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# PLEASANT HOURS

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK.

Vol. XIV.]

TORONTO, DECEMBER 29, 1891.

[No. 52.



OUT IN THE SNOW.—(See next page.)

## The Glad New Year.

Ring, ring, ye gladome bells,  
From yonder bell-towers high I  
Ring out your joyful strains  
From earth to sky I  
For, lo, a stranger comes  
Kingly and proud,  
Upon the blast  
Ho rideth fast,  
Peal out your welcome loud I  
Ring merrily,  
Ring cheerily,  
To the great, the coming year,  
The glad New Year I

We'll lift with braver heart,  
Life's burden once again,  
We'll act a nobler part  
Among our fellow men;  
Hope's flowers again shall bloom  
Along life's dusty ways,  
And murmurings and sighs  
Shall change to prayer and praise.  
Faith shall with clearer vision  
Look toward the coming days,  
When peace shall o'er division  
Reign with benignant rays;  
When man to man as brother  
Shall lend a helping hand,  
And God's blessed benediction  
Rest on our smiling land I

Ring, ring, ye bells I  
Ring loud, ring high I  
Peal out your merry cheer  
From earth to sky,  
To greet the glad New Year,  
The over glad New Year I

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## Pleasant Hours:

A PAPER FOR OUR YOUNG FOLK

Rev. W. H. WITHROW, D.D., Editor.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 29, 1894.

## A TALK ABOUT NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"I do not understand it at all."  
"Understand what, Eva, child?"  
"About the first of January being called New Year's, Aunt Mary. What was the beginning of it?"  
"You can see for yourself, dear, that time had to be distributed or divided in some way adaptable to the purposes of life."  
"God did that by the sun, the moon and stars, and the seasons, did he not, Aunt Mary?"  
"Certainly; and that is why the solar day and the solar year, which complete the circle of the seasons and the lunar month, are called the natural divisions of time."  
"What does solar mean, Aunt Mary?"  
"Pertaining to the sun; and lunar pertaining to the moon."  
"How about the hour and the week, Aunt Mary?"  
"Although of ancient, and very general use, they are not governed by any fixed rules, as are the month and the year."  
"But, Aunt Mary, did not God at the creation arrange the week when he rested on the seventh day?"  
"That is according to the Mosaic recital;

those who reject that are puzzled to account for its origin."

"Why do people disbelieve the Bible, Aunt Mary?"

"It is in the nature of man to seek for the reason and for the origin of things."

"A great many have puzzled their brains over this, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; since the remote ages kings and princes and many learned men have been engaged in the reformation of the calendar. A great many different methods have been tried and a vast amount of calculation done; but all proved more or less unsatisfactory until Julius Cæsar, a Roman emperor, adopted a system called the Julian method of computing time, commencing with January 1, the year of the birth of our Saviour; hence the abbreviation A. D. Anno Domini, the year of our Lord. This remained until the sixteenth century, although not absolutely correct, and is called the old style."

"And that is what O. S. means. Now, what is N. S.—new style?"

"Our present method; where the surplus time was gathered up once in four years, by Pope Gregory XIII."

"And that is leap year and leap day. I know about that, because my Cousin Gregory was so named because he was born on February 29, and my papa always calls him Pope Gregory thirteenth."

"Do you understand it any better now?"

"Oh, yes, Aunt Mary; and I thank you very much. When I am older I shall read up everything I can find about the calendar. But don't you think it is beautiful that all those centuries, when people were studying how to make the years come out even, all God's plans went on just the same, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, and what was the use of anything different?"

"For all business and historical purposes it was necessary to have a correct system; and the perfection to which the mathematicians at length arrived is a stimulus for us all not to be satisfied with anything short of the best."

"I never know before, Aunt Mary, that every time we name the year, or write it, we tell how long since Jesus was born. I think, now that I know about it, I shall be reminded to do my best always, for his sake."

## THE NEAREST DUTY.

BY EDNA H. TURPIN.

"My daughter, my dear child," began Mrs. Leach, when Marion came bonneted and cloaked into the dining-room, "surely you are not thinking about going out this morning? Why—"

"Mother," interrupted Marion, fretfully, "it does seem strange that you oppose my doing my duty. I told you yesterday I had promised to take Mrs. Hill a basket of food and some new papers to-day. It would be very selfish for me to sit down here at home, and, being comfortable myself, not to care for the wants of others."

