

## Old and New.

Ring out wild bells to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light:  
The year is dying in the night;  
Ring out wild bells, and let them die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the care, the want, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson.

## "A Child was Sorry for Me!"

A GENTLEMAN was standing, one morning, on the platform of a railroad station in New York, holding by the hand a little girl seven years old, named Alice. There was some slight detention about opening the car in which they wished to sit, and the child stood quietly looking around her, interested in all she saw, when the sound of the measured tramp of a dozen heavy feet made her turn and look behind her. There she saw a sight such as her young eyes had never looked on before—a short procession of six policemen, two of whom marched first, followed by two others between whom, chained to the wrist of each, walked a cruel, fierce-looking man, and these were followed by two more, who came close behind the dangerous prisoner. The man was one of the worst ruffians in the city. He had committed a terrible crime, and was on his way to the state-prison, to be looked up there for the rest of his life. Alice had heard of him; and she knew who it must be, for only that morning her father had said he would have to be sent up strongly guarded, for it had been suspected that some of his comrades would try to rescue him from the officers.

The little company halted quite near her. Her father, who was busily talking to a friend, did not notice them, or probably he would have led his child away. Alice stood and watched the man, with a strange, choking feeling in her throat and a pitiful look in her eyes. It seemed so very, very sad to think that after this one ride in the sunshine by the banks of the river the poor man all his life would be shut up

in the gloomy prison. No matter how long he might live,—even if he should become an old, old man,—he could never walk in the bright sunlight, a freeman, again.

All at once the prisoner looked at her, and then he turned suddenly away. But in another moment he glanced back, as if he could not resist the sweet pity of that childish face. He watched it an instant, his own features working curiously the while, and then turned his head with an impatient motion that told Alice she had annoyed him. Her tender little heart was sorry in a moment, and starting forward she went almost close to the dangerous man, and said, earnestly:

"I didn't mean to plague you, poor man; only I'm sorry for you. And Jesus is sorry for you, too."

One of the policemen caught her up quickly, and gave her to her father, who had already sprung forward to stop her. No one had heard those whispered words save the man to whom they were spoken. But, thank God! he heard them; and their echo, with the picture of that tender, grieved child's face, went with him through all that long ride, and passed beside him into his dreary cell. The keeper wondered greatly when he found that his dreaded prisoner made no trouble, and that, as time passed on, he grew gentler and more kindly every day. But the wonder was explained when, long months after, the chaplain asked him how it was that he had turned out such a different man from what they had expected.

"It is a simple story," said the man. "A child was sorry for me, and she told me that Jesus was sorry for me, too; and her pity and his broke my heart."

Ah! there is power in the tender pity of a loving soul. And there are none so low, so utterly lost, as to be beyond the pitying love of Christ, the Son of God. Let the fact that Jesus pities us, even while sinners, melt our hearts to tenderness and turn our feet into the way of life and peace.

## A Policeman's Testimony.

A NUMBER of young men were one day sitting around the fire in the waiting-room at Normanton Station, on the Midland Railway, talking about total-abstinence societies. Just then a policeman came in with a prisoner in handcuffs. He listened to the young men's conversation, but did not give any opinion. There was also in the room Mr. Macdonald, a minister of the gospel, who, hearing what the young men were saying, stepped up to the policeman and said:

"Pray, sir, what have you got to say about temperance?"

The policeman replied, "Why, all I've got to say is, that I never took a teetotaler to York Castle [prison] in my life, nor to Wakefield House of Correction either."—*Band of Hope Review.*

## New-Year Stands at an Open Gate.

THE New Year stands at an open gate,  
And the eyes of my soul are blind;  
Oh! just for a moment let me wait,  
For the old road lies behind!

Let me remember, while I can trace  
The steps on the wandering track;  
Let me say "Farewell!" for a moment's space,  
I shall never, never go back.

