

The Passing of the Year.

"The year has passed—
Its mark is on the brow, its shadow on the heart.

A year—an atom of time—a speck on the broad page of
the history of the universe.

It seems but yesterday since the bells ceased to toll a
requiem for the dying year, and the dead century—
mightiest of all the ages—hoary and crowned with
majesty and glory followed by the plaudits of innumerable
generations, went out to be pulchered in the hidden
sarcophagus of the universe.

But yesterday since the clanging bells rang out a wel-
come as the young year came out from the cycles of
Eternity, and stood upon the threshold of the new cen-
tury to take up its unwritten tablets.

And now the year is dying—the record is written—the
books are closed.

The dawn of the year broke upon the world dull and
gray—dark clouds hanging low in the horizon—
the ruck and roar of battle, the thunder of cannon, the
clash and clang of armed hosts in deadly conflict and the
Empire mourning her slain sons.

"Duke's son, cook's son, son of a belted earl," lying
side by side in their far-away graves and the gray-haired
Queen weeping with her suffering people. And then, a
trembling whisper smote the startled world, for she, the
great Queen, loyal woman, Mother of her people lay
dead in her castle home. Then was seen such a spectacle
as the world had not yet seen, the teeming millions of
the mightiest Empire on the globe. Prince and peasant,
Royal Lady and humblest serving maid, the rulers of all
lands, the Majesty of all nations, all kindreds, tribes and
peoples mourning the loss of one little white-haired
woman, yet loved and crowned above the most notable
personages of this wonderful nineteenth century.

Oh, great Queen! thy long well spent day is done—
The dawn of thine eternal life begun,
Lo! at that high Altar where thy lost prince awaits
thee,
Thy God hath crowned thee, and if thoughts of earth
Mingle there with the Eternal thou shalt watch o'er
writans still.

Amid the tears of the world,
The sons of the seas bore her reverently away,
Guarded by the monarchs of the seas
Along her silent way, and the cannons' roar
Thundered a long farewell forevermore.

Scarcely had the bells ceased their tolling when at the
call of the nation, Edward the Seventh ascended the
throne of his ancestors, and even in its grief the heart of
the Empire gave a great throb of joyous welcome to the
newly throned king.

The war in South Africa which unhappily darkened
the last days of the late Queen's life, still hangs a dark
cloud in the sky of the nation's prosperity. But its even
has its "silver lining"—its purpose for the fulfilment of
a greater good—its lesson for the world. To the unhappy
people suffering from the horrors of war will come a
higher civilization, and that truer freedom which ever
follows the unfurling of the British flag.

In this time of the nation's need the sons of this globe
encircled empire have risen up as one and reached out
strong hands to defend the Motherland, thus strength-
ening the bands of the united Empire, and teaching the
world that we "Abide by our Mother's house though we
be mistress of our own."

In no part of the Empire are the principles of patriot-
ism and the spirit of loyalty to our ancient traditions
stronger than in the Dominion of Canada. We have
heard them from the lips of our mother's and they have
been nurtured and strengthened by the deeds of our
fathers, and when the call came "to arms for Queen and
country," her sons stepped fearlessly and gladly to the
front, not impelled by any newly created sentiment, but
with the unflinching purpose that only awaited fitting
opportunity for expression.

In the midst of many stirring events and the difficult
solution of many puzzling problems, the year through-
out Britain has been one largely occupied with the do-
ings of royalty. Almost as if to divert the mind of the
nation from its grief, and to carry out the expressed
wishes of the Queen, the eldest son of the King accom-
panied by his wife set out on his extended visit to the
colonies and dependencies of the Empire. From the
time when they stepped on the shore greeted with float-
ing banners, thundering cannons and the welcoming
cheers of thousands of delighted people, until the last
vestige of the gallant ship which bore them back to their
old world home was lost to view, their progress was one
triumphant ovation.

What must have been the thoughts of that young king
to be, as he traversed those wide spread dominions with
their great granaries, vast storehouses crowded with the
products of every clime, its mines burdened with yet un-
gathered treasures; its wealth of land and sea, above
every foot of which floats the flag of the kingdom over
which he will one day in all probability rule, cannot be
imagined, but that he bore himself with the quiet dig-
nity and grateful appreciation which is to the "manner
born" is universally admitted.

