

dire sweep of vengeance. Their master's writings were publicly burned, and every curse found in the Romish formulas of anathema was heaped upon his name. But how could they degrade him to whom the Master had said, "Well done!" How disquiet him who had entered into the joy of his Lord! One weak display of hatred, like that which disgraces the foes of Oliver Cromwell, was within their reach. The bones of the heretic, buried in the chancel of the church where he had preached, were defiling a consecrated ground. His enemies had long chafed in vexation over his peaceful death and burial. "Strange, indeed," says Fuller, "that a hare hunted with so many packs of dogs should die at last quietly sitting on his form!"

In 1428, when in the ruin of the Lollards all spiritual life seemed trodden out in England—when the profligacy of the "club parliament" and the avarice and cruelty of the army in France blackened the English name—when in all christendom the one pure, heroic figure was Joan of Arc—in this midnight of church and state the last loyal deed was done. Wycliffe's remains were unearthed and burned upon the bridge spanning the little river Swift, that runs past Lutterworth, and the ashes thrown into the stream to defile English soil no longer. Rejected from consecrated ground, he gained a boundless sepulchre. "The whole earth," says Pericles, in his funeral oration, "is the tomb of illustrious men." Fuller says, "This brook did convey his ashes to the Avon, Avon into the Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wycliffe were the emblems of his doctrine, which is now dispersed the wide world over." So, indeed, it is dispersed! On what shore has the Bible in English not been read! What laws and institutions of our race has it not affected! In what country has it not caused some one to say, "My spiryt hath gladdid in God my helthe!" (From the Magnificat, Luke i. 46.) It has influenced every generation that has "hastened stormfully across the stage out of the darkness east into the darkness west."

In 1455, seventy years after Wycliffe's death, the first book was printed. It was the Mazarin Bible in Latin, of which six copies are said to be now existing; one being in the Lenox library of New York, another at Hartford. About twenty years later Caxton printed a Bible in England. Thus within a century came two great biblical epochs of transition—from Latin into English, and from penmanship into print. Think of the slow toil of Wycliffe's penman, and then note that since 1804 Bible societies alone (to say nothing of other publishers) have printed and distributed more than 180,000,000 Bibles, Testaments, and portions of Scriptures! But we must take our leave of the great schoolman, translator, reformer, and Protestant. It is fitting to pause at the five-hundredth anniversary of his death, the last day of this year. "Wist ye not that this daye is a prince, nay, a greates manne fallen doune in Israel!" The lips of those that can speak well should rehearse his virtues and his toils, and all who love and have freedom by the truth should glorify God in him.

THE DYING YEAR.

THIS is the last lone hour of the dying year,
And the winds are sighing low and drear,
As they toss the sleet, half snow, half rain,
Like gusts of sand 'gainst the window-pane,
As I listen to hear the gladsome shout,
"The New Year in, and the Old Year out."

No one grieves for the Old Year's death,
As they wait for his latest, failing breath;
For now that his glory and prime are o'er,
He may go as the years have gone before
Where the bells of time are joyfully rung,
O'er the birth of the New Year fresh and young.

Could a bard of the ages truly sing
Of the changes this same New Year may bring,
His song translated would be like this—
"While some may quaff from a cup of bliss,
Alas! for those who may sadly know,
How bitter the days in a cup of woe."

Yet gladly we hail thee, bright New Year,
With words of welcome and songs of cheer,
When the springtime, and summer and autumn
are past,
Old winter shall grizzle thy beard at last,
And then when the glory and prime are o'er
Shall go as the years have gone before.

The years they come and the years they go,
While time, with a tide of ceaseless flow,
Is bearing us on through his changing hours
Now under the shadows, now 'mid the flowers,
But ever and anon, toward eternity's shore
Where time, with his changes, shall come
no more.

THREE NEW YEARS.

BY LUCIA E. F. KIMBALL

COME along! Don't be so scared! It's only pop-beer, and this is New Year's. Come on! We'll have jolly fun."

This was spoken by a handsome, well-dressed lad, evidently the leader of a little group that stood on a street corner one clear, bright, winter day. It was spoken to a smaller boy whose plain face and poor dress were in striking contrast to those of the speaker. But his voice had a manly ring in it as he answered decidedly,—

"No, thank you. I must go home. My mother wants me, and she wouldn't like to have me drink even pop-beer."

"Going home to wash the dishes and sweep the house for your mother—that's great fun for a live boy! But it's plenty good enough for any one that's afraid of a little pop."

This last remark was greeted with a peal of laughter from the group of boys. Did Josey Reynolds care? Of course he cared. He was a real live boy, and not one such likes to be told that he is "afraid" to do a thing. But a truly brave boy would rather be told this than really be afraid to do right.

