The Family.

For the Passavtesian Raties NEW YEAR'S EVE.

7 BY H. A NICHOLL.

We warehed the tired old year as be lay dying. Ere the last hour was dead to

ree the tast noue was dead.)
We counted the wall moments onwerd flying
Where many a year has fled;
Where all the hygone years like spectres
stand,
Misty and dim in memory a shadowy land

He diest, and while the bells were gaily real

The New Year came to carth a Sweet songs of Hope and Love around cam

stealing.—
The heralts of his treth
And through the night the atrains rose soft and clear.
Their welcome tinging to the glad New Year

Oh I months and years that through our lives are Eylog,
And record bear
Of human trial and of human trying,
Of daily care.

The long sad story traced upon the scroll Of earth's bird fourney, and the travelling

We want a ban I to help us on the way, A love to cheer ; A lynn to guite us with uncerting ray,

From year to year Oh! Pather, from the world beyond these Lead, smiling on, till Heaven at last appears

The Manie, Mosiomin.

KINDLINGS.

BY HELEY JACKSON.

So essential are they to the quick much does the comfort of one's winter depend upon the generous and never failing supply of thery that their absence or presence is almost a test of the quality of housekeeping, an indication of the plane and standard which will be found in many other matters. There is even a tradition of a New England funeral at which a sorrowing relative was oretheard to say of the departed, bringing in the statement at the end of a long list of virtues, spiritual and secular "And he was a masterhand as a prosider. I don't bleeve his wife's ever known what it was to be out she spends her whole strength, body of kindlin's onc't sense they've been to and soul? housekeepin'

sort of kindlings which wood piles fur-nish, but she was indeed an extraor dinarily happy woman if she were never once out of the sort of kindlings which are needful to start and keep going those more precious inner fires on whose light, warmth and cheer depends the happiness of daily life. "All out of kindlings," "wet kindlings," "not half enough kindlings "—these are the words which in many instances explain the material discomfort of chilly rooms, poorly cooked food, colds and illnesses innumerable. The same phrases are pertunent to the much greater discomposite of ability harmonic control of the control souls, stunted affections, wearisome This was a home wh days, sins and shortcomings innumerable. "All out of kindlings," "wet that made the sunshine. kindlings," "not half enough kind-lings"—no home is happy where these

words can be metaphorically applied.
Almost everything will do for kindlings, so it is properly split or cut and dried. old boxes, shavings, dead boughs, chips; the luxury of "boughten" kindling is unknown in many a house where roaring fires and generous warmth, with all that they count for and accomplish, are never lacking

So with the metaphorical kindlings which the human heart craves. Almost anything will do for them, too. No one so poor he need be without them, need deny them to his family, or is to be excused for forgetting them. Never a penny need be spent for them

from one year's end to the other.
Fitly spoken, lovingly spoken, sympathizingly spoken words are the best of "kindlings." The fire they light of a morning does not need making over a winter morning, and finding a bed of lasts. The pressure of duties and hurry of things may seem to have obliterated. it, as the ashes cover the hot coals, but it is there all the same, and its waimth is there, and neither the room nor the heart can be quite at the mercy of the cold or of trouble and sorrow while

Why do we not speak such words oftener? Why do we not remember oftener? Why do we not remember to praise faithful, painstaking servants? to praise faithful, painstaking servants? 'This is the love of God that ye keep To say, "in so many words," that we His law.' 'Reme the Sabbath like this or like that or the other, which day to keep it holy. That's the law, has been done, and well done, for our friends. And our Lord came not to comfort? "In so many words" tell break, but to fulfit tie law. True, we them that we perceive that they are en-deavouring to do their best? "In so many words" make them feel that we have IIss frown. Go, you that dare, consider them of the same flesh and but I never knew any good come of a blood with ourselves, and that we know religion that changed with the wind." that they can be tited, discouraged, out of sorts, glad or sorry or lonely, just as purpose of the rest. They went home

iouls? Such words make good ! kind-And if we only furnish the kindlings, the fire will come of liself; and it will warm the whole house, this kind of fire. One such will suffice.

