

## A Look Forward.

BY RAY PALMER, D. D.

Go not art thou, in thy turn, thou fleeting year!  
E'en as the spent wave dies upon the shore,  
I backward glance and drop a silent tear,  
As for a friend whose feet shall come no more:—  
Till time of earth's last day shall sound the toll;  
I bid thee, vanished year, farewell farewell!

But farewell said, and memory charged to keep  
In her still depths the annals of the past,  
Which howsoever they for a time may sleep—  
Unlost, shall all again be read at last;  
Once more to duty's call my ear I lend,  
And onward where she leads, my steps I bend.

Year newly-born! I hail thee at the goal  
Whence thou dost count thy swiftly numbered days;  
Whence tell thy months and seasons as they roll,  
And date the summer solstice's scorching blaze;  
Which left behind, thou too by slow decline  
Shall waste and die—the fate of others, thine!

But ah! Thou hast thy secrets—unrevealed!  
Thou bear'st a scroll wherein the pen of heaven  
Hath written mysteries to be unsealed;  
Unroll and read, young Year! To thee 'tis given!  
What fates or fortunes—say—shall each befall  
In thy swift course?—that record hides them all!

O kindly Heaven! that from our mortal sight  
Veils in thick clouds what future days shall bring;  
Nor robs the present of its golden light,  
Nor checks the music when the heart would sing:  
Courage, O mortal! Bid thy soul be strong;  
Nor deem eternal Wisdom chooseth wrong!

What saith to thee the brightly dawning year?  
"Live wisely, man! thou livest not to dream;  
Life's toils await thee—its rewards are near;  
Think not the seeming ills the ills they seem!  
For God and duty, make each moment tell,  
Till thou this year—or earth—shall bid farewell!"

## Dot's Faith.

BY S. A. HAMILTON.

It was the day before Thanksgiving, and a cold, blustery day it was; such a day as drives the poor and needy, the wretched and starving, indoors—if, perchance, it is more comfortable indoors than out.

A boy of eleven years of age was hurrying along the pavement of an obscure street in one of our large cities, leading by the hand his little sister, only eight years-old.

Although their clothes showed the pinch of poverty, yet they were neater in appearance than any of the many children they passed, and had that look of intelligence that betokens good home training.

Turning down a side-alley, they entered a house, that was in a deplorably tumble-down condition; one would think unfit to live in. As they entered, they were greeted by a weak, gentle voice:—

"Charlie, is it you, my son? Come here, dear."

Leaving his sister to warm herself at the scant fire, Charlie hastened to the side of the bed on which his mother lay—whence the voice had proceeded.

"What success—no work yet?" she asked, as she caught sight of his face.

"No, mother, none. No one wants a boy. Dot and I have travelled 'most o'er the city, but it's no use—we must starve or beg."

"Did you go to see the persons who advertised in yesterday's paper?" queried his mother.

"Yes, mother, we called on every one; but they all had got boys already; and we went from store to store, until we were both tired! And coming to a church where they were holding a meeting, we went in to get warmed, and the preacher was a sayin' to the people to throw their bread into the river, or the water, or something like that; and all the people said 'Amen,' like as if they was a-goin' to do so just as soon as they got home, when you

and me and Dot haven't got none but a little bit, and I just shook my fist at him under the seat, cause he might have told them to give their bread to poor people," and the rebellious tears sprang to his eyes, while his mother drew his head on her breast.

"Hush, my son," she responded; "you did not understand him. God does not like a rebellious heart." And she explained to him, as well as she could, the meaning of the text, "Cast your bread upon the water."

Little Dot, his sister, had been an attentive listener, both at the church and to her mother, and in her innocence took them as literal truths.

Timidly approaching her mother's side, she asked:—

"Mamma, does it mean it will come back after while a big lot of bread?"

"Yes, my daughter; it means that what you give to the Lord will be given back increased an hundred times."

Dot said nothing more, but was quiet and thoughtful the whole afternoon.

Towards evening, Charlie prepared a cup of tea for his mother—the last they had; and after each had eaten a small slice of bread, there remained only one slice in the cupboard, and no money to buy more.

After Charlie had gone out to continue his quest for employment, Dot quietly put on her well-worn cape, took the slice of bread from the cupboard, and stole out of the house—her mother having fallen asleep.

