

## New Year's Hymn.

BY FRANCIS RIDLEY HAYESGAL.

Standing at the portal  
Of the opening year,  
Words of comfort meet us,  
Hushing every fear;  
Spoken through the silence,  
By our Father's voice,  
Tender, strong and faithful,  
Making us rejoice.  
Onward, then, and fear not,  
Children of the day;  
For his word shall never,  
Never pass away.

I, the Lord, am with thee,  
Be thou not afraid;  
I will help and strengthen,  
Be thou not dismayed.  
Yea, I will uphold thee  
With my own right hand;  
Thou art called and chosen,  
In my sight to stand.  
Onward, then, and fear not,  
Children of the day;  
For his word shall never,  
Never pass away.

For the year before us,  
Oh, what rich supplies!  
For the poor and needy,  
Living streams shall rise;  
For the sad and sinful,  
Shall his grace abound;  
For the faint and feeble,  
Perfect strength be found.  
Onward, then, and fear not,  
Children of the day;  
For his word shall never,  
Never pass away.

He will never fail us,  
He will not forsake;  
His eternal covenant  
He will never break;  
Resting on his promise,  
What have we to fear?  
God is all sufficient  
For the coming year.  
Onward, then, and fear not,  
Children of the day;  
For his word shall never,  
Never pass away.

## Ivan's Ride with the Winter Mail.

BY REV. EDWARD A. RAND.

"I would like to have Ivan take the mail," was the message arriving one morning at a little post-station in Siberia. The message came from Vassily, the station-keeper, absent at that time to look after a child who was very sick at the house of a relative.

"What does Vassily want?" asked Romann, a young, black-haired Siberian, when he and Ivan were by themselves.

"He wants me to take the mail to the next station. I—I—"

"I wouldn't. A man that treated me as Vassily treated you, I would let him take his own mail."

"It is not his, but the government's. It must be got along somehow."

"I know it, but let him take it himself."

"But his child is very sick."

"Well, how he treated you."

"Y-es."

Vassily had treated Ivan roughly. Ivan had a little herd of reindeer, and Vassily, without waiting to ask if he were making a reliable report, had told the keeper of the next post-station that he thought Ivan had two reindeer which did not belong to him. Were they the property of the man at the next station—Yakov?

"I miss some of my reindeer," replied Yakov. "Send them along."

Vassily had abruptly forwarded the four-footed goods. Was it any wonder that Ivan disliked such summary dealing with his property? But there was the mail. It did not belong to Vassily; it was in charge of the station-keeper acting for the government.

Was he, Ivan, bigger than any mere personal feeling? Ivan was not very stout, only a slender young fellow, with scanty measurement both up and round also. He was big enough for this emergency.

"Romann, he said, 'this mail is for many people, who will be very much disappointed if he does not come, and I am going to help them get it. I am just going to forget Vassily.'"

But he could not forget Vassily so easily. Vassily's wrong would come into Ivan's thoughts.

"Can't I forget Vassily? Well, if I do this, it may make him think of Ivan and the wrong he did Ivan," thought the new mail carrier. "Anyway, I am going."

Half an hour later a voice shouted at the door, "All ready!" Ivan went out, and there was the mail-team. Did horses draw it? No, two reindeer, with big branching horns like broad, spreading growths of coral from the bottom of the ocean. And the mailed? That was very light, about eight feet long—a frame-sled of white birch—its runners flat bottomed and about four inches broad. It was lashed together with thongs of raw-hide. Why not nailed? Ah, the iron, when chilled, might snap under a pressure.

But look at the harness of the reindeer. Silver-plated or gold-mounted were any parts of the harness? Just a strap went round the neck of Madame Reindeer and her sister, and to each of

K. D. C. Restores the Stomach To Healthy Action.

K. D. C. Cures Midnight Dyspepsia.

F. D. C. Relieves Distress After Eating.

The worst disease—Dyspepsia The best Cure—K. D. C.

How My Back Aches!

Back Ache, Kidney Pains, and Weakness, Sourness, Languor, Strains, and Pain relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster.

these was fastened a single thong of hide. This passed between the legs of the reindeer and around a bow in front of the sled. A harness very cheap and handy. All ready! Get up there! Away went reindeer, sled, mail and Ivan.

"Ha! ha!" shouted Ivan. "Get up there!"

