

The Family.

NEW YEAR'S EVE. BY M. A. NICHOLS. We watched the first old year as he lay dying...

KINDLINGS.

BY HELEN JACKSON. So essential are they to the quick and successful lighting of fires, so much does the comfort of one's winter depend upon the generous and never failing supply of them...

precious in our eyes and in our own souls? Such words make good kindlings. And if we only furnish the kindlings, the fire will come of itself...

It sometimes happens that, by degrees, nobody knows just when, how or why, the furnishing of these kindlings comes to be considered the work of, or falls into the hands of, one member of a family...

One heard a young lady speaking 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.

"MINE'S A RELIGION FOR ALL WEATHERS." There is a fishing village on the coast of Cornwall where the people are very poor, but pious and intelligent.

Why do we not speak such words oftener? Why do we not remember to praise faithful, painstaking servants? To say, "in so many words," that we like this or like that of the other, which has been done, and well done, for our comfort?

THE MAN IN THE OFFICE KNOWS.

SOME visitors were passing through a Colorado smelter. Men were wheeling ores of different kinds and colors into the large furnace sheds.

The visitors went on to see the furnaces. There the mixed ores were being cast into the yawning mouths of the fire pits. Limestone and fuel were also thrown in to feed the fire...

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.

It is easy to see the absolute necessity of faith and obedience among the labourers in every machine-shop and foundry, as well as in every smelter of our land.

WE are mirrors. We cannot help being reflectors. We reflect in our characters every influence that touches our lives. I am introduced to you.

AN acceptable Christmas or New Year's gift to some friend or acquaintance—One year's subscription to THE PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW.

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 saw him he was a youth of twenty—fresh, rosy faced, with blue, bright eyes...

Last night, lower down upon that same avenue, again we met, in that short section of the city, round about the equestrian Washington, to which the name "Rialto" has in some way attached itself.

Then at once I knew him, not, indeed, as he was, but as he had been. The face, as I saw it last night, is pictured upon the retina yet—

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

"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 of fellow."

SECOND THOUGHTS BEST. LITTLE Margie walked along under a tree and found two apples. She picked them up and hid them under her apron.

"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 summer wind and rain to help it on.

"I do not think it is quite ripe yet, dear, but you may ask Jane to take it for you."

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married soon after I went West. I came in on them unexpectedly. Mother has been feeble for some time past, and I found her lying on the sofa. Kate's husband is a good fellow. He's been more of a son to the mother than I have, I'll say that for him.

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The Children's Corner.

DOING ITS BEST. I AM but a tiny cricket, living in a summer ticklet. There I take my rest. Many songs are gay, prouder, many a voice is sweeter, louder, but I do my best.

RAIN FROM HEAVEN. Once a little girl came to her clergyman with three dollars and fifty cents for missions.

"DON'T! DON'T!" "Don't! don't!" a little voice seemed to say clear and strong in Harry's ear.

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