

A New Year's Resolve.

As the dead year is chased by a dead December. So let your dead sins with your dead days lie. A new life is yours, and a new hope. Remember we built our own ladders to climb to the sky. Stand on it in the sunlight of promise, forgetting whatever your past held of sorrow or wrong. We waste half our strength in useless regrets. We sit by old toils in the dark too long.

Have you tossed in your aim? Well, the mark is changing. Did you faint in the race? Well, take breath for the next. Did the clouds drive you back? But see yonder the lining. Were you tempted and fell? Let it serve for a test. A new year hurries by, let it join that procession of shapes that march down the past. While you take your place in the line of progression. With your eyes on the heavens, your face to the East.

I tell you the future can hold no terrors. For any sad soul while the stars revolve. If he will but stand firm, on the grave of his errors. And instead of regretting, resolve, resolve. It is never too late to begin rebuilding. Though all into ruins, your life seems hurled. For look, how the light of the New Year is gilding. The worn, wan face of the fruited old world.

—Eliza Wheeler Wilcox

A Happy New Year.



IT still, do, Master Raymond, said Jane, the nursery-maid, as she perched little Raymond on the table and rapidly buttoned up one of his boots. The other lay just beyond her reach, and as she stretched out her hand for it the child leant over the table, and before Jane knew what was happening, he had overbalanced and gone headforemost on to the floor.

Jane expected a howl which would summon Nurse, and her face went as white as her apron, for it was one of Nurse's strictest rules that the children should not be seated on the table, but Ray did not cry, and Jane picked him up, determined to say nothing about the fall. What did it matter, if he was not hurt, she argued.

"Is Master Ray ready?" asked Nurse, coming in with his twin sister Lettice, and Jane answered hastily, "Oh, yes."

It was two days before the New Year, and Ray's little mind was full of the story his mother had told him of the passing away of the Old Year and the coming of the New.

"You know, Lettice," he said, as they walked hand in hand, "God keeps all the old years when they go away from us, and he gives us a new one, and Jesus looks at us every day to see how we use it. It's coming on Saturday night."

"What's a New Year for?" asked Lettice, whose mind flew to some sort of new toy.

Ray looked puzzled. "I don't know," he said slowly. "Mother said the bells rang in the middle of the night when it came. I shall stay awake and listen."

"So shall I," assented Lettice, who always did what Ray did. "Shall I wake you if you go to sleep? You are always the sleepest."

Ray nodded. He began to feel tired and weary, and Nurse, noticing his dragging footsteps, took a short cut home.

"I don't think Ray is the thing," she said to herself later in the evening. "I wish his mother were coming to-morrow instead of Friday."

Morning came, and Raymond slept on and on.

"Jane," said Nurse, "you must run around to the doctor's. I expect he's got a chill."

Jane's conscience woke up again. Should she tell Nurse about that fall? It can't be that," she answered to herself, and again she kept silence.

Then the doctor came, and his first question was whether the child had had a fall, and Jane said "No," and shrank away into the night nursery.

Then a telegram went away for Ray's mother and father, and the house was kept without a sound, and Lettice was banished from the nursery. The doctor came in and out, and toward evening little Ray's father and mother bent over their darling. He did not know them, and the last day of the Old Year came, and Ray was no better. Jane, with swollen eyes, had confessed to the fall she had caused him, and the doctor had shaken his head and promised to look in shortly after midnight.

And Ray tossed from side to side of his bed, murmured over and over again something about the bells, and how he must keep awake.

Upstairs in her strange nursery little

Lettice lay in her cot with wide-open eyes. It was Saturday night, when Ray had said the bells would ring to tell them that the New Year was come and she had promised to wake him.

She lay in her cot listening intently, but at last her blue eyes closed, and she slept.

At midnight she suddenly awoke. There was no sound in the home, and a candle burning in the room showed that Jane's bed was empty. Lettice sat up, and then she heard a faint sound of music.

"The bells! The bells!" Scrambling out of bed, she listened for one moment beside the snow-leeked window, and then, barefooted and white-robed, she set out to find Ray. In the nursery, with breaking hearts, the father and mother sat watching him, and the lowered gaslight showing dimly his wide-opened eyes.

And then the door was softly opened and Lettice came in. Her mother's first impulse was to stop her, but the doctor had said that nothing was likely to make any difference now—so Lettice, unheeding anything but her anxiety to wake Ray, came straight across and touched her twin's hand.

"Ray," she said, "it's come. Don't you hear the bells? Sit up and listen; it's so pretty!"

A smile came over Ray's face, and he struggled to sit up, while Lettice clambered up beside him.

"Listen!" she said again. And then, faintly and far off, Ray heard the bells ring out their welcome to the New Year. The two children listened intently for a few moments, and then Lettice broke the silence.

"Let's lie down and listen, Ray," she said sleepily. "Daddy, open the window a little tiny crack."

With their golden heads close together the children lay and listened, and as the mother watched she saw both pairs of blue eyes close. Ray had fallen peacefully asleep as Lettice.

