

A New Year's Dialogue.

HARRY.

Lord from the north the wild wind blows;
It sweeps the blue sky clear,
And parts, amid the drifting snows,
The path of the New Year—
The glad New Year that always brings
So many bright, delightful things—
Gay holidays and merry plays,
And loving wishes from our friends.
A "Happy New Year" let us make,
And keep it "happy" till it ends,
By trying every day to see
What good, good children we can be.

KATE.

Last year, when anything went wrong,
I used to fret the whole day long,
And sometimes sob and cry aloud,
Dark looking as a thunder cloud;
But even in a gloomy place
I now must keep a sunny face,
For all this year I mean to see
How bright and cheerful I can be.

MARY.

Last year the flitting butterfly
Was not so idle as I;
I liked my sports and frolic well,
But would not learn to read and spell;
Now I must change my ways at once,
Or I shall surely be a dunce.
This glad New Year that has begun
Must leave me wiser when 'tis done.

JAMES.

Last year my temper was so quick
My angry words came fast and thick,
And brother Tom I'd scold and strike
When he did what I did not like.
I am sorry! Loving words
Are sweeter than the song of birds;
And all this year I mean to see
If I a gentle child can be.

ALL. (Four or more.)

The past is past; the year is new;
We will be patient, brave and true;
When we are bidden, quick to mind;
Unselfish, courteous and kind;
And try in every place to see
What good, good children we can be.

—Marian Douglas.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

It snowed. Oh, how it snowed!
And it was New Year's morning.

Kate and Nellie sat by their little
coal fire in a small attic chamber, at
the village hotel, very sad and deso-
late; for this New Year's snow fell
upon their mother's newly made grave.
They were all alone; for their father
died when Nellie was a baby, and
their mother had kept a little school,
and earned enough to support them,
till her health failed; and then she
started with them for the grandfather's
home in a distant State. During the
journey she became more ill, and had
suddenly died in a village on the way,
leaving the little girls among strangers.

Nellie looked out of the window at
the storm, and then at a Christmas
wreath that hung on the sash, and
said: "Katie, nobody gives us any
New Year's presents this year; and
we've nothing to give, and nobody to
give it to. Let's ask God to send us
one, and we can carry this wreath to
mamma."

Then the little girls said the prayer
their mother had taught them, and
Nellie added: "Please send us a New
Year's present;" and they wrapped
themselves in their worn clothing, and
started out in the storm to the grave-

yard where their mother was buried.
The storm was more severe than they
had supposed; and thoughtful, unself-
ish Katie took off some of her own
wrappings and put them around
Nellie. They clasped their little
hands together about the umbrella-
staff, and struggled towards mamma's
resting-place. Katie was chilled with
the cold, and, realizing their sad
loneliness, was almost discouraged;
but Nellie believed some way they
would find their New Year's gift
when they came to where mamma was.
Poor little girls!

But the New Year's Day, which
brings so many blessings to bestow all
around the world, had a glad surprise
for them too. The sleigh-bells rang
merrily, and a handsome pony, driven
by an elderly man wrapped in buffalo
robes, came up the cemetery road.

"Little girls," called the man, "are
you Katie and Nellie?" and waiting
only to catch the weary look in Katie's
eyes, and the hopeful one on Nellie's
face, he caught them in his arms, and,
wrapping them warm in the buffalo
robes, placed them in the sleigh, say-
ing: "Don't say a word. I am your
grandfather. We will be introduced
by-and-by. I came as soon as I knew
about it," and then wiping away the
tear that was freezing on his cheek,
he tenderly laid the faded Christmas
wreath on the snow-covered grave, by
which the little girls had been
standing.

"You are the New Year's gift God
has sent us," said Nellie. "I knew if
we came here, we should find it; for
mamma always made things happy
for us."

Many New Years came with their
blessings, and old ones laden with
happiness joined the train of the past;
and Katie and Nellie rejoiced in their
good fortune, but never forgot to be
thankful for the New Year that
brought to them their dear grand-
father, with home and comforts; and
so kind and loving have the little girls
been that the old grandfather often
says he found the brightest sunshine
of his life in that New Year's snow-
storm.

HEROIC.

In the great square in The Hague,
Holland, called the Plein, is the statue
of William the Silent, erected in 1848,
"by the grateful people to the father
of their fatherland."

He was a king who lived for the
people, his country, and his God, and
his death has been compared to that
of our own Lincoln. The assassin was
a man named Balthazer Gerard, who
falsely represented himself to be a
French Protestant exiled for his re-
ligion.

Philip II. had offered twenty-five
thousand crowns of gold to any one
who would murder the prince, and the
friends of the latter had begged him to
take measures for self-protection, but
his answer always was: "My years are
in the hands of God."