Whose business is it to cut up the kindlings? is always a troublesome question in households where service is scanty or lacking; and the question, being a troublesome one, is often left unanswered, it is everybody's husiness, therefore nothody's business, and never, or irregularly, done.

But the preparing of kindlings of the other kind—the kindlings for the sweet, sacred inner fires in hearts and souls, fires of happiness, trust, sympa thy, assistance—this is, Indeed, every-body's business, business of everybody who loves or is loved, wishes to help or be helped, to give or to receive; to have or to hold the best of life. In no household can it be especially assigned to one or to another. All must do it; do it equally, do it regularly. If

It sometimes happens that, by de-grees, nobody knows just when, how or why, the furnishing of these "kind-lings" comes to be considered the work of, or falls into the hands of, one mem ber of a family, oftenest it is the mother. She it is who speaks the soothing word to the hasty temper, the cheering word to the weary, the laughter bringing word to the despondent. She it is who plans the small pleasures or tea; the trip to the scashore. Yet, successful lighting of fires, so in all families where the conditions of h does the comfort of one's winter life press at all heavily, the heaviest pressure must come on the mother She it is who must have the brunt of care in times of illness, the brunt of all troubles in matter of service, the brunt of planning, foreseeing and providing; last, but not least, in all families but those of the rich, the brunt of making a dollar do its utmost of buying. All this is the mother's work. Ought she not to have plenty of "kindlings " always ready to her hand, lovingly prepared, unfailingly offered by every member of the family, for which

Dusckeepin'. I once heard a young lady speaking. This might have been true of the of a family in which she had been governess for a year. It was one of the exceptional houses in which the father furnished the "kindlings."

"It was truly wonderful," she said. "to see how that whole family changed the minute Mr. —— came home. He used to come home from his bank as soon as it was closed, and the minute his voice was heard in the hall everyhouse all day, always bringing home something to read or to look at. He was just the sunshino of that house.

This was a home where money was abundant. But it was not the money that made the sunshine.

There is a text in the Christian Scriptures which is usually quoted as bearing upon evil speaking, gossiping, and tale bearing; but happears to me to be equally pertifierfil to this subject of fire making, literal and metaphorical, the warming up of hearts as well as hearths. And why should not the end of a sermon be as good a place for the test as the happears as the formal of the serious as the happears as the formal of the serious as the serious the text as the beginning? A better one, for one reason, for cannot it be far more clearly seen then whether it suits the sermon or not?

This is the text : "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!"—The Christian Union

MINE'S A RELIGION FOR ALL WEATHERS."

the wind changed, and some of the men, whose faith was weak, went out red coals to begin the day's work with I men, whose faith was weak, went out That is the way a kind, loving word toward the beach, the women and chilif we were not so poor!"

"But if," said a sturdy fisherman, starting up and speaking aloud, "surely, neighbours, your buts and ifs will lead you to break God's law."

The people gathered round him. "And," he added, "mine's a religion for all weathers, fair winds and foul.

These words, in season, stayed the again, and then again, and so on from we are? Such words make good kind and made ready for the house of God, the ear, and then the full corn in the fings.

and spen the day in praise and prayer | ear, and after that it doth not yet ap Why do we not, to our nearest and and spent the day in praise and prayer that it note not yet ap and seed dealest—husbands to wives, wives to husbands, parents to children, and children to parents—why do we not oftener speak words of affection, assurances of love? Say, "In so many words," what, and abundant that there was soon no love? Say, "In so many words," what, and abundant that there was soon no love? Say, "In so many words," what, and abundant that there was soon no love? Say, "In so many words," what, and abundant that there was soon no love? Say, "In so many words," what, and abundant that there was soon no love? Say, "In so many words," what, and abundant that there was soon no love? Say, "In so many words," what, and abundant that there was soon no love? Say, "In so many words," what, and abundant that there was soon no love? Say, "In so many words," what, and abundant that there was soon no love? Say, "In so many words," what we shall be a love to be a love to be a love to be a love to be a love. The love to be a love. The love to be a love to be a love to be a love. The love to be a love. The love to be a love. The love to be a lov to be sure, they know already, but complaining in the village. Here was which no human heart is ever tired of learning, ever leaves off longing to be reassured of—that they are dear to us, shalt be fed."—Words and Weapons.

