

bodies" raised and made "like to His glorious body," and to possess an everlasting inheritance in this heavenly land. Knowing that our earthly house of this tabernacle must be dissolved, we expect a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Realizing that here we have no continuing city, we hope to view the jasper walls of that city whose builder and maker is God; to enter through its pearly gates, and walk its golden streets. In that celestial city—where there shall in no wise enter any thing that defileth or worketh abomination or maketh a lie—we hope to walk with the "nations of them which are saved," in the light of the glory of God and of the Lamb forever. In that beautiful place, where all tears are wiped away, where there is no more death, neither sorrow, no crying, nor any more pain; but all is light and life and joy and beauty—we hope to glorify God and enjoy Him forever.

Where is the reason for this hope? What are we, and what have we done that we should deserve this? O! nothing at all. It is God's free gift. "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord." The Christian's hope is built on the promise of God. He has promised eternal salvation to all them that obey him."

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and enter in through the gates into the city."

D. McDougall.

Riverside, Dec. 3, 1883.

GONE!

The Old Year 1883, with all its opportunities. How the years do hurry us on. One year less of mortal strife and sorrow; one year nearer to heavenly joys. "We take no count of time save from its loss." 'Tis then we are startled and amazed at ourselves that we have made so little progress in the path that leads to God. In looking forward we see much to do, but in looking back we see little done.

Many peaceful, happy homes have received some token, during the old year, from the messenger over the river, by which they know they, too, must soon go. Many who commenced the year with us are gone.

"Look where we may, the wide world o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more."

Listen as we may we shall never hear their voices on earth again. They have reached the shining shore before us and are waiting and watching for our coming to welcome us when the "sunset gates unbar." But we will not dwell here at the waters of Marah, but pass on to Elim and rejoice that the beginning of another year is given to us.

The pages of the Old Year are written, the records of which are before God. Of all the wrongs we plead His mercy; and with thankfulness and gratitude we lift our hearts to Him, that amid all the changes of life His love toward us is unchanged; that although another year is gone we are still permitted to live on. By the grace of God we will plume our faith for the onward flight into the blessed future. Time is made illustrious by its sacred relations to the future. Out of the fleeting hours of 1883 come sacred tender memories and experiences and associations that are momentous.

There are grand possibilities before us. Let us take the pages of the New Year, or what of them may be granted to us, and by our consecration and concentration shape them well, and enrich them, and return them to God, written all over with deeds of duty and love. Our years at most are few. Time passes swiftly. While the past urges us to diligence, the future calls to earnestness. A few more years and we shall be where time will be no more, and where all the shadows of time will have passed—where we shall see God face to face and shall know even as we are known.—And then!

H. MURRAY.

THE FAMILY.

The following Acrostic (not before published) was written on the death of a beautiful child, who preceded a sister and mother a few years to "the better land."

Just as the sun his journey ends,
Or March the thirtieth day,
His eyes are closed on weeping friends,
Nor will his spirit stay.

He spent but two short years with us --
Only the bud was given;
We laid his little form in dust,
And now he blooms in heaven.
Released from earth, its tears and toils,
Dear Howard, sweetly rest

Beneath a Father's radiant smile,
And on a Saviour's breast.
Grieved though we are, we'll think of thee,
Now present with the Lord;
And hope, through Jesus' grace to be,
Like thee, to bliss restored.

D. C.

"LUCK."

"Just like his luck!" half of the boys said, when Charlie Foster won the State scholarship.

They made the same remark when his name had been sent in by the principal of the school to the superintendent as his best scholar. In all likelihood these same old school-fellows will keep on saying, "Just his luck!" if Charlie ever becomes a judge or a senator, or if he marries happily, or makes a fortune. Every step upward is attributed by some men and boys to that unknown quantity called "luck." And curiously enough, just as "Like his luck" is used to account for the success of one's friends, so "Just like my luck" is used to explain our own failures.

"It is just my luck! There was not a single question about anything I knew. I had crammed up the State, square root and the conjugations; and I was asked about mountain ranges, compound interest and the fifth declension. I always was unlucky!"

