

heard the boys speaking about the new year.

'No,' said the father. 'There is no new year for the like of you. There is nothing new under the sun for us. That's quite true,' said the children's mother. 'I only wish I could die; I am thinking that is the only way we will ever get anything new.'

And little Mary looked down at the old remnant of a frock of her mother's she was wearing, and sighed. And the father burst out against them all: 'Do you think it is my fault there is no new year in this house? I would like to hear anybody say that. Why, I'm sure I work hard enough, but it is always the same old year with us, the same poverty and want.' With this the father rose up and went away to his old haunt at the tavern to spend the evening with his chums over Old Rye and Old Tom, and to make it quite certain that the new year would be the same as the old one.

The mother went on with her work with a sad heart, but said nothing, and Johnny says, 'Come on, Mary, we will go out to the Band of Hope meeting.' So off they trudged, hoping to forget for a little while their sorrows. 'It is too bad,' said Johnny, when they were passing the toy shops; 'we never get toys or candies or anything.' But Mary did not complain, although her wee heart was yearning for one of the pretty dolls she saw in a window.

That night these children heard their own home described and their own sorrows uttered. The speaker said that wherever drink was or any other open sin there could be no new year. There will be the old poverty, quarrelling and wretchedness in 1895, so that there can be no new year, unless men and women make a new start.

Johnny and Mary set out for home when the meeting was over a good deal the better of spending the hour in that pleasant hall. When they reached home the fire was out and there was no wood, and their mother was sitting shivering, not only because of the cold but because her husband would soon be in, and she knew well what to expect when he found there was no fire, and no wood to make one. Johnny and Mary got into their beds with the hope of getting warm there, and before they were asleep the father appeared.

When he had staggered to the fire and found no warmth he said nothing but struck at his wife with his great, strong fist, and felled her to the floor. Then up rose these little children and ran to their mother and cried over her, but they were not strong enough to lift her. And the husband, who was somewhat sobered by what he had done, said not a word while the little children were trying to bring their mother back to consciousness. Then he lifted her up, and laid her on the bed. By-and-by they got her round, but she had been seriously hurt by the fall, and when her husband wakened in the morning from his drunken sleep he found the children standing at her bedside crying, while she was crying out with pain. He went for the doctor, and then came and sat down by his wife and professed great anxiety about her, and was really very kind, for he knew well his drunken blow had done her this injury.

Well, when he was thus watching one day and looking at her pale, worn face, he began to think of the bright, rosy young girl she was when he first knew her, and of all the sorrow he had caused her. And just then his eye fell on Mary's little pledge card, and he read it over, and saw that he was asked to sign it, too, as the child's parent. And he got out his pen and ink and wrote his name, and then gave the card to Mary. 'Oh, but she was pleased, and kissed her father and said, 'We will have a new year after all.' But now the father had signed the pledge he felt very miserable. He thought the home never looked so empty and bare as it did now. He thought everything that he ate had a bad taste, and that the water was hurting his health. He

tried to make some improvements, but everything seemed to look the worse of his attempts. He patched the fence with old boards, and that did not improve matters; he patched the broken windows with brown paper. He patched the furniture, but made a poor job of it. And as the mother was sick he tried to patch Johnny's pants, but with the saddest results for Johnny came home with bigger holes than ever.

The poor man was getting tired of his resolution, and all these failures made him ready to think that his signing the pledge was as poor a business as the patching.

'You can't change your habits at my time of life,' he said, and he was just going out when Johnny came rushing in with a handbill: 'Temperance Meeting To-night. Come, Everyone.'

'Father,' he says, 'will you go and take me; it's a great speaker who is to be there.'

'I will,' he answered, and thought to himself, I may as well hear what they have to say anyway, and I can get a drink on the way home if I want it. So off they set to attend the temperance meeting. And that night the speaker was telling his own experience, and Johnny's father never took his eyes off the orator, who told a story so like his own that he had to mutter every moment, 'That's true; that's true.'

Then the speaker came to the point where he signed the pledge, and how wretched he felt when the old appetite was tugging at him, and how he gave way and fell deeper into the mire than before. 'The fact is,' said the speaker, 'signing the pledge was like putting a new patch in an old garment, the rent was made worse.' Johnny's father thought of his patched fence, patched windows and patched furniture, and so understood well what the speaker meant. And he thought, 'If I had gone to the tavern to-night I would have made the rent worse.' But the speaker did not explain how he finally conquered and was able to keep his pledge, so that Johnny's father could follow him, so he set out for home very unhappy. But as they were passing a church they noticed that it was all lit up, and when they asked why service was to be held at ten o'clock at night the answer was, 'Oh, this is the watch-night service; come in and I will get you a seat.' Well, in they went, and it was years since Johnny's father had been in a church, so he felt very strange. But soon he became interested, and when the minister rose and said, 'My text is in Revelation xxi., 5, "Behold, I make all things new,"' the heart of Johnny's father was greatly touched. Why, he said to himself, this is what I need; no patchwork; I want all things to become new.

The minister spoke very simply and earnestly. And among other things he told them it was in vain to expect a new year unless they had new hearts, and that God had promised to give to those who asked him. He further told them that if they had new hearts they would live a new life and would have new hopes and all things would become new. He told them how Christ died and rose again so that we might become new creatures in Him. Johnny's father felt the tears coming, and he did not try to keep them back, and cried, 'O Christ, give me a new heart.'

