

from the table in your reception room? If you, leaders in society, would start this good work, a great, great number, who have had the will but not the courage, will follow so speedily that this desired reform may soon become the fashion, that despot at present ruling so many homes. Probably oftener than you suspect your hand has offered a young man his first glass, the temptation has come through you, and only the future will show what evil has been done. You may never hear or know of the bitter reproaches with which many speak and think of you as having helped to ruin a character, cause a drunkard's life, fill a drunkard's grave.

I have heard young men say:—'What could we do; we could not refuse wine when offered us by a lady.' Young men of a certain age cannot face the ridicule that their acquaintances know so well how to bestow; to escape it, they will take this first step toward destruction, even knowing that, once having given way, they will not have the power to resist in the future.

Now, my friends, I appeal to you; Cannot we, mothers, wives, sisters, help our sons, husbands and brothers, if instead of weakly, for the sake of doing as others do, we refuse to put temptation in their way. Nay, refuse to invite them to do evil under the false name of hospitality. Surely, true hospitality can be shown in ways that are not harmful.

You will find that all true men will admire and respect you more for your courage and your thought for them; as for those who go from house to house for the attractions of the punch-bowl, and that alone, do you wish them as friends? Gentlemen will not disdain a cup of good coffee, bouillon or chocolate in place of wine.—M. B., in 'Christian Intelligencer.'

### The New Year.

(By Iola.)

Fairy stranger, who art thou,  
With the gems upon thy brow?  
Coming in the stilly night,  
Clad in robes of spotless white,  
Noiselessly thy footsteps fall,  
In the cottage and the hall.

Soft and low the answer came:—  
'Surely, thou must know my name;  
For, while speeding swift away,  
Ere the dawning of the day,  
All the voices of the night  
Cheered me as I came in sight.

'Heard you not the minster bell  
As it tolled the Old Year's knell?  
Heard you not the glad refrain,  
As all nature pealed the strain,  
"Welcome to the bright New Year,  
Welcome, welcome, cheer on cheer?"'

Stranger, thou who art so fair,  
With the dew-drops in thy hair,  
With thy fresh and blooming face,  
And thy youthful, artless grace,  
Yet I cannot give thee cheer,  
For I love thee, dear Old Year.

Many a gift, all richly wrought,  
Brought me to my humble cot;  
Many a peaceful, happy day  
Had I, while beneath his sway,  
Fairy princess, can you tell  
If with thine 'twill be as well?

'Nay, my book is closely sealed,  
None may know what's there revealed;  
Be it joy or be it ill,  
It will be what'er He will;  
For I'm coming in His name,  
Who the sway of earth may claim.

'Trust Him, and, what'er betide,  
He'll be ever by thy side.  
Should the darkness thee enshroud,  
There'll be light behind the cloud.  
Trust Him, and, 'mid sun or shade,  
Thou need'st never be afraid.'  
'Standard.'

### Getting Ready for Evelyn.

(By Isabel Gay.)

'Well, mother, did you have a good visit?'

'Yes; I had a real good visit. But don't ask me any more questions to-night, Bessie, I'm just tired out, and if everything's all right I'll just go to bed. I'll be fresher to talk in the morning.'

'Your bed is aired, and I guess your room is as clean as if you had swept and dusted it yourself.'

'I s'pose it is. Anyway, I won't hunt round for dirt to-night. My, but ridin' in the cars does use me up. Good-night, children.'

When Mrs. Hulings had gone to her room her daughter looked at her husband in relief.

'It's put off until to-morrow at any rate. Oh, Will, you don't know how I dread telling her. I almost wish I had done differently.'

'It's too late for that,' said Will Mitchell, philosophically. 'Besides, you did right about it. You must tell her, too, that we are going away. Will it be much of a shock, do you think?'

'I don't think she'll feel very bad; she finds the baby so troublesome.'

'He is a young reprobate, and no mistake. Don't tell your mother that he broke the big mirror in the parlor.'

'Tell her! I wouldn't tell her for a thousand dollars. She will never notice that the glass is new. I really think, Will, all things considered, that mother has been very patient with the baby. Don't you?'

'Uncommonly, for one of her disposition.'

'That is what I mean. What would you do if, when we go into our new house, I should develop into a housekeeper like mother.'

