

1902



FATHER TIME SETS OUT A NEW TREE

OLD AND NEW.
I cannot joy with those who hail
The new-born year;
I rather grieve with those who give
The dead Old Year
A tender tear.

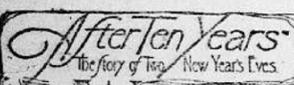
The New—what know I of the New?
I knew the Old!
God's benison upon his corpse,
On which the mold
Lies stiff and cold.

Here in the shadow let me stand
And count them o'er,
The blessings that he brought to me,
A precious store—
I asked no more.

He brought me health—a priceless boon
To me and mine;
He brought me plenty for my needs,
And crowned my shrine
With loved divinities.

Ah! when I think—suffused with tears
I feel my eyes—
Of all the dear delights he brought;
Yet stark he lies
'Neath Winter's sides.

Therefore I cannot hail with joy
The new-born year;
I rather grieve, with those who give
The dead Old Year
A tender tear.



After ten years
The story of a New Year's Eve

ALTER CARSON
leaped back in the
easy chair, drawn
up before his sit-
ting room fire at
his Duke street
chambers in Lon-
don. The clock had
struck 10, and the sonorous boom
from Big Ben came floating over the
Green park as a sort of benediction
on the rapidly dying year. The roar
of the great city without was not lack-
ing in its element of melody, and the
noise of merry revelers in Piccadilly
completed a strange yet fascinating
tout ensemble. Passing down the
street came three young men singing
that old Southern song, "I've gwine
back to Dixey." The words and the
melody startled Carson from the reverie
into which he had fallen. Sitting
upright in his chair, he said, aloud:

"What memories that song recalls!
How my loneliness grows upon me!
What a fool I was ever to have in-
dulged in the thing called love! But
there, I've tasted the poison and must
abide by the result. What's that re-
sult? Pleasing? Why cannot I be of
the gay throng outside? Here in this
mighty crowded city I am as lonely as
a man lost in a desert." He rose and,
going to the other side of the room,
opened a cabinet and took from it a
bundle of letters, some dozen. They
were faded and bore traces of much
handling. After reading, he replaced
them, and, walking to the photograph
of a child on the wall, indulged in
soliloquy.

"I know you not, my sweet child,
but your mother was always, and al-
ways must be everything to me. How
hard and cruel seems the world! Your
mother and I parted ten long years
ago this night, to meet again in two
years' time! What happened to pre-
vent us? I wrote many times, but no
reply ever reached me. Three years
after we separated a letter came from
her, and in it I read: 'Now that I am
married, perhaps you will write.' Life
seemed a blank, and I came to Lon-
don, a wayfarer, caring not what be-
came of me. I turned to literature,
and have been what people call suc-
cessful. But what is success without
the power to experience that which
makes it other than a metallic gratifi-
cation? Eighteen months went by
before I next heard from your mother,
and then your photo only reached me,
since when all has been silence! Your
mother married a good man, and I
pray for her and for you, too, baby,
that you may grow up in her foot-
steps!"

The circumstances under which his
letters to the girl went astray were to
him mysterious, but, as a matter of
fact, easily explained. The girl was
the daughter of a country lawyer, and
he had made her acquaintance when
she was staying in a boarding house
in Bloomsbury, in which he was also
a lodger. Her reason for being in
town was that she might improve a
somewhat neglected education, and
she was taking singing lessons at a
school of music in the neighborhood.
An aunt took away this unwanted
daughter from among the large family
at home, to be a companion across the
Atlantic, and, suspecting her of flighti-
ness, opened her letters in the cap-
acity of guardian. The first of Carson's
epistles—he was a cautious man and
did not commit himself to paper until
he could not resist going so arrived

when the aunt be-
lieved she was ar-
ranging a highly
desirable engage-
ment for her niece,
and on the princi-
ple of doing
wrong that good
may come, she kept
back the notes of
this obviously poor
suitor.

