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Poetry.

Another Year.

Another year of working,
Of working, Lord, for Thee;
O grant me still Thy blessing,
Thy blessing full and free!

Another year of watching,
Of watching, Lord, with Thee;
O keep me true and faithful,
Bid doubt and fear to flee!

Another year of praying,
Of fellowship with Thee;
O make me earnest, patient,
And keep my heart with Thee!

Another year of weeping,
Of weeping, Lord, for Thee;
All other sorrow binds us,
This only makes us free.

Another year of conflict,
Of fighting, Lord, for Thee;
O be so near in battle,
That I Thy face may see!

Another year of praising,
O fill my heart with love;
Let all my words and actions
Direct the soul above!

Another year of waiting,
Thy face, O Lord, to see;
O make Thy Word my solace,
My daily bread to be!

Another year of mercy,
Great God, O make it Thine;
Through all its joys and sorrows,
O may Thy beauty shine!

Another year! how precious,
O may each moment prove;
Thy jewel, set most skilful,
In diadem of Love!
Brighton. W. POOLE BALFERN.

Religious.

Fellowship of Good Cheer.

BY REV. J. B. SMITH, D. D.

This is the time of year for special interchanges and fellowships of good cheer; the time when we are specially reminded of Him who came with "good tidings of great joy to all people." It is a suitable time for the renewing fellowships of good cheer with each other.

Cheerfulness is profitable to any one. It promotes health, and gives clearness and vigor to the mind. It makes bright weather always in the heart, and fills the soul full of harmonies. It makes companionship with its possessor desirable. Men love to bask in its presence as they would in the sunshine. It is one of the elements of pure religion. It proclaims to the world that we serve a good Master. They believe religion who, in their appearance even, lead others to suspect there is something unpleasant in it. They who walk dejectedly, and hang their harp on the willows, must first distrust Providence, and advertise God's purpose and plan a failure, and bar the windows to the birds which, as in spring time, come to sing in the soul. What many need, to make the world brighter and better, is to swallow a sunbeam now and then, that there may be more sunshine in the soul; to come out of the dark and loathsome cellars and old ruins, the home of moles and bats, and build on the hilltops, where they can catch the earliest and latest sunshine, and the songs of the earliest and latest birds which sing. There is cheer enough all about us waiting to be ours, if we only throw open the windows and unbar the doors and let it come in. But happiness, we are told, is a wary virtue. She is never found of those who seek her for her own sake. She eludes the grasp of those who seek after her, but comes unbidden to those who seek the good of others. In making others cheerful we promote our own good cheer. To make the world brighter, sunshine needs to be let in from every source, and whatever else we are able to do or not do, we may help to fill the world with sunshine. If the Northern icebergs which are afloat in society could be melted by a warm and genial atmosphere, if those with whom we fear to "shake hands"

lest we should "catch cold" thereby could become possessed of warm hands and hearts, if hearts could run together as drops of water and not be frozen together, if the dark clouds which hang upon the brow of some people could be lifted, if some of these long-drawn faces, like Jacob's ladder, could be lighted now and then, at least, by an angel ascending and descending upon them, we should be making some grand advance toward millennial times. They are to be envied most, not who are closeted with affluence and make themselves miserable by their devotion to self, but those who in affluence or poverty have carried the most good cheer to the homes and hearts of men.

May this festive season of the year enforce at least this one saying of the apostle upon us, "Rejoice in the Lord always, and again I say rejoice," and be celebrated by one and all in a renewed fellowship of good cheer. May these days which celebrate the advent of the Saviour into the world, celebrate at the same time his advent anew into our hearts and homes, and a gladness shall be ours not only for each New Year, but for the eternity to come.

The Harvest Past the Summer Ended.

Not many months ago, the crocus peeped shyly from her snowy bed, and the snowdrop bent pensively under sunshine and shower; the pale primrose and violet blue courted the first warm rays of the sun, the sower went forth scattering his seed in the teeming earth, and the lark and the blackbird sent their early carol through boughs and bushes. Spring laid this budding isle at the feet of its Creator, and hastened away to gladden the ice-girt shores of polar lands.

Richer colours then painted the flowers, deeper melody warbled and twittered in the groves, the gay butterfly fluttered near the busy bee, the fragrance-laden breeze floated over the waving corn, and the long summer days seemed never too long; because it was nature's festival, pleasant to behold, showing forth the goodness of God, "who giveth us richly all things to enjoy."

But summer too must pass away. The dews fall heavier on mountain and dale; the lengthening shadows, fading flowers, falling leaves, proclaim that summer is ended. Three large, red moons rise in succession over the ripening fields, whose golden treasures bend under their own weight. The reapers go forth, and the gleaners follow in their footsteps. The sheaves are gathered in, and joyous hearts praise the Lord, who is faithful in all His promises, and has fulfilled His word that "while the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest shall not cease" (Genesis vii. 22).