Mrs. Leach's cheek flushed at the reproachful sharpness of her daughter's tone, but she answered quietly:

"My child, I am sorry not to encourage you in a mission of mercy, but I really do not think that it is prudent for you to venture out in this snow-storm. You are still so unwell as to be too susceptible to cold to expose yourself with impunity. Can't you write a note, dear, and let me send it with the basket?"

But Marion's face grew more determined. "If it were a pleasure-trip I had planned, mother, of course I should give it up, but under the circumstances, I feel that it is my duty to go," and she slung the basket on her arm and went out.

It was New Year's morning and Marion Leach had begun the day full of beautiful resolutions and noble thoughts. Every day, she resolved, she would try to do some good deed—and this was the beginning. Her mother's disapprobation weighed on her mind, and the morning seemed very dreary as her glow of enthusiasm faded. She mused bitterly:

"It does seem hard that someone is always ready to thwart my plans of usefulness. I suppose that is a cross I have to bear. Certainly mother was very unreasonable. As if Jamie would do! But I wish I hadn't spoken so sharply."

Mrs. Hill's grateful appreciation of the comforts she carried, however, lightened the cloud which had fallen on her spirits, and she started home feeling happier because she had brightened the poor woman's dismal day. But, alas! she contracted a cold from the exposure and this developed into an acute attack of bronchitis.

One day as she was just beginning to recover, the doctor turned as he was leaving the room to say:

"By the way, Miss Marion, I must not forget to tell you how pleased Mrs. Hill is to hear of your convalescence. She told me about your charity, she grew voluble and tearful in her praises of the kind young lady, an angel—of imprudence, I told her. But she exclaimed that if Miss Marion had died, as heaven be praised she didn't, it would have been as a blessed saint and martyr."

"I am indeed glad," said Mrs. Leach, gravely, "that my daughter bids fair to recover from the illness caused by her neglect of her first duty."

"Neglect of duty! O mother!" cried Marion, bursting into tears. Then she dried her eyes and felt sullenly resentful of her mother's lack of appreciation and injustice as she chose to consider it. But that afternoon, as her mother sat sewing by her bedside, she could not resist speaking on the subject.

"Mother," she said, "how could you say I neglected duty by going to Mrs. Hill's?"

"I did not say merely neglecting duty," answered her mother, "I said neglecting your first duty. It was a duty to care for Mrs. Hill, but, aside from the fact that it was unnecessary for you to go in person"—Marion blushed—"it was not your first duty."

"I don't understand. If it was a duty what question could there be of priority?"

"Let us try to understand," said Mrs. Leach, folding up her work and putting it aside. "Carlyle somewhere preaches his gospel of work from the text: 'Do to-day thy nearest duty.' Now the world is full of shapeless masses of duties, and it is our business to select those which belong to us, and build up our Christian life and character. Your first duty was to care for your own health; it was your duty not only to yourself, but to the God who gave you this delicate body to care for, to us who love and watch over you—even to poor Mrs. Hill, for would you not have been in a condition to help her more substantially had you not incurred the pain and expense of this illness?"

"But, mother, that sounds too selfish. My first duty always to keep comfortable!"

"Not always, dear. Take this as a rule: 'Hesitate not to risk thine own life for another when the chance of saving his is greater than of losing thine own. But count it madness, not courage, to throw away thine with his.' And whenever we try to substitute another for our nearest duty, it ceases to be a duty at all, and becomes a mere act of wicked self-gratification. Begin your New Year again, my child, by resolving to try to keep to the 'nearest duty.'"

