

Another Year.

You are larger now than a year ago,
And the stories and lessons they too must
grow,
And come to your minds with a fresh, new
look
On the unlearned page of this old, old book.

But have you, my dears, learned every thing
The brave old year in its arms could bring?
O all the lessons the school-books brought,
Perhaps—but the other ones? Have you
thought.

That never a blossom looks up but tells
Some story of how its sweet heart swells
With a grateful love to him who made
Its beauty of sunshine and rain and shade;

That never a butterfly sips, or a bee
The nectar too little for us to see,
But out of the picture a lesson goes
Of him who made clover and bee and rose;

That never a ripened apple falls,
Nor a grape-vine purples on dull old walls,
Not a nut comes rustling through the leaves,
Nor a wain goes laden with harvest
sheaves—

But in each and all bright eyes may find
How wise and changeless and heavenly kind
Is he who fashions the endless store
Which blesses the new year more and
more?

And not alone while the warm skies glow
Are written the lessons for us to know,
But the snow and the ice have a truthful
word
Of him whom we worship and call the Lord.

They hide in the roots of the honey flowers
And the trees whose fruits fall thick as
flowers,
And in all the earth and air and sea
There are stories and lessons for you and me.
—*Christian Leader.*

BARTON'S HYMN.

"Come, Barton, up with you! We
must start the sheep early for the lower
farm this morning. There isn't hay
enough on that scaffold to half fodder
them again."

The loud tones of Farmer Prescott's
voice rang through the long, narrow
passage of the stair-way as through a
trumpet. They woke his chore-boy,
Barton Viles, from a sound sleep, and
though it cost an effort to leave his
warm quarters, Barton did not wait for
a second summons, but hastily com-
menced to dress.

A frosty morning it was, yet so early
in the day a lighted tallow-dip was
necessary to discern objects in his
bare little chamber, sparkling with
frost.

On the stand, in the yellow rays of
light that fell across it, there lay open
a little "daily food." Barton glanced
for the day's verse as he fastened but-
tons and buckles with chilled fingers.
"The peace of God, which passeth all
understanding, shall keep your hearts
and minds through Christ Jesus."

"And that peace is mine," thought
Barton, with a glad thrill. "How I
wish Mr. Prescott and everybody in
all the world would know how precious
Christ is as a Saviour, and love him as
I do!"

"God is able to bless the weakest
effort of his weakest disciple, and cause
it to win souls to himself." A puff of
wind through the unplastered laths set

the leaves of the little book stirring,
till they rustled wide open at these
words. Barton read them thoughtfully,
and then hurried down the dark stair-
way, silently praying that God would
be his guide through the day and bless
his efforts to honour him.

Abel Prescott was rich in worldly
possessions, but poor, O so poor in all
that concerned his soul! He was care-
ful to keep his barns and houses and
crops fully insured, but for his poor
soul, that must spend eternity some-
where, he bitterly resented any advice
or warning offered that he insure it for
eternal life.

Barton had lately learned to love
his Saviour, and he longed and was
earnestly praying that his master,
Abel Prescott, might also love Christ,
and know of the peaceful happiness
that made his own heart so light that
he sung over his work from dawn till
night.

The lower farm lay two miles farther
down the river. When Farmer Pres-
cott's flocks of sheep had eaten the hay
stored for them in the barns on the
home farm, it was his custom to drive
them to this other farm, where they
were fed till turned to pasture in the
spring.

A narrow, snowy path it was that
led that day from the hills down to the
lower barns. Barton led the flocks,
while Mr. Prescott plodded behind,
keeping laggards from straying from
the path. A long distance it was be-
tween the leader and driver over the
slow-moving, winding file of bleating
sheep: so long that Barton little
thought the hymn he sung as he led
the flocks down the steep hill-sides
went ringing and echoing back through
the crisp air, and was sharply distinct
to the listener behind:

"There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold,
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold;
Away on the mountains wild and bare,
Away from a tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?
The Shepherd made answer: 'Tis of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep.'"

Over and again Barton sung the
sweet, pleading words, thinking of the
dear Saviour who had suffered so much
to bring him into the fold, and wishing
that all might listen to the tender Shep-
herd's voice.

Far behind, Mr. Prescott, with cap
drawn snugly over his ears, tried to
shut out the ringing words and unwel-
come thoughts they had awakened, but
all in vain.

He shouted hoarsely to the young
boy, "Stop that bawling! Whist your
noise!" But sound, that frosty morn-
ing, had a choice which way to float—
and float it would, backward, not
ahead; and so, all unconscious that he
had any listener besides the steep hill-
sides and snow-capped pines along the
path, Barton sung on:

"But none of the ransomed ever know
How deep were the waters crossed,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Away in the desert he heard its cry,
Helpless and sick and ready to die."