And while this was happening in the church the poor sick mother and Mary were waiting with great anxiety for the return of Johnny and his father. And when they heard their footsteps at the door how their hearts beat, for fear the father had gone back to his old ways. But Johnny burst in with such a happy face they saw in a moment that all was well. And the father came up to his wife's bedside and stooped down and kissed her, saying, 'A happy new year, Mary.' The poor woman blushed like a young girl to hear him talk like that to her, but said, 'The same to you, John.' Then the father went and got the Bible and read at Reve-

lation xxi., and told his wife what he and Johnny had heard. Then they knelt down round the bed and prayed that now the Lord would make all things new for them.

Then they all went to bed, and the poor sick mother got such a sweet sleep as she had not enjoyed for years. On New Year's morning, when they sat down to breakfast, Johnny said, 'Father, I know what a new year means now, and I wonder if all the people are as happy as we are.'

Poor little things. The home was as poor as ever yet. The breakfast was a poor affair as far as eatables were concerned, but Johnny and Mary enjoyed it amazingly, and their father spent the whole day in trying to make them enjoy their new year's day.

And now a year has passed away. Whose house is that? It has a pretty fence round it, and a neat garden. It is painted, and has nice green blinds in the windows. You go inside and you find a beautiful base burner in the hall, and the parlor a nice bright, warm and cheerful room. A kitchen the very picture of neatness and comfort. Ah, we have just caught the family enjoying their New Year's dinner.

A turkey, a pudding, and a bright little boy and girl, who have as happy and contented faces as you could find in the city. And the father says to the mother, 'Was Solomon right when he said there was nothing new under the sun?' 'Yes, John,' answered she; 'he was right, everything that is new is above the sun, not under it.'

Johnny, said the father, 'was it true what Jesus said, that it is no use putting a new patch in an old garment?'

'Yes, father, you made a very bad job of my old pants. I like a new suit best of all.'

'And Mary, has Jesus made all things new with us?'

'Yes, father, we have new hearts, a new home, and we live a new life, and we are on our way to the new Jerusalem.'

HOW MUCH IS YOUR BOY WORTH?

A tall Kansas man said: 'Put me down for \$20; I have six boys and if necessary will make my subscription more; to save them, a \$100 bill would be a small amount.' He was a hard-working farmer; but he loved his boys, and as a consequence hated the liquor traffic.

A New York merchant said: 'To my astonishment I found out that my eldest boy had taken a drink of beer.' That was enough; every energy of that business man is brought into active service to protect his son from the ravages of the liquor trade.

How much is your boy worth?

First: He is worth asking to sign the total abstinence pledge.

Second: He is of sufficient value to be sent to a Band of Hope or a temperance school to be instructed as to the effects of alcohol upon the human system and the sin of intemperance.

Third: He is of sufficient importance for you to know where he spends his evenings and who his associates are.

Fourth: He is of more value than many household pets, and is entitled to more of your time and attention.

Fifth: To say nothing of the value of your boy's good character, he has cost you for food, raiment and education more than what the average saloon-keeper pays for his license.

Sixth: 'As the twig is bent the tree is inclined.' It will be of great importance to you whether your boy is a valuable citizen or a curse to you and the neighborhood in which you reside. If he turns out good he will be worth his weight in gold; if otherwise, better he had never been born.

Seventh: Being immortal, he is worth a life's work to prepare him for a happy hereafter.

No license was ever made high enough to cover the lowest estimate that you can put on your boy if there's

a spark of Christianity or humanity in your heart.

Nebraska virtually says its city boys are worth \$1,000; altogether too low. New York city puts the price of her boys at \$75; less than the price of a city railway horse. An insult to every mother!

What is your boy worth? Tell me the value of his soul, and I'll name the price of the privilege to sell intoxicants.—From 'Union Handbills,' N. T. S.

TWO CLASSES.

The Word of God condenses the vast multitudes of heaven, earth and hell into two classes—sinners redeemed and sinners condemned. Our world may subdivide itself into nations, republics and kingdoms, with their peoples and tribes, and races, but God takes knowledge of but two distinctions—those who accept and those who reject the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The atonement, in its wide sweep, embraces the world, yet cannot save a single man against his will. Christ gives to all the precious invitation, yet must sorrowfully say to some: 'Ye would not come unto Me that ye might have life,' John v., 40. Salvation is for all; yet each soul must accept for itself the blood-bought boon.—'The Light-Bearer.'

A B C FOR TEMPERANCE NURSERY.

BY JULIA McNAIR WRIGHT.



I Is an Inn all clean and fine,
Where no bad drinks are kept;
So little Ike went there to dine,
Then went to bed and slept.

Idle men and boys are apt to go to places where men smoke, drink and play cards. They go to such places to look on; then they begin to smoke, drink and gamble. It is well to keep busy in useful things, and in nice sports. Then you will not be likely to get into mischief.



J Stands for drink that they call Jack,
Made out of apple-whiskey.
When it threw Jim upon his back
He did not feel so frisky.

Join a Band of Hope or a Loyal Legion, my little lad and lass. Learn all you can about temperance. Learn all you can of the evils of strong drink. Joy and peace will fill the land when no one drinks rum.