## LIVING A DAY AT A TIME.

THE beginning of a new year brings to many people an overwhelming sense of work to be done and burdens to be borne. All the uncertainties, the labours, the possibilities, the disasters of the coming twelve months seem to crowd upon the imagination, and instead of hopeful cheer there comes over us a feeling of discouragement. All of this can be remedied if we remember we need to live but a day at a time. All the man needs who carries his lantern is to get light sufficient for the next step, and the future will take care of itself. If any one of us, even the strongest, were called to face the work of life in a single moment we would fail; but when that burden is broken into fragments, the weakest can carry it if he will. We need to have the disposition which looks hopefully upon the world, that refuses always to see the dark side, run away from its burdens, or sit down under its calamities. We need to have the conviction born of heaven that He will take care of his own. This does not mean that his children shall not bear burdens, carry sad hearts, and

endure great trials; but it does mean that these shall come not all at once, but a day at a time, and that in the midst of a day of these the divine strength shall be sufficient for us. As the manna came to the hungry every morning, so divine strength to bear all the ills of life will come daily to those who seek for it.

## Another Year.

ANOTHER year is fading  
Into the shadowy past,  
What if for me, my Saviour,  
This year should be the last?  
Could I, with joy recalling  
The hours and moments gone,  
Say I had well employed them,  
Nor o'er one failure mourn?

Another year is passing,  
And I am passing too—  
Passing from earth and earthly scenes  
To those earth never knew.  
What shall I plead when standing  
Before the "Great White Throne"?  
Nothing, O Christ, but thine own blood,  
Thy righteousness mine own.

Another year is dying,  
And time is dying too,  
And all things here below, with him,  
Are passing out of view.  
Passing as swiftly as our thoughts  
Flit through our minds, then flee.  
Oh, realize by facts like these,  
What ought our lives to be?

Another year is adding  
To those already dead.  
Dead! will they never rise again?  
Where, all the actions fled?  
We surely yet shall meet again,  
This old year and our souls:  
His deeds will greet us yet, though now  
Oblivion o'er him rolls.

We leave the year with Jesus  
To sprinkle with his blood:  
Jesus the loving One, who once  
As our Sin-bearer stood.  
We leave the year with Jesus,  
And thus the weight is gone.  
We trust the future all to him  
Who all its weight hath borne.

## THE NEW YEAR.

MANY of us shall quietly lie down to rest on the 31st December, and when we shall awake a new year will be upon us. But we shall find in us the same nature we had before. Our old habits will be as strong, our moral weaknesses as weak, and our temptations just as strong—in early January as in late December. The earth has gone on in its revolution, and the stars have kept their courses: but men and women are no better because of these physical transformations. Those who went to rest with their faces downward, and their hearts against God and the triumph of his truth, are started in the same direction on New Year's morning, while those who are looking upward and climbing the steps that lead to a heavenly life will not be helped or hindered by the advent of the new year. Sometimes those who are living badly apply their New-Year resolutions, and the descent for the time is not so rapid. So, also, the spur of the new year may help one to travel more rapidly on the upward grade; but, as a rule, New-Year resolutions do not change the directions of human life. A new year does not bring to us a new nature, else how many would drop their burdens as the 1st of January comes in. A reliance on divine guidance and divine strength will avail more than good resolutions. Seek the life that needs no New-Year's reforming.

## Star of Bethlehem.

O STAR of wonder!  
Star of the night!  
O star of wondrous beauty-bright!  
Onward leading,  
Still proceeding,  
Guide us to that perfect Light.

"Not until a man knows more than the average man, does he come to realize how little he does know."

**The Book of the New Year.**

The book of the new year is opened—  
Its pages are spotless and new;  
And so, as each leaflet is turning,  
Dear boys and girls, beware what you do!

Let never a bad thought be cherished,  
Keep the tongue from a whisper of guile,  
And see that your faces at windows  
Through which a sweet spirit shall smile.

And weave for your souls the fair garment  
Of honour, of beauty, and truth;  
Which will still with a glory enfold you  
When faded the spell of your youth.

And now, with the new book, endeavour  
To write the white pages with care;  
Each day is a leaflet, remember,  
To be written with watching and prayer.

And if on a page you discover  
At evening a blot or a scrawl,  
Kneel quickly and ask the dear Saviour  
In mercy to cover it all.

So, when the strange book shall be finished,  
And clasped by the angel of light,  
You may feel though the work be imperfect,  
You have tried to please God in the right.

And think how the years are a stairway  
On which you must climb to the skies;  
And strive that your standing be higher  
As each one away from you flies.

**THE OLD ORGAN**

OR

"HOME, SWEET HOME."

