

**New Year's Wishes.**

BY FRANCES R. HAYWARD.

WHAT shall I wish thee?

Treasures of earth?  
Songs in the springtime?  
Pleasure or mirth?  
Flowers on thy pathway,  
Skies ever clear—  
Would this insure thee  
A Happy New Year?

What shall I wish thee?  
What can be fount  
Bringing thee sunshine  
All the year round?  
Where is the treasure,  
Lasting and dear,  
That shall insure thee  
A Happy New Year?

Faith that increaseth,  
Walking in light;  
Hope that aboundeth,  
Happy and bright;  
Love that is perfect,  
Casting out fear—  
These shall insure thee  
A Happy New Year.

Peace in the Saviour,  
Rest at his feet;  
Smile of his countenance,  
Radiant and sweet;  
Joy in his presence,  
Christ ever near—  
These will insure thee  
A Happy New Year.

**THE LORD'S MONEY.**

"BETIE, Bertie," isn't this a shame?" cried little Casper Hall, as he held up a silver quarter for his elder brother to look at.

It was a bright quarter, and at first sight there was nothing the matter with it, but closer inspection showed that it had been bored and the hole afterward had been carefully filled up.

"They wouldn't take it where I bought my slate," said Casper, ruefully, "and I tried to pass it to the candy shop, and the lady shook her head, and when I offered it to the conductor of the car he was quite cross, and asked me if I didn't know how to read. When I said, 'Yes, of course I do,' he pointed to the notice in big letters, 'No mutilated coin received here.' What shall I do with it?" finished the little fellow with a sigh,

"You have no idea who gave it to you, have you, Casper?" said Bertie.

"Not the least. It is part of the change I had from Uncle John's Christmas gift to me."

"Well, you must be sharper next time. Now, if I were you, I would put it in the missionary box. The society will work it off somehow."

"But I don't want to put a whole quarter in the box."

"It is not a whole quarter, Casp; it is a quarter that's had a whole in it. Nobody'll take it from you. You may just as well get rid of it in that way as any other."

Bertie and Casper Hall were in their father's library when this conversation took place. They thought themselves alone. But just on the other side of a curtain, which divided the room from the parlor, their cousin Ethel was sitting. As Casper moved toward the mantel where the family missionary

box stood in plain sight, Ethel drew the curtain aside and spoke to him.

"Boys," she said, "I did not mean to listen, but I could not help overhearing you. Casper, dear, don't drop that quarter into the box, please."

"Why not, Ethel?"

"The Lord's money goes into that box."

Bertie looked up from his latin grammar to meet the glowing face of the little girl. Her eyes were shivering and her lip quivered a little, but she spoke gravely: "It was the lamb without blemish, don't you know, that the Hebrews were to offer to the Lord! If you saw Jesus here in this room, you would not like to say, 'I give this to thee, because nobody else will have it.' It was gold, frankincense and myrrh the wise men offered the infant Jesus."

The boys drew near Ethel. She went on: "It isn't much we can give to him who gave himself to us, but I believe we ought to give him our best, what costs us something. Excuse me, but it seems you mean to drop a battered coin into God's treasury just to get it out of sight."

Casper and Bertie agreed with Ethel. They were about to do wrong for want of thought. Are there no older people who should remember the Lord's money ought to be perfect, and of our best?

**"THEY ALL DRINK."**

It is well known that at certain central agencies a record is kept of the name, position, and standing of nearly every business man in the country. Careful men are employed to collect this information; and it not only includes the amount of property which the parties are worth, but also their standing as regards punctuality, promptness, integrity, temperance, morals, etc. A number of years ago, it is stated, a firm of four men in Boston were rated as "A 1." They were rich, prosperous, young, and prompt. One of them had a curiosity to see how they were rated, and found these facts on the book and was satisfied; but at the end it was written, "but they all drink." He thought it was a good joke at the time; but to-day two are dead, another is a drunkard, and the fourth is poor and living partly on charity.

This is the outcome of the fact stated in the words, "they all drink." Business men know very well that such habits are to be reckoned in making an estimate of the probable success of any business man. He who would prosper in any business undertaking should learn to shun the cup. Moderate drinking leads to drunkenness, and this involves the wreck of morals, business, fortune, family—all a man has. No one can trust the word of a drinking-man. Strong drink benumbs conscience, vitiates judgment, rots out principle, and ruins the man. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

**READING THE BIBLE WELL.**

A LITTLE boy came home one day from church service, from which his parents had been detained, and asked his father if he ever read the twenty-first chapter of Revelation.