In the midst of the festivities, from across the border
the shot of the assassin rings out, and a great Ruler gave

up his life in the midst of his people. True to that
sentiment of sympathy which so characterized the late
Queen, came the command of the King, that marked
tribute of respect to the slain President and sympathy
with the great Republic thus sadly stricken with grief
and horror be publicly expressed; and everywhere in all
His Majesty's vast dominions was the command willing-
ly obeyed, and nowhere was it more reverently observed
than in mighty London and within the gray old walls of
its time honored Abbey.

The year has developed largely the force of the power
of accumulated wealth to control the important interests
of the commercial world. Great trusts, unlimited com-
binations or monopolies, behind which sits the power of
accumulated millions gathering to itself and absorbing
their ever increasing millions. Let us hope that these
great business centres which search out and control the
vast interests of financial prosperity with such dominant
force, are founded in honesty of purpose and integrity of
action, that may lead the way to that true success which
is for the common good.

During the year the discoveries of modern science and
the skill of inventive genius have accomplished still
further triumphs than hitherto. Man has long had
dominion over land and sea. He has searched out the
hidden mysteries of the universe, grasped the secret
forces of nature and taught them to obey his will. He
has chained the lightnings' flash and bound it to his
chariot wheels to accomplish his purpose. A thought
flashes to his brain and no ocean's depth or highest
mountain peak prevents its swift transition to the ear of
his brother man thousands of miles away.

It remained for this year, the beginning of this cen-
tury, to end the long drawn out contest between man and
the fitful power of the air, in the victory of the former.
At last the Brazilian aeronaut, M Santos Dumont, has
successfully launched his air ship so constructed that it
can "be accurately steered, swiftly propelled with or
against the wind, also it can be easily launched, and can
be made to descend safely."

Thus saith the account of the trial made between St.
Clonel and the Eiffel Tower, and the prediction follows,
that the perfection of air ships is assured. In a few
years we shall see a fleet of air ships sailing through the
air as easily as they now traverse the ocean.

The year in this country has been one of unbounded
prosperity. Seed-time and harvest have fulfilled the
highest promise of a beneficent Providence. Summer's
heat and winter's cold do but bring us alternate blessings.

"Lord God of hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget."

In spite of the pessimistic utterances that emanate from
certain sources, it is plainly evident that the progress of
the world is not only toward greater things, but also
toward those attainments which may be called higher
things, the spirit of evil is yet abroad in the world, active,
insidious and alert, but the light that shone upon the
world when the angels came with the tidings of Peace
and Good Will to man, illumines the way to infinite
blessings, and the dawn of the sun of righteousness is
fast dispelling the darkness and leading upward to a
brighter day.

The great army of literary workers increase and mul-
tiply, prophecies, opinions, theories and predictions, are
poured out upon the world until the ordinary mind is
bewildered, finding no foundation sufficiently secure on
which to rest.

The Westminster Review publishes a clever paper
written by Mr. Francis Grierson in which he sets forth
his prophecy of the coming future. Whether or not the
vision which his clearer eye perceive be or be not
realized, the cheerfulness of his anticipations and his
evident faith in his own convictions are refreshing.

"This he declares is pre-eminently the age of mind.
In the great future the nation most keenly alive to in-
tellectual force will triumph. Material riches will play
but a secondary part. Mammon will be forced under by
intellectual pressure. Brute force will succumb to soul
force."

Of making many books there is indeed no end. Many
of them are but the weak expression of a feeble fancy in
the highly wrought flights of speculative imagination,
short lived, quickly laid aside and soon forgotten, yet
many there are strong and purposeful, bringing lessons
of wisdom to the waiting world.

Over and above them all, the Divine Light of the one
Old Book shines above the rugged way, leading upward
until absorbed and lost in the light of the presence of
God.

SARAH I. H. HEALY.

The Lord's Day Alliance.

