

The Book of the Year.

Of all the beautiful fancies
That cluster about the year,
Tiptoeing over the threshold
When its earliest dawn is here,
The best is the simple legend
Of a book for you and me,
So fair that our guardian angels
Desire its lines to see,
Is full of the brightest pictures,
Of dream, and story, and rhyme,
And the whole world wide together
Turns only a page at a time.
Some of the leaves are dazzling
With the feather-flakes of the snow;
Some of them thrill to the music
Of the merriest winds that blow.
Some of them keep the secrets
That make the roses sweet;
Some of them sway and rustle
With the golden heaps of wheat.
I cannot begin to tell you
Of the lovely things to be,
In the wonderful year-book waiting,
A gift for you and me.
And a thought most strange and solemn
Is borne upon my mind—
On every page a column
For ourselves we'll surely find.
Write what you may upon it,
The record there will stay,
Till the books of time are opened,
In the courts of the Judgment Day.
And should we not be careful
Lest the words our fingers write
Shall rise to shame our faces
When we stand in the dear Lord's sight?
And should we not remember
To dread no thought of blame,
If we sign each page that we finish
With faith in the dear Lord's name?

FORTY DOLLARS FOR FOUR TEETH.

"ELSIE!"
"Yes, papa;" and the child dashed away her tears and sprang to the bed where her father lay bandaged and helpless.
That day an explosion had happened in the mill where he worked, and he was badly hurt.
"Water!" he said feebly.
She gave it to him, and he went on speaking: "Where's the money, Elsie!"
"Here, papa," putting her hand on the bosom of her dress.
"That's right. Take good care of it. God only knows when we shall have any more. "Poor child!" he added, fondly.
"Not a bit of it," she answered gayly.
"You will be at home all the time now, and we'll have such a good time together."
Her father gave her a loving smile, and closed his eyes wearily. Elsie began to stroke his hand, and he soon fell into an uneasy slumber.
The two were all in all to each other. They came from England, and had been in America but a few months. Elsie was a plain, delicate child of thirteen. Her father called her his dove of comfort, and now she was proving her right to the name. She tended him day and night with a cheery, skilful patience that made everybody love her.

But the weeks went by, the money was spent, and still her father lay on his bed. The wolf was at the door. How could they keep him out?

Then it was that her father said, "Elsie, where are the silver spoons?"

"In mamma's little trunk, with the ring and the locket," she answered.

"You must get them out and carry them to Mr. Black."

"O papa, no! It's all the silver we have, and mamma thought everything of them," she cried, impulsively.

The sick man made no answer; but he put his hands over his eyes, and soon Elsie saw the tears steal slowly through his fingers.

"Papa, dear papa! I didn't mean it. How cruel of me!" she exclaimed, throwing her arms about him. "I'll take them this minute; and when you get well and earn money we'll have them back again."

"When I get well! I wonder when that will be?" he said, despairingly.

"Before long—slow and sure, you know," she answered, brightly; and in a few minutes she set out on her first visit to the pawnbroker. But it was not her last time. Time and again she went, till every possible thing had been carried. Meantime she was learning cheerfully to bear hunger and cold "for papa's sake."

He, too, poor man, must see his darling grow hollow-cheeked and big-eyed, with no power to save her. What could they do but lie down together and die?

As Elsie went home from her last visit to the pawnbroker, she stopped at a grocery to buy a little coal; and while she waited for other customers, she looked listlessly at the morning paper lying on the counter. As she did so, these words caught her eye:

WANTED—Four perfect front teeth, for which I will give forty dollars. Chas. Dow, Dentist, No. 5 K Street.

The poor little face flushed scarlet with a sudden hope. "Perhaps he would take mine," she thought. "Mother Savage said yesterday she wondered how such a homely child came to have such handsome teeth."

She seemed to herself to be dreaming. "Forty dollars, forty dollars," kept saying itself over in her brain; and when the shopman turned to wait on her she was gone. A few minutes after she stood in the dentist's office.

"Please, will you see if my teeth are good enough to buy?" she asked, timidly.

The doctor was engaged in a delicate operation; but he stopped to give the teeth a hurried examination.

"How beautiful! They are just what I want. Come to-morrow," he said, going back to his work.