Cold, do you say? Yes; the mercury—if any thermometer had been in the neighborhood—would have said it was below-zero weather, but what did Ivan care, packed in warm reindeer-skin? Get up, there, reindeer-beauties! Not beauties—those creatures with such ungainly heads—but how they did fly over the snow!

"Here is the tundra!" cried Ivan in half an hour.

The tundra was a barren plain. Oh, so lonely and wild is the tundra of Siberia! One vast, silent sweep of snow in the winter, while in the summer, who tries to cultivate it?

"Fox-trap!" cried Ivan.

Yes, somebody had built a trap for the foxes, a rough pen whose door is so connected with the bait that it will tumble down and secure Mr. Fox the moment he tugs at the bait.

"And wolf-tracks!" said Ivan, shaking his head, half an hour later, as he saw suspicious prints in the snow. "Come, get up, there!"

The tundra was traversed, and the road now skirted a forest.

"There are reindeer!" shouted Ivan, noticing a sprinkling of big horns under the forest's green roof.

It was a herd of reindeer, pawing away to reach the moss they loved, but hiding under the snow. A reindeer's nose can easily smell its food, and a reindeer's hoofs are good as a shovel to clear away the drifts above it. Two hours later Ivan gave a chuckle, tossed his head merrily, and said:

"There is the post-station, and there is the keeper, Mikhaeloff."

But what was the matter with Mikhaeloff? Saluting Ivan, he quickly seized a handful of snow, and rushing up to Ivan, commenced to rub his nose! Ah, Ivan had frozen that important organ, the nose! There it was, a hard, frozen mass, that might ornament his face, but just now was not a useful object, any more than an old-fashioned door-knocker laid away in the garret.

"We will have that nose all right," said the keeper. "Let me see! You have the mail. Well, make yourself at home and keep comfortable."

Ivan's nose received due Siberian treatment, and its owner was also properly cared for. Mikhaeloff lived in a "yurt." It was built of split logs, set upright, and at the top slanting inward. It was roofed with split logs also, resting on heavy posts. All the exterior of the yurt was banked with clay. In each wall were two small openings, admitting the winter sunning. These were covered with a very cheap substitute for glass—skins of fish sewed together. In some yurts slabs of clear, transparent ice were used, a substitute cheaper still. Around three sides of the room ran a tier of bunks that, used as beds at night, served as seats by day. And the fire place, with its crackling fire, what a welcome object that was! The chimney was built of long light poles tied together and covered with several layers of clay, and the fire-place at the base was one of generous size.

"Some tea?" asked Mikhaeloff.

He went to a big urn, or samovar, and poured out cup after cup of hot beverage for Ivan, who was equal to cup after cup. Be assured that Ivan and his nose were hospitably cared for in far-away, cold Siberia.

"Ah, Ivan, what is this?" asked the keeper. "A letter for me in the mail, from Vassily. Guess I'll read it at once."

He began its silent perusal: "I think," said Vassily, "I was wrong in sending Ivan's reindeer to you."

"Humph, humph!" interrupted Mikhaeloff. "He never made a bigger mistake. The deer are not mine."

"I would therefore like to have you rectify my mistake, and if Ivan comes with this," continued the letter, "you can return the deer by Ivan. You have some of my deer in your herd. Please give him two of mine as pay for his trouble to day, but especially as I want to atone for my haste."

"Ha! ha!" cried the smiling Mikhaeloff. "I will do that, surely."

What a happy Ivan went home the next day, while the mail continued its westward travels by another driver.

WORK!

It would be well if all Christians would resolve to be workers as well as givers of money. The seed of the church and the age is the practical contact of class with class, the rich with the poor, the sufferer with the healthy and strong. Jacob had a vision in early life (most have visions then).

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AGONIZING ECZEMA

Awful Suffering. Driven Almost Insane by Doctors. Tried Cuticura. Relief Immediate. Entirely Cured in 4 Months.

I suffered with the dreadful eczema for over six months, during which time I had consulted three doctors, and this tormenting skin disease had grown worse and worse on me in spite of all medical treatment. My condition was unbearable. My legs were swollen, my arms were raw, my face and neck full of eruption, which made me scratch until my whiskers were soaked and pained with the sickly fluid. I could hardly bear my clothing. When night came I was afraid to go to bed, no sleep would come to me. I would increase. During day time I had no rest, I was all broken up, nervous to the highest degree, and nearly driven to despair. At that time I read about the CUTICURA REMEDIES, intended to try them, and dropped the doctors. After applying CUTICURA I had the first night's rest for several weeks. Using the CUTICURA, CUTICURA SOAP, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, with proper judgment, my condition improved slowly but surely day by day, until after three to four months' use of them I was cured. Our minister, Rev. J. G. Perrault, in Mandan, knows me and knows how I suffered. Any one may write to him and he will certify to the truth of this testimonial.