Let me look forward and humbly pray,  
Ere the gate shall be closed behind;  
How can I tell on the unknown way  
What sorrow or joy I may find?

There's the New Year's chime! Be glad and bold;  
There is light on the other side;  
Go through, remember the promise old;  
Go through, for the portal is wide.

—Mary B. Burnett.

## Above His Business.

"I WOULDN'T do that," said one clerk to another whom he saw doing a disagreeable piece of work.

"It must be done, and why shouldn't I do it," was the excellent reply.

In a few minutes the wouldn't-do-it clerk, ashamed of his remark, was assisting the clerk who was not above his business.

In Scotland there is a branch of the legal profession known as "writers to the signet." A young gentleman was apprenticed to one of these writers. The youth thought himself a very fine person, much above ordinary apprentices.

One evening the master desired him to carry a bundle of papers to a lawyer whose residence was not very far off. The packet was received in silence, and shortly afterward the master saw a porter enter the outer office. In a few minutes the youth walked out, followed by the porter carrying the parcel.

Seizing his hat the master followed, overtook the porter, relieved him of the packet, and walked in the rear of the apprentice. The lawyer's house being reached and the door-bell rung, the youth cried out, "Here fellow! give me the parcel!" and slipped a sixpence into his hand without looking around.

"Here it is for you!" exclaimed a voice which caused the youth to turn around. His confusion as he beheld his master made him speechless. Never after that was he above his business.—*Youth's Companion.*

THE New Year has a rainbow around it. Heaven, which seals the book, does not forbid the hope that good fortune is written on its leaves. If last year's voyage ended on the rocks, we may build new ships from the remnants of the wreck and start again. Thus does God compensate men for the sadness which often tinges the close of a day or the end of a year. The sun sets to rise again. Weary and discouraged, we close the door of the old year, but as Peter to the cripple at the temple gate, Hope says to us at

the entrance of the New Year, "In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk." Like wonderful pictures hidden by drapery until a set day, the truest joys of life are wrapped at first in clouds. The earth must feel the plough in her heart before you get the harvest. Christ suffers the pains of crucifixion before he attains the glory of resurrection. And if New Year's greetings falling into a sorrowful life seem to be like rubies thrown into the sea, God rules the year and can bring us to its close with this star in our right hand: "In all these things we are more than conquerors." It is absolutely certain that God wishes us every one, "A Happy New Year!"

## What Royal Children Do.

THE education of Queen Victoria's grandchildren is conducted on the principle that the Prince Consort, Albert the Good, introduced into her family. Particularly is this true of the Crown-Princess of Germany. They have to rise early and retire early. During the day they have punctually to perform their duties, and to keep strictly the time allotted to the various branches of study and recreation. They breakfast at eight with their parents; and the time between ten in the morning and five in the afternoon is devoted to their lessons, with an interruption of one hour for dinner. Accomplishments, such as riding and skating, receive as much attention as art and science. Their meals consist of simple dishes, of which they have their choice without being permitted to ask for a substitute if what is placed before them does not suit them. Between meals they are not allowed to eat. Only inexpensive toys are placed in their hands, and the princesses dress themselves without the aid of waiting-maids.

ANOTHER sad instance of the awful demoralization caused by intemperance has occurred in Toronto. A father has been killed by his son in a drunken quarrel. The evidence adduced at the coroner's inquest reveals the depths into which the drinking habit in many cases leads its victims. The inquest ended in a verdict of manslaughter being returned against the son, who, by his brutality, had caused his father's death. Is it any wonder that the movement for the suppression of the liquor traffic should grow stronger when these and similar instances are of such frequent occurrence?—*Presbyterian.*

GIVE me these links: first, sense of need; second, desire to get; third, belief that, though he withhold for awhile, he loves to be asked; and fourth, belief that asking will obtain—give me these links, and the chain made by them will reach from earth to heaven, bringing all heaven down to me, or bearing me up into heaven.—*Dr. Guthrie.*