



THE SECRET.

THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

RING, ring, ye gladsome bells,
From yonder belfries high!
Ring out your joyful strains
From earth to sky!

For, lo, a stranger comes
Kingly and proud.

Upon the blast
He rideth fast.

Peal out your welcome loud!

Ring merrily,
Ring cheerily,

To the great, the coming year,
The glad New Year.

We'll lift with braver heart

Life's burden once again,

We'll act a nobler part

Among our fellow-men;

Hope's flowers again shall bloom,

Along life's dusty ways,

And murmurings and sighs

Shall change to prayer and praise;

And God's blest benediction

Rest on our smiling land!

Ring, ring, ye bells!

Ring loud, ring high!

Peal out your merry cheer

From earth to sky,

To greet the glad New Year,

That ever glad New Year!

THE SECRET.

"You poor child, that is too heavy for you to carry," said a lady as she met a little girl not more than eight years old tugging at a pail of coal. "Couldn't your mother send one else for this?" she asked.

"No, ma'am; she hasn't nobody only me, and I can carry it as well as not. I often do, and I like to. I rest when I am tired."

The child looked up and spoke with such a cheerful air that Mrs. Hale was greatly interested in her. She had just been visiting the Industrial School where such poor children were taught daily, and her heart went out in great pity for them all.

"You say mamma has nobody but you?"

"No, ma'am; papa's dead, and my big brother's gone to sea, and baby is gone to heaven. Mamma and I live all alone, and I do everything I can to help her."

"Couldn't she carry the coal better than you?"

"No, ma'am, she's weak-like, but she can sew."

"You seem happy, my dear."

"Yes, ma'am, I am happy, and so is mamma. She says God orders all things, and it's all right."

"Do you go to school?"

"No, ma'am, I can't. I must take care of mamma, but she keeps school for me at

home. I read and spell and write and sew."

"You're a good little girl; I must come and see you and your mamma," said Mrs. Hale.

She went one day, and she told me she had hardly ever seen so happy a home, rich or poor. And she took her children there. "There is a secret there that I want my daughters to learn," she said.

The secret of a happy life—what is it, dear children? It is the love of God in the heart, and Maggie and her mother had it.

THE NAME IN THE BOOK.

ARTHUR WILLS has received at Christmas-time a new book as a gift from his mother. There it lay, when its wrappers were removed, in its pretty binding of gray and gold, with beautiful coloured pictures. He turned to the fly-leaf, and his countenance fell.

"There is no name in it," he said.

"But it is yours," returned his mother. "Why do you want your name in it?"

"To show other people I have a right to it; to show them who gave it to me. Mother, it is nothing without your writing."

Mrs. Wills smiled affectionately upon her boy, and, taking a pen and ink, wrote his name upon her gift. Then she asked: "My son, is your name in the Lamb's Book of Life?"

The boy hesitated.

"I don't know, I am sure," he said.

"Then you may know it, dear, if you will but obey our blessed Saviour's call. The Apostle Paul speaks of some whose names are in the Book of Life. They knew it, and he knew it, and told it to others. God offers us salvation as a free gift. If we take it he will inscribe our names in his great record of the saved. I read a beautiful story of a soldier, who, when he was dying, opened his eyes, and looking up brightly, exclaimed, 'Here!' On being asked what he wanted, he said: 'They are calling the roll-call in heaven, and I was answering to my name!' Dear Arthur, will you pass muster there?"

I think it was not long before Arthur sought by faith to have his name written in heaven.—*Selected.*

WHAT IS HOPE?

A LITTLE girl was once asked: "What is hope?" She smiled, and answered: "Hope is like a butterfly, if we could see it; it is a happy thought, that keeps flying after to-morrow." "No," said another little girl, "my hope is not like that. It is a beautiful angel, who holds me fast, and carries me over the dark, rough places." Which was right?