E. R. STEINBRUECK, Mandan, North Dakota.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of the new Remedies, internally, cleanses the blood of all impurities and poisonous elements, while CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, and CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, externally, clear the skin of every trace of disease.

Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c; RESOLVENT, \$1.50. Prepared by the PORTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston.

How to Cure Skin Diseases. 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and testimonials, mailed free.

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but Jacob's ladder began with the ground, if its top reached heaven. Let us begin with lowly work. The fly works, and seems ever in a hurry, but what he does is not very manifest. The bee works quietly, and for a very sweet end.

To serve a short time and fill it is far better than a long and idle life. The minister was right who, when told "he might live five or six years if he gave up work, but only three years if he persisted in preaching," replied at once: "I prefer three busy years for my Master to fifty years of leisure."

Let us all guard against excuses for not doing. Heart and will are generally our only need for the accomplishment of most enterprises. Specially let us guard our religious life from idle excuses. We may not ride on deer to our businesses, and on tortoises or snails to our religious duties.—The Quiver for February.

Prompt payments are better both for the subscribers and the paper.

Pins in the Sweepings.

BY MARY G. L. POLLOCK.

"What makes you so late?" I said to Mark, when he came to dinner.

"It is a full half hour behind your usual time, and everything is getting cold."

"I had no idea it was so late," he replied. "I stepped into the post-office and found several men there, and I stayed longer than I meant to. Then, when I came out, Tom Grey came along with me, and I guess we walked slow; we got interested in what we were saying. Never mind about the dinner; that's all right."

"Well, come right now and sit down. I am glad you saw Tom Grey. He has been coming to church quite often lately, and I believe he thinks more about religious things than he used to. Of course, you improved such an opportunity to say a word to him. You being an elder, he would expect it of you."

I often added to the weight of my remarks to Mark by allusions to his eldership; he being rather apt to forget the dignity and requirements of his office.

Mark went on eating, taking his third slice of bread, but he never said a word.

"Why don't you speak, Mark? You don't mean that you let such a chance go without improving it? You know opportunities are like pins in the sweepings; if you don't pick them up the minute you see them, they're gone."

"Well, Maria, I'm afraid I've lost that pin, for the fact is, we got to talking about something else, and I didn't say a word to him, though I know I should have. This is excellent bread, Maria; I don't think you ever made better."

As if Maria Green was to be turned from her duty by a piece of bread.

"I imagine there was one subject you didn't forget," said I, "and from the time that Solomon disobeyed God and brought horses from Egypt, men have gone on forgetting everything else for them; men that are professors too, to say nothing of elders and ministers."

"Well, you see, Grey has just bought a—"

"You needn't talk to me. New or old, it makes no difference; souls going down, and elders talking how to help them along," and Samantha Allen's "mean" was never more "frigid" than mine, and I went on and improved the occasion.

I may have over-improved it, but it is a good thing to be zealous in a good cause. I won't say but what I felt a little sorry when Mark got up without eating his second piece of pie (I don't know as I ever saw a man think more of pie than he does generally), and said as he went out:

"Well, Maria, you won't be accused of overlooking the pins."

He looked kind of down, but I had cleared my skirts, and I went around after dinner with my head up and a sort of "come see my zeal for the Lord" feeling. I washed the dishes singing,

"Stand up my soul, shake off thy fears, And march with vigor on."

The aid society was to meet with me on that afternoon, and we had a good attendance. We always opened our meetings with reading the Scriptures and prayer, so I selected the 12th chapter of Romans. I thought there was a good deal in it that would be profitable to the members and as there are only one or two ladies who are willing to pray before others, I took that duty also upon myself. And it seemed to me that I made quite an impressive prayer. We are building a new church, and the ladies have agreed to raise the money for the carpet and pail furniture. So, of course, there is a good deal of planning, and proposing, and discussing, as to ways and

means. Some of the ladies who help us the most are not members of the church, and I am afraid that in some of our debates and discussions, we do not always give them reason to say, "Behold how these Christians love one another."

