

these bumps on my head are where you threw stones at birds. You pulled the cat's tail; you tripped your little playmate and hurt him; and those all left their scars on me, and helped to make me old. You cried and frowned when your mamma asked you to do something you didn't want to, that is what makes my face so wrinkled."

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" cried Harry. "I didn't know I was hurting you. Did I make your clothes so torn and ragged, too?"

"Yes," answered the Old Year. "Every time you tore your clothes, you tore mine."

"Do all the naughty things I do really hurt you?"

"Yes," replied the Old year, "but I shall be satisfied if you are sorry, and if you will promise to treat the New Year better."

"Indeed I will," promised Harry, eagerly.

Just then he heard a cheery voice behind him say: "Well, here I am, father!"

Harry turned, and saw standing in the doorway a handsome young man, dressed in a beautiful snow-white robe.

"So this is the little boy I am to take care of, is it?" asked the New Year, holding out his hand to Harry.

Harry took it. The New Year seemed so kind and jovial, he could but like him.

"I'm sure we shall be good friends," continued the New Year, smiling, "shall we not, Harry?"

"Remember your promise," said the Old Year.

Oh, indeed I will," cried Harry; "I will be good to the New Year."

"Of course you will," said the New Year, laughing. "Every one is good to the New Year."

"Well, good-bye, my son," said the Old Year, rising feebly.

The New Year knelt down, and the Old Year placed his hands on his head in blessing.

Then he turned to go.

"Oh, are you going away now, Old Year?" cried Harry, reaching out his hands.

But the New Year caught him up, and, setting him on his shoulder, danced through the rooms with him, and finally up-stairs, where he laid him on his own bed.

"A happy New Year!" he cried. Harry opened his eyes, and, looking up, saw his mother.

"Why, where is the New Year?" he asked, sitting up in bed.

"The New Year is here," replied mamma. "This is the New Year."

"But I mean the New Year who brought me up-stairs. I was down-stairs, mamma, and I saw the New Year come in; and, oh! he is so nice. I like him ever so much."

"You saw the New Year come in!" cried mamma, in astonishment.

"Yes," replied Harry; "and I saw the Old Year, too; and he looked so old. He showed me where I hurt him, but I didn't mean to; and I'm going to be good to the New Year."

Mamma began to see that her little boy had been dreaming. So she sat down, and said; "Now tell me all about it, Harry."

So Harry told her what he had seen in the night; and she explained to him that it was a dream, but that it really meant something; and that he must be a good boy this year, and he would make it a happy New Year for everyone.

And afterward, when Harry was tempted to do wrong, he remembered his promise to the Old Year.—*Pres. Banner.*

CIGARETTE SMOKING.

A good deal has been said about the evils of cigarette smoking, but one-half the truth has never been told. Cigarette smoking blunts the whole moral nature. It has an appalling effect upon the system. It first stimulates, and then stupefies the nerves. It sends boys into consumption. It gives them enlargement of the heart, and it sends them to the insane asylum.

I am physician to several boys' schools, and I am often called in to prescribe for palpitation of the heart. In nine cases out of ten it is caused by the cigarette habit. I have seen bright boys turned into dunces, and straight-forward, honest boys made into miserable cowards by cigarette smoking. I am speaking the truth, that every physician and nearly every teacher knows."—*L. A. Clinton, M.D., San Francisco Board of Education.*