The Story of a Year. A little Child in raiment white
Was sent to me one day
With message from the King of Light:
"Thy care I will repay.
If thou wilt keep her garment bright
Along the narrow way."

We wandered forth, the Ch'ld and I: But son, all careless grown. I heeded n the reliantive sigh, As, burt by thorns and stone, Or chilled by snowdrifts piled on high, She uttered weary moan.

We wandered on; more fair the land, Sweeter the fragrance round. I clasped again her little hand, And sped o'er dewy ground, Heedles of clouds the sky that spann Or wild beasts lurking round.

Still on we went, through gorgeous ways, O'er sunny sale and hill, While all too swiftly passed my days By gleaming is rook and rill. And I forgot in noontide's blaze To guard the Child from ill.

Still on we went. Cold blew the blast In autumn's morning gray; My longing gaze behind was cast Where flowery meadows lay, And broading or the vanished past, I took my careless way.

Farewell, farewell; I e'en must go,'
A voice said in my ear.'
'The distant hills are white with snow;
My last dawn draweth near.
With garments torn and brow of woe
I go—a wasted Year.'

Startled, I turned, and looked around:
No Child's form met my gaze:
But one, low-bending to the ground,
Weary with weight of days,
Whose lips could utter forth no sound
Of thankfulness or praise.

Or thankfulness or praise.

Ah me! how could I meet the King
Who gave her to my care?
Lost were the gifts she came to bring,
And alled her raimont fair.
Here, with the Old Year vanishing,
I could but kno! in prayer.

## A STORY TOLD ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

JESSIE C. DENT.

Christmas evergreens still hang on the walls of my home, a brightfire burns cheerily in the polished grate, and peace and happiness brighten each dear face gathered around me. Outside, the snow lies cold and white; the bitter north-east wind is walling and moaning with strange, weird cries, that rise above the music of the pealing bells.

ells.

My heart is full of grateful joy as I sit this

ew Year's Eve in the warmth and shelter

fhome. My wife's beautiful countenance
niles at me; little children climb my knee

or home. My wife's beautiful countenance smiles at me; little children climb my knee and ask me to tell them' the story of Uncle Lance, whose picture hangs on the wall, with a wreath of green ivy round it.

The firelight falls upon a noble face—the face of a brave and chivalrous young man; upon a broad brow and a careless wave of fair brown hair; upon clear eyes, with some mysterious shadow in their depths; upon firm, well-closed lips, with a shade of melancholy in them.

My gaze follows the children's glances, and a rush of tears makes all dim; the drawing-room with its Christmas evergreens the bright glow of the lamps, all fades; and I stand once more hand in hand with the dearest and truest friend ever given to man. He will never be with us on New Year's Eve again; the brave, kindly face will never more brighten at words of mine; but his memory lives with us, and will never die.

Taking my children in my awaye.

I can see again the gentle, tender eyes, so clear and true; the sweet pure countering ance, and fair hair; the graceful, girlish figure; the pretty blush that crimsoned the white brow, as we advanced into the room, and welcomed us with half-wistful smiles. In that moment, children, I laid my heart at her feet. I gave her the love that, in death, will not change. I could not say much—her grace and beauty awed me; but Lance talked like one inspired.

During our ride home, he spoke of nothing else. "Beatrice Arle" was the one sole theme.

"I have seen her, uncle," he cried, when we caught sight of Sir Marmaduke, "and she is so beautiful! I mean to be a hero, and fight until I win her."

The Baronet smiled grimly; but there was no mistake about it, Lance had lost his heart.

I wonder if you can guess the rest; how, day by day, I loved her more dearly, until life was all blank to me, except it could be shared with her; how, in silence and sorrow, I worshiped the pure, beautiful maiden, is a standard of the same and in the same and the shared with her; how, in silence and sorrow, I worshiped the pure, beautiful maiden, is a standard of myself," he said, or black and not look into her sweet face again until standard to her ward to do with her swall go away, Rupert; I will go to-morrow. I want the thought whether the said the had resolved until a match to her sway, Rupert; I will go to-morrow. I want the there again until the presse her test is chart.

