The Turning of the Glass

IT has come once more to the turning of the glass. The sand is all but spent and the days of the old year are as chaff in the face of the wind. By the gray light in the western rack, at the heaped tables of the rich, within the places of exchange, and even amongst those who out upon the high seas, men will give pause. For it is the time of reckoning, and sober thought must go to the balance against mirth and merrymaking. It is the supreme hour of resolution. May the trend of worship be not towards the god of gold. May men not overlean towards the side of materialism. May there be reverence for simple things for the young babe in the cradle and the old man nearing the valley. May the milk of human kindness and the good hand of common sympathy go forth to the natal feast. Then might the New Year dawn bright, and people the world over could repeat with the poet:

"Turn again the wasted grass,
Kingly crown and warrior's crest
Are not worth the blade of grass
God fashions for the fellow's nest."

Newton MacTavish

THE NEW YEAR WHAT WE MAKE IT

By Ada C. Sweet

"The only consistent pessimist is a dead pessimist," but unfortunately there are a good many of these hapless brethren of ours alive. Never are they more active, and happily unhappy, than toward New Year's day, when all the rest of the world is looking hopefully and cheerfully forward, in expectation of good luck and kind fortune during the next 365.

The pessimist delights in derision of the good resolutions which mark the celebration of New Year in the minds of many people. Shame upon the man or woman who would dull the bright ambitions and desires for the better of any human being! But there is little time to give to habitual mourners and augurs of evil. The new year will be what we make it, so far as our individual lives are concerned, and the man or woman who resolves, to be happy in a healthful, unselfish way, is taking the first road toward happiness.

We are all after happiness, in one way or another. Even the recluse, even the martyrs of old, were on the endless search for happiness, though the joy of heaven rather than that of earth was the goal fixed upon in the eyes of those who sacrificed the present for the future. Eternal happiness was what they desired.

Unselfish happiness is always waiting, right around the corner, if we will only take our eyes off the far distance and look nearer home. The resolve to make next year a happy one for those nearest us will bring a good deal of real joy and satisfaction to the maker of the resolution, if he holds out well.

Silent resolve is a good thing, too. Sometimes one's enthusiasm evaporates when it is much spoken of. But don't let us allow the enemies of the race of man to discourage us in making good resolutions; and then don't let us fail to keep those that we make to the best of our ability.

There is room for improvement in all of us, and when we have acknowledged that, and set ourselves to improve, why, we are on the nearest road to success and happiness.

Christianity's Teachings.

To picture the change in the race wrought through the birth of Jesus is beyond the limits of an artist of either pen or brush. Christianity created painting. The sculptor's art was known and practiced to some extent before the birth of Christ. Sculpture could portray that beauty and strength of limb which was the Greek ideal of human perfection, but the Christian ideals were spiritual and could not be interpreted in cold, chiseled marble. The babe of the manger taught that man's glory was not in physical, but in spiritual triumphs. A recent "History of our Lord as exemplified in works of art," has shown how the story of Jesus from nativity to resurrection was told by artists. Each picture was a sermon. Under the light of the babe of Bethlehem, motherhood, childhood, youth, manhood were inspired to new purpose. Through these sermons in pictures, men were moved with pity for the ignorant, the sick, the suffering. They were inspired with a new hope in sorrow, a new strength in temptation, a new joy in social fellowship.

Wondrous Influence!

The comforts we enjoy in material things from the influence of the babe of the manger might be approximate computed with our present almost limitless powers in mathematics, but how vain are the figures in an attempt to compute the influence and uplift of the babe of Bethlehem on the life of the world. The enlargement of life, the development of character, the inspiration of lofty ideals, the ever-widening influence that is building for eternity.

Daily Thought.

Have a heart that never hardens, a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.—Charles Dickens.

When The Year Begins

One of the queerest features of the first day of the year is the fact that it has been celebrated on many different days. With us the year begins on January 1, according to the calendar prepared by order of Julius Caesar, and later revised from time to time as necessity seemed to require. Hardly a month in the year but what has been regarded at some time, by some people, as the first of the 12, and consequently the beginning of the new year. Sometimes the date was logical, determined by the position of the sun in the heavens.

