happineses; if there were failures, there  
were also achievements; if there were  
cloud and fog and storm, there were  
also rain and sunshine and the sweet  
fragrance of flowers. The future—  
who knows what its closed hand holds  
for us? It is all shrouded in mystery;  
and yet we reach for it without hesita-  
tion, and with that eagerness of antici-  
pation which suggests the possession  
of secret knowledge that is keener than  
instinct. It may have disaster for us,  
but what of that? We will go forward  
bravely and face whatever calamity may  
confront us. And if there shall be sick-  
ness, sorrow, sighing, and sore trial and  
vexation of spirit; and though the bur-  
dens to come shall weigh us to the  
ground, and the sun be darkened, and  
the heavens be black and no stars shine  
in our firmament,—yet the mysterious  
spell of the future is upon us, and we  
shall go forward to wrest from its  
grasp its varied and closely guarded  
secrets.

The Psalmist was impressed with the  
brevity and vanity of this life, and cried  
out, "Lord, make me to know mine  
end, and the measure of my days, what  
it is; that I may know how frail I am.  
Behold, Thou hast made my days as a  
handbreadth, and mine age is as nothing  
before Thee: verily every man at his  
best state is altogether vanity." But  
in spite of that men naturally cling to  
life. While they may pray, "So teach  
us to number our days, that we may ap-  
ply our hearts unto wisdom," yet they  
generally desire that the number of their  
days may be many. Nevertheless, be  
they many or few, compared to the life  
that is to come, the days of our years  
are as a twinkling of the eye, and the  
breath of a summer's wind. Bernard of  
Cluny, with his enraptured gaze turned

toward the better country, the golden  
Jerusalem, sang:

"Brief life is here our portion;  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life, is there."

To some who read these words it may  
be that during the New Year the walls  
of that city, whose builder and maker  
is God, shall become clearly defined,  
and shall stand out of the dim visions  
of the past with startling yet transport-  
ing reality, and the gates thereof shall  
silently move backward to receive an-  
other pilgrim. To others the New Year  
may decree continuance in the severe  
grind of life, with scant measure of joy,  
but with large measure of heaviness.  
To some it may be a year of full and  
glad success—the crowning of long-con-  
tinued exertion with the laurel of  
triumph. But for all it will surely bring  
some deep and significant message of  
life, which, being received from the  
Father of Lights, with whom is no  
variableness, and being used for his  
glory, shall bring contentment to the  
heart, illumination to the mind, and  
quickenings to the spirit.

As we take leave of the Old Year,  
let it be with gratitude that we have  
had it, and with regret that we have  
not used it to better purpose. As we  
face the New Year, let it be with a  
prayer for courage, and for patience,  
and for wisdom; so that we may brave-  
ly meet its manifold events and experi-  
ences, uncomplainingly endure its vexa-  
tions and disappointments, and wisely  
discharge its multitudinous obligations.  
Doing this, we shall say Farewell to  
the New Year when it has become the  
Old Year with fewer regrets than we  
do this Old Year which a twelvemonth  
ago we hailed as New.—*Chris. Advocate.*

### The Christian Home and Family Worship.

The Christian home sustains a vital  
relation to the morals, the peace, and  
the prosperity of the nation. Hence,  
if this home suffers or degenerates in-  
tellectually or morally, the nation lapses  
toward despotism and barbarism; but  
if this home thrives and retains its moral  
integrity, the nation can but advance in  
all that is essential to the peace and  
prosperity of its citizens.

It will, doubtless, be conceded that  
family worship, as maintained by the  
Christian fathers and mothers of three-  
quarters of a century ago, was one of  
the strongest, if not the very strongest  
of the supporters and defenders of the  
Christian home. Think of the benign  
influence exerted upon both the parents  
and the children by that staid, devout  
Christian custom. Morning and even-  
ing, led by father and mother, the chil-  
dren were called together and sat quietly,  
devoutly, while their father read a les-  
son from the Bible, and then all joined  
in singing an appropriate hymn, after  
which all knelt down, and the father  
(and sometimes the mother), would  
lead in a devout, pathetic, heart-touch-  
ing, soul-moving prayer to God—grate-  
fully recounting past blessings and pre-  
sent mercies, and earnestly invoking the  
divine guidance and protection for the  
unknown future!

Ah, the impressions then and there  
made on the tender hearts of the chil-  
dren have, in thousands of cases, born  
fruit a hundred fold, to the glory of

God, the moral health and prosperity of  
the nation, and the salvation of precious  
souls. And should not a custom, so  
effective of the best possible results to  
humanity, be reverently, ardently ad-  
hered to and highly prized by all pro-  
fessed Christians? Can such a custom  
outlive its usefulness, or with safety be  
permitted to fall into desuetude? Most  
certainly not.

But brethren, sisters, is it not a fact  
that in the majority of homes of the  
members of the various Christian deno-  
minations, the family altar is al-  
ready and has been for years broken  
down? Look around, make inquiry,  
and ascertain the facts in the case.  
Pastors, speak to the fathers and mo-  
thers in your membership and find out  
what the condition is. You can, and  
you ought to do it. The spiritual wel-  
fare of your people, and the moral train-  
ing and the salvation of the children in  
their homes are at stake; and diligence,  
and kindly admonition on your part  
right at this point may convert or turn  
many an indifferent church-member  
from the error of his ways, save many  
a soul from death, and hide a multi-  
tude of sins.

