

Trust no lovely forms of passion—
 Fiends may look like angels bright,—
 Trust no custom, school or fashion,
 "Trust in God, and do the right!"

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
 Some will flatter, some will slight;
 Cease from man, and look above thee,
 "Trust in God, and do the right!"

Simple rule and safest guiding
 Inward peace and inward might,
 Star upon our path abiding,
 "Trust in God, and do the right!"

—*Dr. Norman McLeod.*

A PAGE FOR SABBATH SCHOLARS.

"Will the New Year Come To-Night,
 Mamma?"

Will the New Year come to-night, mamma?
 I'm tired of waiting so;
 My stocking hung by the chimney-side full
 three long days ago;
 I ran to peep within the door by morning's early
 light;
 'Tis empty still—oh! say, mamma, will the New
 Year come to-night?

Will the New Year come to-night, mamma? The
 snow is on the hill,
 And the ice must be two inches thick upon the
 meadow rill.
 I heard you tell papa, last night, his son must
 have a sled
 (I didn't mean to hear, mamma), and a pair of
 skates, you said.

I prayed for just these things, mamma. Oh, I
 shall be full of glee.
 And the orphan boys in the village school will all
 be envying me;
 But I'll give them toys, and lend them books,
 and make their New Year glad;
 For God, you say, takes back his gifts, when lit-
 tle folks are bad.

And won't you let me go, mamma, upon the New
 Year's day,
 And carry something nice and warm to poor old
 widow Gray?
 I'll leave the basket near the door, within the
 garden gate.
 Will the New Year come to-night, mamma? it
 seems so long to wait.

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The New Year comes to-night, mamma, I saw it
 in my sleep;
 My stocking hung so full, I thought—mamma,
 what makes you weep?
 But it only held a little shroud—a shroud and no-
 thing more;
 And an open coffin, made for me, was standing
 on the floor!

It seemed so very strange, indeed, to find such
 gifts, instead
 Of all the toys I wished so much—the story-book
 and sled.
 But while I wondered what it meant, you came
 with tearful joy,
 And said, "Thou'lt find the New Year first; God
 calleth thee, my boy."

It is not all a dream, mamma; I know it must be
 true;
 But have I been so bad a boy, God taketh me
 from you?
 I don't know what papa will do when I am laid
 to rest—
 And you will have no Willie's head to fold upon
 your breast.

The New Year comes to-night, mamma—your
 cold hand on my cheek,
 And raise my head a little more—it seems so
 hard to speak;
 You needn't fill my stocking now, I cannot go
 and peep.
 Before to-morrow's sun is up, I'll be so sound
 asleep.

I shall not want the skates, mamma; I'll never
 need the sled;
 But won't you give them both to Blake, who hurt
 me on my head?
 He used to hide my books away, and tear the pic-
 tures too;
 But now he'll know that I forgive, as then I tried
 to do.

And, if you please, mamma, I'd like the story-
 books and slate,
 To go to Frank, the drunkard's boy, you wouldn't
 let me hate;
 And, dear mamma, you won't forget, upon the
 New Year's day,
 The basketful of something nice for poor old
 widow Gray.

The New Year comes to-night, mamma—it seems
 so very soon—
 I think God didn't hear me ask for just another
 June.
 I know I've been a thoughtless boy, and made
 you too much care,
 And maybe for your sake, mamma, He yet will
 hear my prayer.

There's one thing more: my pretty pets, the
 robin and the dove,
 Oh, keep for you and dear papa, and teach them
 how to love.
 The garden rake, the little hoe—you'll find them
 snugly laid
 Upon the garret floor, mamma, the place where
 last I played.

I thought to need them both so much when sum-
 mer came again,
 To make my garden by the brook that trickles
 through the glen:
 I thought to gather flowers, too, beside the forest
 walk,
 And sit beneath the apple tree, where once we
 sat to talk.

It cannot be; but will you keep the summer
 flowers green,
 And plant a few—don't cry, mamma, a very few,
 I mean,
 Where I'm asleep. I'd sleep so sweet beneath
 the apple tree,
 Where you and robin, in the morn, may come
 and sing to me.

The New Year comes—good night, mamma—
 I lay me down to sleep,
 I pray the Lord"—tell poor papa—"my soul to
 keep;
 If I—should die"—how dark it is—kiss me, I can-
 not see—
 The New Year comes to-night, mamma: the old
 year dies with me.

—*Selected.*