

A NEW YEAR'S VIGIL.

The house is hushed, save constant sound
Of clock loud ticking in the hall—
The shadow pictures on the wall,
Seem beck'ning quiet all around;
The freight, fulfil, biases low,
The house-cat sleeping, nestles near,
No stir of wakeful life is here,
Where muse I o'er the embers glow.

Without, the drifting snow falls fast,
The sleet and snow come down again,
While in the glistening window pane
Weird crystal forms and scenes are massed,
Within my heart seems sad and low,
Without, the wind wails to the sky,
Within, in solitude dream I,
Dreaming of all my life has known.

It's joys and sorrows I review,
Strangely the two are woven there,
Fine threads of love, thick threads of care,
Make up life's tapestry anew.
O dying year! What brought you fair
That I should mourn you as you die!
My fondest hopes in ashes lie,
My brightest dreams in empty air.

Yet dying year, one thing you taught,
For which I bless you as you go;
You taught me heavenly love to know,
That love which brightens darkest lot.
Some earnest work, O fleeting year!
You gave those hands of mine to do.
A work of woe shines a blessing through,
To calm the sight, and dry the tear.

So dying year, I watch your flight,
With tears of lingering regret,
While fraught with trials I've never met,
The New Year struggles into light.

EUGENIA.

A CHILD'S FUNERAL.

In the dewy Autumn morn,
Dreamy sunlight every where;
Through the churchyard gate is borne,
Mother's darling, pale and fair!
Mother's darling, dead and cold!
Hidden from her sight away;
Never more here arms will fold
Round the child at close of day!

Never see the little face,
Thin and wan with lingering pain;
Never more the wee arms trace
Round her neck their way again!
Stranger hands have made his bed,
Stranger hands will lay him there;
Cover up his precious head!
Say for him the last kind prayer.

"Naked to the earth we came;
"God doth give and take away;
"Blessed be His holy name;
Gentle, healing words they say,
But the mother's sorrowing heart,
Hears not, heeds not what they say;
Of her life, she hath a part,
Buried, with the cherished day!

Of her life, the better part,
To the little dead one given;
Just a little less of earth,
Just a little nearer heaven!
Slowly now the earth they bid;
Place the last sod on his pile!
Thinks my aching heart the while—
"If it were my golden head?"

All is over! buried child!
Weeping mother—gone away,
Through the sunshine calm and mild,
To her lonely home to-day.
Drooping head, and sobbing heart,
Hushed tear-drops in my eye!
Homeward, with slow steps I start,
Till my window I espy.

There stands little Goldenhead;
Eager, clear-eyed, peeping out;
Joyous are the words she says,
"Mamma's coming," with a shout!
Open wide the door she flings,
Not a moment tripping thro';
Lightly to my arms she springs,
"I was looking out for you!"

Close I hold the darling child;
Warm and rosy to my breast;
Thankful kisses, tender, mild,
On the the rose-bud mouth are prest?
Goldenhead is still my own,
Cheerish her while yet I may,
E'er the angel death comes down,
Lends her wings to fly away!

MISTAKES.

A tiny maid once found a nest
Of new-born mice;
And filled with childish horror lest,
By grim device,
The house-cat should the place invest,
She sought advice.

Her ten-year-old brother, if he must,
Would take their care.
That night he told the boys with gush
How puss did fare;
And they pronounced his sister's trust
Verdancy rare!

How oft some little hope or aim
Is trusting bared
To those who, had we silent came,
Would ne'er have cared—
Save that, mayhap, malicious game
Might worse have fared.

A TRUE STORY.

One cold day in winter a lad stood at
the outer door of a cottage on a bleak
moor in Scotland. The snow had been fall-
ing very fast, and the poor boy looked
very cold and hungry.
"Mayn't I stay, ma'am?" he said to the
woman who had opened the door. "I'll
work, cut wood, go for water, and do all
your errands."
"You may come in, at any rate, until
my husband comes home," the woman
said. "There, sit down by the fire; you
look perishing with cold," and she drew
a chair up to the warmest corner; then
suspiciously looking at the boy from the
corners of her eyes, she continued setting
the table for supper.

Presently came the tramp of heavy
boots, and the door was swung open with
a quick jerk, and the husband entered,
weary with his day's work.

A look of intelligence passed between
his wife and himself. He looked at the
boy, but did not seem very well pleased;
he nevertheless made him come to the
table, and was glad to see how heartily he
ate his supper.

Day after day passed, and yet the boy
begged to be kept "until to-morrow;" so
the good couple, after due consideration,
concluded that as long as he was such a
good boy, and worked so willingly, they
would keep him.

One day, in the middle of winter, a
peddler, who often traded at the cottage,
called, and after disposing of several of
his goods, was prepared to go, when he
said to the woman:—

"You have a boy out there splitting
wood I see," pointing to the yard.

"Yes; do you know him?"