Carson often felt
desolate, but never
so utterly as then,
and as he paced the
floor the laughter
of the happy crowd seemed to mock
him. He rang the bell and ordered
some tea. The demure little maid
looked at him, and, going down stairs,
said:

"Poor Mr. Carson, he looks so
strange and miserable!"
Returning, she found him sitting in
his chair gazing with half-closed eyes
into the fire. Placing the tea on a
small wicker table by his side, she at-
tracted his attention by the question,
"Anything else, sir?"

"No," was the reply; "but, see, this
is New Year's Eve. You've been a good
servant to me, at least. Buy yourself
something," handing her a sovereign.
The amount of the gift bereft the girl
of the power of speech, and with a
curtesy, eloquent in itself of gratitude,
she left.

Carson, sipping his tea, again solilo-
quized. "It's now within an hour and
a quarter of the New Year. What
will that year bring into my life? It
cannot bring the light of love and
companionship. The same round of
weeks and months, and so it will be
to the end. Ten years ago, in Old
Kentucky, we said 'Good-by.' It was
a 'good-by' forever."

Addressing the absent woman,
he continued: "Lella, Lella, to my
grave I take with me the love I bear
you. Why did I live to be parted so
pathetically? What strange fate has so
gulfed our destinies?"
He turned to the story of Evangeline
and read of the sufferings of that
heroic character. The reading soothed
him and he fell asleep.

The clocks were striking the twelfth
stroke of midnight when he awoke.
He barely opened his eyes, then closed
them again, and listened to the joyous
salutations of people meeting in the
streets. He was not selfish, neither
was he had natured. No man who
every truly loved can be altogether
either. As he listened he said:

"I wish for all a bright New Year,
and Lella, my absent Lella, whom I
shall never see again, may your life
know no sorrow, may yours never be
the aching heart, and may you be
blessed in your children growing up
around you. My Lella—"
He did not finish the sentence, but
the tears came trickling down his
cheeks as he realized his barren life.
Then he became conscious that some
one had come into the room and been
a witness of his weakness and his se-
cret—secret because society said Wal-
ter Carson carried his heart on his
sleeve and was incapable of deep affec-
tion. So sitting up and turning round
he was startled to see seated on a
chair a tall lady, clad in deep mourn-
ing and veiled so heavily that he was
unable to distinguish her face.

"Madam," he inquired, too taken
aback even to get up, "I should like to
know why I am thus honored?"
"I came in with the New Year. Not
an omen of ill-luck, I hope," replied
a musical voice; "but I first want to
know if Walter Carson is not an as-
sumed name?"

"Why do you ask such a question?"
"For the best of good reasons, and
as you will not tell me, perhaps you
will allow me to say that I think your
real name is Herbert Wilton," pro-
ceeded the mysterious stranger.
Carson was utterly unprepared for
this, and his surprise was painfully
manifest. Appearing not to notice it,
the lady went on:
"You are unhappy, I know, Mr. Wil-
ton. I shall not call you Mr. Carson.
I am certain of it, because I was watch-
ing you for ten minutes before you
opened your eyes. Can I be of any
help to you?"
"I don't understand you, madam,"
answered Carson. "I have no trouble,
at least none that you could assist me
in."
"Has it any connection with an old
love affair?" very slowly asked the
veiled visitor.
"I must decline to discuss my pri-
vate matters with an utter stranger,"
replied Carson, jumping up.
"Am I an utter stranger, Herbert?"

responded the stranger, also rising,
and as she did so throwing back her
veil.

"Lella!" gasped Carson, looking
incredulously into her face.
"Yes, Lella," was the answer whis-
pered, while her arms stole round his
neck, "come back to you with the New
Year, never to leave your side until it
so pleases God."

Then they sat down and she told
him how, three years before, after be-
ing left a widow, she determined to
find out what had become of the sweet-
heart of her younger days. How, by
a chapter of happy accidents, she
learned that he was in London. How,
on knowing this, she hurried over land
and sea, and just at the birth of the
New Year entered his room. She saw
the tears fall from his eyes, heard her
name mentioned, and his blessing go
out to her. All doubts were then at
an end.

