

The Family.

OLD AND NEW YEAR.

Another year is past and gone,
A new year now is hast'ning on.
The deeds of last year all are done,
And acts of this year now begun.
The past is past, forever gone,—
Its thoughts and words and deeds all done,
Recorded for the judgment day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away.

Oh! what a time for serious thought.
Have I been living as I ought?
These months and weeks and days and hours,—
Oh! how engaged these ransomed powers?
Another year comes rushing on,
Its days and hours will soon be gone;
And shall I live to see its end?
And how its golden moments spend?

A firm resolve now let me make,
To try to do without mistake,
The things that please my gracious Lord
According to His holy word.
The Lord of Glory, O how good!
Redeemed me with his precious blood,
That I should serve in love sincere,
With reverence and godly fear.

This year may be the last to me;
Alas! its end I may not see;
No doubt to some that read this rhyme,
This year will be the end of time.
Let each enquire, Lord, is it I?
And everyone prepare to die.
Whate'er is done is done in time
To fit us for the heavenly clime.

A Happy New Year to one and all,
To old and young, to large and small;
May grace from God to every one
Through Jesus Christ the Holy Son.
In God our Saviour now rejoice
If He has been your happy choice.
Sweet peace of God that passeth thought
And pleasures ne'er to be forgot.

If merry hearted praises sing
To God in Christ your Heavenly King,
Who gave Himself to save our race,
From sin and shame and dire disgrace.
Join every voice and every tongue
To sing the song the angels sung,
Which shepherds heard on J'eda's plains.
Aspire to reach angelic strains.

How sweet the song the angels sung,
How high the praise on every tongue,
To God who reigns in heaven above,
How sweet the theme, redeeming love.
Praises to God who reigns on high,
He gave His Son for man to die.
'Twas thus the angels' song began,
Peace, peace on earth, good-will to man.

The gladsome news we hold so dear,
O let us tell to all that hear!
How many souls by sin so sad
Shall by the gospel yet be glad.
From God how freely we receive,
To God so freely let us give.
Yes, bountifully, let us sow,
And see the heavenly harvest grow.

To all in Christ, with love sincere
We pen these lines of thought and cheer.
Oh! let us meet in Heaven above—
Oh! there we'll sing of Jesus' love.

J. B. WALLACE.

EIGHT HOURS AND TWO MEALS.

"Well, mother," said a workingman to his wife, as he returned from the Common, where he had been hobnobbing all the forenoon with his fellow strikers, "let's have dinner." "No dinner to-day, old man," she replied. "No dinner—what's up?" "I've struck for eight hours' work and two meals a day; so has Mrs. Johnson, so has Mrs. Spring. In fact, we've had a meeting, and we have concluded that sixteen hours a day is too much for delicate females when strong men can only stand eight hours." It is reported that the pater-familias at once promptly seized his hat, and ran out to see if he could have a committee of arbitration appointed. This beats the Chicago strikers all out, for when a woman once puts her foot down it is down for good, unless she can see some good reason for taking it up and so raising the boycott. In this case no such reason seems to present itself and trouble may be expected ahead.

NATURAL GAS.

Long as man has been on this planet, he as yet is not aware of all that is on the earth, much less under it. Petroleum wells have great antiquity; but it is only of late years that mineral oils have been found literally in hundreds of places. In boring for oil natural gas has been discovered. A few years ago it was considered a marvel, but to-day there are numerous holes in the earth through which gas flows in a never-ceasing stream; nor is it to be found alone in the region southeast of Lake Erie. It has been discovered at so many different points, that it is now beginning to be suspected that wherever coal is found oil and gas are not far off. Natural gas effected a revolution in the iron trade of Western Pennsylvania. Makers of steel now dispense with coal and save large sums by using gas, not only as an illuminant, but also as a fuel. There is reason to believe that our large cities will eventually be supplied with natural gas brought in pipes from the regions where found, and which will be sold for half the price of coal gas.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

A bag of hot sand relieves neuralgia.
Warm borax water will remove dandruff,
Salt should be eaten with nuts to aid digestion.
Milk which stands too long makes bitter butter.
It rests you, in sewing, to change your position frequently.
Rusty flat-irons should be rubbed over with bees wax and lard.
A hot, strong lemonade, taken at bedtime, will break up a bad cold.
Tough meat is made tender by lying a few minutes in vinegar water.
A little soda water will relieve sick headache caused by indigestion.
A cup of strong coffee will remove the odor of onions from the breath.
A cup of hot water drunk before meals will prevent nausea and dyspepsia.
Well ventilated bed-rooms will prevent morning headaches and lassitude.
Consumptive night sweats may be arrested by sponging the body nightly in salt water.