"I have seen him," replied the peddler.
"Where? Who is he? What is he?"

"A jail-bird," and then the peddler
swung his pack over his shoulder.—"That
boy, young as he looks, I saw in court,
myself, and heard him sentenced—Ten
months. You'd do well to look carefully
after him."

Oh, there was something so dreadful in
the word "jail!" The poor woman trem-
bled as she laid away the things she had
bought of the peddler; nor could she be
easy till she called the boy in and assured
him that she knew that dark part of his
history.

Ashamed and distressed the boy hung
down his head. His cheeks seemed burst-
ing with the hot blood, and his lip quiver-
ed.

"Well," he muttered, his whole frame
shaking, "there's no use in my trying to
do better; everybody hates and despises
me; nobody cares about me."

"Tell me," said the woman, "how came
you to go, so young, to that dreadful
place? Where is your mother?"

"Oh!" exclaimed the boy, with a burst
of grief that was terrible to behold—"oh,
I haven't no mother! I hadn't no mother
ever since I was a baby! If I'd only had
a mother," he continued, while tears
gushed from his eyes, "I wouldn't have
been bound out, and kicked, and cuffed,
and horse-whipped. I wouldn't have been
saucy, and got knocked down, and run
away, and then stole because I was hun-
gry. Oh, if I'd only had a mother!"

The strength was all gone from the poor
boy, and he sunk on his knees, sobbing
great choking sobs, rubbing the hot tears
away with the sleeve of his jacket.

The woman was a mother; and though
all her children slept under the cold sods
in the churchyard, she was a mother still.
She put her hand kindly on the head of
the boy, and told him to look up, and said
from that time he should find in her a
mother. Yes, even put her arms around
the neck of that forsaken, deserted child.
She poured from her mother's heart sweet,
kind words, words of counsel and of ten-
derness. Oh, how sweet was her sleep
that night—how soft her pillow! She had
plucked some thorns from the path of a
little sinning but striving mortal.

That poor boy is now a promising man.
His foster-father is dead, his foster-mo-
ther aged and sickly; but she knows no
want. The "poor outcast" is her sup-
port. Nobly does he repay the trust re-
posed in him.

"When my father and mother forsake
me the Lord will take me up."—*Standard
Bearer.*

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.—A retriever
dog, whose owner was working in the
garden of the Bath Institution, lately
killed a cat, a frequenter of the same
grounds. Having committed the un-
provoked murder, the dog deliberately
took the cat in his mouth, carried it
some distance, dug a hole behind some
bushes, and, after depositing the cat
therein, carefully replaced the earth;
and had he not been observed, there
would have been no evidence of the
crime. Shortly afterward, the dog lost
his life by poison, probably a penalty
for the offence.

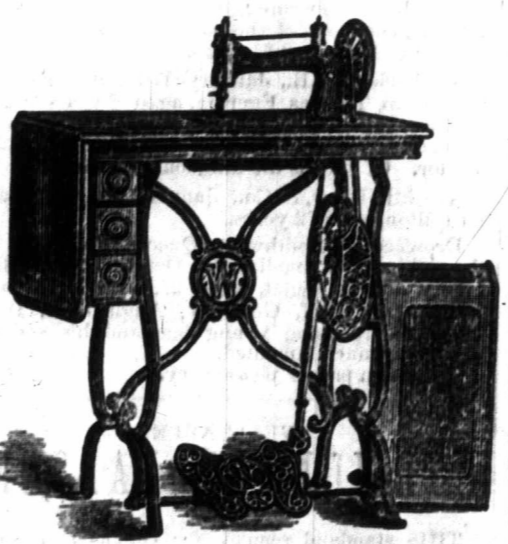
RECENT BALOON ASCENT.—M. M.
Albert and Gaston Tissandier made a
balloon ascent from Paris lately, and
after a three hours' trip alighted near
Illiers, about six miles from Paris. At
800 meters above the ground they en-
tered a solid stratum of cloud 700
meters thick, the temperature being four
degrees (centigrade) below zero. At
1,500 meters altitude they passed
through a succession of ice crystals, a
galaxy of little hexagonal stars, which
danced round the car and sparkled in
the sun. These did not exist in the
lower stratum of cloud, but were sus-
pended in the atmosphere over an ex-
panse from 150 to 200 meters thick.
The temperature here was at zero, and
higher still it was at six degrees, the
masses of white cloud below appearing
like Alpine glaciers. Cumuli clouds
were perceived overhead at about 2,000
meters altitude, but the aeronauts did
not go higher than 1,700 meters, about
1 mile.

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MIXED TRAINS. will leave Halifax for Truro and Pictou at 11.45 a.m., and 1 a.m., and Pictou for Truro and Halifax at 6.30 a.m., Truro for Paines and Moncton at 7.0 a.m., and Moncton for Paines and Truro at 7.20 a.m. Point du Chene for St. John at 6.45 a.m. St. John for Point du Chene at 10 . . .

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