One lady proposed a sort of raffle to dispose of some article we had been making; most of the others disapproved of the plan, but simple disapproval wasn't enough for me. So, with holy horror and righteous indignation, I held forth against any such compromises with Satan. My words certainly had some effect, for everybody else stopped talking, and there was an awkward silence until little Mrs. Brown spoke of the good prayer-meeting the night before; and then she said something in a low voice to Mrs. Grey, the wife of the man on whose account I had taken Mark to task at dinner. (When I saw her come in I thought, Here will be my opportunity to talk to Mrs. Grey.) Well, the talk went on about different things, the minister, as usual, getting his share of remarks. Some one said that he had preached some old sermons over again lately, which led me to remark that it was a minister's duty always to have something new and original. Mrs. Brown and one or two others disagreed with me, saying that we often read a good book more than once. She knew a young lady who had read "Stepping Heavenward" ten times, and she thought a good sermon ought to be preached more than once. Then Mrs. Grey spoke of being particularly interested in the last Sabbath's sermon, which to my certain knowledge, had been preached twice before.

When the society broke up Mrs. Grey lingered a little behind the others, and I made her sit down again, and took the opportunity to ask her to lend me a new book I had heard her mention. Then I asked her which she liked best, Harper or the Century; and we went on to talk of East Angels and the Rise of Silas Lapham; and I asked her if she had read Romona, and if she thought H. H. really wrote the Saxe Holme stories? I never got tired of talking about books, and the first I knew it was supper time, and as Mrs. Grey went out of the gate Mark came in, and supper wasn't ready, but he looked as smiling as ever (he has a good disposition), and when we sat down to tea, he said:

"Maria, I've thought a good deal of what you said to-day, and I'm afraid there's some truth in it. At any rate, I am going to try to speak oftener for my Master; and he was good enough to try me once more to-night, for I met Grey again, and was helped to say a few words, and found him willing to talk. I believe his heart is touched, and now we will pray for him and his wife also. I suppose you've had a good talk with her. I met her at the gate, and she somehow looked different from usual."

The blessed man! There he had meekly taken the lesson given him by his self-righteous wife, and acted upon it, who found it so easy to preach to him, had spent the whole afternoon in glorifying self and putting "I" before Christ; and all the time Satan blinding me and telling me that I was a little more than common in the way of a Christian. But my eyes were opened now, and I saw plainly that I was a very uncommonly poor one. And before Satan could stop me I burst out:

"Oh, Mark, if you'll believe me after all I said to you this noon about horses, not but what some of it was true" (you see, it won't do to encourage him any on that point, or he'll talk "horse" in meeting). "I never said one blessed word to Mrs. Grey about religion or church. I just talked about books and reading, and now I think of it, once or twice she stopped and hesitated, as if she wanted to say something. And how I talked to you about pins and sweepings and things"—and I just broke down and cried, and didn't feel as much like "marching boldly on" as I did at noon.

"Well," said Mark, tenderly, "I guess we both needed the lesson we have learned, even if we did lose some pins in getting it. At any rate, we'll put a pin in to keep the place, and begin again. So you had better stop crying, and wipe the tears from your eyes, so if a pin should come in your way you could see to pick it up."

I felt more like putting on sackcloth and sitting in the ashes than anything else, but I knew that I must "bring forth fruits meet for repentance." So, after supper, I just shouldered my cross and went over to Mrs. Grey's. And I just told her the whole thing, and how vain and self-righteous and inconsistent I had been, and begged her to look at Christ for an example, but not at his poor, weak, sinning disciples, who, even while they loved him, grieved him, and crucified him afresh. And there I was crying again,

and she cried, too, and then she said that she had made up her mind to be a Christian; that the sermon last Sabbath (that old one), and a few words Mrs. Brown had said to her that afternoon, had helped her to decide; that she stayed after the others went to tell me so, but couldn't seem to get an opportunity. Then she thanked me or coming, but I went home with my head bowed down like a bulrush, and if I could have sung anything it would have been these words in a minor tune:

Postrate I'll lie before thy feet,  
And all my sins confess:  
And tell thee I'm a wretch undone  
Without thy sovereign grace.

Everyone is interested, or may easily become so, in something outside his regular labour, even if it be something which bears upon it more or less directly. This may afford the best index to the reading which will both benefit and entertain him. At any rate, if he will begin with this, though it may spread out into various branches in time, it will give him a purpose and a continuity which will be of the utmost value to his life. Not the least important effect of this pre-determined reading is the stimulus it gives to thought.

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ARTHUR BYRNE, Guelph.

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