By Mrs. O. F. Walton.

**CHAPTER X.—"NO PLACE LIKE HOME."**

THE next morning, some of the lodgers in the great room below remembered having heard sounds in the stillness of the night which had awakened them from their dreams and disturbed their slumbers. Some maintained it was only the wind howling in the chimney, but others felt sure it was music, and said that the old man in the attic must have been amusing himself with the organ at midnight.

"Not he," said the landlady, when she heard of it; "he'll never play it again, he's a dying man, by what the doctor says."

"Just you go and ask him if he wasn't turning his old organ in the middle of last night," said a man from the far corner of the room. "I'll bet you a shilling he was."

The landlady went upstairs to satisfy his curiosity, and rapped at the attic door. No one answered, so she opened it and went in.

Christie was fast asleep, stretched upon the bed where his old master's body lay. The tears had dried on his cheeks, and he was resting his head on one of old Treffy's cold, withered hands. The landlady's face grew grave, and she instinctively shuddered in the presence of death.

Christie woke with a start, and looked up in her face with a bewildered expression. He could not remember at first what had happened. But in a moment it all came back to him, and he turned over and noised.

The landlady was touched by the boy's sorrow, but she was a rough woman, and knew little of the way of showing sympathy, and Christie was not sorry when she went downstairs and left him to himself. As soon as the house was quiet he brought a neighbour to attend to old Treffy's body, and then crept out to tell the clergyman.

Mr. Wilton felt very deeply for the desolate child. Once again he committed him to his loving Father, to the Friend who would never leave him nor forsake him. And when Christie was gone he again knelt down, and thanked God with a very full heart for having allowed him to be the poor, weak instrument of bringing this soul to Himself. There would be one at least at the beautiful gates of "Home, sweet home," watching for his home-going steps. Old Treffy would be waiting for him there. Oh, how good God had been to him! It was with a thankful heart that he sat down to prepare his sermon for the next day, on the last verse of the hymn. And what he had just heard of old Treffy helped him much in the realization of the bright city of which he was to speak.

Mr. Wilton looked anxiously for Christie, when he entered the crowded mission-room on Sunday evening. Yes, Christie was there, sitting as usual on the front bench, with a very pale and sorrowful face, and with heavy, downcast eyes. And when the hymn was being sung the clergyman noticed that the tears were running down the boy's cheeks, though he rubbed them away with his sleeve

as fast as they came. But Christie looked up almost with a smile when the clergyman gave out his text. It was from Revelation vii, 14, 15. "These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God."

"To-night," said the clergyman, "I am to speak of 'Home, sweet home,' and of those that dwell there, the great multitude of the redeemed. It is a very holy place, there is no speck on the golden pavement, no evil to be found within the city. The tempter can never enter there, sin is unknown; all is very, very holy. And on the white robes of those who dwell there is no stain; pure and clean and spotless, bright and fair as light, are those robes of theirs. Nothing to soil them, nothing to spoil their beauty, they are made white forever in the blood of the Lamb, therefore are they before the throne of God."

"Oh!" said the clergyman, "never forget that this is the only way to stand before that throne. Being good will never take you there, not being as bad as others will avail you nothing; if you are ever to enter heaven, you must be washed white in the blood of the Lamb."

St. John was allowed to look into heaven, and he saw a great company of these redeemed ones, and they were singing a new song, to the praise of him who had redeemed them. And since St. John's time," said the clergyman, "oh, how many have joined their number! Every day, every hour, almost every moment, some soul stands before the city gates. And to every soul washed in the blood of Jesus those gates of pearl are thrown open; they are all dressed one by one in a robe of white, and as they walk through the golden streets, and stand before the throne of glory, they join in that song which never grows old—'Amen. Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.'"

"And, my friends," said the clergyman, "as the holy God looks on these souls he sees in them no trace of sin, the blood has taken it all away; even in his sight they are all fair, there is no spot in them. They are faultless and stainless, perfectly pure and holy."

"Oh! my friends, will you ever join their number? This is a dark, dismal, dying world; will you be content to have your all here? Will you be content never to enter 'Home, sweet home'? Oh! will you delay coming to the fountain, and then wake up, and find you are shut out of the city bright, and that forever?"

