



THE NEW YEAR.

What lovely things the New Year brings,
 When over wood and town,
 Like little doves on milk-white wings,
 The snow comes flocking down.

What forts we build and giants make,
 And friendly battles fight,
 And showers of snowballs give and take,
 Till morning turns to night.

Then while the embers wink and blink,
 And flames are curling gay,
 Down on the hearth we sit and think
 What fun to have next day.

A superintendent, in addressing his Sabbath-school, said: "Were I to inquire of you the way to the next town, you would no doubt be able to tell me; but should I ask of you the way to heaven, what answer would you give me?" He paused, and a very little girl replied: "Jesus Christ, sir, is the way."