'I should consider it sufficient grounds for a divorce. Your mother is an unscrupulously neat woman.'

'I've sometimes thought so myself. But you needn't be afraid on my account. Mother says it's one of the trials of her life that I'm so easy-going.'

The next morning Mrs. Hulings, much refreshed by a night's rest, lingered at the breakfast table, talking to her daughter. The troublesome baby was still asleep. She had related the most important incidents of her just completed visit to her niece in Boston, and her daughter concluded that she had spent an enjoyable month.

'Really, mother, I'm awfully glad you had such a nice time.'

'Now, I haven't said I had such an extra nice time, Bessie. The children are terrible bad; as unruly and impudent as can be.'

'Why, mother! I know you thought they were naughty when you were there ten years ago, but I supposed they had outgrown it.'

'They haven't. Even little Charlie, who was such a sweet, nice baby when I was there before, is as bad as any of them. I declare, when I looked at him and then thought of what a good, dear little thing he used to be, I couldn't help feeling sorry I hadn't tomahawked him in his cradle.'

Bessie laughed. 'Oh, mother! he'll probably grow up all right.'

'Just as the twig's bent the tree's inclined. So it's been quiet round here all the time I've been away. Nothin' at all happened?'

'I can't say that exactly. I guess Will

and I must leave you. Will's uncle wants him to go into the bank with him at Bradford. It's quite an opening, you see.'

'It is that,' assented Mrs. Hulings. 'I'm pleased enough that Will is doing so well. I'll miss you terribly, though.'

'Even Willie?'

'I should think so. He's a dear little fellow if he is mischievous. I'm glad you ain't goin' but ten miles away. You can often come home, and it won't be too far for me to go and spend a day with you occasionally. But how is Emmeline Goodsell, Bessie? I wrote to her, and she never answered my letter. I've felt some put out about it.'

Bessie turned pale. 'Oh, mother, it makes me nearly sick to tell you that Mrs. Goodsell is dead. She died of pneumonia the week after you went away.'

Mrs. Hulings turned pale, too. She could not speak for a few moments, but she looked at her daughter with deepest reproach. Then she said:—'Dead! Emmeline Goodsell dead! Bessie! Bessie! why didn't you send for me?'

'Mother, if there had been anything under the sun that you could have done for Mrs. Goodsell I would have telegraphed you to come home. But she was dead before I even knew she had been sick. Willie was ailing and I hadn't been out of the house for several days. Will was in Bradford and knew nothing about it. I nearly fainted when Susy Atkins came to the door the day before Thanksgiving and told me about it. As soon as I could I put my things on and went over to Goodsell's.'

'Did they give her a nice funeral?' sobbed Mrs. Hulings.

Bessie hesitated a moment before she said, 'It was only fair. Things could have been a great deal better. I don't know why they weren't, for John really seemed heartbroken about his mother.'

'Oh, them Wheelers!' groaned Mrs. Hulings. (John Goodsell had married a Wheeler.) 'What did they lay her out in?'

'Her black silk. It looked so plain that I suggested that we put some illusion round the neck and in the sleeves, but Pauline wouldn't hear of it. She said they couldn't afford to spend another cent. They'd have everything to stand as it was. Mother Goodsell hadn't left enough to pay the doctor. So I went to the store and bought the illusion myself. She looked lovely when I had it arranged.' Bessie choked and stopped for a moment. Then she went on:—'The day of the funeral I cut all of our chrysanthemums and took them over, and Will had a beautiful crown made of white flowers besides. I really did all I could, mother.'

'Yes, I guess you did. I won't forget it, either. Where's Evelyn staying?'

'She's gone to live with John and Pauline.'

'For goodness sake! With John and Pauline!'

'Why, of course. Where would she go if not to them?'

'You know what Pauline Wheeler is. You know what a disposition and tongue she's got. And you know the way Emmeline raised Evelyn; she never spoke a cross word to her.'

'She not only never spoke a cross word, but she never spoke a word of any kind to her that wasn't loving and tender.'

'I know,' said Mrs. Hulings, hastily. 'Haven't I always said she was the kindest, patientest soul that ever lived? It was a blessed thing she didn't know Evelyn would have to live with John's wife.'