It is our candid opinion that a genu-  
ine revival throughout the churches in  
the way of setting up the family altars  
in all the homes of all our church  
members, and a loyal return to the  
grand old custom of devoutly observing  
family worship each and every day,  
would be, in effect, in reality, and in  
wholesome results, the greatest, the best,  
and the most important revival that it  
is possible for the church to secure. It  
would be a Pentecost that would endue  
the membership with such power from  
on high as would send them forth  
among their neighbors flaming lights  
and irresistible witnesses for Jesus.  
Their testimonies to the power and the  
joy of salvation would be so vivid, real,  
and melting, that the careless and indif-  
ferent would be aroused, convinced, con-  
victed, and would cry out, "Men and  
brethren, what must we do to be  
saved?"

The religion that makes parents  
strong in their religious home life is  
the religion that makes them strong for  
Christ and his cause in their influence  
upon their unconverted neighbors. And  
the revival that is needed to-day is a  
revival in the hearts of professed Chris-  
tians that will make them strong to  
bring their unconverted neighbors to  
repentance and salvation through faith  
in Christ. And this is exactly the kind  
of religion that family worship begets,  
fosters, and makes both enjoyable and  
effective.

Oh, for a great revival of this vital,  
soul-saving religion in the Christian  
homes of this country! How badly it  
is needed!—*Rel. Telescope.*

### CHRIST OUR GUIDE.

We have often to travel solitary ways.  
Some of us have perplexed paths to  
tread. Some of us have sad memories  
of times when we journeyed in com-  
pany with those who will never share  
our tent or counsel or steps any more,  
and, we sit lonely by our watch-fire in  
the wilderness, we have aching hearts  
and silent nights.

Some of us may be as yet rich in  
companions and helpers whose words  
are wisdom, whose wishes are love to  
us and may tremble to think that after  
a while they or we shall have to tramp  
on by ourselves.

There is a Presence which never de-  
parts, which moves before us as we

journey and hovers over us as a shield  
when we rest; a cloud to veil the sun  
that it smite us not by day, and a pillar  
of flame as the night falls, being ever  
brightest when we need it most and  
burning clearest of all in the valley at  
the end, where its guidance will only  
cease, because then "the Lamb that is  
in the midst of the throne will lead  
them."—*Alex. McLaren.*

### BURIED TALENTS.

There always are those who wrap  
their talent for service in the napkin  
of not-worth-while. They feel that  
they could not do much because their  
ability is so small, and therefore they  
do not try to do anything. They sup-  
pose that they are practising the much  
prized virtue of humility, while really  
they are evading duty and responsi-  
bility and thus incurring blame and  
guilt. The truth is, no one, however  
small his ability, need live uselessly.  
God bestows no talents which he means  
to be wrapped up in napkins of any  
kind. Of course we cannot give always  
what we have not. We are never to say,  
"There is no use in my giving, for I  
have so little. It can do no one any  
good." We have nothing to do with  
the matter of larger or smaller. We are  
responsible only for what we have. If  
it is but one little talent, one little tal-  
ent is all we shall have to answer for.  
But we must answer for that, and if  
we fail to use it we shall not only lose  
it in the end, but also shall incur the  
penalty of uselessness.

### When Your Appetite Fails

And it makes you dizzy to even think of eating,  
you need Ferruzone the greatest of appetizing  
tonics. It builds up the whole body, the taste  
becomes aware of new flavors in food you never  
noticed before. A relish and after-satisfaction  
in eating is another result from Ferruzone which  
improves the digestion and converts everything  
eaten into nourishment for the blood, and brain  
and nerves. Just one Ferruzone tablet after  
meals, easy to take and pleasant. Try Ferruzone.  
Price 50c. at druggists.

At least one prefers doing a hard duty  
to grimacing with a pretence of pleas-  
ure in things that are no pleasure.—  
*George Eliot.*

SCALD HAND.—Some years ago I  
scalded my hand very badly, then took  
cold in the burn, my hand swelled and  
was very painful, but half a bottle of  
Haygard's Yellow Oil cured it com-  
pletely. Mrs. Wannamaker, Frankford,  
Ont.

A man begins to go down the moment  
he ceases to look up.

*They are a Powerful Nervine.*—Dys-  
pepsia causes derangement of the nerv-  
ous system, and nervous debility once  
engendered is difficult to deal with.  
There are many testimonials as to the  
efficacy of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills.  
In treating this disorder, showing that  
they never fail to produce good results.  
By giving proper tone to the diges-  
tive organs, they restore equilibrium to the  
nerve centres.

Behavior is a mirror in which every-  
one displays his own image.

*Do Not Delay.*—Do not let a cold or  
a cough fasten upon you, as it will if  
neglected. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil  
will break up a cold and cure a cough,  
and should be resorted to at once when  
the first symptoms appear. It can be  
disguised so that any unpleasant taste  
it may have will be imperceptible to  
the delicate. Try it and be convinced.