Plaintively sweet and tender the
words rang back. The bleating flock
ahead being led to a new fold, the
rugged, winding path, the snow-cover-
ed hills about him, made the words of
the song most impressive, and, through
the Holy Spirit, brought the truth
home to Farmer Prescott's heart.

Argument he could meet, fear he
knew not, advice and warnings he
resented; but the tender, pleading
love of his Saviour, made plain to him
through Barton's hymn, he could no
longer resist, and it was not long be-
fore

All through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep."
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his
own."

And "his own" this time was Abel
Prescott.—*Truth Seekers.*

"HE NEVER TOLD A LIE"

A GREAT African explorer, Mungo
Park, in his "Travels through Africa,"
relates that a party of armed Moors
having made an attack on the flocks
of a village at which he was stopping,
a youth of the place was mortally
wounded in the affray. The natives
placed him on horseback and conducted
him home, while the mother preceded
the mournful group proclaiming all the
excellent qualities of her boy, and by
her clasped hands and streaming eyes
showed the inward bitterness of her
soul.

The quality for which she chiefly
praised the boy formed of itself an
epitaph so noble that even civilized
life could not aspire to higher. "He
never," said she with pathetic energy,
"never, never told a lie!"

What a tribute for the devoted
mother to pay her dying boy! A poor
heathen African, too, who had never
been taught to love and serve God,
and yet from principle, and through
innate manliness, scorned to tell a lie.

Is not such a character worth emu-
lating? And would you not like to
have it said of yourself, "He never
told a lie?" Think of the poor little
heathen African boy when tempted to
cover some fault with an untruth.
Or, better still, think of God's com-
mand given on Mount Sinai to his
children, now as well as then, through
his servant Moses.

A lie not only grieves the dear
Saviour, and rejoices the Evil One,
but does not in the least help one out
of difficulty. In fact, as some of you
may have experienced, it only involved
you deeper and deeper into trouble.
So don't ever let Satan creep into
your hearts in this way. Give him
the cold shoulder at once by manfully

speaking the truth, and each tempta-
tion of the kind resisted will help to
strengthen you in truthfulness.

WHAT A VERSE CAN DO.

A LITTLE boy came to one of our
city missionaries, and holding out a
dirty and well-worn bit of printed
paper, said, "Please, sir, father sent
me to get a clean paper like that."

Taking it from his hand, the mi-
sionary unfolded it, and found it was
a page containing that beautiful hymn,
of which the first stanza is as follows:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!"

The missionary looked down with
interest into the face earnestly up-
turned to him, and asked the little boy
where he got it and why he wanted a
clean one.

"We found it, sir," said he, "in
sister's pocket after she died; and she
used to sing it all the time when she
was sick, and loved it so much that
father wanted to get a clean one to
put in a frame to hang it up. Won't
you give us a clean one, sir?"

This little page, with a single hymn
on it, had been cast upon the air like
a fallen leaf, by Christian hands,
humbly hoping to do some possible
good. In some little mission Sunday-
school, probably, this poor girl had
thoughtlessly received it, afterward to
find it, we hope, the gospel of her
salvation. Could she, in any prob-
ability, have gone down into death
sweetly singing that hymn of peni-
tence and faith in Jesus to her latest
breath, without the saving knowledge
of him which the Holy Spirit alone
imparts?—*Selected.*

JOHN AND THE FISHING EAGLE.

BY R. M. WILBUR.

It was a tall old tulip tree, that had
been a hundred years or more in get-
ting to its present height. Away in
the top of it was the home of a fishing
eagle, in which for years, each summer,
she had reared a nest full of young
eaglets.

At a certain hour each day, all
through the season, she spread her
strong wings, and flew swiftly away to
the sea, ten miles distant, to fish for
her brood.

One day she set off as usual. But
when she came back with a fine large
fish in her talons, some men near by so
frightened the bird by screams and
throwing stones, that she dropped her
fish, which they at once picked up and
carried off.

But Master John, who was at work
with the men, had a heart full of pity
for the poor bird, and waited to see
what she would do. For awhile she
seemed discouraged. But soon, excited
by the hungry cries of her babies, she
spread her wings again, and was off
for another trip of ten miles to the
sea and back again. It took her
nearly twice as long as before, and she
was weary almost to exhaustion when
she again reached the tree and fed her
young, when weariness and fright were
alike forgotten.