

### "A Happy New Year."

We send to you a greeting,  
Dear unknown friends to-day,  
Wherever you may journey  
God speed you on your way!  
God's smile be on you, every one,  
The distant and the near,  
And make this time that comes to us  
A happy, happy year!

May winter days grow cheery  
With love for warmth and light;  
May summer's joy last all the year  
To make your spirits bright;  
May labour have its guerdon  
Of good reward and rest,  
And with the holiest benison  
May each of you be blest!

May this new year be better  
Than any gone before,  
Filled with devoted service,  
And crowned with plenty's store.  
God cheer it with His presence,  
And, if it be the last,  
Grant an eternity of bliss  
When the fleeting years are past.  
—*The Angelus.*

### A New Year's Counsel.

BY THE REV. CHARLES GARRETT.

DURING one of my holidays in North Wales, I was staying with my family near a range of hills to which I was strangely attracted. Some of them were slanting, and easy to climb, and my children rejoiced to accompany me to their summit. One, however, was higher than the others, and its sides were steep and rugged. I often looked at it with a longing desire to reach the top. The constant companionship of my children, however, was a difficulty. Several of them were very young, and I knew it would be full of peril for them to attempt the ascent. One bright morning when I thought they were all busy with their games, I started on my expedition. I quietly made my way up the face of the hill, till I came to a point where the path forked, one path striking directly upwards, and the other ascending in a slanting direction. I hesitated for a moment as to which of the two paths I would take, and was about to take the precipitous one; when I was startled by hearing a little voice shouting, "Father, take the safest path, for I am following you." On looking down, I saw that my little boy had discovered my absence, and followed me. He was already a considerable distance up the hill, and had found the ascent difficult, and when he saw me hesitating as to which of the paths I should take, he revealed himself by the warning cry. I saw at a glance that he was in peril at the point he had reached, and trembled lest his little feet should slip before I could get to him. I therefore cheered him by calling to him that I would come and help him directly. I was soon down to him, and grasped his little warm hand with a joy that every father will understand. I saw that in attempting to follow my example he had incurred fearful danger, and I descended, thanking God that I had stopped in time to save my child from injury or death.

Years have passed since that, to me,

memorable morning; but though the danger has passed, the little fellow's cry has never left me. It taught me a lesson, the full force of which I had never known before. It showed me the power of our unconscious influence, and I saw the terrible possibility of leading those around us to ruin, without intending, or knowing it, and the lesson I learned that morning I am anxious to impress upon those to whom my words may come.

Charles Lamb has said that the man must be a very bad man, or a very ignorant one, who does not make a good resolution on New Year's day; and believing that my readers are neither one nor the other, I want to show them the importance of their resolving to be abstainers not only for their own sakes, but especially for the sake of those around them. I want them to listen to the voice of the children, who are crying to them in tones that it would be criminal to disregard: "Take the safest path, for we are following you."

### An Awful Day.

It was the last week of the year 1000. The labourers in the fields and the artisans in the towns could not be induced to go about their daily tasks with any regularity—notwithstanding their daily bread depended upon it—for thinking of the outbreak of divine wrath which was about to take place. There were some wise and sober men, even in that age of darkest ignorance, who endeavoured to persuade the people that their alarm was without reasonable foundation; and even if this had been otherwise, that it would still befit them to go about their duties of life with diligence and faithfulness as unto God, so that if the Lord, if he should come as they expected, might find them watching. The terrified and conscience-stricken men paid no heed to remonstrances like these, but gathered eagerly round fanatic monks or half-crazed pilgrims, who poured into their ears their tale of horrors, even growing more wild and terrible as the week went by.

When the last day of that week dawned the madness had attained its height. All work of whatever kind was suspended. The market-places were deserted; the shops were shut; the tables were not spread for meals; the very household fires remained unlighted. Men, when they met in the streets, scarcely saw or spoke to one another. Their eyes had a wild stare in them, as though they expected every moment some terrible manifestation to take place. A strange, unnatural silence prevailed everywhere except in the churches, which were already thronged with eager devotees, who prostrated themselves before the shrines of their favourite saints, imploring their protection during the fearful scenes which were on the point of being displayed. As the day wore on the number of those who sought

