

AN EASTERN LEGEND.

THE NEW YEAR—1909.

By George W. Armstrong.

Ring glad some bells, today is born,
Midst winter's blast, yet not forlorn;
Within thy infant life may be,
Problems vast as eternity.

We grasp thy hand without a tear,
With smiles undimmed by needless fear;
Knowing within thy bosom lie
The gifts of God abundantly.

The many ages gone and past,
Have records that through time shall
last;
Of words and deeds which have been
done
Since man's career on earth begun.

So when this newborn year shall die,
Immutable its record lie;
In God's great book they all shall be
Transcribed by an unchanged decree.

Then as each hour and day flies by
Let holy incense reach the sky;
And daily, with revolving sun,
Hear the great Master's words: "Well
done."
London, Ont.

PHILOSOPHICAL TOMMY.

Did you ever hear about him? Grand-
ma once knew just such a little philoso-
pher, and he was the biggest little
philosopher I ever knew. I do not think
he ever cried: I never saw him cry. If
his sister found her tulips all rooted up
by her pet puppy, and cried and cried,
—as little girls will,—Tommy was sure
to come around the corner whistling
and say: "What makes you cry? Can
you cry a tulip? Do you think that
every sob makes a root or a blossom?
Here! let's try to right them."

So he picks up the poor flowers, puts
their roots into the ground again, whis-
tling all the time, and makes the bed
look smooth and fresh, and takes her off
to hunt hens' nests in the barn. Neither
did he do any differently in his own
troubles. One day his great kite snap-
ped the string and flew away far out
of sight. Tommy stood still a moment,
and then turned around to come home,
whistling a merry tune.

"Why, Tommy," said I, "are you not
sorry to lose that kite?"
"Yes, but what's the use? I can't
take more than a minute to feel bad.
'Sorry' will not bring the kite back, and
I want to make another."

Just so when he broke his leg.
"Poor Tommy!" cried his sister, "you
can't play any more!"

"I'm not poor either. You cry for
me. I can't have to do it for myself,
and I'll have more time to whistle. Be-
sides, when I get well, I shall beat every
boy in school on the multiplication
table; for I say it over and over again
till it makes me sleepy every time my
leg aches."

If many people were more like Tom-
my, they would have fewer troubles and
would throw more sunshine into this
world. We must cry, sometimes, but
try and be as brave as possible.—Christ-
ian Work.

One vow will not suffice the long year
through,
One prayer a twelve-month's needs
may not allay;
Crown every morn with pure resolve
new,
And live each day as though 'twere
New Year's Day.

We would like to think that the New
Year will be better to us than the old;
or, rather, that we will be better in the
new than in the old. We would wish to
ascend to some higher level. The air
will be sweeter, and the vision clearer,
and the prospect more extended, and we
will be nearer the heavenly hills.

But Maud hung back.
"I think I ought not to break bread
in your house, Mrs. Raynor. I feel
myself a sort of traitor to your friend.
He is your friend, isn't he?"

"Our dearest one; he and my husband
are like brothers. You mustn't launch
me on the subject of Morton Wingate,
my dear, because there would be no end
to it. But you needn't worry about him;
he'll quickly console himself. I know
at least half a dozen women, every in-
dividual one of them suitable, and ready
to jump at the chance of going to that
heavenly Island. The question is about
you."

"I will go to the hotel," said Maud
bravely.

Mrs. Raynor sat down in front of her,
and fixed her steady clear eyes on the
girl's face.

"I don't want to ask you any ques-
tions, dear; it isn't any business of
mine, as I am fully aware; but you are
a long way from home, and I must
mother you for the sake of those who
are left, and not at all because of Win-
gate. He can look after himself. Now
what are you going to do?"

"I thought I would take a situation
of some sort, here, Mrs. Raynor. I sup-
pose there would be something I could
do?"

"Oh, heaps. I have heard of your
capabilities; then you are not thinking
of marrying the other man soon?"
"I shall never marry him, Mrs. Ray-
nor, and he knows it."

"Oh then, that simplifies everything.
Well, dear, you can stay here until you
find something. You need not shake
your head, Mr. Wingate has gone back
to his Island, and we shall not see him
again in a hurry."

"How far is it?"
"A seven hours' journey, and he does
not come up oftener than three or four
times a year; so you are perfectly safe."

The look of strain left the girl's face,
and something else took its place, a wist-
fulness which Nora Raynor hugged to
her breast.