"One old man," said the clergyman, "to whom I was talking last week is now spending his first Sunday in that bright city."

A stillness passed over the room when the clergyman said this, and Christie whispered to himself, "He means Master Treffy, I know he does."

"He was a poor, sin-stained old man," the clergyman went on, "but he took Jesus at his word, he came to the blood of Christ to be washed, and even here he was made whiter than snow. And two nights ago the dear Lord sent for the old man, and took him home. There was no sin-mark found on his soul, so the gates were opened to him, and now in the snowy dress of Christ's redeemed he stands, 'faultless and stainless, faultless and stainless, safe in that happy home.'"

"If I were to hear next Sunday," said the clergyman, "that any one of you was dead, could I say the same of you? Whilst we are meeting here, would you be in 'Home, sweet home'? Are you indeed washed in the precious blood of Christ? Have you indeed been forgiven? Have you indeed come to Jesus?"

"Oh! do answer this question in your own heart," said Mr. Wilton, in a very earnest voice. "I do want to meet every one of you in 'Home, sweet home.' I think that when God takes me there I shall be looking out for all of you, and oh! how I trust we shall all meet there—all meet at home!"

"I cannot say more to-night," said the minister, "but my heart is very full; God grant that each of you may now be washed in the blood of Jesus, and even in this life be made whiter than snow, and then say with a grateful heart, 'Lord, I will work for thee, love thee, serve thee all I can.'"

"Till in the snowy dress  
Of thy redeemed I stand,  
Faultless and stainless,  
Faultless and stainless,  
Safe in that happy land!"

And then the service was over, and the congregation went away. But Christie never moved from the bench on which he was sitting. His face was buried in his hands, and he never looked up, even when the clergyman laid his hand kindly on his shoulder.

"Oh!" he sobbed at last, "I want to go home: my mother's gone, and old Treffy's gone, and I want to go too."

The clergyman took Christie a little brown hand in both of his, and said, "Christie, poor little Christie, the Lord does not like to keep you outside the gate; but he has work for you to do a little longer, and then the gates will be opened, and home will be all the sweeter after the dark time down here." And then with other gentle and loving words he comforted the child, and then on earth he prayed with him, and Christie went away with a lighter heart. But he could not help thinking of the last Sunday evening, when he had hastened home to tell Treffy about the third verse of the hymn.

There was no one to-night to whom Christie could tell what he had heard. He waited a minute outside the attic door as if he were about to go in, but it was only for a minute, and when he walked in all fear passed away.

The sun was setting, and some rays of glory were falling on old Treffy's face as he lay on the bed. They seemed to Christie as if they came straight from the golden city, there was something so bright and so unearthly about them. And Christie fancied that Treffy smiled as he lay on the bed. It might be fancy, but he liked to think it was so.

And then he went to the attic window and looked out. He almost saw the golden city, far away amongst those wondrous, bright clouds. It was a strange, glad thought, to think that Treffy was there. What a change for him from the dark attic! Oh! how bright heaven would seem to his old master!

Christie would have given anything just to see for one minute what Treffy was doing. "I wonder if he will tell Jesus about me, and how I want to come home," said Christie to himself.

And as the sunset faded away and the light grew less and less, Christie knelt down in the twilight, and said from the bottom of his heart,

"O Lord, please make me patient, and please some day take me to live with thee and old Treffy, in 'Home, sweet home.'"

*(To be continued.)***UNCLE JOSIAH'S BEDTIME.**

BY MRS. J. P. BALLARD.

SUCH headaches as Uncle Josiah had! And such doctors! Their efforts left the patient worse instead of better. At last, however, a young doctor gave Aunt Polly a prescription which he said was sure to help if not cure.

Uncle Josiah was a strict temperance man. Not a drop of ardent spirits, as a beverage, had ever passed his lips. He was a man firm of principle—strong and unyielding where his well-trained conscience was concerned. The doctor's prescription was egg-nog. Aunt Polly was to prepare and administer it to Uncle Josiah at his bedtime, when sleep would follow and the headache disappear.

Very grateful the remedy proved, prepared under Aunt Polly's skillful hand. She was generous to a fault, and perhaps mixed a thimbleful more than the prescribed proportion of whiskey in the nightly draught.

