HAMILTON EVENING TIMES, TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1907.



A New Year's Message

What mean these bells resounding now afar "o'er ocean's wavemean dre "o'er ocean's war-beat shore?" old year's dead! The new year's born!" they say; but carry, fur-born!" they say; but carry, fur-

This greater message to each soul. "Eternity is drawing nigh." Thus speak these clamoring tongues of iron whose music floats thro earth and sky.

They ring a year's march toward the sunset at the close of life's far

day; Another year's march toward that City where all burdens down

we lay; Aucther year's march toward the glories in the "haven of the blest;"

Another year's march toward the man sions "where the weary are a rest "

We may stand on Fisgah's mountain, if we climb from vales below. Breathe the atmosphere of angels, more of peace and heaven know. Far upon the heights of Nebo we may see the self-life die. And go forth to holier living as eter-nity draws nigh.

Standing there upon the summit as the Old Year flits away. We may see unfold before us dawn-tints of th' eternal day; While from mystic future ages, in a strain that ne'er shall cease, Float

Floar

in the songs of peace. —Zion's Herald.

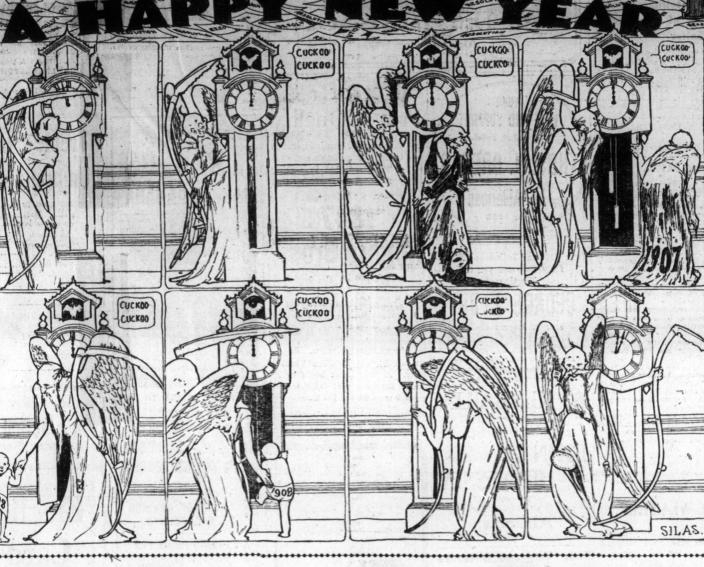
NEW YEAR'S EVE.

NEW YEAR'S EVE. Into the merriment of New Year's Eve, as in all hours of surrender to the impulse for pleasure and diversion, there come unbidden those sober second thoughts which wait on the gaiest mo-ments and are guests at every festiral. The fire that smoulders on the hearth at midnight when the bells are ringing in the New Year know many lonely figures, brooding over the ravages of time has made in the fair estate of life, and counting all that has vanished as bost. If it were true that time waits anxiously on happiness, and, when it proach consummate hour, men might i feel as some of their remote human joy, and that a deep and ter-ble irony underlies life and makes us the sport of the higher powers.