How many of these budding springs, blooming summers, and fruitful harvests has my reader seen? It may be ten, twenty, fifty, or even of the Lord's sparing mercy, fourscore years. ARE YOU SAVED? Another "harvest is past," another "summer is ended." ARE YOU SAVED? Fellow-sinner, stand and ponder this momentous question:—AM I SAVED OR LOST?—it is a momentous question!

There is a reaper whose name is Death, wandering with his unsheathed sickle till time shall be no longer; and until then cutting ever, reaping ever,—

"Man and the maiden,
The green and the grey,"
the wheat and the tares. Woe to them that cry out at his touch, "We are not saved!" His field is the wide world; and he waits not until it is white unto harvest. The infant of days and the patriarch with silver hair are alike to him. He snatches one here and another there, concerning whom he has received command from God. This reaper respects neither times nor seasons, circumstances nor place. All ranks must bow before him, and receive him at his call, though he be rarely a bidden guest.

Reader, When will he come to you

and me? At morn or midnight—who can tell? What we have to do is to be ready. The Lord calls:—"Look unto Me, and be ye saved!" (Isaiah xlv. 22.)

ARE YOU SAVED? What if at the last you are found amongst those who will utter the sad exclamation, "The harvest past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved! Salvation is a free gift, and it is offered to you through the precious blood of Christ. Will you not accept of it, and now?"

A visit to Jamaica.

It might be pleasant in the cold days we are now having, if we could take a trip to the south and spend a short time in a warmer climate. As however, many of us are not permitted, for various reasons, to do so, in person, we may indulge in a pleasant visit to one of the West India Islands, in thought. The following interesting sketch is from a correspondent of the *Canadian Baptist*:

It may probably interest some of your readers, Mr. Editor, to learn something of the writer's experience in this beautiful island, the Queen of the Antilles; while for him it will serve to while away the tedium of a lonely hour, to commit his impressions to writing. The best introduction will be to begin with

THE VOYAGE FROM NEW YORK,

which lasted precisely seven days, the steamship "Alp," of the Atlas Line leaving at 11 a. m. on Thursday, Nov. 13th and landing at Kingston, at 11 a. m., on Thursday, Nov. 20th. The distance is some 1500 miles in a line directly south, so it will be readily seen that the speed of the packet is by no means equal to that of the steamships crossing the Atlantic. Still the voyage was pleasant on the whole, notwithstanding head winds and an occasional high sea, the accommodations were comfortable, and the officers polite and attentive. There were just fifteen passengers in all, of whom five were Baptists, one Mr. George R. Philips of Montego Bay, a prominent merchant and planter, educated at the University of Edinburgh, enjoying the distinction of being the only white lay preacher of our denomination in the island. With the exception of one afternoon the weather was mild and balmy during the entire passage. Towards the evening of the fifth day out, we sighted San Salvador, interesting as being probably the first land reached by Columbus, and especially interesting from the fact that all its 1,900 inhabitants are Baptists. For several hours next day the mountains and coast-line of Cuba were in full sight; while away off to the south-east could be discerned the dim outline of Hayti, the home of perpetual revolutions. On the morning of the seventh day a little before sun-rise, the blue mountains of

JAMAICA

began dimly to show their forms. The sun rose gorgeously, and first lighted up the mountain peaks and sides, and then penetrated the hollows and ravines. The highest summit, some 7,000 or 8,000 feet above the level of the sea, was traced so clearly in outline against the cloudless sky, that although it was forty miles distant, it seemed not more than four. Steaming along the south shore of the Island from Morant to Kingston harbour, clearings and coffee estates could here and there be seen, while cocoanut trees, palms, and other tropical productions alternated with the deep green of the sugar-cane plantations. To a stranger the whole scenery was as novel as it was beautiful. By 10 o'clock the steamer reached Port Royal, a fort and dockyard at the north of the harbor of Kingston. The old town of Port Royal was destroyed by an earthquake many years ago, and we sailed over its ruins. Here there was a short delay, owing to the visit of the medical and custom house officers. Soon however, the vessels again steamed slowly on, past the frowning batter-

ies of Fort Henderson, and the Twelve Apostles—messengers of wrath and not of mercy—and was cautiously steered through the narrow channels left by islets of coral, into the mouth of the harbor, which in size and shape is not unlike Burlington Bay. Soon our good steamship Alps was safely moored at her pier, amid a chorus of congratulations from friends waiting to welcome friends, and the chatter of negro porters anxious to "turn a penny." The writer would have felt all the loneliness of a "stranger in a strange land," and have almost succumbed to the feeling, had it not been for the necessity of looking sharply after baggage, which faces and hands of every thickly crowding about, were eager to pounce upon, and like their white brethren in more temperate and civilized countries to exact more than their services are worth.

