

**The Old Year And The New**

It is gone! with its record of sorrow and gladness;  
 With its throbbings of hope and its tremblings of fear;  
 With its accents of joy and its wailing of sadness—  
 The mantle of silence enshrouds the old year.

It is gone! with its changes, its plans, its resolving,  
 Its brightness and darkness, its suns, beams and showers;  
 With its scenes panoramic so quickly dissolving,  
 It is gone! and their memory now only is ours

It is gone! and recorded in annals un fading  
 Are the tales that it told as it winged on its flight:  
 The good and the evil the brightness and shading,  
 Are photographed all by Eternity's light

It is gone! and with ardour and high aspirations,  
 With Hope radiating futurity's sphere  
 With renewed resolutions and fresh consecrations  
 We enter again on another New Year

Who can tell what great changes, what mighty resolving  
 May mark its progression as onward they speed  
 Events seem to haste to the glorious resolving  
 Of problems man long has been trying to read.

We know not the future; its joy and its sadness,  
 Its shadows and sunshine alike are concealed;  
 But we fear not, with Christ as our strength and our gladness,  
 No darkness can come where his light is revealed.  
 Fresh page of our life! shall thy lines be unblotted?  
 Shall thy record be one of Immanuel's power?  
 Shall it tell how He keeps us with garments unspotted?  
 Of triumph through Him in temptations dark hour?

Shall words be inscribed there so pleadingly spoken—  
 The story of Calvary lovingly told?  
 Shall the record be there of hearts bound that were broken—  
 Of wandering and weary ones led to the fold?

Dear master! we long to behold Thee, the victorious  
 To Thee and Thy service ourselves now we give;  
 Use us each in Thy work, then this year shall be glorious,  
 And abiding in Thee 'twill be heaven to live.

**What They Did With the Old Minister**

Yes, said Deacon Hardy, as he turned away from the new church fresh from the hands of the village carpenters, lifting its belfry unconscious of any lack of beauty of design, or the pride it awoke in the hearts of the ones whose sacrifices had placed it there, "that's what I call a good job, and we want to start in on the first Sunday of the new year with a new minister, that is all we need to start things in running order."

"So you are bent on having a new minister," said Deacon Rand in his quiet way, as he paused to take the path that led across the fields to his comfortable farm home.

"To be sure we are, it was all settled at the last meeting," answered the deacon.

"Brother Liscomb is a good man," said Rand nervously, crunching the snow with his foot.

"To be sure he is a good man, but we have paid \$500 a year long enough for goodness. We want a man that will stir things up, and make the Word cut like a two edged sword among the sinners on Sunday morn-

ings. But I must be going, as I was the one appointed to see Bro Liscomb and ask him to resign, and as tomorrow night is the time set to see about getting a new minister, I must go over tonight."

"Well" said Deacon Rand, as he entered the kitchen where his wife was preparing the evening meal, "the new church is an elegant building and they think the old minister will be out of place in it, that we will have to have one more in keeping with the surroundings, more up-to-date."

Mrs Rand's eyes snapped, "Well, its for all the world like turning your own father out of doors because he is old. His sermons are good enough for me, and what's more he lives them too. He has baptised us, married us and buried us, looked out for us in everything, and now they'll go and turn him out just because he's old. When people get ahead of the gospel they better rein in and go a little slow I'm a thinkin'."

Deacon Hardy donned his Sunday best and started for the parsonage with the grim satisfaction of doing his duty, heedless of wife's injunction that he had better send a letter instead.

"I can fix it up all right," he said. When he sounded the old fashioned knocker the minister himself came to the door. The fireplace cast a ruddy glow around the room, and threw a halo of light around the silvery locks of the old man, and as his pleasant smile, and kindly spoken greeting drew the deacon into the cheerful room, he felt himself growing a little nervous. Somehow it did not seem so easy as he had anticipated. Besides he sat where he could look into the face of the minister's widowed daughter, and only living child, who with her little daughter came at her mother's death to care for the remaining years of her fathers life.

"I am a little lazy tonight, but one has to take more rest as the years multiply. But the good Lord has so richly blessed me with strength, that I feel I shall be able to take my place for many years yet in the new church my dear people have provided and been able to clear of debt," said the old man with a smile. "Yes, said little Ruth, climbing upon the deacon's lap, Grandpa has promised to take me behind Dobbin every Sunday to hear him preach in the new church. The deacon felt such a lump in his throat that somehow the words he had thought so ready would not come. "Wish I had taken my wife's advice and written him a letter," he thought "Yes—that is—he began, I called to see if you wouldnt like a little rest, seeing as you are getting along in years,

Oh no, my friend, the Lord has given me strength, and I want to start in on the New Year to consecrate it with the service of my declining years, and that of my people to the Lord.