THE MAN IN THE OFFICE KNOWS.

Some visitors were passing through a Colorado smelter. Men were wheeling ores of different kinds and colors into carbonate, rich glittering galena, green malachite, blue azurite, and dark iron ore, all combined in different propor-tions with silver and gold, were crowded in one upon another. The ninerals were from all parts of the Rocky Mourtains, now brought together in a variegated heap weighing hundreds of tons.

The visitors went on to see the furnaces. There the mixed ores were beaid in separating the meta's from the dross. A labourer was asked the question, "Why do you mix everything in this way?" The reply came, "That we may have the best results. We can do better with mixed ores than we can by smelting them separately," "By:

Last night the sidewalks were, as usual, crowded with a tawdry, bedizen-by smelting them separately," "By:

dy, when, from the midst of a group of sults?" He answered, "The easiest sults?" He answered, "The easiest ways of separating the sound of a familiar tone of voice.

and surprises that break up the mono tony of living; the gifts for birthdays and Christmas, the friends to dinner pled up for shipping to a refinery. piled up for shipping to a refinery, and put out his hand.
The men in the bullion room were "Don't you reme: asked the question, "How much is he, adding, without more ado, "I am this bullion worth?" The answer—," mentioning his name. came, with a smile, "We sometimes

Then at once I knew him, not, in

Here is a large smelter, employing many men who carry on their work by faith, not knowing the results any more than those who have served God, "not having received the promises [the results], but having seen them afar off" Men are ordered to wheel the ore and dump it on the floor. They unquestioningly obey, rot knowing the value of what they handle. Men stand in the mouths of the many-furnaces, and the mouths of the many-furnaces, and me at once, he said, I had not throw in fuel and flux and mineral, as changed. Which way was I going? I they are directed, without asking a cold him. He smiled slightly, but question about the worth of the metal

that is drawn off in the room beneath them. Other men handle the bullion as they would handle so many bars, of pig iron, simply because they are or-dered to do that part of the work. The full knowledge of the processes and results is not among the workmen. "The man in the office knows."

It is easy to see the absolute necesbody felt cheery. He took his wife out to drive, made his guls go out to drive, made his guls go out to alty of faith and obedience among the walk or side if they had been in the founders are made and another according to the founders are well as in every machine-shop and fashion greatly, and new flourished, foundry, as well as in every smelter of with a large fortune, like a green bay our land; and yet, now said then, one tree. >
of these same labourers will question > And now," I asked him, "how do about rendering faith and obedience in the Christian life. It seems strange that any person should fand difficulty in accepting this commen sense lesson of the Colorado smelter. The steady perseverance in trusting and serving God must be infinitely more reasonable than the faith and obedience of "sinelter men."-Rev. W. D. Westercelt, in S. S. Times.

MIRRORS.

Wie are mirrors. We cannot help being reflectors. We reflect in our characters every influence that touches our lives. I am introduced to you. You speak one sentence—I know that you are an Englishman, or an American, or a Spaniard. You are a combination of reflections. We become like those with whom we associate. Two boys in a university in England roomed together for eight years. Toward the "Well, yes," he answered, "I shall a morning does not need making over again the whole day long. In fact, it heeps coals over night, a good One year they were very sorely and intelligent.

One year they were very sorely and intelligent.

One year they were very sorely and intelligent. end of that time these two boys were so much alike that it became remark. I while."

