

tors of the wishes of the brethren assembled for the above named purpose.

We are glad to record that these meetings are growing in interest and becoming a manifest power for good. That there is now presented to every brother and sister, yes, even to those far removed from the privileges of God's house, a chance to engage in the glorious work of contributing to the support of those employed in the *Mission field*; and should the question be asked: Does any member of the Board receive pay for services thus rendered, the answer is, *Not one cent.*

In our next issue, will appear, what has up to this time been crowded out, a few notes of the trip among the churches and brethren in Nova Scotia.

c.

THE FAMILY.

NEW YEAR WISHES.

BY FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

What shall I wish thee?
Treasures of earth?
Songs in the springtime?
Pleasure or mirth?
Flowers on thy pathway,
Skies ever clear?
Would this ensure thee
A Happy New Year?

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

Peace in the Savior,
Rest at his feet;
Smile of his countenance
Radiant and sweet;
Joy in his presence,
Christ ever near—
These will ensure thee
A Happy New Year

"TATE, AGOIN' BY."

"Why, here's Tate!" observed old Farwell from the tavern platform. His remark served a double purpose—it accosted Tate Sykes, and also let the other frequenters know of his approach. He added, with the peculiar inflection of maudlin sympathy, "How do you find yourself, after yesterday?"

"Middlin' well," said Tate, gravely; but walking on.

"Why, look a-here, yo ain't agoin' by, be ye? Why, boys, here's Tate agoin' by!"

Farwell's tone had changed from sentiment to intense astonishment, as if it couldn't be that Tate was passing their mutual haunt. Tate Sykes, whose nostrils loved the scent of liquor that floated through the open door, and who always turned in for one glass. It oftener became more.

But two days before, a sad-eyed, tattered woman burst in upon their revels, her face full of agony.

"Where's my man? Where's Tate Sykes?"

Then imperatively, "Come home, Tate. Bess wants you. She's dying."

Tate had some manhood left, for he set his glass down with a groan, and followed his wife out, bare-headed, in an unwonted stillness.

That was the last they saw of Tate at the tavern until then, and he was going by. Farwell felt that it was unnatural. What had gone wrong? Farwell scratched his slightly muddled head for the clew, and then slapped his knee emphatically when he thought he found it.

"Hold on, Tate. Mebbe you thought we'd ought to be there, us boys, bein' as we was old friends?"

Tate stopped, but did not reply. His hands were clenched, and a great struggle was written on his face. He looked like one ready for conflict, and he was; not, however, with the poor deluded man he had drunk with, but with the powers of darkness. Farwell broke the awkward silence.

"We felt for yo, Tate. If we'd had the money we'd done the handsome thing with flowers and sich. I wouldn't begrudged comin' down with a hack'n span o'horses; fact, Tate; but I hadn't the needful; you know that, old boy. There ain't a man in the country I'd help out sooner, but I couldn't. You hadn't orter lay it up again us, Tate."

"Boys," said Tate hoarsely, with frequent pauses to conquer emotion, "I didn't—expect ye—to folly my little gal—to—to the grave; and yer posies would—a boen—too late. Ye see, it had been—all thorns for her—alluz—them her father planted."

A deep sob swelled his brawny chest. He sank upon the low platform, leaned his head against a decaying pillar, and wept like a child.

The "boys" were silent. Old Farwell laid his pipe aside, and rose with the majesty of a purpose.

"There, there, Tate, don't ye take on so, man. She's gone, an' painin's hard; but we can't call her back. Come in and have a drop o' something. It'll tone ye up. Come, all, I'll stand treat."

They started eagerly towards the bar-room, except Tate. There was fierce longing in his bloodshot eyes, and every breath he drew of the impregnated air increased his thirst; but, to the surprise of all, Tate Sykes declined the drink, even implored Farwell not to urge him.

Farwell paused, angrily; the faces of the others darkened, also. Their murmurs would have been less gentle, only they remembered that Tate's child was dead, and most of these men, alas! were fathers, too. They meant some time to turn about, but their good resolutions decayed with the old tavern. By and by they would drop into drunkard's graves, their souls going—where?