In all this talk about "luck" is there not a good deal of inconsistency? We never employ the word to account for our own successes or somebody else's failures. When the said Charlie Foster misses a catch at baseball, or catches a crab in a race, we do not cry, "How unlucky he is!" but, "What a muff that Charlie Foster is!" And when we ourselves manage to get on the roll of honor, we resent with virtuous indignation any congratulations on our luck. "Luck, indeed!" we growl; "there was no luck at all. It was just hard work, and nothing else."

Moreover, this talk about luck is unmanly, not to say cowardly. To trust to luck is a confession that one can not do anything by one's own labor or one's own intellect. It is really, my boy, an acknowledgment that you have no independence of character, no strength of will, no patience, and no perseverance. It is a sure confession of carelessness and idleness. "I'll study this thing or that thing, and trust to luck for the rest," you say, and the result is you are nowhere in the examination.

So in everything we undertake. If we neglect to take ordinary pains, if we omit ordinary prudence, no luck ever saves us from disaster.

Trusting in luck is a very different thing from trusting in Providence. Providence aids those who aid themselves, and just in proportion as they work honestly and conscientiously. Luck is a kind of capricious spirit which is expected to set at naught all the laws of nature for our advantage, or to our disadvantage, without the slightest apparent reason why it should intervene at all. If there is such a thing that can either make or

mar us, our first duty is not to be its slave, but to make ourselves its master.

Lucky people are those who have thoroughly trained themselves for the battle of life. They have eyes open to perceive a coming danger; and have learned how to avoid it; they recognize a difficulty, and know how to overcome it; they see an opportunity, and know how to make use of it; and they are ready, with all their faculties alert, to seize it before it has gone forever. "Practice makes perfect."

There is nothing brilliant or showy about practice and training, and therefore we have not noticed them. But they are there, nevertheless. To all of us, every day of our lives, opportunities present themselves which pass without our heeding, or, if we see them, without our having the courage and skill to avail ourselves of them. We let them fly, never to return, because we are not ready, and then we cry, "Just like our luck!" As Shakespeare says:

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Away with your notions of luck. Be manly and trust to work. Do your duty, and let luck do its worst.—*Harper's Young People.*

FRIGHTENING CHILDREN TO SLEEP.

A lady overheard her nurse girl the other night talking to the little child she was putting to sleep, and among other legends of the nursery in which she indulged was this:

"If you don't go right to sleep this very minute, a big, awful bear, with eyes like coals of fire, and sharp, white, cruel teeth, will come out from under the bed, a-n-d e-a-t y-o-u a-l-l u-p!"

The poor little thing nestled down under the clothes, and after a long season of terror fell asleep to dream frightful dreams of horrid bears eating her up.

That night, when the stolid nurse had composed herself in her own comfortable bed and put the light out, there came a sudden rap at the door, and the voice of the mistress called loudly through the panels:

"Maggie! Maggie! for mercy's sake get up as quick as you can. There's a fearful burglar under your bed, and as soon as you get asleep he's coming out to rob and murder you!"

At the word burglar she sprang screaming from the bed, tore open the door and fell into hysterics into the hall. The lesson was even more instructive than the mistress had designed; but when the girl's fears were calmed she said to her:

"You did not hesitate to tell my little delicate child, who could not possibly know that it was a lie, a cruel story of a bear under her bed; now when I treat you to the same kind of slumber-story, you are nearly frightened to death. To-morrow you can go into the kitchen and work—you are not fit to care for little children."

How many children are there who, every night of their lives, are frightened to sleep!

WHAT GOVERNORS COST.

The two highest salaried governors of the States are those of New York and Pennsylvania, who receive \$10,000 a year each. The next highest are those of California, Nevada and Illinois, who get \$6,000 each. The governors of Colorado, Indiana, Kentucky, Missouri, New Jersey, Virginia and Wisconsin are paid from \$1,500 to \$4,000. The lowest salaries paid are to the governors of Vermont, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Michigan, who receive but \$1,000 each. No wonder Governor Begole, of Michigan, begs from the railway companies one of those little red pocket-books for himself and "Mrs. Begole."—*Chicago Herald.*