

THE NEW WORLD.

BY MRS. A. GIDDINGS PARK.

New Year's morning bright and fair,
Clear and crisp, the frosty air;
Over all the earth below
Rests, like down, the pure white snow.
That throughout the starless night
Fell so silently and light.

O'er each leafless twig and tree
Rim'y frostwork beauteously
Sparkles,—workmanship most rare,—
Powdered diamonds everywhere!
While upon each cedar bough
Clustering snow-flowers seem to grow.

Charlie 'gainst the window pane
Presses close his face to scan
This,—the new-created world,—
Sudden into being hurled.
New to him stern winter's powers,—
Child from sunny land of flowers.

"Mamma, what makes people call
This a happy New Year, all?"
Then, as if a sudden light
Dawned upon his mental sight,—
"Oh, I know! I know for true,—
'Cause the world's made over new!"

WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S
A WAY.

MARTHA MOORE was left motherless at a very early age, with no dependence except a worthless father, who worked steadily through the week, but spent his earnings every Saturday night at his master's house—the gin-shop.

Little Martha longed to go to school like other little girls, but her father said no, he couldn't get her the clothes she ought to have, and no child of his should be seen on the streets in rags. Why didn't she earn the money herself? Then he laughed a very disagreeable "Ha! ha!"

Martha thought and thought how she could earn some money, until her little brain was on fire. The long winter had ripened into spring, and summer was fast hastening on its heel; the birds and flowers came forth in beauty, and every day Martha's little steps found pleasure in gathering the flowers from out the woods which God had so abundantly scattered for his poor, who love the beautiful. Then the blackberries came, and Martha gathered them for her father who was very fond of them.

One day the thought came to her, "Why not carry some of my berries to the great big house where they take summer boarders, and ask them to buy them?"

In her eagerness she almost upset her little bucketful, but hastily catching it up she started for Mrs. Filmore's ("the lady at the big house," as she was called by the children). She found ready sale for them, and more were engaged, and Martha felt that she had suddenly come into a life of activity, and that a way was opened up for her to look like other children and go to school. Her little brain was puzzled where

best to hide her money from her father, and she put it in an old stocking which she tied under the bed.

Her father coming home one day very drunk, threw himself on the floor. After lying there awhile he became a little sobered, but in trying to get up he slipped and fell back with his head under the bed. He then discovered something dangling from the slats and becoming interested, investigated and found an old stocking with silver in it.

"Ha! ha!" he said. "A silver mine! Where did it come from? I don't know that, but I know where it's going to;" so he pulled it from its weak hold, and, emptying it in his pocket, staggered to the door in a glee of pleasure for the gin-shop.

Martha, coming in just then, passed her father and found the stocking on the floor. Her grief was great, and she sobbed and mingled her tears with words of condemnation of her father. But she knew she could not reproach him with this theft; so she gradually dried her tears, and once again put on her thinking-cap.

"What shall I do? It's no good to save money in this house. I'll—I'll—whew! but I know a way! I'll keep on picking berries, but I won't take the money. I'll get them to get me some clothes with it. They know better about such things than I do anyway.

So Martha jumped up brighter in spirits, and soon poured her troubles into the ears of kind Mrs. Filmore, who readily agreed to the child's plan, and it seemed to Martha that clothes must be awfully cheap, or that blackberries were high, for Mrs. Filmore so soon had her looking like other girls.

Her father noticed her "spruced-up" appearance one morning, when she announced that now she was going to school. He asked her where she got those clothes, and she explained the whole story.

Instead of showing anger, as she expected, he said: "Martha, you're a brave, good girl; you've got ahead of me, and you shall go to school. I'm really proud of my little Martha."

Her father grew very fond of her, and began to show signs of improvement too, from shame at his contrast with his neat and industrious daughter. The gin-shop didn't see his besotted face so often. His conscience began to master him, and he meditated often upon little Martha's thrift and plucky perseverance, and gentle devotion to her father. They helped to sow good seed in his heart, and it bore good fruit for both. For now her father is a good, sober Christian, and a respectable neighbour and citizen, and Martha is proud of him.

Truly, "Where there's a Will there's a Way." God wants his children to work, and he will open a way to those who will.

ANOTHER NAME FOR LAFINESS.

A STOUT and exceedingly ro ast-looking

coloured woman went to the office of a physician to ask him if he could give her something that would "kind o' build her up."

"What seems to be the matter?" asked the physician, failing to see any indication of weakness.

"Well, doctah," was the reply, "I's jes' natchelly delikit."

"Delicate?"

"Yes, doctah; Its allus been delikit, en it 'peaks like I'm gittin' delikiter all de time."

"You look very strong."

"Dat's hit, doctah. I don't look delikit, but I am. I cayn't b'ar to get up in de mawnin', en I don't wanto do anything after I am up; en I'm so nervous hit puts me all out ter be asked to wuk."

"Is your appetite good?"

"Va'y good, doctah, va'y good. Nothin' I eat seems ter hu't me, en I kin eat all I wanto of it, but when it comes ter doin' anything, I'm that delikit I jess cayn't do hit. Hit's tur'ible to be so delikit."

The doctor had had similar cases of delicate constitution before—and as usual prescribed a trip to Europe.

RINGING THE BELL FOR JESUS.

ONE Sabbath, on an island in the Indian Ocean, a missionary was studying a sermon to preach in the language of the people. A boy, half clad, came in and said, "May I do something for Jesus?" "And what can you do?" asked the missionary. Blushing and stammering, as if afraid to say anything, he replied, "I will be always there, I will do it loud—please let me ring the bell!"

While he was a boy he rang the bell which invited the people to church, and when he became a man he preached to his people the same news that he had commenced calling the people to hear when he rang the Sabbath bell

HARRY was ready to go out and play one day, when a slight rain began to fall "I think you had better not go out," said mamma: "you will get wet." "Oh, mamma," he exclaimed, "it won't hurt me. It is a real dry rain."—*Youth's Companion.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

AUGUST 19.

LESSON TOPIC.—First Disciples of Jesus.—John 1. 35-49.

MEMORY VERSES, John 1. 40-42.

GOLDEN TEXT. We have found the Messiah, which is, being interpreted, the Christ—John 1:41

AUGUST 26.

LESSON TOPIC.—First Miracle of Jesus.—John 2. 1-11.

MEMORY VERSES, John 2. 1-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.—This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth his glory.—John 2. 11.