Well ahem!—er—it was voted to give you a little vacation.

The old man wiped a tear from his cheek and said, I cannot express to you the gratitude I feel for the kindness of my people, but I could not think of adding to the expense caused by the new church, especially after the delightful trip they gave me last summer.

The daughter rose with a pained, hurt look upon her face, which told the deacon that she comprehended, and unable to bear it longer, he buttoned his coat and started for home with the ministers fervent 'God bless you' ringing in his ears. The old minister came back and laid his hand lovingly upon the head of his daughter, and said, How kind my people are to us,

dear, the Lord ever loves and cares for His own. And she could not disturb his childlike faith and trust in his people, for the peace and joy of his mind.

The next night after the weekly prayer meeting Deacon Rand rose and said:

You know we voted to give Bro Liscomb a chance to resign, and will now hear the report of the brother who was to see him, after which motions in regard to the change will be in order. But Bro Hardys seat was vacant, and the people turned with a start, as a rough voice sounded from the rear of the room.

I havent any motions to make, but Ive got a word to say for Parson Liscomb. You all know me, and when I came out of jail bent upon some crime, how he got hold of me and put me into the way of an honest job, and made a man of me. I would work my right hand off for the parson, and he was the one who made it fit for an honest man to clasp.

Again silence, then the shrinking figure of a woman with a toil-hardened face arose, and with trembling voice said:

You all know how after Jim died and how as the children and me had nothing to eat, and how the house was to be sold from me how he—but there was no need to go farther, every one knew the well-filled baskets that had found their way there, and how much of the \$500 had been used to save her home.

From the midst of costly furs a lady the richest in the parish, rose, and those who had seen only coldness and pride in her beautiful face, now saw only love, as she said:

When my baby was taken, and all seemed so dark. Mr Liscomb came to me and made me feel that God is love and that life was worth living again. We all know what he is in time of sorrow.

It was astonishing the way every one seemed to think of some personal help from the one they had thought an hour ago too old to be of any use. In those few moments his life seemed to unfold itself before them. Every voice echoed the words, I was an hungered and ye gave me meat; thirsty and ye gave me drink: I was a stranger and ye took me in; naked and ye clothed me; sick and ye visited me; in prison and ye came unto me.

With tears coursing down his rugged face, Deacon Rand rose and said:

My friends, we came here to talk over a new minister, and instead we find out what our old one has been to us. We find out our own ingratitude and instead of turning him off let us raise his salary a couple of hundred.

And Deacon Hardy rose from his seat by the door where he had entered unperceived, and responded with a loud and fervent Amen.

In the parsonage Mr Liscomb knelt, all unconscious of what was passing, to offer up his evening petition to the Giver of All, with a heart overflowing with thankfulness for His loving kindness and merciful goodness.

**"The Old Man."**

R. Harbut.

Is he yet alive?  
 Does he get between you and God—so you have to pray through? I hear he is dressed in a suit of new clothes.

It is easy enough to tell you what he wears. His suit is not like the garments of Jesus.

The old man is a perverted being—he is a son of Lucifer, a perverted son of the morning.

The "new man" is a new creation—he lives on earth but breathes the atmosphere of heaven.

There is no guile in him. He has no red nose—a relic of a corrupted nature. The works—the outflow of the nature

—are diverse from the works of the other. They each have works which show the color of their inner life. The hatred of the one flows out no mixture of love. The new man loves and cannot help it. The old man exults when he has his revenge and his enemy is down.

"Anger resteth" until it has a chance to break out. Those who court the old man talk of suppressing him.

Better talk of suppressing Niagara—or evil, or death, or hell. Some talk of a "deeper death" to him, as if the dead were yet alive.

"They talk as if God would love to suppress sin and prefer this to eradication. This is ignorance of how God deals. It is saying that a live old man is better than a new man.

It is to have a dual being—light and darkness—sweet and bitter water from the same spring. It claims to put a little pepper-satanic to season the saint. Some put the old man's demise at the death of our mortal body. If it is wise, why not have a purgatory in eternity so as to rob Jesus of His ability.

We had better see how God clothes the old man and how God disposes of him. See if his robes are clean, even the pure linen of the saints.

One man quotes the Apostle Paul in Rom. 3:9 to 19 as a picture of the new man. I suggest he had a perverted imagination.

In Romans 1:18 to 32 is seen some of the breaking out of inner life of the old man. Such are we all by nature. This is how the Holy Spirit clothes us. This does not smell of suppression.

We suggest that those who live with this Adamic nature until death will find him a live being in a dark abode.

In James 5:1 to 9 and in Gal. 5:16 to 22, we find the garments God sees upon the old man. The God nature is not the Adamic nature. The Adamic nature acts like Satan.