The rest of the day Elsie's father thought her wonderfully gay, but he could not think why; for she said nothing of her plan, about which she began to lose courage when the first excitement of it subsided. Hard things look easier in the morning than they do at night; and as she sat in the twilight,

studying herself in a bit of looking-glass, she thought sorrowfully, "I shall be homelier than ever when they are gone; but then how silly of me to care about that! Papa will love me just the same. But it will hurt so to have them taken out," she went on thinking; and every nerve in her body quivered at the prospect "If it wasn't for the rent, and the medicine for papa, and ever so many other things, I never could beg—never! Yes, Elsie Benson, it's got to be done, if it kills you!"

The next morning she entered the dentist's office by mere force of will. Her courage was all gone. Dr. Dow was alone, and said "Good-morning!" very kindly. But when he saw how she trembled, he put her on the lounge and made her drink something that quieted her. Then he sat down by her, and said, "Now tell me what your name is, and why you want to sell your teeth."

He spoke so gently that at first Elsie could only answer him with tears, but at last he contrived to get all her sad story; and his eyes were wet and his voice husky several times while she was telling it.

"You are a dear, brave child," he said when she had finished. "Now I am going with you to see your father."

"But you'll take the teeth first, won't you?" she asked, imploringly. "I shall never have the courage to come again."

"Never mind that. We'll see if there isn't some better way out of this trouble," he answered.

So, hand in hand, they went back to the sick man. But I cannot tell you how happy and proud he was when the doctor told him about Elsie, or how gratefully he fell in with the plan of going to a nice hospital, where he soon got well enough to work in the doctor's handsome grounds, while Elsie in her place as nurse to the doctor's baby rolled it over the gravel walks.

So, though Elsie kept her teeth, they saved both her and her father from poverty and distress.—*N. Y. Observer.*

CURIOUS EFFECT OF ARCTIC COLD.

A PERSON who has never been in the polar regions can probably have no idea of what cold really is; but by reading the terrible experiences of Arctic travellers in that icy region some notion can be formed of the extreme cold that prevails there. When we have the temperature down to zero out-of-doors we think it bitterly cold, and if our houses were not as warm as at least sixty degrees above zero, we should begin to talk of freezing to death. Think, then, of living where the thermometer goes down thirty-five degrees below zero in spite of the stove! Of course, in such a case the fur garments are piled on until a man looks like a great bundle of skins.

Dr. Moss, of the English Polar

Expedition of 1875 and 1876, amid other odd things, tells of the effect of cold on a wax candle which he burned there. The temperature was thirty-five degrees below zero, and the doctor must have been considerably discouraged when, upon looking at his candle, he discovered that the flame had all it could do to keep warm. It was so cold that the flame could not melt all the wax of the candle, but was forced to eat its way down the candle, leaving a sort of skeleton of the candle standing. There was heat enough, however, to melt oddly shaped holes in the thin walls of wax, and the result was a beautiful lace-like cylinder of white, with a tongue of yellow flame burning inside it, and sending out into the darkness many streaks of light. This is not only a curious effect of extreme cold, but it shows how difficult it must be to find anything like warmth in a place where even fire itself almost gets cold. The wonder is that any man can have the courage to willingly return to such a bitter region after having once got safely away from it, and yet the truth is that it is the very hardship and danger which attract them.

A PREPARED PLACE.

I was visiting a friend some years ago, who had just built a new house. It was just finished. It was beautiful, useful. He took me up-stairs. It had wardrobes, toilet-glasses, books, and paintings. It was furnished grandly. And the father turned to me and said, "This room is for our daughter. She is in Europe. She does not know we are arranging it. Her mother and I have fixed up everything we could think of for her; and as soon as the house is fully finished we are going to Europe to bring her back. And we are going to bring her up-stairs, and open the door, and say, 'Daughter, this is all yours.'" And I thought of the joy it would give her, and I thought, "How kind these parents are!"

Just then I turned away and thought, "That is what Jesus is doing for me." He says, "I am going away. I will come again. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."

Then I said, "This father and mother are rich; but they have not all treasures; there are a great many things they don't know how to get. But Jesus, who is furnishing my mansion in glory, has everything. He has undertaken to furnish a place for me, and I shall be with him forever and ever."—*Bishop Simpson.*

CHRIST left the cross and went to glory that you might take it and follow after him.