

KARL'S NEW YEAR.

BY ELIZABETH BAKER SMALLE.

It was night in the beautiful city!
The city of wealth, and renown,
And the beautiful sea-port city
Glistened with light, like a crown,
While the ships outside of the harbor
Went sailing up and down.

In the month of drear November,
While the frost-king held command,
They had come to this rich, proud city,
This city so vast and grand—
Mother, and Karl, and Margie,
From the dear old Fatherland.

They had come in simple trusting,
For often they had been told
How the streets of this wonderful city
Were teeming with bread and gold—
Enough for the wants and wishes
Of all people, both young and old.

Packed in the stifling steerage,
While the good ship toiled along,
They had often cheered each other
With the voice of prayer and song;
For the hearts of these simple people
Were free from all thought of wrong.

Little they had of earthly wealth,
These people so true and brave,
When they gave themselves to the keeping
Of the blue and treacherous wave;
But they brought the grand old Bible,
And the faith that its pages gave.

And now, in the chill December,
In the midst of the frosts that kill,
There was never a bit of work or bread,
Though stout of heart and will,
And mother and Margie were hungry,
And dear little Karl was ill;

Only the poorest shelter
From the bleak and freezing night—
Never a bit of fire to warm,
And never any light:
No light in all that city,
With its streets and homes so bright!

And the mother said so softly,
"My God, He is good and wise,
But Oh! for one look at your yellow hair,
And your blue, blue German eyes,
Before they open, my Karl, my boy,
On the wonders of Paradise."

My sweet little children, dwelling
In many a lovely home,
Want such as this I tell you of,
Almost to your doors will come;
You can only help a little,
But surely you can help some.

"Tell me, mother," said little Karl,
"What the Good Book says of light;
Tell me about the city,
Where never is any night—
I shall see it before you, mother,
The city so grand and bright."

Said the mother: "It hath no need of the sun,
Nor need of the moon to shine:
There never any hunger or thirst,
And never any repine;
They need no candle, nor any light—
The light is all divine;

"There shall be never tears, or pain,
Nor any ill befall,
And there shall be no night there—
The glory of God is all;
The Lamb is the light of the dwellers
Within the jasper wall."

And in the beautiful city,
The city of wealth and renown,
The beautiful sea-port city,
The lights gleamed still, like a crown,
And the ships outside of the harbor
Went sailing up and down.

And the night wore on to the morning,
The dawning chill and gray,
And a mother knelt by a little form,
Whose soul had gone away:
For Karl, in the city where God is light,
Was keeping his New Year's Day.

THE BIRD'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN.

(Continued.)

"Well," she exclaimed, "if I do say so as shouldn't, I never see a cleaner, more stylish mess o' children in my life! I do wish Ruggles could look at yo for a minute! Now, I've o'cn told ye what kind of a family the McGrills was. I've got some reason to be proud; your uncle is on the po-lice force o' New York city; you can take up the newspaper most any day an' see his name printed right out—James McGrill, and I can't have my children fetched up common, like some folks.

When they go out they've got to have close, and learn ter act decent! Now, I want ter see how yer goin' to behave when yer git there to-night. Let's start in at the beginnin' 'n act out the whole business. Pile into the bed-room, there, every last one of ye, an' show me how yer goin' ter go in't the parlor. This'll be the parlor 'n I'll be Mis' Bird." The youngsters hustled into the next room in high glee, and Mrs. Ruggles drew herself up in her chair with an infinitely haughty and purposeful expression that much better suited a descendant of the McGrills than modest Mrs. Bird. The bed-room was small, and there presently ensued such a clatter that you would have thought a herd of wild cattle had broken loose; the door opened, and they straggled in, all the little ones giggling, with Sarah Maud at the head, looking as if she had been caught in the act of stealing sheep; while Larry, being last in line, seemed to think the door a sort of gate of heaven which would be shut in his face if he didn't get there in time; accordingly he struggled ahead of his elders and disgraced himself by tumbling in head foremost.

Mrs. Ruggles looked severe. "There, I know yer'd do it in some sech fool-way, —try it agin 'n if Larry can't come in on two legs he can stay ter home!"

The matter began to assume a graver

aspect; the little Ruggleses stopped giggling and backed into the bed-room, issuing presently with lock step, Indian file, a scared and hunted expression in every countenance.

demanded their mother; "did I tell you to say it! Wasn't I talkin' ter Sarah Maud?" The little Ruggleses hung their diminished heads. "Yes, marm," they piped, more feebly, "Now git up, all of ye, an' try it. Speak up, Sarah Maud."

Sarah Maud's tongue clove to the roof of her mouth.

"Quick!"

"Ma thought—it was—sech a pleasant hat that we'd—w'd better leave our short walk at home," recited Sarah Maud, in an agony of mental effort.

This was too much for the boys.

"Oh, whatever shall I do with ye?" moaned the unhappy mother; "I suppose I've got to learn it to yer!" which she did, word for word, until Sarah Maud thought she could stand on her head and say it backwards.

"Now, Cornelius, what are you goin' ter say ter make yerself good comp'ny?"

"Dunno!" said Cornelius, turning pale.