It was in the beginning of the new year (in a villar) of Yorkshire, Eng-land), when the weather was very cold, it neither froze nor did it thay, but between the two-it was damp and cold, penetrating to the very bane, order to those who had carpet ed rooms, large fires on the hearth, and were warmly clad. It was on such a night that the little children. seven in number, of a weaver of the name of David Baird, were huddled together in a small room, beside a very small fire, which was burning very comfortlessly. A baby lay in a wooden cradle in one corner of the hearth. The fire gave a little light, because it had boiled an iron pot full of potatoes, but it gave no cheer-fulness to the room. The mother had divided the evening meal-a few po-tatoes-to each one, and then she sat down by a table, lighted a farth-ing candle and was preparing to do some little piece of work for the house. "Can I start the fire?" sighed Ju-dith, the second girl. "Fourteen pence?" replied the moth-er, "it is a splendid fire? You know Dame Grundy, who lives close by, and her grandchild have gone to bed, because they have nome at al!" "I would like to have more salt on my potace," sail little Besie; "may I have some more, mother?" "There is no more, child, "she re-plied; "in feast was put in the pot." "Oh, dear," called out little Jos-eph, "my feat are so bad. They do not seem to be better; mother, I hurt them with holly." "Poor dear !" sighes the mother, "I wish you had better one." the innum joy, and that a deep and ter-ble irony underlies life and makes us an sport of the higher powers. There is but one refuge against the sadness which the years inevitably ring, and that is the deep and abiding basciousness that all life is one, and that in the invisible mansions in which the spirits of men have their home-there is greater safety than in the fort-resses of stone they have often built o protect, their bodies. Those whom we love go from room to room, and we remain before the dying fire and mourn as if they had gone out of the house in-stead of passing into another of its many chambers. We miss not only dear these sand familiar voices, but places and conditions and things to which we have grown used during happy years, and are burdened with a sense of im-povarishment because changes are wrought in our surroundings; and we forget that immortality is in us, not in the things about us, and that when they have served their purpose of sus-taining, nourishing, helping us, that which was enduring in them has al be-come our beyond the touch of time or change.

omes a time for us all when we begin to take down the familiar things we have brought about us at the inn where we have tarried, and to give those who have made our stay pleasant or profitable; when energy slakkens and the passion for expression in some kind of activity gives place to the desire to meditate on what we have one that we may understand it; when Emerson says.

"As the bird trims her to the gale, I trim myself to the storm of time, man the rudder, reef the sail, Obey the voice at eve obeyed in prime:



A Night Scene in a Poor Man's House

A Story for New Year's

"No," replied Mary; "and I hope no one will." "They will not, now," said the ince we found it." "You might sell it for half-a-crown, aid the father. "You might sell it for half-a-crown, mary was frightened and held the guirrel to her bosom. "Joseph far her wery bad," re-marked the mother. "Any went into a jittle dark cham-ber to bed with her sister, and in gloon other tried to hush the crying baby navid Baird was distracted. He was "And the doctor's bill has never been paid," said the inther-"about were nean and six pence." "That is more money than we carh in a week," replied the mother. "Talways take the back lane, to avoid passing his door," said the father, and he has asked me about it several times." "We will nay, it in the summer"

a more strong money than we each is in a week," replied the mother.
a lugary stake the back lare, to append the advection of the more strong strong of the strong strong strong the two strong str and some of the children began to couch. "Those children's coughs are no better," remarked the father, very ty. David Baina, yet a few moments lom-impatiently. And the baby awakened, ger: it cannot do you any harm, for and so did Bessie, who had fallen a-sleep on the floor, unobserved, crying corner of the street.

"What is this!" exclaimed David, tak-ing out a bill for one hundred pounds. "Oh!" sighed the wife, "if after all it should not be for ust but read the let-ter, David." And he read it. "Sir-You, David Baird, weaver, of Aarden-on-Wear, Jineal descendant of Sir David Baird, of Monkshaughton Cas-tle, County of York, and sole heir of Sir Peter Baird, of Monkshaughton aforesaid. lately deceased, are requested

.

More days you have given of joy than pais, Good old year's calendar: Would you care to live them over again? Would you, old calendar? Abril failed not with kis genile showers. May followed blushing with buds and flowers, dreamy days and sunny hours. O kind old calendar! You've been a true and trusty guide All the year, calendar: 'Tis with a pang i lay you aside, Dear old year's calendar! July came with buzz and drone of been, August bore thoughts of comfort and ease September the cool and refreshing breeze' Growing old calendar!

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MUMMM

On New Year's Eve.

ON New Tests Eve: BY THE LATE MADELLE P. CLAPP. Ere yst the voice of the New Year Rings clear o'er the snowfields white An ange hovers above me. Poised as for upward flight. And harkt througn the starry silence His song floats down to me: "I am come to take back to the Father What the Old Year bath given to the

What the Old Year hain sivel to with My heart grows heavy, though softly As snowfikkes the caim words fall, I have so little to offer In response to the ind's deep caverna. No mighty bod truth, no message on the truth to more a soft on the Point he truth, no message Only a tiny pebble Brushed from a dear one's road, A whispered word of comfort. A rebellious longing conquered, A look with the love fires warm, A flower of hoge that bloesomed In the heart of a raging storm.