"My children will be here by the
next boat, and you must be to them a
father. Now I must go, as I'm weary
with the excitement of the day."
Carson drove her to her hotel, and
to him the New Year bells never
seemed to have rung such merry peals.
They rang into his life a New Year is
every sense. A few days later there
was a quiet marriage, and on the fol-
lowing New Year's Eve, as Carson and



his wife listened to the hour of mid-
night strike, they thought, with hearts
full of love and gratitude, of the joyous
meeting twelve months before.

Hopes of the Future.
With the coming of the New Year
all our hopes of future good for our-
selves and for humanity at large re-
ceive a new impulse and an accession
of power. If we are alive to the wide
extension of knowledge, the conquest
of the material world, the imminence
of new and important discoveries and
changes which shall make the possibi-
lities of life more interesting and beau-
tiful, we cannot but rejoice that we
are born into this wonderful epoch.

Tennyson's poem, written in the flush
of young manhood, voiced the scien-
tific fact in eloquence that can never
be forgotten, but the thoughts of men
are widened by the process of the
suns. It is truly to the thoughts of men
that we owe all the triumphs of civiliza-
tion, the triumphs of religion, art,
industry and science, as in the last re-
sort all that is and all that we hope
for resides in the thoughts of men and
in the feelings and emotions which
give birth to these thoughts, and be-
tween which there is such a constant
interaction.

Balancing Our Books.
When the year is ended and the
final summing up of accounts is finish-
ed, it is comforting to look back and
to be able to say, in all sincerity, that
we have done the best we could, for our-
selves and for those about us. It is
more than comforting to see that we
have gained something, that our ef-
forts have been crowned with success,
and that we are by this advance-
ment enabled to score a victory, even
though it may be trifling, over ad-
verse circumstances. It encourages us
to redouble our efforts to make a bet-
ter showing for the years to come, to
so order our affairs that this season's
gain will be but the beginning of bet-
ter things, and that the great and
grand fabric of our future may rise,
ever increasing, ever more and more
beautiful, and end in a noble, manly,
womanly, Christian, symmetrical char-
acter that will make its possessor
known and honored of all men.

To the Young.
While the opening of the New Year is
a significant season for persons of all
ages, it is especially so to the young
and those in early maturity. There is
so much ahead of the youngsters; so
much for them to look forward to,
to hope for, achieve; so much that will
help them to make their lives worth
living, and to make the world the bet-
ter for their having lived in it.

Welcome the new year, Welcome
its work, its cares, its responsibilities,
its trials, crosses, losses, sorrows and
bereavements. Welcome its work,
because it is only by work that we
achieve successes and make ourselves
strong for the toils and tasks that are
to come. Welcome its cares, for they
are the world's educators, developers
and teachers, and they lead us into
those ways of prudence, thoughtfulness
and moderation which are the
forerunners of prosperity and plenty.
—H. S. C.
Brace up! Acquit yourselves like men;
Swear off! And don't swear on again.
—L. A. W. Bulletin.

HER HAPPY HOME.
I hear the cold rain beating
On sodden roof and lawn;
But the hearth is swept and garnished.
The curtains all undrawn;
The merry Yule fire flickers,
The mellow lamp-light falls
On softly threed carpets,
And gayly festooned walls.

Without, the night is black and shuff,
The homeless winds complain;
But the cheerful light of the fire
Streams far thro' the falling rain;
Down the garden, across the lawn,
To the dull, deserted street,
We have laid a shining pathway
For the homeward wandering feet!

For God hath blessed us richly
With health and goodly cheer;
And this is the happy Christmas night—
The best night of the year!
And tho' there are vacant chairs, ah me,
At hearth and board to-night,
Their cups are filled and garlanded—
Their places warm and bright!

And I sit among the children,
(Too tired to romp or tease)
And over the pretty golden ring
Of beads about my knees—
While the night and the rain grow wild-
er—
I watch and listen and wait,
For a step on the shining pathway—
A hand at the garden gate!

For now is the holy, happy time
When strife and rancor cease,
And the Messenger Angel bringeth
To all "Good Will and Peace!"
And, oh! if his loving hand should bind
Of the silver threads of rain
Some strong, bright dew to lead the lost
And wandering home again!