The Rev. J. G. Shearer, the Field Secretary of the
Lord's Day Alliance of Canada, has just completed a five
weeks' campaign of Nova Scotia in the interests of the
preservation of the Lord's Day. Some things reported
by him will be of interest to our readers. Some fifteen
months ago Mr. Shearer visited twelve Nova Scotia
towns and cities. In ten of these, Alliances were organ-
ized and were united in the Lord's Day Alliance of Nova

Scotia. His recent tour has included twenty-five centres,
in everyone of which the people have organized in
defense of the Christian Sabbath. In some few of these,
owing largely to inclement weather, the attendance was
not large. In all the interest was gratifying. In many
cases, notably in Louisburg, Lunenburg and the Sydneys
the attendance was very large. As compared with his
former visit Mr. Shearer found the interest in the
work of the Alliance very largely widened and deepened.
He believes the explanation of this is to be found in the
fact that the work of the Alliance is now much better
understood and hence prejudice or indifference, born of
misconception or lack of information have given place
to cordial approval and hearty co-operation; and in the
fact that the people generally have had special reason to
see that the inroads on the integrity of the Lord's Day in
the forms of Railroad construction and traffic, Sunday
Steamers, Pleasure Excursions, labor in connection with
the development of the Province's Mineral Resources,
etc., are becoming increasingly frequent, bold and
serious. In one institution alone no less than seven
hundred and fifty men are working twelve hours a day
and seven days a week.

Some of the gratifying features of this growing interest
in the protection of the Lord's Day against the inroads
of greed, pleasure, irreligion and general selfishness are
noted. The various branches of the church
are all uniting in the Alliance movement—the
Protestant branches with practical unanimity—and
to a considerable extent the Roman Catholics as well.
The Archbishop of Nova Scotia himself nominated one
of his clergy as a Vice-President of the Provincial Alli-
ance, and two others as members of the Executive Board,
while in several local organizations Roman Catholic
clergy and laymen are heartily co-operating.

Among the prominent laymen who have accepted
office in recently formed organizations are:—D. D. Mc-
Kenzie, K. C., M. P. P., Mayor of North Sydney; M. H.
Fitzpatrick, Ex. M. P. P., New Glasgow; Judge McLeod
of Pictou, C. S. Wilson, Ex. M. P. P. Windsor; W. H.
Chase, Wolfville, Albert Gaten, Ex. M. P. P. Yarmouth;
C. E. Kaulback, M. P. P. Lunenburg; Hon. Senator
Wood and Judge Emmerson, Sackville. Others who
have warmly commended the work and serve on Ex-
ecutive Committees are:—Hon. J. N. Armstrong, M. L.
C., North Sydney; Hon. Angus McGillivray, Antigonish;
Hon. H. R. Emmerson, M. P. P., and Hon. Justice Han-
nington of the Supreme Court, Dorchester, N. B.

The organized labor forces also as represented in
the Provincial Workingmen's Association and the
various Trades and Labor Unions, have, in the indus-
trial centres of Nova Scotia, as formerly in Ontario and
the far West, joined hands with the Alliance. It should
be no matter of surprise that workingmen prize their
Weekly Rest Day. The law of the Sabbath is "The
Magna Charter of Industrial Liberty." Moreover, apart
from all higher considerations experience uniformly
proves that seven days-in-the-week toil receives in the
long run only six days' wages. But it is none the less
gratifying to learn that the workingmen so generally
are recognizing the fact that they have special reason to
be interested in the work of such a movement as the
Lord's Day Alliance. Mr. Shearer has visited Sackville,
Dorchester and St. John in New Brunswick, where
branches have been organized of the New Brunswick
Provincial Lord's Day Alliance. He returns East early
in January to visit the main centres in Quebec, New
Brunswick and Prince Edward Island holding a Provin-
cial Convention in each and attending also that of Nova
Scotia in Halifax early in February.

My Promise Holds.

A little rill was tinkling near,
Me thought; I saw it curve and fret;
The light of morn was shining clear;
And with the dew my feet were wet.

A song on every wind was brought,
And balmy fragrance breathed around;
The powers are asleep, I thought,
And pleasure all my spirit bound.

A sudden shadow fell, I turned
And, lo! the face of things was changed;
An angry sun mid darkness burned
And lightning through the heavens ranged.

A breathless calm did reign on high,
And silence, till an awful roar
Of thunder filled the very sky,
And shook the land from shore to shore.

An eye was on my soul, and low
Upon the trembling earth I bowed;
Submissive to the hands that sow
The lightning and the thunder loud.

And then a voice, my promise holds,
Nor break thy heart against my law,
Nor dim the light thy bosom folds,
And I thy soul to me will draw.

Up looking then I saw my goal,
And everything that I could claim;
And brightness smote upon my soul
As heaven's fields were turned to flame.

ARTHUR D. WILMET.