These are all that I have to offer To the mighty Lord of Love. And, with sorrowful eyes, I abow them To his angel hovering above. But lo! as I gase on the angel, In those eyes that are bent on mine I see neither scorn nor pity. But an infinite gladness shine.

And the song grows strangely tender: "O foolish child and blind! Think'st hou that the alwiss Father Cares more for gems of the mind, For the mighty bowlder, the message That the future is to enscroll, Than He does for the word of comfort To a struggling, weary soul?

"Nay! rather-though these re mo precious-This the offering such as thine. That awakened the wonderous lovelight In the depths of eyes devine. The sharing of daily burdens. With their warrisome fret and amart. The bieseed everyday service Ofa fait tul loving heart."

To My Old Calendar.

You're been so loyal, and stanch, and true, My plain old celendar; You're been so loyal, and stanch, and true, My plain old celendar! January dawned with the year all aglow. February gleamed with its manite.of snow, The March winds did not forget to blew; Did they, old calendar?

BY SERINA CLARKE. friend has proved more faithful than

rged. Farewell, old calendar; October's days were tinted with gold, November's bleesings were manifold, December is here-dying-is cold: Good-bye, old calendar!

Watch-Night Parties Round the World.

A new year is coming with stately tread, Poor old year's calendar; Your hours, and days, and seasons have rged.



Lowly faithful, bunish fear, Right onward drive unharmed: The port, well worth the oruise, is near, And every wave is charmed."

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ied, der bud dimmer's glow, old and brown, s and ruddy fruit, weighing down. of happy work is than play; es, and love that grows from day to day. year to follow hard better souls have trod year of life's delight, year of God.

Found His Father Dead.

. Thomas, Dec. 30.—C. Thornwaite, Id resident of Vienna village, was d dead in the yard on Saturday ing by his son, who had left him a few minutes before his sad dis-ry. Heart disease is supposed to be