She left Maud Legard lying down that
afternoon, and took the tram-car to her
husband's office, paying him a most un-
usual visit.

Ted Raynor was a person of blunt
speech, and he said some things about
Maud Legard which relieved his own
and his wife's feelings, but when they
met at dinner that evening, he was per-
fectly courteous to her. Maud did not
know the plan of campaign had been
arranged.

Acting on obedience to Nora Raynor's
instructions, Wingate practically effaced
himself from their ken. He neither
wrote nor came, and Maud had no
means of knowing what he was about,
or what had been the effect of her treat-
ment. She took a situation in the city
as governess to some children in a house-
hold where she had to work very hard,
and where she received very little ap-
preciation. Nora Raynor allowed her to con-
tinue in the house of bondage for nearly
a year, then a judicious letter to the
Island brought Wingate down. And
this time he was not cheated of his
reward.

If you blur your moral perceptions,
if you sacrifice your honor by ways that
are not clean and straight, that the
whole landscape of your spiritual out-
look will lose its delicate coloring and
lose its clear edge, and you will not be
able to distinguish between the good
and evil, between the true and false.—
John Kelman.

Do not allow the clouds to get into
your soul. The clouds came upon John,
the beloved, but he gave us neverthe-
less apocalyptic visions of transcendent
glory. They came upon John Bunyan,
but in the very midst of them he dream-
ed an immortal dream.

The most painful thing to endure
among the ruins of Palmyra is the want
of water. The inhabitants have no other
water than that of a hot spring, the
water of which has an intense smell of
sulphur. It can only be drunk after it
has been exposed for twelve hours to the
wind in a leather bottle. Yet, how-
ever repulsive it might have appeared
at first, one gets so accustomed to it
that, at last the water brought by travel-
lers, even from the "Wild-goat's Well"
(Ain el Woul, half-way between Kara-
tern and Palmyra,) appears tasteless.
The following legend relates to the sul-
phurous well of Palmyra, Ain el Rits-
hen, or the Star Well. Once upon a
time a large snake had taken its abode
in the well, and was stopping its mouth
so that no water could be drawn from
it. Solomon, son of David, ordered the
animal to leave the place, in order that
the people might use the water. The
snake replied to the wise king: "Grant
me to come out with my whole body,
and promise me not to kill me. I have
a sun-spot in the middle of my body,
and I shall die if anything touches me
on that place." When Solomon had given
him the required promise, the snake
began to wad itself out; it crawled and
crawled, but there was no end to it. Its
rings already filled the valley, and there
was no appearance of a sun-spot yet.
Solomon began to be frightened, and he
trembled so much that a ring slipped
from his finger at the very moment when
the mysterious spot appeared at the
mouth of the well; the ring fell on that
spot, and the snake was broken in two
parts. The hind part of the monster
remained in the well, and was putrefied
in it so that it became impossible to
drink the water. Solomon purified the
spring with sulphur, the putrid smell
disappeared, but that of sulphur re-
mains till now. The ashes of the front
part of the snake burnt by Solomon, dis-
persed to the four winds, became an-
other plague, that of the army of spring
insects, e.g. locusts, etc.—Deutsche
Familienblatt.

A BACKSLIDER.

A minister's little girl and her play-
mate were talking about serious things.
"Do you know what a backslider is?"
she questioned.

"Yes, it's a person that used to be a
faithful Christian and isn't," said the
playmate promptly.

"But what do you s'pose makes them
call them backsliders?"

"Oh, that's easy! You see, when peo-
ple are good they go to church and
sit up in front. When they get a little
tired of being good, they slide back a
seat, and keep on sliding till they
get clear back to the door. After a
while they slide clear out and never
come to church at all."—Southern Pres-
byterian.

TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.

There are two kinds of girls: One is
the kind that appears best abroad—the
girls that are good for parties, rides,
visits, etc., whose chief delight is in
such things. The other is that kind that
appears best at home—the girls that are
useful and cheerful in the dining-room,
in the sick room and all the duties of
home. They differ widely in character.
One is often a torment at home, the
other a blessing. One is a moth, con-
suming everything about her—the other
is a sunbeam, inspiring light and glad-
ness all around her pathway. The right
kind of education will modify both and
unite their good qualities.

Thought is dependent on words for its
power. It is a pity that words are so
often independent of all thought.