"Don't never ask me to drink!" cried Tate, "for I can't! Don't ever call me in here again, for if I do, I'll shoot myself. I would n't be fit to live if I forgot the vows I made by that little grave. Sit down a bit; I'll tell ye how I came to this."

Then Tate began in a strange, hoarse voice: "Ye all know why Meg come after me that night. She said Bess was dyin'. I thought she had—left us—when I got home, she was so white and still. 'She wanted you, Tate,' says Meg. 'She could n't be easy 'th out ye. She telled me to go fetch father; she'd wait. Oh, Tate, how I ran, and now it's too late! She's gone; without her dyin' wish!' Meg cri'd softly, whisperin' this bit by bit, betwixt the tears. I can't tell ye what I felt, boys, settin' there be-side my leetle gal. There wa'n't nothin' comfortable for such as she, in that poor room. 'It goes without sayin' there could n't be, and me spendin' what I did here.

"Well, boys, whilst I was lookin' at her, all of a sudden, the color flashed into her sweet face, and them dear" (Tate's voice shook) "darlin' eyes flied open—but not to see me, boys; they looked straight for'ard, beyant and up'ards,

and says she, startled like, 'I can't go alone—it's dark—go part way with me, father, dear!'"

Tate groaned as he had the night he was summoned from the bar-room. When he could speak, he said:

"Them was her last words. She give a great sigh, and left us. There wa'n't no backin' out for her, boys, even if her father could n't go part way with cheerin' words, an' scriptur. She had to go alone in the dark, my poor leetle gal. It come over me then, what I was and what I might a be. There's one other left me; please God, I'll go part o' the way with her.

Tate had arisen. He stood erect as he uttered his vow, in a clear, distinct voice that reached even the man behind the bar. The fierce appetite had gone from Tate's eyes, they glowed with his new born purpose. None of his old comrades detained him as he turned and left the old tavern forever.—*New York Observer.*

THE GULF-STREAM LIGHT-VESSEL ON THE GOODWIN SANDS.

The cabin of the Floating Light on the Goodwin Sands was marvellously neat and clean. Everything was put away in its proper place, not only as the result of order and discipline, but on account of the extreme smallness of the cabin. Mr. R. M. Ballantyne, the author of "The Floating Light on the Goodwin Sands," depicts a scene on board during a night of storms when a wreck and unexpected rescue took place:—

"A little before midnight, while I was rolling uneasily in my 'bunk,' contending with sleep and sea-sickness, and moralising on the madness of those who choose 'the sea' for a profession, I was roused—and sickness instantly cured—by the watch on deck suddenly shouting down the hatch-way to the mate, 'South Sand Head light is firing, sir, and sending up rockets.' The mate sprang from his 'bunk,' and was on the cabin floor before the sentence was well finished. I followed suit, and pulled on coat, nether garments, and shoes, as if my life depended on my own speed. There was unusual need for clothing, for the night was bitterly cold. On gaining the deck, we found the two men on duty actively at work—the one loading the lee gun, the other adjusting a rocket to its stick. A few hurried questions from the mate elicited all that it was needful to know.

"The flash of the gun from the 'South Sand Head' light-ship, about six miles off, had been distinctly seen a third time, and a third rocket went up, indicating that a vessel had struck upon the fatal Goodwin Sands. The report of the gun could not be heard, owing to the gale carrying the sound to leeward, but the bright line of the rocket was distinctly visible. At the same moment the glaring light of a burning tar-barrel was observed. It was the signal of the vessel in distress, just on the southern tail of the sands.

"By this time the gun was charged, and the rocket in position.

"One of the crew dived down the companion-hatch, and in another moment returned with a red-hot poker, which the mate had thrust into the cabin fire at the first alarm. He applied it in quick succession to the gun and rocket. A blinding flash and deafening crash were followed by the whiz of the rocket, as it sprang with a magnificent curve far away into the surrounding darkness.

"This was their answer to the South Sand Head light, which, having fired three guns and sent up three rockets to attract the attention of the *Gull*, then ceased firing. It was also their first note of warning to the look-out on the pier of Ramsgate Harbour. Of the three light-ships that guarded the sands, the *Gull* lay nearest to Ramsgate; hence, whichever of the other two happened