

## The Passing of the Year.

LILLIAN GREY.

The dear Old Year is dying!  
His weary head is lying  
On its last earthly pillow  
Waiting the tide's strong billow  
To bear him away to the Past,  
That bourn so misty and vast.

The Old Year lies a-dying!  
He has many mourners sighing,  
With hearts so sad and tender,  
As they think of his vanished splendor,  
Of all he has brought of good,  
And his worth, scarce understood.

The Old Year lies a-dying!  
The wind through the dark is sighing,  
And the tolling bell in the steeple  
Warns all of the waiting people  
To utter their last good-bye,  
For the fateful moments fly.

"Old Year! if we have grieved you,  
If we have sorely deceived you,  
If your precious gifts we've slighted,  
And your hopes of promise blighted—  
Forgive us now, we pray!  
Forgive, ere you pass away!

"Old Year! we'll not forget you,  
But sorely and long regret you;  
We shall think of your pleasant hours,  
Of your bounty of fruits and flowers,  
Of all the gifts you've brought,  
And the lessons you have taught.

"And now you lie a-dying,  
With the winter wind a-sighing,  
And the bells so sadly tolling  
And the moments swiftly rolling"—  
The watching clock strikes clear—  
"Good-bye! good-bye, Old Year!"

## What The New Year Brought To Mrs. Hudson.

Have you renewed your subscription to the paper, John? I see it has expired, said Mrs. Hudson, glancing at the little yellow slip on the last page of the paper.

Well, no, John hesitated. The fact is, Harriet, I wrote to the editor yesterday, telling him he might discontinue it for the present.

Discontinue the church paper, John? Why, I couldn't keep house without it. We have taken it ever since we were married, and I always like to look at the date, December 22, for it reminds me of my wedding-day. You remember a year's subscription was your wedding gift.

Yes, I believe it was, but twenty years of married life ought to do away with foolish sentiment. We've got to live now, and times are so close that we must begin retrenching somewhere.

But why begin there, John? You might stop the county paper, or dispose of an extra calf or calf, in said Mrs. Hudson.

I couldn't do without the weekly, Harriet, now. I've got to keep posted on the markets, and every man of ordinary intelligence is expected to read up his side of politics. I'll take your paper again next year, if you still want it, but you know things have gone wrong generally this season. The weevil got into the wheat, the oats and grass were short on account of the drought, the big flood washed half of the corn in the bottom out of root, and the apple crop was a complete failure. Now, I am not in the habit of complaining against Providence, but if He does not bless the works of our hands, He surely will not expect us to keep up our obligations to the church just the same as in prosperous years.

Father is like the old man Deacon Camp was telling about in the blacksmith's shop this morning, said Mr. Hudson's son Tom. The old codger had assisted in building a new church, which, unfortunately, was destroyed by lightning a few days after it was completed. The next day the building committee came to the generous gentleman for new subscription. I'll not give a cent, was the exasperating reply. I did help to build one house for the Lord, and if He has gone and thundered it down, He can get another one any way that suits Him.

Thomas, said his father, sternly, that is irrelevant! Never let me hear that silly story again. As for the so-called church paper, it always has a page devoted to current news, another to week-day reading, and the family page is always half taken up with stories that give young folks a taste for novel reading. That is one reason why I don't care about having it come into the family.

Do not the stories usually teach a good moral lesson, John? asked his wife, turning away her head to hide a smile.

No matter about the lesson, Harriet. If the children want such lessons, they can find them in the Bible, without being obliged to read a whole column of such ishy-washy stuff in search of the moral, answered her husband impatiently. I tell you, it's not the kind of reading for Sunday.

Not if the secular part be read on week days as intended? asked Mrs. Hudson.

No, not even then! Who ever heard of people shutting their eyes while passing from one page to another? We're commanded to shun even the appearance of evil, persisted John.

Very well, replied his wife with a half sigh. She felt as if she were

giving up an old friend in parting with her paper, and still she was very much amused over the funny attempts of her husband to justify his course, knowing, as she did, that no one enjoyed it, story-page and all, more than he did himself.

Where's the paper? I want to study my Sunday-school lesson, said Nellie, coming into the room, Bible in hand, early Saturday night.

The editor forgot to send it this week, I guess, said Tom mischievously.

How am I to get my lesson without it? Nellie answered, ready to cry.

Where's your lesson paper? asked her father, frowning at Tom's levity.

There is not much on it. I do wish the paper had come, for Miss Doudna is so particular about our studying the lesson well, and I do so hate to miss answering a question.

And I wanted to see what would become of Kitty Stanberry? drawled Tom, throwing himself to one side, in imitation of Lucy.

She was a real naughty girl at first, but she is trying to be good now, and I want to be like her, answered Lucy, straightening up. Didn't you notice that I was not so cross lately?