GROWING OLD.

The year in its whole progress is beautiful. We love the first glimpses of green under the hedges, the song of the returning birds, the early flushes of color on the trees as they are getting ready to fling all their leafy banners to the winds. But we love also the haze of the Indian summer, the yellow of golden-rod, and the October woods all aflame with glory. And we know that even winter, when the gales rattle the bars and frozen branches, is hiding beneath the pallor of its death the promise of another glorious spring. The early flush of dawn is tenderly beautiful with dew and waking birds,—the infancy of day. But what is there in all the round of nature's wonders to surpass such sunsets we have seen? And, after the sun had gone down, and the last bit of color had faded away, then, one by one, the stars have come out, and have made night so beautiful that we have fallen in love with the shadow.

So naturally and so beautifully, through all its advancing phases, ought our lives to run. Sunny childhood, an old age as sweet and lovely,—so should the one be matched by the other. An old age under whose snow lies the promise of spring! An old age through whose gathering shadows and above whose fading glories are peeping out the stars! So it will be when we have learned how to grow old.—*M. J. Savage.*

Riches diminish in the using; wisdom increases by the use.

THE OLD DEACON AND HIGH LICENSE.

AN OLD MAN'S RESOLUTION.

Old Deacon Beery went into the Commissioner's office where license for selling liquor was sold. He was off in one corner reading Bishop Molchill's tract on "High License." Being a little hard of hearing he failed to catch correctly what the next applicant for license said, but he thought he heard the following:

"Mr. Commissioner, I want a license to get drunk. I want to get drunk for a year, and make myself dangerous to all. I want to pay for all the crime I shall commit, and I want to pay for it in advance. What's the bill?"

"One hundred dollars," was the reply.

The man took the license and departed. The deacon was paralyzed with horror. Coming to the desk he said:

"Is it really possible that you let a man commit a crime by paying his fine in advance? What a state of morals we have reached! It seems to me the avenging hand of justice must be near. Shame! Everlasting shame and contempt on such laws!"

"You don't understand," said the clerk. "The man does not want a license to do wrong; he simply wants a license to make other people commit crime. He himself is a very moral man. This money I just received is needed to pay damages arising from—"

"From what?" shrieked the deacon.

"From the liquor traffic," said the clerk. "In fact," continued the clerk, "out of every \$17 damages from liquor, we make the dealers pay one by the way of a tax—some call it license."

"And the people?" said the deacon.

"Pay the \$16," was the calm reply.

The deacon put the tract in the stove and started down stairs, saying, "Lead us not into temptation; and if the welfare of Thy kingdom demands that I should refuse to lead others in, even though my party should lose a vote, yet I say, 'True and righteous are Thy ways altogether, O Lord.'"—*The Christian at Work.*

CASHMERE shawls are made from the wool of the Cashmere goat, which lives in the Cashmere Valley Thibet, and Tartary. Only the summer wool is used, and this is bleached by a preparation of rice flour. For each colored thread a different needle is used. The process is so slow that when the design is elaborate, the completion of one square inch will occupy three persons for a day, and a shawl of remarkable beauty would take this number of years for its execution. Only the inner side of the shawl is exposed to the view of the workman, he being guided by the pattern placed before him and a skill-supervisor of the work. Shawls that are worked with the needle are, however, far inferior to those in which the pattern is woven in.

A TRAVELER in Australia discovered two toad-stools which at night gave out an extremely curious light. When the plant was laid upon a newspaper it emitted by night a phosphorescent light which enabled persons to read the words around it, and it continued to do so for several nights with gradually increasing intensity as the fungus dried up. The other species was detected some years afterward. This specimen measured sixteen inches in diameter, and weighed about five pounds. This plant was hung up to dry in the sitting-room, and on passing through the apartment in the dark it was observed to give out the same remarkable light.

Occasions, like clouds, pass away.

Strength of mind is exercise, not rest.—*Pope.*

A word and a stone, thrown away, do not return.
Fools learn only by the past; experience is a dear school.

Better three hours too soon than one minute too late.—*Shakespeare.*