"O yes, often," said his father.

"But did you ever read it to us here at home?"

"I think so."

"Well, father, I don't think I ever heard it. The minister read it to-day, and it was just as if he had taken a pencil and paper and pictured it right out before us."

So much is there in good reading. I have often wondered how Jesus read the old prophets the day he went into the meeting and took up the Scriptures and read them before the congregation.

The eyes of every one were "fastened upon him," and all wondered at the gracious words that proceeded out of his mouth. If we could read the Bible as he did, what would it be in our houses! It is worth a mother's while to study elocution, to some extent, as well as to study deeply into the spirit of the word, if she would make her Bible reading effective on the hearts of her children. A monotonous way of reading takes much of the life out of the sweetest portions.

A conversational tone and manner are much more instructive than the "Bible twang" which the good old Scotch grandmother held so sacred that she sharply reprov'd her lad for using it when reading the newspaper.—*Selected.*

**HOW TO ENJOY SCHOOL.**

AT the beginning of the school year, many students find school a little flat and "slow" after the lively and varied employments of the vacation. If they settle to faithful work, they soon become interested in their studies and enjoy again the familiar experience of wondering "where the morning has gone," so swiftly and so unmarked have the hours flown by. The strife for excellence is the secret for enjoying labour. A ploughman who draws his furrows straight, deep, and clear, has a tranquil pleasure in doing every one of them, and when the field is finished he surveys the rippled surface with pride and satisfaction. It is fortunate for us that we are constituted as to enjoy the labour by which we live, since most of us are compelled to spend more than half our waking hours in that labour, and it is generally as monotonous as ploughing. To pass ten hours a day in ploughing as well as ploughing can be done by man, is a very cheery and pleasant thing.

Students have a singular happiness in their occupation—so varied is it, and so full of natural interest. But it is dull and wearisome enough unless it is pursued with intelligent zeal and worthy ambition to excel. An old teacher can tell which of his pupils have enjoyed doing their sums by just

glancing at their slates. A very clean slate is a good sign. Then look at this great sun in long division. Observe how clear, even, and regular in form it is, and what a pleasing contrast it presents between the dark blue slate and the white pretty figures! Above all, it is right! The young arithmetician who executed the task so elegantly and so well, must have been unconscious of the flight of time. Excellent work is done understandingly. Every student who has puzzled his brains over an author or a subject that was too hard for him, knows what we mean by this. Some of our older readers may remember that they began to study geometry about two years too soon; or that they tried, on entering a new school, to join a class that was a little in advance of them. What dull and discouraging work it was! The usual result of such an experiment is that the student gives up in despair, and never masters the study. The better way is to wait, and to take the subject in hand when one or two more years of work and growth have brought the mental faculties to the requisite degree of power. The book then becomes one long delight.

If you would enjoy your school-work this year, strive hard for excellence, and learn nothing by rote. Put heart and mind into all you do. If any particular study is peculiarly distasteful, do not resolve to "hate" it, but reflect that it may just now be a little beyond your faculties. Should you take it up at exactly the right time it may be hereafter your favourite study.—*Youth's Companion.*

**CHRIST WELCOMING SINNERS.**

WE are told that in stormy weather it is not unusual for small birds to be blown out from land on to the sea. They are often seen by voyagers out of their reckoning and far from the coast, hovering far up over the mast on weary wings, as if they wanted to alight and rest themselves, but fearing to do so. A traveller tells us that on one occasion a little lark, which followed the ship for a considerable distance, was at last compelled through sheer weariness to alight. He was so worn out as to be easily caught. The warm hand was so agreeable to him that he sat down on it, and buried his little cold feet in his feathers, and looked about with his bright eye not in the least afraid, and as if feeling assured that he had been cast amongst good, kind people whom he had no occasion to be backward in trusting. A touching picture of the soul who is aroused by the Spirit of God, and blown out of its reckoning by the winds of conviction; and the warm reception which the little bird received at the hands of passengers conveys but a faint idea of that welcome which will always greet the worn-out sinners who will commit themselves into the hands of the only Saviour.—*C. H. Spurgeon.*