



NEW YEAR'S MORNING.

NEW-YEAR'S MORNING.

BY MOLLIE P. COPE.

ERE the east had grown bright with the coming of the dawn,
 And the starlight still lay on the snow-covered lawn,
 Aroused from soft slumber and sweet dreams of bliss
 By sister's kind voice and her warm, loving kiss,
 Our Carrie and Eddie in night-ropes of white,
 And tangled brown ringlets and eyes beaming bright,
 Have hastened downstairs, and with noiseless bare feet
 Are crossing the hall the dear mamma to greet,
 With a glad "Merry New-year" just ready to burst
 From ruby lips eager to utter them first.
 With hearts beating faster, and cheeks all abloom,
 They're ready for storming her warm, cozy room.
 There are visions of stockings now hung on the rack,
 Well filled from Kris Kringle's ponderous pack.

There are kisses, surprises, and blessings in store
 Just waiting inside of that half open door.
 O precious young darlings! your radiant charms
 Full soon will be clasped in a fond mother's arms;
 And Bethlehem's story her lips will repeat,
 So old and so new, yet ever so sweet.
 Ah, well, if that story in your lives be so wrought
 That your actions with Christ-love may ever be fraught—
 Ah, well, if ye go from this bright Christian home,
 To tell of his love to poor mortals who roam
 In sadness and darkness, and bowed down with grief
 Till like the dear Christ you bring them relief,
 Your hands ever ready to help those in need—
 Then each coming New-year will be merry indeed.

A LITTLE boy complained to his mother that the teacher could not remember his name. "When she speaks to me," he said, "she always calls me 'Silence.'"

LENDING TO THE LORD.

A LITTLE boy's father who did not believe the Bible gave him a half-dollar and told him to put it in the bank and get interest for it. Soon after he went out and met a little girl crying.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

"I'm hungry," said the child. "I've had no breakfast, and there is no bread at home."

"Come with me," said the boy. He was rich; he had a half-dollar, and that would buy a great deal of bread. Besides he remembered just then a Bible verse his mother had taught him: "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord; and that which he hath given will he pay him again." So he gave the little girl his half-dollar.

Not long afterwards the father asked him what he had done with the money.

"I lent it, father."

"Lent it? lent it? To whom?"

"To the Lord"

"But how is that? What do you mean?"

"Why, father, don't you remember the Bible says, 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord!' I gave it to a poor little girl who was crying 'cause she had nothing to eat."

"Well, well, you are a keen fellow; here's another half-dollar for your smartness."

The boy took the money, saying, "I knew it would come, father, but I didn't think it would come so soon."

This little boy was afterwards Gov. Briggs, of Massachusetts.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A BRIGHT, happy, joyous New Year, a year of health and gladness, a year of abundance from earth and abundance from heaven, we wish to all our many readers. May life be prolonged and prosperity enlarged. May hearth-fires burn brightly and friends be warm and true. May every domestic and every childish joy spring fresh and strong. May all the full round year, with its stately procession of months, its three hundred and sixty-five golden days, its fifty-two priceless Sabbaths, be a continuous and uninterrupted blessing from the bounteous Giver of all good gifts.

A LITTLE boy, seeing two nestling birds pecking at each other, asked his elder brother what they were doing. "They are quarreling," said he. "No," replied the child; "that cannot be; they are brothers." What a blessed thing if all children could remember that brothers should never quarrel.