Welcome its responsibilities. Heavy
though they may be, they but
strengthen mind and muscles for the
coming fray. They are the skirmishes
in the battles, the campaigns that
make soldiers of us, and teach us how
to buckle on our armor and gird our-
selves for the fight.

Welcome its trials. For out of
them we come purified and refined, as
the gold that is freed from the dross
and impurities that belong to its crude
and natural condition and cling to it
until they are purged away.

Welcome its crosses and losses. For
they but emphasize and punctuate the
story of regeneration and the heroic
careers of those who kept straight on in
the path of duty, never hesitating,
never turning aside, never holding
back their hands from doing that
"next thing" that the faithful look
upon as the point gained in the daily
warfare of life.

Welcome its sorrows and bereave-
ments. They teach us to look upon
this world as not our permanent abid-
ing place, but that we have a home
not made with hands eternal in the
Heavens, whither our loved ones have
gone before, and from the windows of
which they are beckoning to us to
come up higher.—Rev. John Hall.

UNHAPPY NEW YEAR'S DAY.
Mrs. F. (petulantly)—"You never
kiss me now."
Mr. F.—"The idea of a woman of
your age wanting to be kissed. One
would think you were a girl of 18."
Mrs. F. (suspiciously)—"What do
you know about girls of 18?"
Mr. F.—"Why, my dear, weren't you
18 once yourself?"

Forget Misfortunes.
Welcome the New Year's spirit. It
comes with the hope-day, the day upon
which we all like to put behind us
all of our past misdeeds and misfor-
tunes; to turn the traditional new
leaf; to start all over again, and see
if out of our many times unhappy and
unfortunate environment, we cannot
build something more creditable to
ourselves, more satisfactory to our
Maker and more worthy to be record-
ed in the great ledgers wherein debt
and credit are kept by unprejudiced
hands.—H. S. C.

Bestow Happiness.
In the year just dawning take note of
the good things as well as the ill. I
have heard it told of a bright old lady
that all her life she kept a book she
called her "pleasure book," and that
she always found, on looking over it
at each year's end that no day had
passed without carrying in its train
some little mite of happiness.—St.
Louis Republic.



NEW YEAR'S ADVICE.
There is a foe that watches
Your comfort to destroy,
Assuming shares of evil
To interrupt your joy;
To keep him at a distance
Should be your purpose true,
So "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you!"

Each day he may remind you
Of sorrow that's in store;
Each day with hints and shadows
Perplex you more and more;
But go not forth to meet him
As many people do,
And "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you!"

'Tis time enough to worry
When misery appears;
'Tis time enough for weeping
When there's excuse for tears;
So ever at the fountain
Of prayer your faith renew,
And "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you!"

For they who borrow trouble
Are never out of debt,
O'er every fancied evil
They worry, fume, and fret;
They worry, fume, and fret;
And if you would be happy
Another course pursue,
And "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you!"

Anticipating pleasure
May give relief from pain;
Anticipating sorrow
Is never any gain;
And if you would be cheerful
In mind and body, too,
Then "never trouble trouble
Till trouble troubles you!"

Her New Year's Present.
Estelle, Maude and May Robbins
stood in the window with their heads
close together.
"I am so sorry," whispered Estelle.
"I do so want to make mamma and
papa a New Year's present and I have
spent all my money—every cent."
"So have I," said Maude, "and I have
not kept even a piece of ribbon or an
ounce of worsted."

"It is too dreadful," Maude whis-
pered. "If that horrid Miss Croker
had not insisted upon our buying those lit-
tle hooks at the fair we would all
have had plenty of money. I wonder
how long she is going to stay. She is
so fussy," said Maude. "Nothing suits
her. Sometimes she says: 'This egg
is too soft, Lizzie, take it away and
bring me another.' Then Lizzie makes
up a face and I have to laugh."
"Well, but Maude," said Estelle, who
was the eldest, "that is wrong. The
girl who is hired to wait on the table
should never make faces, no matter
what happens; and you must never
laugh at her again. I am sure Miss
Croker saw you this morning."
"But she is fussy," said Ray, "and I
wish she would go home."
"Mamma likes her," replied Estelle.
"You know she was mamma's teacher
once and some one left her a big for-
tune and so she stopped teaching."

