



A NEW YEAR'S MOTTO.

HOW THEY KEPT "WATCH MEETING."

BY CONSTANT MOORE.

Mamma and Papa Norton decided to go to the watch-night meeting at the church, and the children begged hard to be allowed to sit up until midnight, so they might watch the old year out and the new year in. "Let us have a watch meeting all by ourselves," said Harry.

Mamma Norton thought they would better go to bed, and said they would know when the new year came in by the ringing of the church bells.

But Papa Norton said they might just as well stay up with Aunt Esther in the kitchen, and watch the new century come in, because they would never have another opportunity. So that is how they happened to be sitting up by the bright fire long after their usual hour for going to bed.

To keep them awake George cracked nuts, and Aunt Esther brought in some red-cheeked apples. While they ate they talked and told stories. Aunt Esther told them of her life in the South when she was a little pickaninny, and how dearly she loved her "young missus" who died; and how badly his mother felt when "young Tom began to grow bad habits, staying out late at night with young men who swore and drank, and how 'shamed he was after he was brought home drunk one night. He said he would turn over a new leaf, and he did."

The New Year is a good time to turn over a new leaf.

They were all so interested in what she was saying that they forgot to look at the clock. Suddenly they heard loud noises outside. Pistols were fired off, steam whistles were blown loudly, and the church bells rang a merry "ding-dong! ding-dong!"

"It's the new year, sure as you live!" said Harry.

"Of course, and I wish you all a happy New Year," said Aunt Esther.

AFTER CHRISTMAS.

I have lately heard a secret—
Heard it too from truthful lips:
Santa Claus, the sly old fellow,
Makes his "after Christmas" trips.

I've been told he has discovered
Many things that give him pain—
Discontent and hateful envy,
Thoughtful love bestowed in vain.

He has seen his choicest presents
Torn and broken and defaced;
Santa Claus, though rich and lavish,
Frowns on wilful, wicked waste.

All unseen he watched some children
In their pleasant homes at play
With the very toys he gave them
On the merry Christmas Day.

Johnnie's rocking-horse was splendid,
Gaily decked in red and gold;
Katie's doll as fair a creature
As a child could wish to hold.

Johnnie's horse was kicked and battered
Just because it couldn't neigh;
Though his papa might have bought him
Two live horses and a sleigh.

Katie wished her doll was larger—
Wished its eyes were black, not blue;
Finally grew vexed and threw it—
Broke its lovely head in two.

Santa Claus looked grave and troubled,
Shook his head and went his way;
"I'll remember this," he muttered,
"On another Christmas Day."

Then he peered in dismal places
Where he was not wont to go—
Where the hungry, shivering children
Never any Christmas know.

And his heart was sad and sorry
That he could not help them all;
And he thought, in grief and anger,
Of the broken horse and doll.

As he took his onward journey,
He was seen to drop a tear;
And I'm certain that he whispered,
"I'll remember this next year."

But he has so much to think of,
And so many things to get,
Can't the Johnnies and the Katies
Think of it if he forget?

Only those who are full of faith and
power do mighty works for God.