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I wonder if you can guess the rest; how, day by day, I loved her more dearly, until life was all blank to me, except it could be shared with her; how, in silence and sorrow, I worshipped the pure, beautiful maiden, letting my hungry, craving heart feed upon words and smiles that were all the world to me.

words and smites that were all the world to me.

It is given to every man, once in life, to know such love; some trifle with the treasure, others fling it away. I garnered mine in my heart, and it lives there now. When I was twenty-three, and Lance a few months older, a terrible tragedy happened at Lipton Hall. Our uncle, the good, kind old Baronet, died suddenly.

One afternoon he bade me take a note to Mr. Burton, his olicitor, telling him to come over on the day following, as he wished particularly to see him. He sat all the evening over the fire in his old-dressing-gown, refusing, for the first time, to dress for dinner; taking incoherently about Lance's commission, and my succeeding him. In the night his valet found him dead, with a smile upon his face.

his face.

We were heartily grieved; no unkind word had ever crossed his lips; in him, we lost our best friend.

word had ever crossed his lips; in him, we lost our best friend.

I need not tell you all the details of that most sorrowful week when Lipton Hall was in darkness and mourning for its kind and indulgent master. When the funeral was over, and we assembled in the library for the reading of the will, there was great consternation and listress. No will could be found. Mr. Burton said he had made it; my uncle's old friends Squire Thornbury and Mr. Dale, had both signed it. The dismay was universal, for every old servant had been remembered, Mr Burton said.

All search was in vain. Lawyers, friends, servants, every one joined in it; ne nook or corner of the old Hall was forgotten, but there was no trace of Sir Marmaduke's will. The belief that the Baronet had changed his mind, and destroyed his will, grew upon us; my note, written at his request, strengthened the impression. The end of the matter was that, as heir at law, Lance succeeded to Sir Marmaduke's estate and fortune; the title was not hereditary, and I was left without one shilling to call my own. Lance, resolutely refused to agree to anything of the kind; his fair face flushed crimsom, and he spoke eloquently but of what avail?

He stoutly maintained his resolution for many days, until Mr. Burton declared the whole estate would get into chancery; then

away.

It was long after midnight, when I heard

a rap at my door,
"Let me in Rupert," said Lance; "I want you at once."

"So it seems," was my reply but when
the door opened, and my cousin stood before
me, I saw that no light matter had brought

him.

'It is not every one who loses his love
and his fortune on the same day!" he said.

'See what I have found, Rupert! God
bless you, and make you happier than I
am!"

"" What do you mean?" I asked.
But for all answer, he held out to me a
large parchment, tiedand sealed. On it was
written, "The last will and testiment of
Sir Marmaduke Eyrle, Knight, of Lipton
Hall, Masley."
"This is the lost will "said Lance!" and

"This is the lost will," said Lance ! "and

"This is the lost will," said Lance? "and of course it gives you back what was always to have been yours. We looked in desks, cupboards, and bureau: no one ever thought of the old dressing-gown pocket. That is where I found it."

I stood, too surprised for speech.
"I understand how it happened," he cortinued. "Poor Sir Marmaduke intended having some little alteration made; took the will from the safe where Mr. Burton says it was kept, and and put it in the pocket of his dressing-gown, meaning to have it ready when Burton came in compliance with your note. It is strange none of us ever thought of that!"
"How did you find it?" I asked.
"I was packing up. When it came to

"I was packing up. When it came to the turn of the dressing-gown, I rolled it up, and then felt something hard in the pocket. At first, I passed it over; but a few minutes

and then felt something hard in the pocket.