As the headache was a very real fact, Uncle Josiah's conscience did not forbid him to give the remedy a fair trial. His usual time for retiring was ten o'clock. When he was in bed Aunt Polly carried to him the fragrant, steaming cup.

One night about two weeks after he began taking the nightly stimulant, Uncle Josiah grew restless about a quarter to ten o'clock, and said

"Polly, I feel pretty tired; I think I'll go up now and be ready for my medicine and sleep."

"Well, Josiah, it's only a quarter of ten; but you do look tired, and I'll prepare it now."

The next week, one rainy night, as the clock struck nine, Uncle Josiah left his old arm-chair, a bright fire, and his cheerful wife. He was "quite tired out, and would have his nog now."

"What makes you so tired to-night, Josiah?"

"Well, working about the factory all day, I suppose, Polly," and he drained his nightly remedy, and went off to sleep.

One week later Uncle Josiah's bedtime came at a quarter to nine o'clock. He went upstairs, but just before Aunt Polly was ready for him, he called down, "Polly."

"Well, Josiah."

"Don't bring up that stuff! I'm coming down."

"Coming down" I thought you were ready for bed!"

"So I was, Polly, but I'm coming down to be with you till ten o'clock, and I shall never take another cup of nog."

He came down, fully dressed, and added "Polly, do you know why I have been getting tired so early of late? It was just because I was in a hurry for that medicine; and when a man begins to relish whiskey as I have been getting to do, there's a serpent lurking near. We'll both sit up till ten o'clock and then sleep the sleep of the just. Not another drop shall pass my lips, Polly."

And he kept his word.—*Youth's Companion.*

**Old Christmas.**

BY MARY HOWITT.

Now, he who knows Christmas,  
He knows a carle of worth;  
For he is as good a fellow  
As any upon earth.

He comes warm cloaked and coated  
And buttoned up to the chin;  
And soon as he comes a-nigh the door  
We open and let him in.

We know he will not fail us,  
So we sweep the earth a p clean,  
We set for him the old arm-chair,  
And a cushion whereon to lean.

And with sprigs of holly and ivy  
We make the house look gay,  
Just out of old regard for him,  
For 'twas his ancient way.

He comes with cordial voice,  
That does one good to hear;  
He shakes one merrily by the hand,  
As he hath done many a year.

And after the little children,  
He asks in cheerful tune,  
Jack, Kate, and little Annie,  
He remembers them every one!

What a fine old fellow he is!  
With his faculties all as clear  
And his heart as warm as daylight  
As a man in his fortieth year!

What a fine old fellow in truth!  
No tone of your gaping elves,  
Who, with plenty of money to spare,  
Think only about themselves.

Not he! for he loveth the children,  
And hoh-lay begs for all,  
And comes with his pockets full of gifts,  
For the great ones and the small.

And he tells us witty old stories,  
And singeth with might and main,  
And we talk of the old man's visit  
Till the day he comes again.

Good luck unto old Christmas  
And long life let us sing  
For he doth more good unto the poor,  
Than many a crowned king.

**A NEW YEAR'S RESOLVE.**

IF it is a question in anyone's mind whether one is better or worse off for having made a resolution that proved too difficult for him to keep, let him modify his aims a little, and make perfectly practical attempts, did this certain wise little boy

His Sunday-school teacher distributed slips of paper to her scholars, and asked each to write thereon a New Year's resolution. He decided to make a resolve which he would be able to keep, and to secure the prize offered to the boy who, at the beginning of another year, should have come the nearest to keeping it.

He wrote: "Resolve. That I will try to be a year older by next year."

Words of kindness we have spoken  
May, when we have passed away,  
Heal, perhaps, a spirit brok'n,  
Guide a brother led astray.

*J. Hazen.*

FRANK (the day after Christmas): "Papa, wouldn't it be just as well if mamma'd put just a little sack of pare-gore in all the Christmas things, to save trouble of taking it all next day?"



NEW YEAR'S EVE.

The Death of the Old Year.

FULL knee-deep lies the winter snow  
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:  
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,  
And tread softly and speak low,  
For the Old Year lies a-dying.