The life and power of carnality is a part of the demon world. To act like the devil is to ally us with his crowd. God's crowd drop out carnality on the cross and merge their being into Christ.

Suppose you move right on into Christ, what then will the old man do in you? Will you and carnality cease to conflict in this holy alliance?

Alas, "who has bewitched you?" A solemn statement is recorded, "Therefore the mind of depravity is enmity toward God—those being in depravity are not able to please God.

This clothes the old man with dignity and activity during his depraved life. Suppose you suppress Gods life in you—as you presume to suppress the carnal man—to whom then do you belong? We must belong to one of the two kingdoms.

We never find grapes on cucumber vines or figs on thorn bushes. Jesus never mixes these diverse elements, and we tone the forces of Truth down when we mix them.

**HELPING BEFORE HELP IS NEEDED**

Some people will help only when need is acute and the one to be helped is at the bottom. Others would rather help before the needy one has fallen to the foot. And it is the latter sort of help which is least likely to be given, and which is the more necessary and fruitful. "The fact is, wrote Ruskin to Thackeray, "I give what I give almost in an opposite way to yours. I think there are many people who will relieve hopeless distress for one who will help at a hopeful pinch; and when I have the choice, I nearly always give where I think the money will be fruitful rather than merely helpful. In a word, I like to prop the falling more than feed the fallen.

There is room for many kinds of helpfulness, but the help that prevents the need of help is better than the help that timely help would have rendered needless.

Just before his death, William Cary, the great shoemaker missionary and noted linguist, said about his biographer. If he gives me credit for being a plodder, he will do me justice. Anything beyond that will be too much. I can plod. To this I owe everything.

**TITHES OF ALL I POSSESS.**

A Lady sat in her quiet, beautiful room, In the early morning she had read the words of the Pharisee: "I give tithes of all I possess, and now, in thought, she was reviewing the busy days work; but all through the crowded hours the words had followed her persistently, and she found herself continually repeating: "I give tithes of all I possess. Shopping in the crowded stores, poring over the wealth of new books, choosing the exquisite roses for her sick friend and the beautiful picture for her young daughter, sitting in her sunny home with fingers moving swiftly over beautiful fancy work, continually the refrain ran on: "I give tithes of all I possess.

It annoyed her, as she had often been annoyed by a strain of a foolish song caught up by the memory and reiterated mechanically.

It was a miserable old Pharisee who said it, she reflected, and I dont know why I should be haunted by it. It is much the easier way to keep the peace between your conscience and so many conflicting claims. When Ive laid aside my tenth I feel perfectly comfortable over the rest of the dollar.

Silence for a few minutes in the busy brain, and then a little laugh, with the thought: The Pharisee seems to have been perfectly comfortable about the rest of his dollar or shekel. I suppose the great trouble with him was feeling too comfortable about his tithes—as if that ended the matter. I never felt so, I am sure My tithe is a real thank offering, not a tax.

Again the needle sped on its way, but the face above it grew every minute graver and more thoughtful, until at last the hands lay idle in the lap, and the eyes were lifted to gaze slowly about the beautiful room taking in its charm and harmony and comfort.

Tithes of all I possess said the mistress of the home. I never thought before how much that meant, and what a very small part of my possessions the money was. It would mean a tithe of my time, and my thought, and my ingenuity, and my ability to make things go. Ive always said: I will give; but I will not be on committees, and take responsibility, and get other people to work. Ive paid my fees, but I would not take time to go to the missionary meeting, paper, but never had any interest in reading it, I cannot honestly say as much as the Pharisee did.

All I possess—that would mean love, human love, which makes me blessed among woman. I am sure I never gave that. I never in my life gave any real love to those woman whose lives are empty of it. I havent taken time to love them. I have just let them be crushed out of my thoughts. I dont know just what good my love could have done them but it might have done me good, made me more grateful more generous, more eager to help and that would have reached to them.

All I possess would mean opportunity and influence with others; it would mean the beauty and rest and delight of my home; but how could I tithe that except with those who can be brought in to share it?

If I had plenty of money I should love to help in every other way, but I have no talent for personal giving. Yet that was the way Christ helped—who loved us, and gave himself for us first the love and then the giving of himself.

"Perhaps, if I had the love, really truly in Christ's measure, the giving would be easier. I might even have to give, for Paul says: 'The love of Christ constraineth us. Well, Ill never say again: 'I give tithes of all I possess.

She sighed and took up her needle, but it moved slowly now, and in place of the haunting words, a gentle, persuasive voice seemed to whisper: "Freely ye have received, freely give. "Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. "Wherefore, receive ye one another, as God for Christs sake hath received you. The tears began to fall, and in the quiet, beautiful room Davids prayer of thanksgiving ascended again:

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.