Josey was a kind-hearted, sensitive lad, who would have liked very much to have the boys friendly and think well of him. He was obliged to wear patched clothes and go without many things the others had. Harry Jones was the leader of the boys in his neighbourhood, and because he could not influence Josey as he did the others, he made him the object of many a cruel jest and much petty ridicule. These things were like sharp arrows to the boy's kindly, sensitive nature; but Josey wore a coat-of-mail like the warriors you read about in ancient history. It kept him brave and pure and happy in spite of his poverty and the selfish rudeness of Harry Jones and his followers. What was this armour, do you think? It was the

love for his mother that he carried, warm and bright and protecting, in his tender young heart. Next to the love of our Heavenly Father, this is the best and safest coat-of-mail any boy can wear.

Josey's home was a very plain, humble-looking house. A stranger would have said there was nothing attractive about it. The walls had once been painted, but faint streaks here and there of a very indefinite colour were the only signs of its former good looks.

There were five other children in the family. Mr. Reynolds thought the noisy activity of his younger boys and girls much greater proof of smartness than Josey's quiet, thoughtful ways, and with his father he was by no means a favourite. But one star shed its clear, soft light over that poor home and made it like no other place to the young lad. His mother had looked into the heart of her child and saw the beautiful blessings of nobleness and truth that were springing there. He knew the many burdens she had to bear, and hands and feet were always ready to do her bidding. Her smile of approbation and the tender look of love in her eyes (which in all after life Josey said "were the loveliest he ever saw")—made him so happy he was repaid for his self-denial and the unkindness of his companions. And then in that humble home, where there was so much care and hard work, between the mother and child sprang up a gentle sympathy which kept both hearts fresh and warm.

This New Year's day was not unlike a good many others to Josey. There was no great fun in bringing wood and water, and washing the dishes, and taking care of the baby. Now and then he thought of the boys, and though he did not want to drink beer with them, or do what was wrong, he would have liked very much to have been counted as one of their number and joined in their sports.

In the afternoon, when the sun made the fields all glistening with its brightness, Harry Jones, with a sleigh full of boys, rode by driving his father's coal-black horse. The boys looked very comfortable and cosy with the warm, rich robes tucked about them, and the merry music of the sleigh-bells rang out on the clear air along with their gay laughter. But, as you know, Josey was a brave boy, and he manfully drove away the bitter feeling that came over him as he watched the boys ride out of sight.

That evening, as he sat reading the new book his mother had managed to buy for him as a surprise, she said with a grateful look of love, "I couldn't have got through the day without you, Josey dear," and he felt more than happy.

As Josey grew older, the long evenings were spent in study. The many little garments to be kept in repair gave his mother few leisure moments, and she often sewed till late at night. The quiet hours spent with her after the sports of the other children were ended, were the happiest of all the twenty-four. His mother was his teacher, and when he advanced in knowledge beyond what had been afforded her, she began to study and became a scholar that she might aid and encourage him.

One afternoon in the early spring, Mrs. Reynolds received a letter from the cousin after whom Josey was

named, who lived in the city. He wrote that he wanted an errand boy in his store, and that he would give the place to her oldest son if she could get him ready to come right away.

"He don't seem to remember that the fellow is named for himself, as he calls him 'your oldest son,'" Mr. Reynolds said a little sharply when the letter was read to him. "But he might as well go. There's nothing for him to do here, and I reckon he's got book learnin' enough with all his studying."

Separation seemed very cruel to Mrs. Reynolds and Josey, but it was decided that the offer was too good to lose.

The neighbours wondered that his mother had no more wisdom than to encourage such a venture. "She always had high notions," they said, "but she would rue the day she sent that boy away from home. He never would do anything without her to back him."

Mrs. Reynolds did not trouble herself to answer the objections her neighbours saw fit to raise. She knew how well her boy had learned the lesson of self-reliance and how deeply the principles of nobleness and truth were written on his young heart. Though the parting was a grievous trial she felt that she could trust him to the tender care of the Heavenly Father he was trying to serve; and when the time came, he looked so noble and manly arrayed in the new suit her own hands had made, she could not repress a feeling of motherly pride that rose in her heart, and which seemed prophetic of future success. She had taught him, before, all that in this parting hour she could wish him to remember, so she had only to fold him to her heart, and with fast-falling tears breathe her tender, "God bless and keep you, my darling boy!"

"Joe Reynolds is going to the city to set up business for himself. Wonder how much capital his mother has given him?"

This was Harry Jones' parting thrust, given as Josey passed the group of idlers of which he was, as usual, the leader.

Ah, Master Harry! this brave boy with his pure heart, and his mother's love to keep it so, has a better future than you with all your father's gold and silver.

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It was a fascinating scene that bitter cold night—light and warmth, tempting food and sparkling wine, merry faces and sounds of careless mirth. Very tempting to one who, like Josey, had only "lodgings" and meals when he could afford them. "Come in and get warm," said a voice, "you look half starved. I'll treat you to something that will bring a little colour into your whiteface." Could there be any harm if this respectable man was going in and wanted to take him along? His step was on the threshold; he felt the welcome warmth and odour through the open door; but there he hesitated. A calm, sweet face rose up before him. Would it wear the same approving smile, and would those dear eyes beam on him so mildly, if he entered there?

The victory was gained! "No, thank you, I'll not go in," and he turned resolutely away.

Another New Year's day Josey Reynolds had conquered himself. N-