But as Margie was going off by heralling and that time it was not half so until one was almost the image of the other. If you called on one, and found the other one instead, you push salk seek him soon at the rooms of the Ass. warm, glowing bed all ready next morn ing. Who does not know the comfort of opening the ashes on the hearth, of sea. At last, on a Sabbath morning, to receive the same answers that you and decisive "No." would from the other. I once knew a men, whose faith was weak, went out girl who was growing so saintly that fees I was prepared for this, but my toward the beach, the women and children looking on sadly, many saying her secret. She became very ill, and a "I don't want to play the hypowith sights, "I'm sorry it's Sunday, but dear friend of hers obtained permission crite," said he, "and I tell you honto open a locket which she wore constantly about her neck. There she saw engraved on the inside of the locket the clue to the secret. "Whom having not seen we love" If we reflect the glory of the character of Christ, we shall be changed from glory to glorythat is, from character to character. How this is I cannot tell. Had Paul written in tiese times, he would probably have used the photograph instead of the min r as a symbol. I cannot tell how the impalpable shadow which appears on the plate is fastened there-no one can. And I cannot tell how character is changed. We reflect Christ for a time, and then we are changed, and then we are changed glory to glory. First the blade, then

LOWER DOWN,

Last night I met upon the street a man whom I had known and loved well in his boyhood. The last time I wall in his boyhood. The last time I saw him he was a youth of twenty—fresh, rosy faced, with blue, bright eyes the large furnace sheds. Yellow lead- fresh, rosy faced, with blue, bright eyes and blonde, curling hair-a frank, open-hearted young fellow, full of hope for the life and the labour awaiting him in his Western city We said good bye ten years ago this very month, and the good bye was spoken at the doors of the Christian Association on Fourth Avenue, in this city of New York.

Last night, lower down upon that same avenue, again we met, in that naces. There the mixed ores were be-ing cast into the yawning mouths of the equestrian Washington, to which the fire pits. Limestone and fuel were the name "Rialto" has in some way also thrown in to feed the fire, and to attached itself. On my way up town aid in separating the meta's from the form Lafayette Place I have fre-

sults?" He answered, "The easiest well-dressed, loud talking men, came and cheapest ways of separating the the sound of a familiar tone of voice. metal from the slag." "What will the metal be worth? What will be the real one face there I recognized instantly result of the work?" "We cannot but the lips whose tones I knew were tell. The man in the office knows."

The visitors passed on. They saw pression. That face—I had seen it the precious metals drawn from the before, of that I was assured, but furnaces and placed in moulds. They where, and when? In the moment's went into the room where the bullion pause the man saw me. He instantly bricks were taken from the moulds and left his companions, came towards me lest his companions, came towards me

"Don't jou remember me?" said

Then at once I knew him, not, in tell the visitors what we think it is deed, as he was, but as he had been worth, but the man in the office. The face, as I saw it last night, is picknows." broad and bloated, with fat cheeks, red with wine and not with innocence; sensual, sneering mouth, and glassy, evasive eyes. The form, too, was broad and animal like, and the impres-sion produced that of a man given to wine and debaucheries; of a man who perpetually stood, where I had found him, in the way of sinners

He seemed glad to see me; knew withal, I thought sadly.

"I am not going your way," he said. I am going lower down." "But," I said, "tell me about your

I drew him aside, and we sat down

in the reading room of one of the hotels near by. Little by little he gave me, growing more and more confiden-

"And now," I asked him, "how di you propose to use your wealth?"

He smiled coldly.

"Oh, I suppose, enjoy it. Live and have a good time." "But once," said I, "it was, I re-member, your ambition to make money

for the opportunities of good it would give you. Surely that desire has not left you?"

"One makes all sorts of good resolutions," he answered lightly. "No one can tell what he will do till he has tried Now, as for me, I've changed, of course, every one does more or less, but I'm not a bad sort or fellow. For one thing, he added, more solerly,

I have provided for my mother." I had never known his mother, but had heard him often in early days speak of her, and of his only sister, for whose sake he had toiled.

be floating around here, I suppose, for

I looked, not my surprise, for I con-

estly, since I have been out West, I have learned to think very differently about such things."

Of all he told respecting his views, I may not tell. They were views such as, sadly enough, many profess. I can only thank God that they who know them have no longer tietes, but knowledge.