Half an hour later the doctor crept noiselessly into the room, looked down on them, and crept out again.

"He will do now," he whispered in the passage. "Under God that sleep will save him. You may wish him a 'Happy New Year' in the morning."—Our Darlings.

Look Out Young Men.

When it is said of a man, "He drinks," and when it can be proved, then what store wants him for a clerk? Who would trust him? What dying man would appoint him his executor? He may have been forty years in building his reputation—it goes down. Letters of recommendation, the backing up of business firms, a brilliant ancestry, cannot save him. The world shies off. Why? It is whispered through all the community, "he drinks! he drinks!" That blasts him. When a young man loses his reputation for sobriety, he might as well be at the bottom of the sea. There are young men who have their good name as their only capital. Your father has started you out in city life. He could only give you an education. He gave you no means. He started you however under Christian influence. You have come to the city. You are now achieving your own fortune, under God, by your own right arm. Now look out, young man, that there is no doubt of your sobriety. Do not create any suspicion by going in and out of liquor establishments, or by any odor of your breath, or by any glare of your eye, or by any unnatural flush of your cheek. You cannot afford to do it, for your good name is your only capital, and when that is blasted with the reputation of taking strong drink, all is gone.—*Currier's Advertiser.*

Now, the man of the house has his part, and, to give him credit, he does it very well. How hard men work, how few holidays they have, how unselfish they are. What should women do? For one thing, they should see that the man of the house is well fed. When he comes home, family worries should not be poured into his ear. Don't tell him how naughty Willie has been nor how fretful Louis is. A very successful lawyer, who has accumulated a fortune, lately told me that he owed his rise in life to the fact that his wife had kept his household moving so smoothly that his meals had always been on time, and he had never had the least anxiety about her share in the home firm.

Now Year.

Merry, Merry Christmas passed away. "Happy, Happy New Year" shout to-day. Happy, Happy Old Year, nevermore. Shall we taste the pleasure past and o'er.

Opening on the hillside, shining bright, Comes the New Year's sunshine, golden light. When the happy seasons pass away, May there be for us no darker day.

Forth all people straying, here and there, Careless, happy greetings everywhere. There is no rejoicing, all is cheer. Shout aloud to hail the Old New Year.

Selected

Trying to Please Everybody.

One time an old, good-natured farmer took his little son with him to the city where he was going for the purpose of selling an old donkey. They were on foot driving the donkey before them, when the first one they met said to them, "Don't you think you are big dunces to walk when you can just as well ride?" That big, stout donkey can carry one of you just as well as not." The old man then placed his son on the donkey while he followed behind. "Hello there, you selfish, unfeeling youngster, you!" exclaimed the next one they met, "You will surely come to the gallows some time. You must be an ungrateful heartless rascal to ride while your poor old father has to follow you on foot." The father then told his son to get off, and he himself got on. They went on a way farther, when they met an old woman who thus addressed the old man: "You hard-hearted old scoundrel to make that poor tired boy, who can hardly drag one foot after the other, trudge along up to his knees in dust, while your tough old bones have to be carried; shame on you!" The old man in his perplexity took his son up behind him on the donkey, and they both rode along together. "Hold on, old man," said a stranger, "Answer me this one question. Is that donkey your own property?" "Certainly it is," replied the honest farmer. "One would hardly believe that a man would so unmercifully overload his own beast as you have; one would think you had better carry the donkey," replied the stranger. The old man was completely puzzled. He had tried to please everybody and found that he had pleased nobody. So, after thinking the matter over for a long time, he hit upon a plan which he was sure would satisfy every one. They tied the donkey's legs together and carried him between them hung on a long pole. Just as they came into the city they were obliged to cross over a long bridge. Here they met many people who, when they saw this uncommon sight, raised a great cry against him and were going to have him arrested for cruelty to animals. Notwithstanding the old man's patience and good nature, he could not stand this new complaint. So, in his impatience, he threw the poor old donkey into the river and went home to his work. Moral—Don't try to please everybody, or you will please nobody.

PETERKIN.

Grand Trunk Railway.

TRANS LEAVE BELLEVILLE STATION: West 3:15 a.m., 1:20 p.m., 6:00 p.m.; 11:15 a.m.; 2:20 p.m., 5:20 p.m. East—1:20 a.m., 10:47 a.m.; 12:10 p.m.; 3:20 p.m.; 6:40 a.m. and 7:30 p.m. MANDON AND PETERBORO BRANCH—4:40 a.m.; 12:10 a.m. 6:25 p.m.; 6:30 p.m.

MONEY To PATENT Good Ideas may be secured by our aid. Address THE PATENT RECORD, Baltimore, Md.

Uneducated Deaf-Children.

I WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE EVERY person who receives this paper send me the names and last-known addresses of the parents of deaf children not attending school, who are known to them, so that I may forward them particulars concerning this Institution and inform them where and by what means their children can be instructed and furnished with an education.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.