At first, I passed it over; but a few minutes me as to what it could be. Imagine my sarprise when the lost will appeared! We will not open it until Mr. Burton comes to morrow; then you will have your own again; and I am heartily glad, Rupert. Lipton could never give me any pleasure now. Ho gave the will carelessly into my hand energy and the second of the carelessly as he would have passed a newspaper. It is not every man who voluntarily yields three thousand per annum, and a fine estate, with cheerful words. Lance wept when Beatrice sent him away, but he had no tears for the loss of Lipton. I cried out to him that I would never take it, but he laughed, and said it was a relief to him. On the day following, Mr. Burton and the two friends who had witnessed the signing of the will were summoned; signing of the will were summoned the servants were all assembled. Little surprise was expressed; every one expected that, sooner or later, something of the kind must happen. The legacies were all astifactory, and I was formally installed master of Lipton Hall.

Despite all that Lance could say, I make

I wish it were a different story to tell. As they sat there, Lance gazing with loving worship on the one being he ever loved, there came on the quiet evening air a long, horrible cry. Even as it broke the silence, three terrified servants rushed in, saying, "The Sepoys were coming!"

For one moment, Mr. Arle seemed paralyzed; then a cry, such as comes at times from a dying man, came from him. He held Beatrice in his arms, and hid her face on his breast.

RUSSIAN ATROCITIES.

RUSSIAN ATROCITIES.

How the Jews Were Cleared Out of a Mascovite Town.

The story of the clearing of Marina Rostschia is perhaps the most cruel and repellant episode in the whole record of last spring's barbarities, says a London correspondent. As I have said, the Jews living here were of the lowest class—artisans, petty traders, and street hiswkers, porters, and daylaborers. They had congregated here, it is true, to avoid the police, but this involves no suggestion of wrongdoing on their part. Their object in getting as far away as possible from the police was not that they were criminals, but that they could not raise the money to pay them for permission to live unmolested in the town. There is no record of an arrest ever having been made among the Jews of Marins Rostscha for a criminal offence. The heads of families—all the men in fact—went daily to Moscow to work, returning in the evening to their homes. Some of their children came into the technical or handicraft school maintained by the Jewish community of Moscow. Most of them, howvever, studied their primers and elementary books at home.

Of a sudden, without warning, on an inclement wintyn ight, a troop of police and Cossacks aurrounded this out-of-the-way country suburb, and, forming an engirding cordon, proceeded to carry out Prince Golitzyn's written order to expel the entire community. This order was executed with what even Russians regarded as incredible brutality. The lights had been extinguished in almost every house, and the unsuspecting people were asleep. They were wakened by the crash of their doors being broken open, and the boisterous entrance of Cossacks with horees and drawn swords. The terrified interest were routed out, and drive with horees and drawn swords. The terrified interest were routed out, and drive with the clear of the surface of Cossacks with horees and drawn swords. The terrified interest were routed out, and drive with the clear of the surface of Cossacks with horees and drawn swords. The terrified interest were routed ou

For one moment, Mr. Alter acts of the large of the na cry, such as comes at time on a dying man, came from him. He held satrice in his arms, and hid her face on the command of the property of the satron on the form of the command of the property of the satron of the property of the command of the property of the property of the property of the command of the property of t

"I love you so dearly," he said, "that life has no charms without you. Let me diversely and indirectly, from the terrible and for you Beatrice!"

Tears arreited to her eyes, and her lips the said. "Time presses," said Lancelot. "Beatrice, touch my face once with your lips trice, touch my face once with your lips."

Sho beat over him for a moment, and kisstice, touch with the party best trice, touch my face once with your lips. "What he yells of the Sepoys drawing nearer, the here descended into the lower nearer, the here descended into the lower nearer, the house so soon to be destroyed. They had but to cross a tangled wilderness of garden; the jungle ran close by. Once there, they were safe. There was no time elected, they were safe. There was no time elected and the two figures was a stangled wilderness of garden; the jungle ran close by. Once there, they were safe. There was no time elected, they were safe. There was no time olders, the safe of the

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