"There's a pair," called out Joseph briskly at Tommy Nix, "one's for only

briskiy at towny from the period of the peri

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maye mone, said ne; we have	we never looked for anything from that	guests go out to call on their acquain-	
oney to buy a candle!"	and the W	tances and to give them the "first foot."	1 1 1 1 1 1 1
d bless me!" exclaimed the lette	The other the latter is for any and the		1
and gave David the younger for	it i the man	Lovers take the opportunity to call up-	Contraction of the second
to buy a half a pound. David an	nd j	on their sweethearts. This custom in	
fe were in a state of perplexity	m thankful for it," said David, seriously;	modified forms has been adopted in	A STATE OF THE STA
e letter man shook the wet fro		other lands.	
p. In a few moments the cando	es "but." hesitated he, "you want the		Contraction of the
		that which signalizes the New Year's	A SALANA
	"No," said the letter-carrier, 'going	advent. At midnight each member of	Provide State
	out, "I'll call for that to-morrow."	the Russian household salute every other member with a kiss, beginning with the	A Party
She man and T	"Bolt the door, wife," said David, as	thead of the house and then they atte	C. C
	, she shut the door after the man; "this money requires safe keeping.	head of the house, and then they retire	
1991 66115		after gravely wishing one another a hap-	THE PARTY OF
a ser an SA	"Mind the fire!' said the mother; and	py New Year.	A CARLES AND A CARLES
K	her son David put on a shovelful of	The Old and the New.	
a non per	coal, and stirred out the ashes.		1
S FOR	"Kiss me, my children!" exclaimed	ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.	
	the father, with emotion; "kiss me,	The New Year came to the Old Year's door,	States and States
L OK Pop	A and bless God, for we shall never want	When the sands were wasting thin; And the frost lay white on in Old Year's	
	bread again!"	thatch	S. ALTING STATES
D Y	"is the house on fire?" screamed	And his hand grew chill as he slipped the	
60	Mary, at the top of the stairs, "for	latch	and the second
K.	there is such a blaze!"	To let the New Year in.	The second second
	"We are burning a mould candle!"	And the New Year perched in the Old Year's	Contraction of the second
	said Judith, "and nave such a big fire!"	chair,	Contraction of the second
1.5	"Come here, Mary," said the father;	And warmed by the Old Year's fire;	Contraction of the second
appiness (says Scott) is PP	A and Mary slid downstairs, wrapped in	And the Old Year watched him with wist-	And A CONTRACT
gentle growth of earth,	an old cloak.	ful gaze As he stretched his hand to the fading	
fruitless if you seek it	"Father's a rich man, we're all rich-	blaze.	A STATE OF STATE
60	and shall live in a grand castle!" laugh-	And cinders of dead desire.	
er the search after truth	ed out young Davia.	And the Old Year and a cold Ware of	
here life begins. Wher-	"We shall have coats and blankets,	And the Old Year prated as Old Years will, Of summer and vanished spring;	A State of the second se
t search ceases, life	and stockings and shoes!" cried Joseph	And then of the future, with grave advice.	A CONTRACTOR
tuskin.	all alert, yet still remembering his poor	Of love and sorrow and sacrifice,	State State
	A most-bitten. feet.	That the seasons' round would bring.	C. S. S. S. S. S. S.
wants beyond those	"We shall have roast beef ,and plum-	And the New Year listened, and warmed his	C. C
ery moderate income will	pudding," said Susan. "We shall have	heart,	A THE MARKER STR
e purely imaginary	rice pudding every day," cried Neddy.	In the bloom of the Old Year's nast:	A - Williams
John.	"And let me have a horse; father," said	But he gave no heed to the thorns that lay	A. A. S. M. S. S.
able reward of kind words	young David.	In the bud and blow of a coming day, And nodding, he dreamed at last.	The Martines
piness they cause others		The first sector states where the sector is a sector where the sector is a sector where the sector is a sector	A STATE OF STATE
appiness they cause our-	David Baird was again distracted;	The New Year came to the Old Year's door,	1 Standard
i pop	A but now different in his feelings. He	And warmed in the Old Year's chair.	and the second second
nce begins in wonder and	could have done a thousand extravagant	And the Old Year talked till the New Year slert.	and the second
under but the first is 1-	things; he could have laughed, cried,	I Then forth in the night he softly stand :	A Standard
er of ignorance, the last	sung, leaped about, nay rolled on the	And left the New Year there.	A STATISTICS
forationColeridge.	floor, for joy; but he did none of these		and the set of the
	things-he sat calm, and looked almost	BEGGAR PROVED A THIEF.	ALL STREET, ST. ST.
t hard work and earnest	grave. At length he said:		19675 019
Il that is best in the 65	"Wife, srend the children to bed, and	How a Listening London Woman Lost	Contract and
usnes. we cannot even)	A let us talk over this good fortune to-	Her Purse.	24
oper game without earn-	gether."	a second contracts where the second	· · · · ·
Y-	"You shall all have your Sunday	London, Ont., Dec. 30 One of the	
. p.	clothes on to-morrow," said the happy	most daring and unique methods of high	A STATE
101	mother, as she sent them upstairs. To	way robbery was pulled off in London	Contraction of the
	bed they went; and after awhile laugh-	East last night, when Mrs. Lynn, of 721,	AND TROPIES
	d ed and talked themselves to sleep. The	Princess avenue, was the victim of a	The second
	father and mother smiled and wept by	bold highwayman. He accosted her with	A CANANA CANANA
	turns, but did not sleep that night.	the plea of starving, and when she reach:	and the second
15	Trust ye in the Lord for ever; for	ed for her purse he snatched it, and be-	CARGO CONTRACTOR
	in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting	fore the astonished woman realized her	
I WE CLEIST & CLEIS	strength-Isaiah xxi., 4th verse.	situation he had made off in the darks	A PERSONAL PROPERTY AND
	George Hawkesworth Armstrong, 44	ness and no trace of his whereabouts	
WHU WHUNG	Pearl street south.	has as yet been discovered	