

New Every Morning.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made now.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you:
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed.
Yesterday's error, let yesterday cover;
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and
bled,
Are healed with the healing which night
has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever;
Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds
tight,
With glad days, and sad days, and bad
days, which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom and
their blight,
Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful
night.

Let them go, since we cannot re-live them,
Cannot undo and cannot atone;
God in his mercy receive, forgive them!
Only the new days are our own.
To-day is ours, and to-day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,
Here is the spent earth all re-born,
Here are the tired limbs, springing lightly
To face the sun and to share with the
morn
In the chiasm of dew and the cool of
dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning;
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain!
And, in spite of all sorrow, and older
sinning,
And puzzles forecasted, and possible pain,
Take heart with the day, and begin again!
—Susan Coolidge.

POOR MEG.

BY L. L. B.

Meg was the child of a rag-picker,
who lived in a miserable hut in a
dark alley of the great city.

She had never known what it was
to be loved, for her poor, heart-broken
mother died when she was a wee baby,
and her drunken father was very un-
kind to her. Meg was very lonely, and
she often wished she had a brother or
a sister. Her father was gone all day,
and often all night. She would sit and
listen in her dark, cold room until she
heard him staggering over the rickety
stairs, and then she would crawl away
to her bed of straw upon the floor.
She tried to keep the house as well as
she could, but there seemed to be
nothing to keep. She would brush the
rough board floor, and dust the two
broken chairs, and spread up her poor
hard bed, and wash the few broken
dishes, and her work was done.

The poor child was often very hungry,
but she was too proud to beg, and her
face grew thin and paler as the days
went by.

When the warm spring days came
our Meg's heart grew lighter. She
watched the little rays of sunshine
that crept through the cracks to peep
at her, and she often wondered what it
could be to see a whole world of sun-
shine. She had been told that her
mother had gone to a beautiful world
where she was at rest, and Meg often
longed to go to her, and wondered if
she ever should.

One bright summer day Meg went
to the world of sunshine. She had
been sick for several days, and a kind
lady found her lying alone upon her
miserable bed with a scorching fever.
Every day she brought her lovely
flowers, and bathed her aching head,
and told her about Jesus who loved
and cared for her, and about the
beautiful home where she would never
be sick any more. She listened eagerly,
and a smile came over her face as she
clasped her flowers tightly in her thin,
white hands, and said, "Oh I see
sunshine—a lovely world of sunshine!"

Meg had no kind friends to mourn
for her as she was laid away in her
quiet resting-place, but her little spirit
had gone to Jesus, and we may be sure
he had a beautiful home prepared for
her.

THE OLIVE.

THE olive tree is a native of Syria
and other Asiatic countries; and, per-
haps, also of the South of Europe. It
is, in its wild state, only a thorny
shrub; but becomes by cultivation a
tree, reaching a height of from twenty
to forty feet, and entirely without
thorns. It lives a number of years,
attaining a great age; and, on account
of the quantity of fruit which it pro-
duces, an olive tree is considered a very
valuable piece of property.

Its leaves are of a dull, dark green
upon the upper side, but scaly and
whitish-gray upon the lower one. The
flowers are small and white; the fruit
is sometimes round, sometimes oval,
and not often larger than a pigeon's
egg. It is valued principally for the
oil expressed from it, which is highly
prized as a dressing for various kinds
of salad, and is used, though to a
smaller extent, in medicine.

Olives, gathered before they are
quite ripe, are well known among epi-
cures, as a restorer of the appetite;
though their taste is disagreeable at
first to most persons, many become
fond of them after a time, and eat
them with great relish.

The wood of the olive tree is used for
the finest purposes by cabinet-makers
and turners; its colour is a greenish-
yellow, marked with black, cloudy
spots and veins. The wood of the root
is especially beautiful; paper-weights
and a variety of small ornamental
articles are made from it.

The olive was a sacred tree among
the ancient Greeks, and it is often
spoken of in the Bible. It was an
olive leaf that the returning dove
brought to Noah as a token that the
waters of the flood no more covered
the earth. It was upon the Mount of
Olives that our Saviour wept over
Jerusalem; and there, in the Garden
of Gethsemane, under the grand old
olive trees, that he knelt to pray upon
that dreadful night preceding his
crucifixion and death for us.

An olive branch is, among all
Oriental nations, the emblem of peace;
and a crown of olive leaves was the
highest prize of the victor in the

Olympic Games. The olive tree has
been cultivated in Syria, and most
other Eastern lands, from very early
times.

'I WANT PAPA.'

BY MATTIE DYER BRITTS.

