

## The Reverie of the Bells on New Year's Eve.

### FIRST BELL.

SHOULD I mourn that the year is gone,  
With its sunshine and its showers—  
Its sweet spring leaves, its autumn fruit,  
And its fragrant summer flowers?

### SECOND BELL.

Brother, oh not for these I care,  
For all these next year will be as fair;  
But I grieve for those who cannot return,  
The churchyard dead of this year I mourn.

### THIRD BELL.

Oh, not for them, the next bell said.  
Sweet, sweet is the rest of the holy dead;  
I grieve for the dear ones left on earth.  
As they gather now round the Christmas hearth

### FOURTH BELL.

I, said the Fourth Bell, grieve to know  
The varied ills in this vale of woe,  
For the sick on the couch of weary pain,  
For the poor man's want and prisoner's chain.

### LAST BELL.

The Last Bell sigh'd—There's One on high,  
Who hears every spirit's broken sigh;  
I mourn for those who from him depart,  
Who refuse the balm for the broken heart.

—*Family Herald.*

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## A PAGE FOR SABBATH SCHOLARS.

### One Mile More!

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS:—Most of you know what a milestone is, but for the sake of those who may never have seen one, I will tell you what it is. A milestone is a large stone placed by the side of the road, having figures and words cut out on it, to tell those who are travelling how many miles they have walked, and how many they have still to walk, before they come to their journey's end. Once there was no work for the carpenters in a town in Scotland, and one poor man, who had a large family of little boys and girls to feed and clothe, thought he would go to another town and try to get work there. He had no money to spare to pay his passage by the boat or the coach, so he had to walk all the way, and it was more than twenty miles. Off he set early in the morning on his long journey, and for a while felt cheerful and strong, and walked three or four miles an hour. But by and by he began to walk slower and slower, and often wished his walking was done, for his limbs were very wearied, and his feet were very sore. But still he walked on, and as he walked he kept looking very much to the side of the road, as if he was watching for something, and so he was—he was looking for the milestones, and every time he passed one he heaved a sigh and said, "One Mile More!"

Boys and girls, you are just now pas-

sing a milestone on the road of life. If God so will that you should awake on the first morning of 1864, on New Year's morning, you will have travelled one mile more, and the road before you will be one mile shorter. Every year of your life is like a mile you have walked, and every New Year's Day is like a large milestone by the road side, to tell you that you have lived one year more and that you have one year less to live on this earth. Yes, children, you are all on a journey, young travellers on the road which goes from this world to the next, and, whether you think of it or not, you are all, without doubt, on the way either to Heaven or to Hell. Whether you think of it or not, every breath you draw brings you nearer to your journey's end. Every day you live is one step more on the road, and every step you take makes the journey before you shorter and shorter still. You know nothing at all about the length of your journey, for "in such an hour as ye think not the Son of Man cometh." That is, Christ, who is Judge, may summon you before him any year or any month or any day, and his summons kings and great men, as well as little boys and girls, must obey. Your journey may stop at any time; you may have only one mile more to walk, one year longer to live, or you may have ten or twenty or fifty, but you cannot tell. You are sure that your life will come to a close some day, but on what particular day—or what particular part of the road you will speak the last word, and draw the last breath, you know not. The journey of some have ended to-day—of some is ending this very moment—of some 'twill end to-morrow. Yes, my young friends, some whom you know very well,—perhaps some of those with whom you talked and played to-day, will end their journey before they reach another milestone, will die in 1864, and not see New Year's Day of 1865. It may be your father, or your sister, or your cousin, or your playmate, or it may be your very self. Yes, you who are reading this, and perhaps wondering who it will be—it may be yourself, but you cannot tell. Oh! how thoughtful we should all be, always ready to die, because people are always dying. Oh, how strange! Oh, how true! The end will be whenever God sends his messenger death to take you from the road. Are you ready if the messenger should meet you on the road to-day, and say—"Come with me?" When you die and pass into the world of spirits, will Jesus bid you welcome? or depart? Blessed, blessed to be welcomed, but oh! what to be told to depart!

[The preceding extract is given from a little book of the above title, written by a lady of our Church in River John, as a "New Year's Address to Sabbath Scholars." The address will be published before the end of the month.]