"Well, ye ain't goin' to set there like a bump on a log 'thout sayin' a word ter pay for yer vittles, air ye? Ask Mis' Bird how she's feelin' this evenin', or if Mr. Bird's havin' a busy season, or somethin' like that. Now we'll make b'lieve we've got ter the dinner—that won't be so hard, 'cause yer'll have somethin' to do—it's awful bothersome ter stan' round an' act stylish. If they have napkins, Sarah

much obliged," said Kitty with decided ease and grace, at which all the other Ruggleses pointed the finger of shame at her and Peter grunted expressively, that their meaning might not be mistaken.

"You just stop your gruntin', Peter Ruggles; that was all right. I wish I could git it inter your heads that it ain't so much what yer say, as the way-ye say it. Bily, you an' Larry's too little to train, so you just look at the rest, an' do's they do. Now, is there anything more ye'd like to practice?"

"If yer tell me one more thing I can't set up an' eat," said Peter, gloomily; "I'm so cram full o' manners now I'm ready ter bust 'thout no dinner at all."

"Me too," chimed in Cornelius.

"Well, I'm sorry for yer both," rejoined Mrs. Ruggles, sarcastically; "if the 'mount o' manners yer've got on hand now troubles ye, you're dreadful easy hurt! Now, Sarah Maud, after dinner, about once in so often, you must say, 'I guess we'd better be goin';' an' if they say, 'Oh, no, set a while longer, yer can stay; but if they don't say nothin' you've got ter get up an' go. Can you remember?"

"About once in so often!" Could any words in the language be fraught with more terrible and wearing uncertainty?

"Well," answered Sarah Maud, mournfully, "seems as if this whole dinner party set right square on top o' me! Maybe I could manage my own manners, but ter manage nine manners is worse 'n staying to home!"

"Oh, don't fret," said her mother, good naturedly. "I guess you'll git along. I wouldn't mind if folks would only say, 'Oh, children will be children; but they won't. They'll say, 'Land o' Goodness, who fetched them children up? Now it's quarter past five; you can go, an' whatever yer do, don't forget your mother was a McGrill!"

(To be Continued.)

THE OLD YEAR'S BLESSING.

BY ADELAIDE A. PROCTOR.

I am fading from you,
But one draweth near,
Called the Angel-guardian
Of the coming year,
If my gifts and graces
Coldly you forget,
Let the New Year's Angel
Bless and crown them yet.

For we work together;
He and I are one,
Let him end and perfect
All I leave undone.

I brought Good Desires,
Though as yet but seeds;
Let the New Year make them
Blossom into Deeds.

I brought Joy to brighten
Many happy days;
Let the New Year's Angel
Turn them into Praise.

If I gave you Sickness,
If I brought you Care,
Let him make one Patience,
And the other Prayer.

Where I brought you Sorrow,
Through his care, at length,
It may rise triumphant
Into future Strength.

If I brought you Plenty,
All wealth's bounteous charms,
Shall not the New Angel
Turn them into Alms?

I gave Health and Leisure,
Skill to dream and plan:
Let him make them nobler—
Work for God and man.

If I broke your Idols,
Showed you they were dust,
Let him turn the Knowledge
Into heavenly Trust.

If I brought Temptation,
Let Sin die away,
Into boundless Pity
For all hearts that stray.

If your list of Errors
Dark and long appears,
Let this new-born Monarch
Melt them into Tears.

May you hold this Angel
Dearer than the last—
So I bless his Future,
While he crowns my Past.



"I WANT TER SEE HOW YER GOIN' TO BEHAVE."

aspect; the little Ruggleses stopped giggling and backed into the bed-room, issuing presently with lock step, Indian file, a scared and hunted expression in every countenance.

"No, no, no!" cried Mrs. Ruggles, in despair; "yer look for all the world like a gang o' pris'ners; there aint no style ter that; spread out more, can't yer, an' act kind o' careless like—nobody's goin' ter kill ye!" The third time brought deserved success, and the pupils took their seats in the row. "Now, yer know," said Mrs. Ruggles, "there aint enough decent hats to go round, an' if there was I don't know's I'd let yer wear 'em, for the boys would never think to take 'em off when they got inside—but, anyhow, there aint enough good ones. Now, look me in the eye. You needn't wear no hats, none of yer, an' when yer get int' the parlor 'n they ask yer ter lay off yer hats, Sarah Maud must speak up an' say it was sech a pleasant evenin' an' sech a short walk that you left yer hats to home to save trouble. Now, can you remember?"

All the little Ruggleses shouted. "Yes, marm," in chorus.

"What have you got ter do with it,"

Maud down to Peory may put 'em in their laps 'n the rest of yo can tuck 'em in yer necks. Don't eat with yer fingers—don't grab no vittles off one 'mother's plates; don't reach out for nothin', but wait till yer asked, 'n if yer never git asked don't git up and grab it—don't spill nothin' on the table cloth, or like's not Mis' Bird'll send yer away from the table. Now we'll try a few things ter see how they'll go! Mr. Clement, do you eat cramb'ry sarse?"

"Bet yer life!" cried Clem, who, not having taken in the idea exactly, had mistaken this for an ordinary family question.

"Clement Ruggles, do you mean to tell me that you'd say that to a dinner party? I'll give ye one more chance. Mr. Clement, will you take some of the cramb'ry?"

"Yes, marm, thank ye kindly, if you happen ter have any handy."

"Very good, indeed! Mr. Peter, do you speak for white or dark meat?"

"I ain't particlar as ter color—anything that nobody else wants will suit me," answered Peter with his best air.

"First rate! nobody could speak more genteel than that. Miss Kitty, will you have hard or soft sarse with your pudden?"

"A little of both if you please, an' I'm