"And your mother?" I asked sor rowfully, for of old I had heatd him speak of her as so godly a woman. His face clouded, but he recovered

himself.
"To be frank with you, old friend,"

said he, "I don't care for myself, a short life and a merry one, is my motto, but I couldn't bear to worsy my old mother. No, there's no use trying to convert me; but if you like, I'll tell dear, be you what happened the first night I got for you.

I acquiesced, and he sat in the scat of the scornful, and went on.

"Perhaps," said he, cynically, "you may work it up into a contribution or a tract. No doubt you'll find a moral

married soon after I went West. I came in on them unexpectedly. Mother has been feeble for some time

madee than I have, I'll say that for him. Glad to see me? Oh, yes, of course 1 Poor mother cried and took on, and Kate, too, for that matter.
After a while I got acquainted with the children, three tiny tots, the youngest almost a baby. It was quite late when I came in, the babies' bedtime had come, and then they all fell to for religious services. I was sitting by mother's sofa, when Kate brought out mother's sofa, when Kate brought out the Bible and hymn-book. I tried to get away. You know I told you, whatever I was, I was no hypocrite. Then mother looked astonished. Could I grieve her by going? If I did go, I must tell her why, and that I could not do. So I stayed. My brother inlaw read the Bible. That I could stand. Then he proved I make a stand. Then he prayed. I made a poor pretence of following. That I stood, too, but when it came to the singing (I told you it would be mater-lal for a tract), I tell you it bothered me. You saw me standing with those men on the corner? Well, one of them was , the free thinker, you know. His opinions are mine. There's no sort of use trying to change me. I've given up all such-I won't call it nonsense, for I don't want to hurt your feelings, but the singing, I declare Fonestly, almost trade me cry. Everything about the room was so com-

fortable and homelike; there were the

two oldest children singing away with the test, and even the baby in sister

Kate's arms, half asleep, tried to join in too. Of course it was all foolish

when I was a youngster; let me sec-

how does it go? Something about shepherd, lead us?" "Jesus, like a thepherd lead us ;
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy—"

In Thy—"
"Yes, that's it," he broke 'n, some what impatiently. I continued, finishing the stanza:

In thy pleasant pastures lead us,
For our use Thy folds prepare;
Bleased Jesus, bleased Jesus,
Thou hast bought us; Thine we are."

" Well, they sung that," he continued.

almost morosely; "and I am willing to say I would have given worlds to have felt as they felt, as I once did "And why not? Oh-why not?" I spoke almost despairingly. I laid my hand on his arm. He turned away

(we had both sisen), saying, not un kindly, but decidedly, "No, no preaching. It will do no good."

We parted at the door. I felt interest the deed that words of mine would not the cents.

We parted; I to go my way, and he spoke? to go his—his way, as he said himself— He to lower down. - Congregationalist.

REVIEW here bein greatly alled in their daily self. "Thou God scest me," said the Ravisw have been greatly aided in enter and yelfert to "fight the good fight" by the words of voice.

"Nobody'll know where they've "Add thatty

SECOND THOUGHTS REST.

LITTLE Margie walked along under a tree and found two apples. She picked them up and hid them under

her apron.
"They are ripe, I know," she said.
"They are yellow like gold, and red on one side."
"But if I let mamma see them she

let me eat them. So I will not let her.

hiding the apples.

God has been getting them ready for your little hands to pick up?" "How long, mamma?" asked Mar-

gie.

"I cannot tell exactly, but many years ago a little seed was put into the ground. At first only a leaf or two grew, then a twig, and the good Lord sent all His beautiful sunshine and sent all His beautiful sunshine and was inore bright at night, and because the ever changed just as the moon summer wind and rain to help it on her eyes changed just as the moon Even the storms and the frost and the changes, which is sometimes full and

red cheek upon it.

"I do not think it is quite sipe yet, dear, but you may ask Jane to bake it

As Margie walked away she felt glad in her very heart that she had not tried to deceive such a kind mother and such a great loving Father in heaven -The Sunbeam.