The prince took Balthazer into his
service, and at the time he was mur-
dered he was living at the convent of
St. Agatha at Delft, a building which
is still standing.

June 10th, 1584, William was de-
scending the staircase to dinner with
his daughter, Louise de Coligny, on
his arm, when Balthazer met them
with his passport in his hand, which he
asked the prince to sign. He was com-
manded to return later.

At dinner the princes inquired who
that young man was who had spoken
to them, and that his expression was
the most terrible she had ever seen.
The assassin was at that time in wait-
ing in a dark corner for his victim.

At this fatal hour the king left the
table, and approached the staircase,
where the assassin was hidden in a re-
cess. The assassin fired. The king
staggered. He knew that he was
mortally wounded, but the thought of
his life became the thought of his death.
He had but a minute to speak, and his
thought rose sublime in prayer: "God,
have mercy upon my poor people."

They were the Silent's last words.
The years have answered the prayer.

SEEKING STRENGTH.

DOUBTLESS most young readers have
heard of Gustavus Adolphus, the great
and famous king of Sweden.

Well, one day, he was sitting quietly
by himself, reading a book, in which
he was apparently much interested.
It was the Bible. One of his officers
finding him thus, looked with surprise
at the volume in his master's hand.
Perhaps his astonishment was in-
creased when the king said, quietly:

"I am seeking strength against
temptation."

There are some more words which
Gustavus added, preserved for us by
history, but these are the ones which
I want to fix in your minds. "I am
seeking strength against temptation."
Where was he seeking it? In the
Bible.

This story of Gustavus reminds us
of another mighty king, who lived
many hundred years before—royal
David. Do you remember what he
says in Psalm cxix.1 "Thy word have
I hid in mine heart, that I might not
sin against thee."

Now, dear children, will you learn a
lesson from these kings?

Do you really want to follow the
Lord Jesus, but find temptation comes
to you, perhaps, every hour? Well,
I think the best way to meet it
is just to get your mind and heart
filled with his words, earnestly asking
him to help you to obey them.

Then if, for example, you feel
tempted to be selfish or cross, recall
his direct commandment: "That ye
love one another, even as I have loved
you."

So will you have his word hid in
your heart, that you may not sin
against him.

Up the Hill.

Up a steep and rocky hillside
Climbed a little child one day,
Heckless of all stones and briars,
Hastening, panting all the way;
Hair all fly'ng in the breezes,
On she went with cheeks aglow,
Though her tiny feet were weary,
And her steps became more slow;
But she never faltered till she
Reached the summit, then stood still,
And with childhood's joyous laughter,
Shouted, "I am up the hill!"

Backward through the misty shadows
Of the years that since have flown,
Comes that echo to my fancy
Like some long forgotten tone.
I can almost feel the bounding
Of that baby heart again,
As the world lay stretched before me
In that long ago. Since then
I have climbed another hillside,
And am toiling upward still,
And the evening shades as ever
Find me climbing up the hill.

But this hill seems so much longer,
And the way sometimes so steep,
That 'tis hard to keep the pathway,
And to shun its pitfalls deep.
Then the briars on life's journey,
Harder are to thrust aside,
And most all that early courage,
With that fresh young hope has died.
Many of the dearly loved ones
Now are lying cold and still,
And have left me sad and lonely,
Slowly climbing up the hill.

But the summit of life's mountain
Must be very near to me,
And I know when I have finished
All my climbing, I shall see
That if oftentimes I have laboured
When I fain would stop and rest,
It had made that rest but sweeter—
For the Father knowest best.
And perhaps ere long—who knoweth?—
I may cry out with a thrill
Of that same old joyous rapture,
"I am safely up the hill!"

—Selected.

SAM JONES' APHORISMS.

No man can be religious in any-
thing unless he is religious in every-
thing.

This to me holy holiness—if you put
a "w" before it you will get the best
idea of holiness you ever had.

Show me a Church that does not
believe in revivals and I will show you
a Church that looks like an abandoned
cemetery.

Stagnation is the last station this
side of damnation.

It is an abnormal state of things
that makes revivals necessary.

Religion is loyalty to God, and the
right holiness is a hundred cents in
the dollar. It is doing the square
thing every time you do anything.

Fun is the next best thing to re-
ligion.

Character is builded by living in
perfect harmony with God. Religion
is harmony. Religion is the setting
of the ten commandments to music in
your soul.

It is mighty hard to talk sense for
a whole hour and not bore some green-
horn.

It takes less sense to criticize than
it does to do anything else in the
world.

I am sorry for a fellow when he is
nothing else but a preacher.