This was Dot's first venture on the streets, alone, very far from home; and after the first few squares had been passed, she was at a loss where to go to find the water, and accosting a gentleman who was approaching, she said:

"Please, sir, is the water near?"

The gentleman stopped, looked at her a moment, and replied:

"Do you mean the river, my dear?"

"Yes, sir," replied Dot.

"You are quite a distance off. What takes such a little girl to the river on such a cold day; hadn't you better go home?"

"No, sir; I must throw the bread in the river first, so we will get more." And she trudged bravely on in the direction the gentleman had indicated.

The latter, having taken a fancy to the demure, blue-eyed little lady, and being mystified by her last reply, resolved to follow her and learn her mission to the river.

Dot finally arrived at the river, and making her way with some difficulty on to the quay, found herself at the edge—the gentleman close behind, hid from view by a lumber-pile close to her.

Dot pulled the bread from her pocket, and in a scarcely an audible voice, began:

"Please God, this is all the bread we've got, and we must do without for breakfast; but if 'tain't too long until the hundred slices come back, maybe Charlie can get some money to buy some while."

And it to Dot's Horn, in Thomas Alley, Amen. And she cast the bread into the muddy river.

To say that the gentleman was affected would not describe his emotion. Hastily dashing the tears from his eyes, he followed Dot homeward.

She was met by Charlie, who had been hunting for her, when nearly home, and was soon clasped in her mother's arms.

In reply to her mother's inquiries, she told where she had been, ending:

"I just thought, as we only had one slice of bread, I'd go and throw it in the river, and we'd get the hundred slices after while."

Her mother, affected to tears, could not find it

in her heart to chide her for her simple faith, although she knew the cupboard was empty, and no one to provide more for the morrow.

"Don't cry, mamma," said Dot, "God'll send it, sure, 'cause the preacher said he would."

Soon after, Charlie lighted the candle and drew a chair up to the bed, to read the customary chapter of Scripture before retiring, and had just begun, when a knock was heard at the door, and before he could get up to open it a man entered, placed a large basket on the floor and a letter on the table, and stepping out, returned with a bag of flour, and departed without saying a word, to the astonishment of all.

Quickly running to the door, Charlie looked for the man, but could find no trace of him, and, closing the door, he examined the basket, which was labelled: "For Dot's Horn—her bread from the water." Opening it, he found bread, a chicken, and a large list of groceries. Charlie now espied the letter on the table, and seeing it was addressed to himself, tore it open and read:

"Master Charles Horn is hereby appointed messenger in the store of J—L— & Co., at a salary of \$1.50 per week, to begin at once."

There were fervent thanksgivings in that humble household that night.

Their benefactor, the gentleman who had followed Dot, had made inquiries concerning the family from near neighbours, and resolved that such sublime faith as Dot's should not go unrewarded.

Charlie is a partner in the store now, and his mother has got strong again, and they both attribute their luck to "Dot's Faith."

## A Happy New Year.

It in the year whose days are done,  
A bitter word was spoken,  
And swelled to anger, harsh and rude,  
Whereby a friendship grew a feud,  
And strongest ties were broken,  
The Old Year moans, his eyes are dim,  
O let the quarrel die with him!

If in the year whose days are done,  
Some tender thought or feeling  
Struck in your heart a tiny root,  
Anon put forth a tender shoot,  
Whereof the leaves are healing,  
The Young Year grows in heart and limb,  
O let the grace wax strong with him!

## Watches in the Olden Time.

At first the watch was about the size of a dessert plate. It had weights, and was used as a "pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in the record of 1552, which mentions that Edward VI had a one-larum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt, with two plummetts of lead.

The first watch may readily be supposed to have been of rude execution. The first great improvement—the substitution of springs for weights—was in 1580. The earliest springs were not coiled, but only straight pieces of steel. Early watches had only one hand; and being wound up twice a day, they could not be expected to keep the time nearer than fifteen or twenty minutes in twelve hours. The dials were of silver and brass; the cases had no crystals, but opened at the back and front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost more than five hundred dollars; and after one was ordered it took a year to make it up.

"You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are a little donkey; and what do they do to cure them of stupidity?" "They feed them better and kick them less," said the little urchin.