

A New Year's Poem.

Does the New Year come to night, mamma?
I'm tired of waiting so;
My stockings hung by the chimney side
Full three long days ago.
I run to peep within the door at early morning's
light,
They're empty still! Oh! say, mamma,
Does the New Year come to-night?

Does the New Year come to-night, mamma?
The snow is on the hill,
And the ice must be two inches thick
Upon the meadow rill.
I heard you tell papa, last night,
His boy must have a sled
(I did not mean to hear, mamma),
And a pair of skates, you said.

I prayed for just those things, mamma,
I shall be full of glee!
And the orphan boys in the village school
Will all be envying me.
I'd give them toys and lend them books,
And make their New Year glad;
For God, you say, takes back his gifts
When little folks are bad.

And won't you let me go, mamma,
Upon the New Year's day,
And carry something nice and warm
To poor old Widow Gray?
I'll leave the basket near the door,
Within the garden gate.
Will the New Year come to-night, mamma?
It seems so long to wait.

The New Year comes to-night, mamma;
I saw it in my sleep:
My stocking hung so full, I thought—
Mamma! what makes you weep?
But it only held a little shroud—
A shroud and nothing more,
And an open coffin, made for me,
Was standing on the floor!

It seemed so very strange, indeed;
To find such gifts, instead
Of all the toys I wished so much,
The story books and sled.
And while I wondered what it meant,
You came with tearful joy,
And said, "Thou'lt find the New Year's suit—
God calleth thee, my boy!"

It is not all a dream, mamma—
I know it must be true;
But have I been so bad a boy,
God taketh me from you?
I don't know what papa will do.
When I am laid to rest,
And you will have no Willie's head
To fold upon your breast.

The New Year comes to-night, mamma;
Put your hand beneath my cheek,
And raise my head a little more;
It is so hard to speak.
You need not fill my stockings now,
I cannot go and peep;
Before the morning sun is up
I'll be so sound asleep.

I shall not want the skates, mamma,
I'll never need the sled;
But won't you give them both to Blinky,
Who hurt me on my head?
He used to hide my books away,
And tear the pictures, too;
But now he'll know I forgive him,
As then I tried to do.

And if you please, mamma, I'd like
The story-book and slate
To go to Frank—the drunkard's boy
You would not let me hate.
And, dear mamma, you won't forget,
Upon the New Year's day,
The basketful of something nice
For poor old Widow Gray?

The New Year comes to-night, mamma—
It seems so very soon,
I think God didn't hear me ask
For just another June.
I know I've been a thoughtful boy,

And made you too much care,
And may be for your sake, mamma,
He does not hear my prayer.

There's one thing more. My pretty pets,
The robin and the dove,
Oh! keep for you and dear papa,
And teach them how to love.
The garden hoe, the little rake—
You'll find them nicely laid
Upon the garret floor, mamma,
The place where last I played.

I thought to need them both so oft,
When summer comes again,
To make my garden by the brook
That trickles through the glen.
I thought to gather flowers, too,
Beside the forest walk,
And sit beneath the apple trees,
Where once we sat to talk.

It cannot be. But you will keep
The summer flowers green,
And plant a few—don't cry, mamma—
A very few, I mean,
Where I'm asleep. I'd sleep so sweet
Beneath the apple tree,
When you and robin, in the morn,
May come and sing to me.

The New Year comes! Good-night, mamma,
Lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord—tell poor papa—
My soul to keep—If I—
How cold it seems! How dark—kiss me—
Mamma, I cannot see.
The New Year comes to-night, mamma—
The Old—Year—dies—with—me.

A Hint for the New Year.

AMONG the good resolutions of the New Year, there is one we would commend to young men and young women to make and to keep—we mean a resolution to read something every day.

We do not refer to such as spend their evenings in dissipation or in frivolity, and scarcely know what it is to have a thoughtful moment in their lives; but to those who work at the shop, or in the store, or in laborious professional offices, and still would be ashamed to be thought wanting in intelligence—to all such we would say, devote an hour if you can; but give regularly some portion of time every day, to thorough, systematic reading. If it be but half-an-hour, you will still be wonderfully surprised to find how much you can acquire by resolutely devoting even that short time to self-cultivation.

Reading in this way, you will be apt to read carefully and slowly; and one book read thoroughly is worth a dozen skimmed over or run through. Not the man of great reading leaves upon others the impress of what he acquires, but the one who reads carefully, and who digests what he reads.

Reading as acquired in this way—in intervals—is certain to last you longer than where the mind is stretched for hours, and the brain becomes weary. The minute you are tired, or have to work to fix attention, close your book and rest.

There is nothing, next to the neglect of religion, more deplorable than the profitless way in which young men pass their time. Young man, in the banker's office, or the shop, or in professional life, what are you doing with your time? Are you acquiring nothing beyond a knowledge of business, or of dissipation? Are you laying up no treasury of knowledge from which you may draw when the swiftly flying years shall bring you to middle age, and even old age?

The wisdom of past ages, and the all-living present, can in these days be had in our libraries and taken to your homes. Are you drinking from these fountains, or are you running along in the ruts of your own narrow thought? Are you get-

ting a firm hold on men? A. you knowing human nature any better? Are you losing your prejudices, or are you becoming more and more satisfied with yourself? Is your horizon widening or contracting?—and are you growing or are you shrinking? Wake up and rouse yourself! Distrust the adequacy of your own knowledge; put your opinions on the basis of an enlightened, intelligent judgment; leave off your introspection; get out of old ruts; get such truth as you want, and see its every phase; and incorporating heaven's sunlight in your soul, you will have a heartier, happier nature—the world will be better for your living in it; and whether or not your bank account is what you would have it be, you will have the rich harvest of a cultivated mind, a cheerful heart, and a breezy nature, which will give as well as receive; and for you, when grey hairs have come, and the years have gathered over your head, you will possess that which no one can rob you of, and your autumn of life will be rich in a golden harvest.

The Old and New Year.

BY PROF. J. G. ROBINSON.

THE dear old year, with all its cheer,
Is drawing to its close;
And with a sigh we say "Good-bye!"
And "Sweet be thy repose!"

Thy toils and cares, thy songs and prayers,
Thy victories and defeats,
Are on the roll of time's great scroll,
Which memory repeats.

To age or youth who love the truth
And walk in virtue's ways,
Sweet memories come from duty done,
To hallow future days.

And, without fear, the glad new year
We welcome in its place;
With songs of joy our sweet employ
To greet its youthful face!

May faith and hope have freer scope,
To make it more sublime
Than all the past, and hold it fast
To mission more divine.

And when at last its days have passed,
And sinks its setting sun,
May not a tear greet the new year
When its grand work is done.

A Capital Suggestion.

THE following letter appears in a recent number of the *Christian Union*—

"I am glad to see suggestions, from time to time, as to various methods of 'Fighting the Saloon'; but it seems to me strange that the plan of using the school-houses for places of meeting and recreation in the evening and on Sunday has never been broached.

"The school-houses belong to the people; they are scattered throughout all parts of every city and town; they are usually unused or but partially used in the evening, and never used on Sunday, and yet no one proposes to put them at the service of the large numbers of the people who, because they have no place of resort after work hours, lounge in saloons or on street corners.

"Surely it is a waste of opportunity, which might be saved if only some one took up the matter in earnest.

"JOSEPHINE SHAW LOWELL."

[Why not? No better place for reading-rooms; no better place for singing-schools, for boys' clubs or girls' clubs. The city school-house ought to be the thoroughly popular institution that the country school-house is. Every city school-house should have its gymnasium, just as every country school-house has its playground.—EDS. UNION.]