admission grew greater and greater, until every corner of the sacred edifices, large as these were, were densely crowded, and it became impossible to find room for more; but the multitude outside still strove and clamoured for admission, filling the porches and doorways, and climbing up the buttresses to find a refuge on the roofs which they could not obtain inside. It was generally believed that the expected loosing of Satan would take place at some time or other before the night was ended, but at what precise moment no one could say. A strange and solemn commentary on the text which binds men to watch because "they know not whether the master of the house will come at even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning," was presented by the multitude which filled the churches that night. Watch in very truth they did. Not an eye was closed throughout the lengthened vigil; not a knee but was bent in humblest supplication; not a voice but joined in the penitential chant, or put up a fervent entreaty for help and protection. There were no clocks in those days; but the flight of the hours were marked by great waxen tapers with metal balls attached at intervals to them. These fell, one after another, as the flames reached the strings by which they were secured, into a brazen basin beneath, with a clang, which resounded through the church.

At the recurrence of each of these warning sounds the awe of the vast assembly seemed to deepen and intensify, as each realized the terrible fact that between him and the outburst of divine wrath only the briefest interval could now remain. At last the night, long as it was, began to draw to an end. The chill which precedes daylight pervaded the air, and in the eastern sky the first pale gleam of morning began to show itself. Satan was even now being loosed from his bondage. But no, the light grew stronger in the heavens, and the flame of the candles paled before it, and at last the rays of the risen sun streamed through the windows and fell on the white and anxious faces of the watchers. The night had passed away. A new day, a new year, a new century had begun. The terror which possessed their souls was, after all, God be thanked, a delusion.—*Sunday at Home.*

TEA-HOUSES, which take the place of our inns, are met with everywhere in Japan—on highroads and byroads, in temples, groves, and resorts of pleasure.

CRUIKSHANK, the artist, offered \$500 for proof of a violent crime committed by a total abstainer, and the money remains unclaimed to this day. A temperance society in England offers a large reward for proof of a single instance where property accumulated by liquor selling has descended to the third generation.

### A Mother's Thought.

MOTHER, with your children straying,  
Into danger everywhere,  
How, amid your household duties,  
Can you keep so free of care?  
"Oh!" she said, with pleasant smiling,  
"There are angels everywhere!"

"Angels guard the little children;  
All their wilful fancies rule;  
Watch them in the summer playing  
By the deep and reedy pool:  
Keep their little feet from straying  
Going to and from the school.

"On the winter's frozen river,  
In the summer's fever heat,  
In the woods or on the mountain,  
In the danger-haunted street—  
What could mothers do if angels  
Did not guard the little feet!"

And we are but larger children,  
Needing also angel care;  
They give courage when we're weary,  
Hope and help when in despair,  
Whisper many a word of caution,  
Keep our feet from many a snare.

In and out across our thresholds,  
They go with us every day;  
Oh, how often have they turned us,  
When we should have gone astray!  
Oh, how often death had met us,  
If they had not barred the way!

And we dimly feel their presence,  
Feel their love, and strength, and care;  
And amid a thousand dangers,  
In life's battle take our share  
Fearless; knowing like the mother,  
"There are angels everywhere."  
—*Scottish American.*

### A Touching Scene.

A SCENE occurred recently in front of a "lunch-room" on Broad Street, says the *Providence Journal*, which caused tears to flow from many of the ladies who happened to be standing by. A well-dressed, genteel-looking man and a tidy-looking girl, aged about fifteen years, came up Bennett Street; and it was noticed that the child was weeping, while the father was swearing at a furious rate. It seems that the child had taken the drunken father's pocket-book for safe keeping, as he was entering every drinking-saloon he came to. He swore at her, and said, "Mamie, give me that pocket-book."

The child replied, "But, father, what will mother do for food for breakfast? You have taken every cent from the house; and, remember, Gracie is ill—and mother could not send for the doctor, as she had no money. Oh, please, papa, come home with me! You promised Gertie when she was dying that you would not drink again."

At this point the father completely broke down, and wept like a child. He kissed his little Mamie and said, "Yes, dear, I do remember, and I will go home with you now."

He covered his face with his hands and moaned, "O Gertie, Gertie! Hark! Mamie, I can hear her sweet voice saying to me, 'Papa, dear papa, you will always love Mamie, and stop drinking.' Yes, dear, I will go home. Come!"

When the dialogue ended there was many a stout heart that could not hold back the tears, but said "amen" to that now resolve on the part of the father, and praised the courage of the child.