My, yes! said Tom. You've not had a bad spell for quite a time. It's a pity that little Miss Kitty is not on hand to help you along this week, but she isn't.

Don't be foolish, Tom, said Mr. Hudson. The fact is, Lucy, we can't take the paper this year, so say no more about it; and Lucy was left to cry herself into a good humor.

After church Fred and Minnie hunted all over the house for the paper to read the children's department. Tom wanted it to look over the League column, as he was to lead the young people's meeting that evening. The mother wanted it especially for the missionary intelligence; and Mr. Hudson himself wished he could get his hands on it long enough to study the prayer-meeting topic for the week; but he had stopped it himself, and, like the rest, was obliged to do without it.

I do wish we could get that paper, said Lucy, as the children gathered around the kitchen fire on Monday evening. I believe I'll go round to Mr. Hope's and borrow his in the morning.

What's to hinder us from taking it ourselves? asked Tom. Mother shall not do without it another week if I can help it. She certainly works hard enough to earn it, and it is but fair that she should have that small pleasure. If father can't afford two dollars and a half for a paper that visits us fifty-two times in a year, we ought to be able among ourselves to give mother such a New Year's gift; besides, we would all have the benefit of it, and after yesterday's experience we will surely know how to appreciate it.

Minnie and I will give our eggs, volunteered little Fred.

We have a dozen apiece, and they are thirty cents a dozen, Minnie added. We were keeping them for Christmas, but we'd rather have the paper.

There's sixty cents to begin with, said Tom, with a nod of approval. I'll stay at home from the concert and give that fifty cents that Aunt Marie gave to buy my ticket. The paper will last longer than the concert, said Lucy without the least hesitation.

I haven't a cent to my name, said Nellie, dolefully. I always live up to my allowance, and never have a mite for emergencies.

Do you want to earn half a dollar? asked Tom, a twinkle in his eye.

Yes, indeed! I'd do almost anything to help make mother happy, responded Nellie eagerly.

Then pitch that chewing gum you're gnawing at into the fire, and never put another bit of the truck in your mouth, and I'll give you the half-dollar, was Tom's reply.

It's a bargain, cried Nellie, as the offensive thing dropped on the red-hot coals.

See that you keep it, grumbled Tom. That takes every bit of money I have, so I must look round for a job in the morning, he added, as he put his pocket-book in Nellie's hand.

He found no trouble in earning the ninety cents that fell to his share, and before another day had passed, the two and a half dollars had started forth on their mission of love.

I must get the money off for that paper to-day, said Mr. Hudson, to himself, early on Monday morning. I would not be worried as I was yesterday for twice its price. Harriet is a good wife, and she ought to have it, and I miss it myself too, but I need not admit that to any other body. My cigar money for a month will pay it, and it is about time for me to give up such an expensive habit.

New Year's came on Saturday, and with it two copies of the church paper, both addressed to Mrs. John Hudson. They had a good laugh over the double surprise, and wondered what they would do with two papers exactly alike; but Tom solved the problem by suggesting

that one copy be kept expressly to lend to the poor; and it proved a good investment, too, as many of the neighbors could testify.

"Hethat giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

## A New Song.

"Sing unto the Lord a new song." Yes; a new song for the new year. Sing of his loving-kindness. Sing praises unto his name, for his goodness endureth forever and ever. The saints in heaven will sing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Why should they not sing here? There is nothing more effective in reaching the heart than a song. The songs of the cross support hope. There will be music in heaven. Let our heart be attuned here that we may join in it when we get there. It is said that a Chinese woman recently converted was persecuted, whereupon the missionary taught her the hymn, I'm but a stranger here, heaven is my home. Oh, said she, with grateful tears, I have all those words singing in my heart for comfort.

Not long ago a traveller on a wearisome journey way lying awake at night as the train stopped at a way-station. Thoughts, not soothing, were singing through his brain.

The man whose duty it was to test the soundness of the wheels passed along, giving here and there a click with his hammer; meanwhile singing to himself the refrain so unexpected at such an hour and place:

"What can wash away my sins? Nothing but the blood of Jesus."

As sweet sense of Christ's forgiving love and the preciousness of the cleansing blood came through the unconscious singer into the heart of the traveller. He had his song of praise in the night, and as the car moved on quietness and peace hushed his spirit, and the weary eyes closed in restful slumber.

A lady who had been widely useful in mission service, who with the silver crown of honored age upon her brow still tells the story of Jesus to the daughters of India, says that the first thought of this blessed service came to her when a child. She heard her mother singing in low tones in a room adjoining her own:

"Oh that the world might taste and see The riches of His grace;  
The arms of love that compass me Would all mankind embrace."

And the spirit of that song never left her heart.