It was late in the day, just verging
into night, and in the city streets
brilliant lights were already flashing
out. Especially from certain glittering
dens, where the light stole through
coloured glass doors and windows, and
inside chandeliers twinkled, silver
shone, pictures hung in gilded frames,
and there was light and dazzle every-
where. Except among the motley
thongs who came crowding and jost-
ling up to the bar, eager for the fiery
draught which would destroy alike
body and soul, it seemed a strange
thing for a child to come in among
that drinking, swearing crew. Yet the
door opened, and a small, shrinking
figure crept in, and looked about with
a frightened air, as if in search of some
one.

"What do you want, young 'un?"
demanded the burly bar-keeper.

"I want my pa, please!" answered
the child. "Ma's sick, and she wants
him to come home."

"Here, Bryant, here's your kid after
you!" said the bar-keeper, turning to
a man who had already drunk too
much. "Better go with her."

"When I git ready—not afore," said
the man, in a surly way.

But the child put up her hands, and
pleaded pitifully: "Oh, pa, please
come! Ma's sick, and there's no bread
in the cupboard. Don't drink any
more to-night, pa; but please come
home."

"Bryant, go along, and be a man
for once," said a man next him, who
had not yet lost all sense of shame.
And Bryant, with a muttered oath,
followed the child out of the saloon to
the home which had once been a happy
one.

Drunken father, sick wife, and half
clad child! When will the temperance
army fight so bravely that there shall
be no saloons where shrinking, shiver-
ing children ask, in tones of terror:
"Where is my pa?" But thousands
of homes shall be blest in fathers and
husbands restored to new life.

WESLEY'S TACT.

THE following anecdote of the
founder of Methodism has, we believe,
never been published. It reaches us
from a trustworthy source, and it illus-
trates in a remarkable manner the
mingled tact and piety of that eminent
man.

Although Wesley, like the Apostles,
found that his preaching did not
greatly affect the mighty or the noble,
still he numbered some families of good
position among his followers. It was
at the house of one of these that the
incident here recorded took place.
Wesley had been preaching, and a
daughter of a neighbouring gentleman,

a girl remarkable for her beauty, had
been profoundly impressed by his
exhortations. After the sermon Wesley
was invited to this gentleman's house
to luncheon, and with himself one of
his preachers was entertained. This
preacher, like many of the class at that
time, was a man of plain manners, and
not conscious of the restraints of good
society. The fair young Methodist sat
beside him at the table, and he noticed
that she wore a number of rings.
During a pause in the meal the preacher
took hold of the young lady's hand, and
raising it in the air, called Wesley's
attention to the sparkling jewels.
"What do you think of this, sir," he
said, "for a Methodist's hand?"

The girl turned crimson. For
Wesley, with his known and expressed
aversion of finery, the question was a
peculiarly awkward one. But the aged
evangelist showed a tact which Chester-
field might have envied. He looked
up with a quiet, benevolent smile, and
simply said: "The hand is very beauti-
ful."

The blushing beauty had expected
something far different from a reproof
wrapped up with such felicity in a
compliment. She had the good sense
to say nothing; but when, a few hours
later, she again appeared in Wesley's
presence, the beautiful hand was
stripped of every ornament except
those which nature had given.—*London
Society.*

**HOW SNAKES MAKE THEIR
TOILET.**

It seems rather funny to speak of
snakes as dressing and undressing; yet
this they certainly do quite as fully as
human beings, although it is true that
their wardrobe requires fewer and less
variety of articles than ours. After a
long voyage, after a season's retirement
or hibernation, and on various other
occasions, they find themselves in need
of a new dress to replace their old and
soiled garment, and immediately pro-
ceed to evolve one. They are very
modest creatures, never shedding their
old clothes until they are fully clad in
their new ones.

Prior to shining forth resplendent in
fresh attire, a serpent seeks retirement,
if possible. He becomes blind for a
few days, refuses food, and appears to
be in a melancholy state generally.
Perhaps, like some human beings, he
has worked too hard on his new suit.
When all is completed and ready for
exhibition, he begins at the lips to ex-
tricate himself from the old dress, rub-
bing against whatever may be in his
way to expedite the matter. The
first part of the process is apt to be
rather tedious; but as he progresses
he works more rapidly. When he
reaches the ribs they assist the opera-
tion, until finally the old skin is shed
entire, turned inside out, and Mr.
Snake revels in his new suit.

His eyes, covered by a perfectly
transparent layer of cuticle, are bright
and beautiful. It is only while this
cuticle is forming over the eye that
the serpent is blind.—*Good Cheer.*