

"utterings felt even in the infinite bosom of God. He heareth the young ravens when they cry. Nor is he unmoved by the supplications of the weakest and lowliest of his human creatures. The sailor boy swinging in his hammock, a child lost in the forest, or even rocking in its cradle, may live a prayer that will reach the ear of God.

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NEW YEAR'S BELLS.

It was New Year's eve. By the window of a pleasant cottage home in England, sat a mother and son, passing the last hours of the dying year in pleasant converse.

It was Henry Allen's last evening at home. The following day he was to leave his associates and restraints, and the watchful care of fond parents, to go out into the busy world, and think and act for himself. This evening he lingered in the sitting room, after the usual hour of retiring, as if loth to sleep away the precious time, so his mother sat down beside him, and they talked of the future which loomed up so brightly before him, and of the new cares and duties which would devolve upon him in his new sphere of action. In Mrs. Allen's heart, as she thought of the temptations of city life, fear for his safety mingled with the grief she felt at the loss of her son, and most tenderly she urged upon him the necessity of seeking the help of an Almighty Friend, which would be a shield against all these dangers.

The hours glided away quickly as they sat conversing, and the clock told the hour of twelve, when upon the stillness of the clear evening air, the bells of the village church rang out joyously at the ushering in of the New Year. Then the bells of a neighboring parish took up the strain, and another, and another, until the very air seemed vocal with sweet sounds.

"What beautiful music our bells make!" said Henry. "It always drives away all bad feelings and makes me think only of what is good. When I am in London, the evening chimes will remind me of home, for it will be all there is that is like Newent."

"Promise me, my son," and the mother's voice trembled with deep feeling, "promise me that when you hear those bells you will not only think of home, but remember that every morning and evening father and mother will pray for you, and let the thought keep you from all that is wrong."

"I promise you mother, to try to be all you wish," said Henry.

"And so may God help you, my son," said the mother, as she rose to leave the room.

Henry Allen was a youth of good principles, but in his quiet home, surrounded only by pure principles, their strength was yet untried, and when he came to reside in London, amid new scenes and associations, he

found it more difficult to make the untried standard of right the rule of his life. In business he was daily thrown into the society of a set of wild, reckless young men, though repeatedly urged by them, he for some time refused to participate in their amusements. Finally they persuaded him to join, just for once, upon a convivial meeting. The brilliantly lighted room, the jovial company, and the hearty welcome with which he was met proved so attractive, that no urging was necessary to induce him to go a second time. Soon there was no more quiet evenings at home, for the meetings of the club and the theatre were more in accordance with his feelings, and worse yet, the Sabbath which he had been taught from childhood to revere, became a day of recreation, and a horse or a ride took the place of the morning service at church.

Henry's conscience was not quite at ease, though he seemed as gay and trifling as his others, for there were times when he would almost imagine he could see his mother's gaze reproachfully at him, and in anger of soul he would mourn over his first departure from duty, and try to reform; but the chains which bound him seemed too strong to be broken, and he would plunge more deeply into dissipation to drown remorseful feelings.

New Year's Eve had come again. In sullied purity the snow covered the earth, a soft, white garment. Brightly beautiful stars looked down upon the sleeping city like angel watchers, and a deep silence reigned over all the busy haunts of men. Henry sat alone in his room, at a late hour. Sometime in the loveliness without, and in the sole stillness of the evening, irresistibly led thoughts from the gay scenes in which he had just mingled, and awakened the best feelings of his nature. Memory was doing its work, and vividly did the past with bright hopes and innocent enjoyments contrast with the clouded present. As he sat with bowed head beside the table, the stillness was suddenly broken by the chiming of bells. All over the city they blended in grand harmonious peal at the birth of the New Year. Hundreds of times had he heard their sound since the last evening at home, but never before had it so powerfully wrought upon his feelings. Tears streamed down his cheeks, and sinking upon his knees, with broken spirit, he poured out his soul in prayer, for the first time in many long months. Deep and humiliating was his sorrow, from its depths sprang that "peace that passeth all understanding," and the angels hovered round the night, carried home by heaven the news of a sinner saved by grace.

So the old bells rang out the old year's sin and sorrow, of the young man's life, rung in a new year of humble trust and joy, of high resolves and earnest purpose. *N. W. Ad.*