One morning a tired mother rose to meet the new day, worn out after a disturbed night with a fretful child. The father, too, had passed a restless night because of business troubles, and, worse still, because of anxiety regarding the habits of his only son. He said, in despair, I'd rather die than live if I must continue to bear these burdens. The son, out of sorts with himself and everybody else, came from his room ready to meet the anticipated upbraiding with angry retort. Meanwhile the mother had reasoned thus with herself: I am tired; things look very wrong; but God knows, and God cares. Then she began to sing. Her cheerful voice reached the father in another room, and fell upon the ear of the son as he came down stairs. The one said to himself, She has more faith and patience than I have. She puts my discouragement to shame. The other thought, Mother sings, whatever comes. I wish I were like her.

The clouds were swept away as shadows flee with morning birdsongs. The father met the boy in a spirit which won him to a repentant mood, and light broke upon his own discouragements because things always appear better when seen through smiles than tears. The current of that day and the tenor of a life were changed through the influence of the mother's song sung out of a trusting heart in the midst of heavy care.

Heart-music, then, is what we want to begin our new year with, so that the new song may be on our lips, "Even praise." So shall the shadows lighten, and the sunshine brighten for ourselves, and the melody shall bring to others messages of faith and hope and love.

A happy New-year to all! full of heart music—

"That waiteth not for time or place,  
For joyous summer days;  
It vibrates to the touch of God,  
And poureth forth his praise.  
The heart that consecrated is,  
And seeks in all his will,  
Teems with perpetual melodies,  
Through storm or seeming ill.

"Nor can the melody subside  
Till God's great love shall cease:  
For every day, and every way,  
Brings but a brighter increase;  
He knoweth now the song of heaven,  
Who hath its counterpart,  
Content and loving trust in God,  
His presence in thy heart."

A boy who is polite to his father and mother is likely to be polite to every one else. A boy lacking in politeness to his parents may have the semblance of courtesy in society, but is never truly polite in spirit, and is in danger, as he becomes older, of betraying his real want of courtesy.

## Keep Your Boy in School.

It is a great mistake to suppose that a fine education unites one for the common walks of life, or that a fine education demands necessarily a professional life. Any man can handle a hoe or shovel or axe better for a general knowledge of mechanics. Any girl can cook a better breakfast for having some knowledge of chemistry or philosophy. The statistics of our late war showed us that delicately bred college boys stood the hardships of camp and hospital and battle far better than roughs, whether from wild woods or great cities.

A purely business education is always a narrow education. It develops particular powers; it narrows horizons; it limits abilities, limits to a single sphere of action. Your boy needs a broad education, such as our ward schools start and our high school carries on. Then, if he can not go to college, and is planning mercantile life, let him enter a business college for a year and get a superior drill. Only a business education makes rut men; a liberal education makes broad men. A business education equips one for a single chance; if he misses that he has no reserve. A liberal education equips him for a hundred chances; failing to open the door, he has the keys to ninety-nine more. The money spent in giving your son or daughter a good education is money well spent. Well educated men never starve, and rarely go to the poorhouse. Our colleges and academies and high schools do not furnish the country with its beggars and paupers and its tramps. A well educated man is a man of many resources; he is therefore ready for many exigencies. There are safety and success in breadth.

A thousand dollars given to your boy is soon spent. A thousand dollars' worth of education given him can never be expended. The interest of \$1,000 is \$60 a year, but the difference in position which two or three years of schooling will give to a boy is worth anywhere from \$300 to \$1,000 a year. Investments which pay from 33 to 100 per cent. interest are not common; education is such an investment. Your boy will thank you all his life long for giving him the opportunity for putting himself at his best in the years to come. Many a man is crippled to day because father decided for business at fourteen.—*Albany Journal.*

MANY of the sorrows which come to us are undoubtedly the fruit of transgression. But they do wrong who write bitter things against themselves whenever afflictions befall them. Dr. Chalmers has said: The Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering, and so perhaps may I. We know that our Lord, though without sin, was a sufferer, and as it is enough for the disciple to be as his Master, we may know suffering which is not to be thought of as an infliction of divine displeasure. An affliction may come to us as a preventive of evil. It may take us out of the path of temptation, give us opportunity for sober thought as to worldly good, and cause the things that are above to appear more real and desirable, so that we shall seek them with renewed earnestness. The life of every individual is known to God. We lay our plans and cherish our hopes of their accomplishment, but the real scope and intent of our lives we cannot perpetrate. It is enough for us that divine wisdom and love will make all things work together for our good.—*Inquirer.*

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1880	141,402.81	911,132.93	3,881,478.09
1882	254,841.75	1,073,577.94	5,849,889.1
1884	278,378.65	1,274,307.24	6,844,404.04
1886	319,987.05	1,411,004.38	7,030,878.77
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