"And mamma says, too, that she is
very charitable and gives heaps and
heaps to the poor people," put in Ray.
"Then I wish she had bought those
books herself instead of making us
spend all our money," grumbled
Maude.

"If we had been honest and said
right out, 'I want all my money for
myself,' perhaps she would," said Es-
telle.
"Tomorrow is New Year's day. It
is too late to get anything now," sigh-
ed Ray.

"If we only had some of that lovely
wool Miss Croker has been winding
for the last three days, we could knit
mamma some beautiful mats for her
dressing case. I could knit one be-
fore dark," said Estelle, mournfully.
"Could you, my dear?" said a voice
close behind them.

The three children turned and saw
Miss Croker sitting in a rocking chair
just behind them. They did not
know how long she had been there or
how much she had heard, but she had
three large balls of brilliant colored
wool in her lap.

"Are you sure, Estelle, that you
could make a mat before dark?" said
Miss Croker, looking over her spec-
tacles at the three blushing faces be-
fore her. Maude and Ray answered
"Yes," very shyly.

"Then," said the lady, "sit down
there on the sofa and I will give you
each one of these balls of wool."

"You are very kind," said Estelle.
"Thank you, Miss Croker," said
Maude. But Ray, remembering that
Miss Croker must have heard her say
she wished she would go home, want-
ed to hide herself. However, she
came out from behind the curtain and
seated herself close to Estelle. Miss
Croker then gave them each a crochet
needle. "This blue ball is for you,"
she said, placing the wool in Estelle's
lap. "The mauve for you," and she
dropped another ball in Maude's
hands, "and the pink for little Rosy
Ray."

The children laughed merrily, but
at the lady's last words their faces
grew very long. "Now, girls," "I
want three mats for my dressing case
at home and I know you will be de-
lighted to make me a present before I
go, which will be very soon now." She
looked at Ray while she spoke and
then left the room.

"Horrid thing!" said Ray, as the
door closed. "I won't knit a mat for
her. I thought she meant to give us
the wool."
"It just serves us right for talking
about mamma's friend as we did," re-
plied Estelle. "We will have to knit
them. Come, Ray, I'll begin yours,
and Maude, don't you remember? Make
a chain of three stitches and the next
row plain."

They were all three fond of this kind
of work and presently forgot their
disappointment.
The sun was just setting when Es-
telle said: "There, that's the last of
the wool and my mat's done. But just
see what a big wad of paper Miss Cro-
ker rolled her wool upon." She tossed
the paper under the grate and fasten-
ed off her knitting neatly.

"And mine's finished," said Maude,
and here is another great roll of pa-
per, and there is something hard in
it. Maude opened it slowly, laughing
as she did so. A bright five dollar
gold piece.

"Oh, look! Just look! I wonder if
Miss Croker meant to put it there!"
"I am sure I don't know," answer-
ed Estelle, but wait until Ray has
finished her mat then we will go
and ask her."

"It is done," said Ray, "and here is
another five dollar gold piece. Es-
telle, you'd better get a poker and pull
out that paper you threw under the
grate."
Estelle soon had the paper in her
hand, and sure enough, there was a
third gold piece hidden away in it.

"She must really intend them for
us," said Ray. "I feel so ashamed
because she heard me say, 'I wish
she would go home.'"
While the three girls with the money
in their hands and the mats in their
laps were wondering what they ought
to do, Miss Croker walked in.

"So I see my mats are finished," she
said. "They are very pretty and I
will keep them always in remembrance
of my three little friends."
Estelle held up the shining coin. "I
found this in my ball," she said.
"I put it there as a little surprise
for you," replied Miss Croker, "and
now I hope you can buy some small
gift for your mamma and papa. Then
she added, "Come, children, hurry on
your wraps and I will take you down
town to choose your presents."

Never did three little girls dress in
such short time.
Miss Croker took them to such won-
derful stores and was so pleasant and
kind that the three little girls never
forgot that New Year's Eve.

The gifts that they carried home to
their parents, which were selected
under Miss Croker's advice, were real-
ly very pretty.