In it; but as for me (his face grew black). I only found a little of that

An acceptable Christmas or New Year's gept bug bear, hell."

Then he went on fast: "It was a sight. Send et to a primi and make et do miss.

Inherition to The Parayyerran Review, week ago that I returned. My sister som more until it is nern ont. VIEW do not throw it was, or file it out of

The Children's Corner.

DOING ITS BEST.

I AM but a tiny cricket, Living in a summer thicket, There I take my rest, Many sorps are gayer, prouder, Many a roice is anceter, loader, But I do my best,

In my song there's no complaining, Even when the sky is raining a Burds fly cast and west,— Silent hale in leafy cover a But I chirp till all is over, Eving still my best,

When the leaves are around us fying, When the tards and bees are bleing. On their setums quest, You will find me in the stubble, Though the clouds hook full of trouble, Singing still my best.

Clad in garments dark and soler,
Here I inger till October s
Senshine warms my breast,
While the winney days you nember,
Sweet and quart is my slumber,
For I've done my best,
—S. S. Timer.

RAIN FROM HEAVEN.

ONCE a little girl came to her elergyman with three dollars and fifty cents for nilssions.

"How did you collect to much? Is it all your own?" asked the clergyman.
"Yes, sir; I carned it."

"But how, Mary? You are so poor."

"Please, sir," answered the child,
"when I thought how Jesus had died
for me I wanted to do something for him, and I heard how money was wanted to send the good news out to the heathen; and as I had no money of my own, I earned this by collecting rain water and selling it to washerwomen at a penny a bucketful; that is

ness, but—make the most of it, for, as I said, you can't change me—I give you my word, it almost unmanned me. "My dear child," said the clergy-man, "I am very thankful that your love to your Saviour has led you to work so long and patiently for Him; They sang that old fashioned hymn-mother used to sing me to sleep with it now I shall put down your name as a missionary subscriber '

"Oh no, sir I please not my name." "Why not, Mary?"

"Please, sir, I would rather no one knew but His: I should like it to be put down as 'Rain from Heaven.'"-

The Rutten never forgets the boys and girls and the little children. It is always a good

"DON'TI DON'TI"

"Don'r i don't i" a little volce. Harty's ear.

The two cents lay on the window-seat; some one had forgotten them. Two cents' worth of candy came right up before Harry's eyes, and in a moment he had put out his hand to take he

But that "Don't! don't!" Who

He turned and looked. No one was in the room. The door was open, but no one was in the entry. "Nobody can see," he said to him-

gone," said Harry
"Thou shalt not steal," the voice said again.

Harry was frightened at himself, and ran away as fast as he could. He was saved from a great sin and trouble. If he had taken those two pennies, he would most likely have taken more another time, and not been so frightered about it, either.

one side."

"But if I let mamma see them she will say they are not tipe, and will not let me eat them. So I will not let it. He was so ashamed that he did not let me eat them. not know what to do. Not long after

What voice was that which said, 'Don't | don't | "? That was coniding the apples.
"See what I have found, mamma," | "Don't | don't |"? That was conshe said, showing the apples.

"How beautiful they are!" mamma ways listen to the voice that bids you said, looking at them. "Do you ever think, my little daughter, how long Etangelist.

PUSSY.

Diti you ever think why we call the

Is ren the storms and the frost and the snow were all good for it. And so it grew to be a tree, and you could walk under its pleasant shade

"Last spring you saw the lovely pink blossoms, and ever since the little green apples have been getting larger. And now the bright sun has finished it the cat's head and named it Pasht, the same name they gave to the moon; for

up for you by painting this beautiful the word means the "face of the moon."

That word has been changed to " pas " or " pus," and has come at last to be " puss," the name which almost every one gives to the cat. Puss and puss) cat are pet names for Kitty everywhere. Who ever thought of it as given to her thousands of years ago, and that then people bowed down and prayed to her?—The Sunkem.

Young people will find comething entertaining and instruction in every number of THE I L'RESETTERIAN REVIEW.