He was full of joke and jest,  
But all his merry quips are o'er.  
To see him die, across the waste  
His son and heir doth ride post-haste,  
But he'll be dead before.  
Everyone for his own.  
The night is starry and cold, my friend,  
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,  
Comes up to take his own.

His face is growing and thin,  
Alack! our friend is gone.  
Close up his eyes; tie up his chin;  
Step from the corpse, and let him in  
That standeth there alone,  
And waiteth at the door.  
There's a new foot on the floor, my  
friend,  
And a new face at the door, my  
friend,  
A new face at the door.

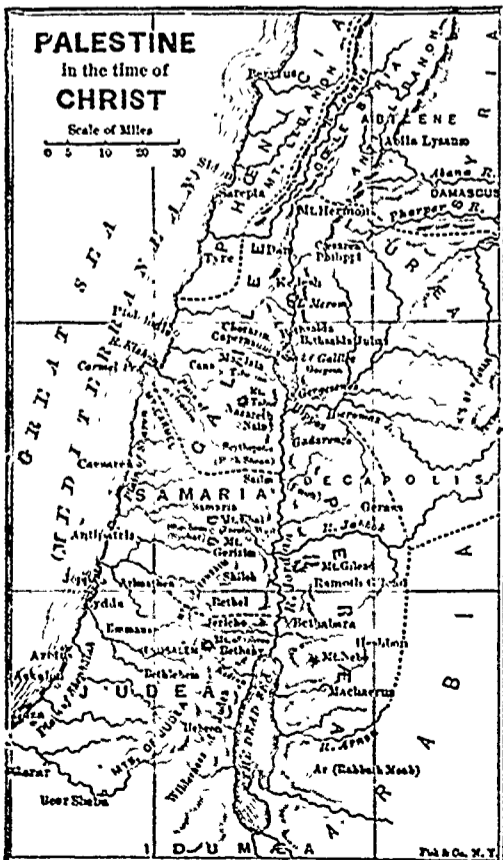
-Tennyson.

A TOUCH OF NATURE.

A CAR on the Washington Avenue line was jogging along up town. There were only five passengers in the car—three men, a lady, and a little girl of probably six or seven years. The lady was an austere-looking passenger, who seemed to take little notice of what was occurring or being said in the car. The little girl, a sweet, rosy-faced child, with a slight cloud of sadness over the natural sunshininess of her countenance, sat at the lady's right and frequently looked up wistfully at the immovable face of the woman. The man who sat at the right of the child, and evidently her father, spoke to the little one several times as if to dissuade her from gazing at the lady. But still the little eyes would return to the woman's face and scan it searchingly. The woman became uneasy under the baby's scrutiny, and shifted a little as if to turn her face from the line of vision of the bright-eyed child. Then the little hand was laid softly on

the lady's. She drew her hand away and, turning rather abruptly, asked: "What are you looking at me for" all the time? You annoy me greatly." This was said more to the father than the child. The baby was abashed for a moment, but that little hand went out again and the sweet voice, with a little tremor in it, piped out: "Cause you look just like my mamma did. I would like to kiss you." "Where is your mamma, child?" the lady asked. The voice had softened a little, and through the sternness of the visage gleamed a ray of tenderness. "My mamma is dead," said the plaintive voice of the child. Those four words seemed to break down the barrier that stood between the woman's heart and the pleading little child. Impulsively the lady's arms were clasped about the slight form, and they drew it close to her breast. The two men on the opposite side of the car could not see the woman's face, but the sound of a baby's sob was hushed with a kind, motherly kiss. The car jugged on, and soon the child was sleeping sweetly, with its little yellow head pillowed on the satin bosom of the woman, while the face of the latter was bent lovingly over the locks of gold. Here was a picture that even the two hardened men of the world could not look upon without a touch of tears, and as the car moved on there was only the rumble of the vehicle to break the silence. Who the lady or the child was is unknown to the writer, but the little episode left a pleasant recollection and a kindlier feeling toward humanity.—*New York Star.*

TAKE a lot of good nature and plenty of fun,  
And stir them up often together;  
Then once in a while add a sweet, sunny smile—  
'Twill make brightness in dreariest weather.



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