TORONTO DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES are held as follows every Sunday:— West End Y. M. C. A., Corner Queen Street and Dovercourt Road, at 11 a.m. And Y. M. C. A. Hall, cor. Yonge and Metcalf Streets, at 10 a.m. General Central, up stairs at Broadway Hall, Spadina Ave. 10 or 12 doors south of College Street, at 3 p.m. Leaders—Messrs. Nasmith, Hildren and others. BIBLE CLASSES—Every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, corner Spadina Ave. and College Street, and cor. Queen Street and Dovercourt Road. Lectures, etc., may be arranged if desirable. H. A. FRASER, Missionary to the Deaf in Toronto, 1 Major Street.

GENERAL INFORMATION

Classes:

SCHOOL HOURS: From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. DRAWING from 10 a.m. to 11 a.m. on Tuesday and Thursday each week.

CHURCH FANCY WORK CLASS on Monday afternoon of each week from 7 to 8 o'clock. EVENING SUNDAY from 7 to 8 o'clock for pupils and from 7 to 8 for juniors.

Articulation Classes:

From 9 a.m. to 12 noon, and from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m.

Religious Exercises:

EVERY SUNDAY, (Friday) pupils at 10 a.m. and senior pupils at 11 a.m. General at 11:30 a.m., immediately after which the Bible Class will assemble.

EACH SCHOOL DAY the pupils are called into the Chapel at 8:45 a.m., and the prayer in-charge for the week, will open the prayer and afterwards dismiss them. School will not reach the Chapel after 9 o'clock. In the afternoon at 3 o'clock the pupils will again assemble for after prayer will be dismissed in an orderly manner.

REGULAR VISITING CLERGYMEN: Rev. Canon Burke, Rev. Monsignor Patrick, V.O. Rev. F. J. Thompson, M.A. (Presbyterian), Rev. Chas. E. McIntyre, Methodist, Rev. H. Cowart, Baptist; Rev. M. W. McLean, Wesleyan; Rev. Father Conroy, Lat. C. W. Watch, Rev. J. J. Rice, Rev. N. Hill.

BIBLE CLASS, Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock. NATIONAL SERIES of Sunday School Lessons. Miss ANNIE MATHISON, Teacher.

Our Clergy men of all Denominations are cordially invited to visit us at any time.

Industrial Departments:

PRINTING OFFICE, SHOP AND CARPENTER SHOP from 7:30 to 10:30 a.m. and from 11:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. for pupils who attend school. For those who do not attend school from 7:30 a.m. to 12 noon and from 1:30 to 5:30 p.m. in each workshop, except Saturday, when the office and shop will be closed at noon.

THE SEWING CLASS HOURS are from 7:30 to 12 o'clock, noon, and from 1:30 to 5:30 p.m. for those who do not attend school and from 3:30 to 5 p.m. for those who do. Sewing on Saturday afternoons.

The Printing Office, Shop and Sewing Room to be left each day when work is done in a clean and tidy condition.

Pupils are not to be excused from the various Classes or Industrial Department except on account of sickness, without permission of the Superintendent.

Teachers, Officers and others are not to allow matters foreign to the work to interfere with the performance of their several duties.

Visitors:

Persons who are interested, desiring to visit the Institution, will be made welcome on any school day. No visitors are allowed on Saturdays, Sundays or Holidays except to the regular classes at 2:30 or 5:30 p.m. afternoons. The best time for visitors on ordinary school days is as soon after 12 in the afternoon as possible, as the classes are dismissed at 3:00 o'clock.

Admission of Children:

When pupils are admitted and parents come with them to the Institution, they are kindly advised not to linger and prolong conversation with their children. It only makes discomfort for all concerned, particularly for the parent. The child will be tenderly cared for, and if left in our charge without a day will be quite happy with the others in a few days, in some cases in a few hours.

Visitation:

It is not beneficial to the pupils for friends to visit them frequently. If parents want to come, however, they will be made welcome to the class-rooms and allowed every opportunity of seeing the general work of the school. We cannot furnish lodging of meals, or entertain guests at the Institution. Good accommodation may be had in the city at the Quilts Hotel, Hoffman House, Queen's, Anglo-American and Dominion Hotels at moderate rates.

Clothing and Management:

Parents will be good enough to give all directions concerning clothing and management of their children to the Superintendent. No correspondence will be allowed between parents and employees under any circumstances without special permission upon each occasion.

Sickness and Correspondence:

In case of the serious illness of pupils, letters or telegrams will be sent daily to parent or guardians. IN THE ABSENCE OF LETTERS FRIENDS OF PUPILS MAY BE QUITE SURE THEY ARE WELL.

All pupils who are capable of doing so, will be required to write home every three weeks. Letters will be written by the teachers for the little ones who cannot write, stating, as far as possible, their wishes.

No medical preparations that have been used at home, or prescribed by family physicians will be allowed to be taken by pupils except with the consent and direction of the Physician of the Institution.

Parents and friends of Deaf children are warned against Quack Doctors who advertise medicines and appliances for the cure of Deafness. In 99 cases out of 100 they are frauds and only want money for which they give no return. Consult well known medical practitioners in cases of adventurous deafness and be guided by their counsel and advice.

R. MATHISON, Superintendent.