Sometimes it was fixed by agricultural or industrial conditions, sometimes by a great historical event, and occasionally it was merely arbitrary, determined without any special reason being assigned. At one time the Greeks began their year September 1; another on the first day of July, the beginning of the Olympian games. In what is called the Alexandrian era the year began on August 20. One Jewish chronology assigns October 1 as the date on which the creation of the world began, and consequently adopts that New Year's day. At one time the Romans began their year on April 24, at another on March 1, and finally as we do now.

According to the meteoric cycle, the year began on July 15. During the period of Alexander's empire the commencement of the year was on September 1; the era of the Maccabees was dated from November 24. The people of Tyre began their year on October 19, while the so-called Sidonian era commenced on October 1, and the Augustan era made February 14 the first day of the new year. The ancient Egyptians began their year with the overflow of the Nile, whenever that might occur, while in India the annual flood of the Ganges furnished a date for popular chronology, and the Mexicans, although they had a complicated system of calculating time, popularly reckoned their year to begin with the spring planting.

The Jewish rabbis had four beginnings of the year, the first of the month Nisan, supposed to be the date of the Exodus; the first of Tishri, which began the agricultural year; the first of Elu, the day on which the cattle were numbered, and the first of Shebat, which was called the new year for trees. Christmas day, Easter, the beginning of each solstice and many other dates have been observed at different times by various nations; even now in Russia the day of the new year is 12 days behind that of our calendar, the Russians having never adopted the Gregorian calendar, which, indeed, did not come into general use until about the middle of the eighteenth century.

A Christmas Prayer.

Oh God my Father, looking up at the shining stars of the cold December sky I remember the patient mother and the rock-hewn manger in lowly Bethlehem where lay cradled Thy Love for the world. In the shadows of the silent stall I stand beside the Child. Speak to my soul as I wait I pray Thee. Let the trusting, loving spirit of the Child steal into my life until it calms all anxious fears and soothes all bitterness and pain.

In willing surrender and passionate longing let me take the Christ Child to my heart, that henceforth I may live as He lived, love as He loved and following in His footsteps bring Help to the needy, Courage to the weak, Comfort to the sorrowing and Hope to the lost. Amen.—Congregationalist.

The World's Indebtedness.

If you would take from literature the writings of Christian people you would take away nearly all the writings of classic poets, historians, scientists, journalists and scarcely anything would be left worthy of reading. The great productions of man's intellect bespeak our indebtedness to the sun of righteousness who came to illuminate the mind as well as to regulate the heart.

No wind can do him good who steers for no port.—Italian.

The Old Friend and the New

By Kate Masterson

ANOTHER year has found us just as we were getting comfortably used to the idea that summer had really gone.

Busy people never have time to dwell very much on the passing of the seasons.

The days are so full of tasks and Father Time is always catching up and getting ahead of us in spite of his advanced age.

It is always the same old story!

Spring surprises us with its blossoms and its bursting brooks and then summer has come and gone before we know it.

Very few of us stop to think that this swiftness of time in its passing indicates that we are really living rather than lolling through life.

It is only when the days hang upon our hands that we know how blessed are those other times when we have to make lists of the many things we have to do and get up early mornings to begin them.

Of course we are likely to complain that we get so little done, especially at this time, when the calendars tell us that another 365 days have become a part of yesterday's 7,000 years.

We look back regretfully and repine that we have so little to record in the way of achievement, beyond the mere act of living from day to day and from week to week.

But living in the right spirit, striving, if not always accomplishing and completing the tasks we set ourselves, is nothing to regret.

It comes near to that simple life that sounds so grand and inspiring when it is lived in the woods, but which is quite as fine when lived in a big city.

There is no doubt that when we try to set up standards of happiness and contentment and peace at the close of a year that has had its rifts of sunshine and its stretches of shade, that it is impossible to put wealth, or fame, or success, personal popularity, beauty or even health itself forward as the great, good thing that makes life worth living.

It has become the general practice to speed the departure of the old year with every indication of rejoicing, welcoming in the new with acclaim and expressions of satisfaction.

It is natural and wholesome to look forward, but those of us who wish to include the brick of gratitude in the building of our characters should learn to omit our complaints of the luck the old year has brought us.

In truth, the new year will be to a great extent like the old—what we make it and how we take it.

Things will happen in accordance with the same laws that guide this big earth of which we are a small part.

