

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

I sat alone in my chamber,

In the Old Year's funeral gloom,
And the muffled beat of the passing feet
Stole solemnly through the room.

I knelt with a grateful spirit,
And hummed in an undertone
My song of praise for the golden days
That a Father's love had strewn.

"And what shall I ask," I whispered,
"For the future time unseen?
A wreath of flowers? for the fruitful hours?
And the sway of Fortune's queen?"

I mused for a little season:
Should I ask a mine of gold?
Or buoyant health, or princely wealth?
Or love? or a friend?—but hold.

I will leave it all to Jesus,
And only ask that His will
May sweetly refuse, and as sweetly choose,
The things that will please Him still.

So I bring the new-found chalice,
And place it within His hand:
While I humbly pray, as I go my way,—
"Lord, fill it as Thou hast planned."
WILLIAM DUFF.

IF MEAT MAKE MY BROTHER TO
OFFEND.

Several legal gentlemen, passing from place to place to attend court, amused themselves by playing cards on the train. Absorbed in the game, they did not notice that they were closely watched by a woman sitting near. She seemed to struggle for some time to suppress her emotions; but, at last, as if unable to do so longer, she rose and approached them. Recognizing them as judge and attorneys in the court of the town they had just left, she introduced herself as the mother of the young man who had the day previous been sentenced to the State Prison for burglary. With show of deep emotion, she admitted the guilt of her son and the justice of the sentence. "But, O, Judge," said she, "knowing that his ruin and my sorrow all came about through these"—pointing to the cards—"it does seem too bad for you to be playing with them here." Then she proceeded to tell of her son's downward course; from the time when he first learn-

ed to play, till he began to stay out at night and be seen in disreputable company. Then, with the excuse that he needed a little money, selling some item from the farm; finally persuading her to dispose of the farm and move to the village; then rapidly gambling away the proceeds till he brought destitution to her, and involving himself in the crime for which he was imprisoned.—*Dr. DeMotte.*

RING THE OLD BELL.

Dr. Thomas, the President of the Congregational Union of England, delivered an address which made a great impression. Here is an extract:

"Ring the old bell in the pulpit," said he, "and take care that it gives no uncertain sound, and the people will come out of their houses to listen. The man who understands the gospel, and preaches it in earnest as one who believes, will not fail to draw people to hear him, if there be people to go. The old Park Street chapel, although in a low, out-of-the-way place, and almost deserted, was soon filled when the people found out that a young man occupied the pulpit who had felt the power of the gospel and could preach it to others. The place was soon found to be too small, and the largest tabernacle in the first city of the world was built for the young preacher, and for thirty years he has gathered together the largest congregations that have listened for so long a time to any preacher in any age. The gospel alone can retain a strong hold upon men, and our spiritual religion is imperilled if we depart from the simplicity that is in Christ Jesus."

When we reach our Father's house we shall look back and see that the rough-visaged teacher, Disappointment, was one of the best guides to train us for it. He gave hard lessons, plied the rod, and stripped off much we valued that we might travel freer and faster. Dear old rough-handed teacher, we will build a monument to thee yet, crown it with garlands, and inscribe on it, "Blessed be the memory of Disappointment."—*Dr. T. L. Cuyler.*

An Egyptian necropolis has been discovered by General Grenfell in the Libyan desert opposite Assouan, and the tombs opened are believed to date back as far as B. C. 3000.