KINGSTON

is situated on an extensive plain, and is on the whole well-laid out, the streets running at right angles to one another, with a gentle inclination to the sea. To a Canadian, however, they appear very narrow, and there are scarcely any sidewalks. The houses are strange looking structures, devoid of all architectural pretensions, built of wood or red brick, without chimneys, and all furnished with verandahs and piazzas of peculiar shape. Many of them are in a very dilapidated condition, the tumbling bricks and rotten shingles telling of their having seen better days. The windows and shutters or Venetian blinds are kept open night and day. There are a few good private residences in the outskirts of the city, and some of the church edifices, if somewhat antiquated in style, are yet fair looking buildings. There is a fine and commodious market-house, an excellent free Public Library, and a beautiful little park. Still a good deal about the city gives a visitor the idea that, to use an expressive Jamaican word things have become "ruinate." The streets are neither paved nor swept, and all sorts of refuse from the houses seem to be thrown upon them, the only scavenger being a species of vulture or buzzard, which the people call a crow. There are two lines of street cars drawn by mules, and contrary to Canadian experience, the streets along which they run, are kept in better order than any of the others. Indeed some of these streets running north and south, during the late rains were turned into torrent beds, and not a few unfortunate mules were swept into the harbour. Even now one or two are almost impassable with piled up stones and sand. But it is quite time to say something about

THE PEOPLE.

The entire population of the island is about 514,000, of whom only 14,000 are pure white, about 150,000 coloured 15,000 coolies, and the rest negro or pure black. A careful distinction is made between the blacks and the coloured people or "brown ladies and gentlemen." The latter look down upon the former, and put on the airs and alais! imitate the vices of the whites. They present every degree of colour—being mulattoes, sambos, quadroons, mestees, and octoroons. Some of the latter are scarcely distinguishable from whites. Even among the pure negroes there are great diversities of form and feature. Some have the decidedly African cast of countenance, while others, though jet black, have finely formed features, with all the smoothness and lustre of polished marble. The in general have an erect gait and noble bearing, which many a lady in a drawing-room might well envy. Probably the general practice of carrying loads upon their heads has given them their erect stature and full chest development. The other day a large steamer of the Royal Mail Line was receiving her load of coal at the wharf, a score of tons were carried up the gangway in pails on the heads of a long cordon of young men and women. It is said that the company provided them with wheelbarrows which, instead of trundling before them they preferred to

hoist, when loaded, on each other's heads, and thus carry into the vessel. The people are peaceably disposed, civil in their bearing, of moderately quick apprehension, and among them are to be found earnest and consistent members of Christian churches. It is to be feared, however that in Kingston especially, there is a vast amount of lividity, licentiousness, and practical irreligion. Among the nearly 40,000 inhabitants of the city it is said that only about 4,000 are regular churchgoers.

THE CLIMATE

of Jamaica is just splendid. The invalid from Canada finds himself almost in another world. Leaving, as the writer did, the early snow-storms, and the damp and foggy atmosphere of November, he found himself within eight days in a country there is no winter, for it gives place to the reign of gorgeous and perpetual summer. During these three weeks past, the thermometer has ranged from 75 to 85 degrees Fahrenheit, and it will continue about the former figure night and day for weeks to come. Then an hour's ride will take the visitor up to the mountains, so that he may have almost any temperature he prefers. Jamaica in fact is the only land within the tropics that can boast of a temperate climate in its higher latitudes. On the chief summit of the Blue Mountains thin ice sometimes forms in the month of March; while the temperature of Kingston varies not more than ten or fifteen degrees the whole year round. Dr. Phillips, an eminent medical gentleman of this city, and son of the well-known Baptist missionary lately deceased, states that nine out of every ten persons who came to Jamaica, affected with pulmonary trouble, if they came in time and used moderate precautions, may expect to derive decided and permanent benefit.

But your patience and available space, dear editor, must not be tried too much; and so, thankful for the strong hand of God who has led him hitherto, strongly hopeful of restored and confirmed health, and promising a further leaf or two from his Jamaican experiences, the writer must now stop.

W. S.

Kingston, J., Dec. 10th, 1879.

Speak Short.

An aged minister said to a young brother, "Speak short. The brethren will tell you if you don't speak long enough." The counsel is good, good for speakers and good for hearers, good for writers and good for readers. Length without breadth and thickness is very poor recommendation in a sermon, a prayer, or a newspaper article. The power of condensation, abridgment, and elimination of useless matter is greatly to be coveted. When a man has five minutes in which to speak, he will usually consume one or two of them in telling the people what he is going say, or in informing them that he has "been thinking" of something he purposes to relate. If men who have something to say would say it, if those who have thoughts would speak them, and those who had something to write would write it, omitting perfrases, introductions, and useless and unmeaning remarks, much time and space would be saved with no loss to any one. But how hard it is to be brief. It takes gallons of say to make a single pound of sugar, but the sweetness pays for the condensing. A little word said and remembered is better than any amount of weary, casual talk, which men endure and gladly forget.—*The Christian*.

A LOVING REBUKE.—John Howe once observed two men in a violent passion. Their mutual cursings shocked his religious sensibilities. He looked at them raised his hat and said in a solemn voice:

"I pray God to bless you both!"

This prayer so impressed the quarrelsome men that they ceased their strife, and thanked Mr. Howe for his supplication.