So we can greet 1908 in a calm and happy manner, rather than with any manifestations of frenzied joy at its coming, and let us have the good manners to speed our parting guest, 1907, politely.

With all his faults we know him for what he was and the new year is as yet a stranger to us.

We can hope and believe that all good things will come with him, but let us avoid the hackneyed congratulation on the passing of a twelve-month that probably treated us better than we deserved.

The dawning of another January is invariably the time for what are called "good resolutions," which translate themselves into rash promises, usually broken before the new year is well under way.

That was the old-fashioned way of expressing an inclination to reform one's bad habits and people kept on from youth to old age making these good resolutions every 31st of December, finding themselves each year further from perfection than ever.

Good resolutions are not so prevalent, or at least not so noisy as they used to be at this time.

They have become popular material for the comic papers and everybody knows what a joke they are.

Nevertheless, the close of a year is a capital time for a look back, a retrospect in which we can see the faults that are on the mend with us, or the ones that have persevered and grown stronger.

Maybe some new tendency has sprung up which does not promise well.

At all events if we are able to get a new view of our characters as though a searchlight had been thrown in on our souls, we are in a fair way to improve.

It is only when we blindly consider ourselves as right in everything that we are all wrong.

It is only when we blindly consider ourselves as right in everything that we are all wrong.

So if your look back shows you mistakes and errors and misbeliefs, be glad that the New Year gives you a clean slate to try for the right road and the true goal.

Be thankful for the mental perspective when you see it with clear sight—with new true eyes.

There is no need of making resolutions, for right seeing means right thinking and right thinking is the path to right living.

Perhaps your faults are those mean little ones which you would like to exchange in a bunch for one noble sin, but there are no exchanges of that sort or we should all be noble sinners.

The petty faults are the thorns that cluster round some of the finest roses in life's big garden, crowding, jarring, overtopping one another in their eagerness to get to the light.

Maybe the old year has been a good friend in some special instances that you can recall.

Perhaps it brought you back with a short, sharp shock from a too arrogant happiness or an overconfident success.

Be glad of that jar, even though it kept you stirred up for awhile.

Perhaps the past 12 months have healed some breach or brought some ship home, the white sails of which you have been watching wistfully for months or years far out at sea.

Be glad of that.

Perhaps some millstone has fallen from you and you stand free at last on the great highway with long, manacled arms reached out to the sky.

Be glad!

Or peace has settled on a troubled ocean and you can greet the sunrise with a smile and a prayer of thankfulness for another day.

Maybe there is a cradle in one corner of your home this New Year's eve with a most important guest cuddled in down blankets and rose-leaf palms upturned for your kisses.

No need to tell you to be glad.

Or success has come to crown some effort at which you have toiled rather wearily, hardly daring to hope.

Or if it has been withheld, be glad that you have nevertheless tried. It will all come to you some day.

The old year has taught us lessons.

Let us profit by them and enter into the new armed with experience rather than plunge into it as though it were a rose garden.

It is quite as full of danger and conflict and clouds as the old friend that is going.

Let us wish it will have even as much sunshine and gladness and joy.

We can meet it with splendid hope and lively faith—for those two qualities are what make our dreams come true.

Let us cherish a few good hopes that it may bring us the things we stand in need of—health, happiness, good friends success, joy and the clear vision that will teach us to discern the false from the true.

May it leave us our beliefs and our ideals.

Teach us to love more and to hate not at all.

To be content with the blessings that we have.

To cultivate sweetness and good nature rather than exclusiveness.

To meet the world with a smile.

To stifle criticism of things and people.

Never to make little of our own.

HAVE YOU HATED YOURSELF?

Now Is the Time to Turn Over the New Leaf.

How have you hated yourself during the past year for doing the mean, contemptible, questionable thing! Yet you have tried to console yourself with the great good you could do with the money you made by it. It is astonishing how men will play with the poison of dishonesty, which is so insidious at first, which intoxicates and stimulates one, but paralyzes and kills later, says Dr. Marden in Success. If every youth were only taught that to be successful a man must be greater than his occupation; that his character must not be for sale at any price; that he will always be rich so long as he retains it, and just in proportion to its strength and integrity, and weak and unhappy and a failure no matter how much money he may have, just in proportion to the weakness of his character; if he only started out with the conviction that only one real failure is possible, and that is the loss of self respect, the barter of one's character, either for pleasure or for money; if the youth were only taught that he cannot afford to deceive even a little bit in the quality of goods he is selling, or in the quality of the service he is giving, what a revolution would come to our civilization!

