

DARLING'S QUESTIONS.

"Where does the Old Year go, mamma, when it has passed away? It was a good Old Year, I wish that it could stay."

"Where does the Old Year go, mamma? I cannot understand." "No, it goes to join the years safe folded in God's hand."

"From where will come the New Year when the good Old Year is dead? Now all my birds and all my flowers with the Old Year have fled."

"I do not think that I shall love this New Year at all." "Yes, dear, it, too, will bring the spring, the summer and the fall."

"Where will it come from, mamma? I do not understand." "It comes from where all coming years are hidden in God's hand."

FATHER'S LETTER.

"READ it, Frankie dear," and the pale mother laid back her head against the pillow and folded her hands to listen.

Father had been gone from his home for four months. He was in Colorado, hundreds of miles away, seeking business in that new country, and hoped soon to come back for his wife and little boy. He felt sure the change would restore his wife's health, though she feared she would never be any better.

Frank was their only child, and a good-natured, obedient, pleasant boy he was.

"You have only to look into his face to see that Frank Harmon is a good boy," said the postman would say, he always met him with such a pleasant smile when he took the weekly letter from the mail-carrier. Mr. Harmon wrote a letter to them every week. Just as regularly as Wednesday morning came, came papa's letter. Sometimes it arrived just before breakfast and sometimes just after, but mother and son always calculated on it as a part, and the best part of their breakfast. And Frankie always was allowed the pleasure of opening the letter and reading it to mamma.

This was New Year's morning and the postman's whistle was sounding in the street.

"I guess that's a letter from papa; run, Frankie."

"Why, no, mamma, how can it be? It's papa's."

"But papa meant that we should get it on New Year's day for a surprise, I'm sure," said mamma.

True enough, and the letter was doubly precious as a New Year's gift.

"Wish you a happy New Year!"

shouted Frankie, as he opened the door and received the letter.

"Wish you a great many, my good little lad," returned the postman. The next moment the letter was opened and he was reading it.

"I'm writing this on Monday evening, so that you may get it New Year's day," wrote father, "and I send you a heart full of good wishes. I hope this will be the best year we have ever had," and then he told them of a Sabbath-school meeting he had just attended. A preacher from England addressed us, and one thing he said I must write you Frankie. He said he blessed God that the new book about to open for him in 1892 had two pages for each day. One was for the account of each day's doings and the other was blood red, which blotted out all the sin. At night this leaf was turned over on the other and left each day's record 'under the blood.'"

Mother and Frank talked it over and concluded that this was the best part of the letter.

"It is short and we can easily remember it," said mother; and Frank said he would be glad to remember it, for sometimes the thought of what he had done wrong during the day "bothered him," and made him real unhappy.

"Through Jesus we can always keep our record clean," said mother, "and always have a free, quiet conscience," and she repeated a verse she loved to sing.

"I struggled and wrestled to win it, The blessing that setteth me free. But when I had ceased from my struggle His peace Jesus gave unto me."

The cross now covers my sins,
The past is under the blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all,
My will is the will of my God."

"I wish, my dear boy," continued mother, "that you might have this clean heart, washed clean in the precious blood, and the quiet conscience, free from all condemnation, for a New Year's gift today from your Heavenly Father."

Frankie wished it too, and I think he asked for and received it. We know there is nothing the dear Heavenly Father so loves to give.

THE NOSE ON CHARLIE'S FACE.

"If you don't let me bounce it free more times I won't pay wis you any more at all, ever," screamed a high little voice, in the great wide hall at Clover Hill.

"You've bounced it lots oftener than the rest of us, Charlie," said a gentler voice, "and every time we ask you for it you say 'just three more.' No, Louise, don't give it to him, mother makes us all play fair."

"I won't pay wis you any more, never any more, you see," cried Charlie, and then a pair of little heeled boots could be heard stamping up the wide stairway. But as nobody called him to come back, and Essie and Louise seemed to be having a very good time without him, Charlie did not get

any farther than the first landing. There he stopped, peeping down at the merry little players, and wishing himself back again.

"Charlie, what's happened to your nose?" asked a voice from the stair window. The little fellow started in surprise, he had not known that mamma was seated there reading.

"I thought I saw you cut it off just now," said mamma.

"Fwat's the matter wis my nose?" he said, giving the little pug nose a pull.

Charlie forgot the ball game and ran across the landing to lean against mamma's lap. "I never tut my nose," he protested.

"When I was a little girl," said mamma, every time I pouted and wouldn't play with the others, my old grandmother used to tell me I was cutting off a piece of my nose to spite my face. If that was really so, Charles Metcalf Kelly, I know a little boy that wouldn't have any nose left at all!"

Charlie hung his head and said nothing. "And if you keep on behaving this way my little son, you will lose something more valuable than the nose on your face."

"Fwat?" asked Charlie in a depressed tone.

"The favour of God, and the love of your fellow men," answered mamma.

I am not sure that Charlie understood mamma's answer, but it sounded as solemn as a catechism question, and the ugly temper was completely routed. Mamma smiled with pleasure to hear him call down between the banisters, "Onise - Ess - I'm tummin down to pay fair wis 'u."

A LOST LIFE.

A YOUNG man was converted during an illness which proved fatal, though this was not apprehended when he seemed to give his heart to Christ. When his physician announced an unfavourable change in his condition, he expressed entire resignation, and among some other requests, asked his friends to sing a hymn expressive of that feeling. An hour or two after, in the silence of the room, he was heard to say, "Lost, lost, lost!" This surprised his mother, and caused the immediate inquiry: "My son, are your hopes feeble?" "No, mother; but oh, my lost lifetime! I'm twenty four, and until a few weeks since nothing has been done for Christ, and everything for myself and my pleasure. My companions will think I've made a profession in view of death. Oh, that I could live to meet this remark, and do something to show my sincerity, and to redeem my lost, lost, lost life!"

A TOUCHING REPLY.

A CHINESE convert being asked, "Who is the children's friend?" replied, "Their parents are their friends, their teachers are their friends, God the Father is their Friend, and the Holy Spirit too, but I think Jesus Christ is their best Friend."