THE POOR OLD YEAR.

Hit Him Again. He's Got No Friends.

GOOD-BY, OLD YEAR.

By Clifford Kane Stout.

Good-by, Old Year, your mission ends
With midnight chimes and all is done;
The records writ with joy or less,
The deeds fulfilled and guerdons won
Are hung as trophies round thy rime,
And thou are named with olden time.

Forevermore; oh, fateful past,
That saw so much no law can change;
Beginning and the end of things
That were to be, the new and strange,
The old and worn and bloom and blight,
Passed to the dark or born to light.

And, oh, for some happy year;
Sweet wedding bells rang joyously;
Old friends clasped hands and strangers met,
And sunshine fell so glad and free
On buoyant youth, and smiles were fair,
And laughter bantered pain and care.

Some tears must fall in every year;
Your portion came when grief had set
A badge of mourning on the hearts
Of some whose love could not forget,
And hopefully, without dismay,
They covered friends of yesterday.

Good-by, Old Year: we regret the New;
When we recall your gifts and cost
May then a double portion show
Thy favors won o'er which was lost.
Good-by! A hand at parting; then
A benediction and amen.
—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NOT WHAT HE MEANT.

"I am delighted to see you! It seems good to see old faces again."

"You mean thing."

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.

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Don't Try Uncertain Recipes.

It is entirely unnecessary to experiment with this, that and the other recipe. Get from your grocer, for 10 cents, a package of "OUR-PIE" Preparation—Lemon, Chocolate or Custard—for making pies that are sure to be good.

A Mistake.

"It is nothing to your credit to be buying everything on time."

"You are wrong; it is everything to my credit."—Houston Post.

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It is sweeter to gain wisdom from others' woes than that others should learn from us.—Plautus.

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Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Made of extra quality tobacco. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

A good intention will no more make a truth than a fair mark will make a good shot.—Spurstowe.

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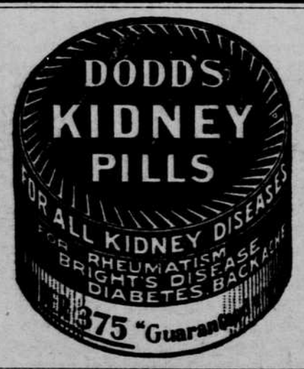

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Wisdom is the olive that springeth from the heart, bloometh on the tongue and beareth fruit in the actions.—E. Grymestone.

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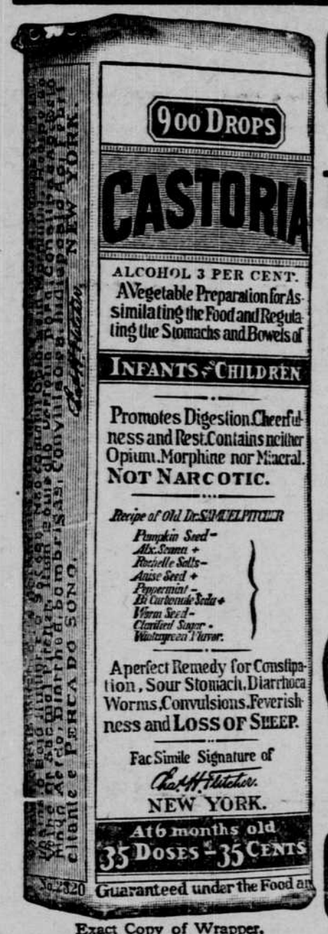

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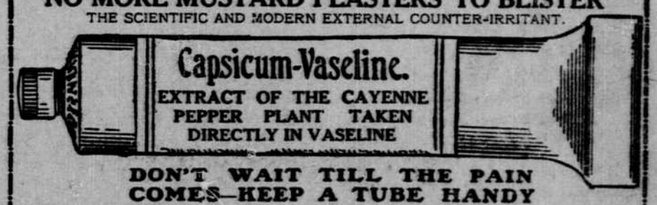

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