



WELCOME THE COMING, SPEED THE PARTING GUEST; THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

ONE WORKING DAY FOR US ALL

Today the Only Period for Which We Are Accountable.

The coming year will have 365 days in its calendar, but really will have only one working day, and that is called "Today." That is all you will be accountable for; none but a fool lives in to-morrow. Serve your Master by the day. Each four and twenty hours brings its own duties to be done, its own loads to be carried, and its own progress to be made heavenward. There never was a Christian yet strong enough to carry to-day's duties with to-morrow's worries piled on the top of them. Take short views, and never try to climb walls until you get to them, or to cross a bridge until you reach it. Begin every day with Jesus Christ, and then keep- ing step with him, march on to duty over the rougher road that lies before you, and in the teeth of the hardest head wind you may encounter. "My times are in thy hands," and they could not be in better hands. Our times are in our all-wise and all-loving Father's hands, both for control and for concealment. He takes care of us, and yet we can not tell just what to-morrow or the next year will bring forth.

Facing the New Year.

A new year is upon us, with new duties, new conflicts, new trials, and new opportunities. Start on the journey with Jesus—to walk with him, to work for him, and to win souls to him. A happy year will be to those who through every path of trial, or up every hill of difficulty, or over every sunny height, march on in closest fellowship with Jesus, and who will determine that, come what may, they have Christ every day.—Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

"See the minutes how they run,
How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live."

Another year is born, another year is dead. Hail to the new born—to the lead, farewell! The one stands smiling upon the hillsides; into the shadows and the mists the other has passed and faded. The New Year greets us with its hope and promise. The Old is sped into Time's oblivion, to come back no more. We turn our faces to the future and we say: "Let the dead past bury its dead." We find our souls in the battles that are to come; the grime of old defeats. "The King is dead; long live the King!" Brother, as you stand in the dawn of the New Year, born to-day, what is the temper of your soul? How beats the measure of your heart? As you look upon Time's new-minted coin of shining gold that lies this morning in the hollow of your hand, what thought have you to do with it? Will you treasure it with serious care or will you fling it from you with spendthrift

Songs of the New Year

The New Year.
A miracle touched me at twelve, for be- fore I saw
The New Year rise as a young god rises
In my sight.
No child was he with hesitant, timid feet,
But a grown boy, wrapped in the raiment
Of pure delight.
And his eyes, most gracious and tender,
Were bent on mine.
In his hands he caught my hands, white
As dawn,
His golden, rapturous, confident tones
"Comrade, hail! For I am the New Year."
"Comrade, hail! The pulse of the world's
beat
Under the snow, and the ancient doubts
are dead.
Freedom, achievement, wait for us. Come,
be glad!
I listened, I looked, and faith to my
hope was wed.
His kindly courage told me the beautiful
truth.
He is mine, and his strength infuses
my feeble will.
Up, faint heart, who will conquer, to-
gether my Year!
Life and love shall their old sweet
promise fulfill.
—Clifton Langerfeld in the Century.

For the Young Year.
Out of the utmost East
As dawn's stripping came,
Bright-dawning for a feast
With robes of flame.
Forth from his morning eyes
There beamed high desire;
His crown grew radiant wise,
With Hope's pure fire.
"Love to mankind," thus swelled
His heart, and he held
The power of peace.
Blest found his pathway now,
O Heart, your softest airs,
And with him ever go
His crown grew radiant wise,
—Clifton Langerfeld in the Woman's Home
Companion.

The Curtain Falls.
Over the sorrow and over the bliss,
Over the tear-drop over the kiss,
Over the crimes that blotted and blurred,
Over the deeds in weakness done,
Over the battles lost and won,
Now at the end of the dying year,
Year that to-morrow will not be here,
Over our freedom, over our trials,
In the dark and the midnight the curtain
falls.
Over the gain and over our loss,
Over our crown and over our cross,
Over the fret of our discontent,
Over the ill that we never meant,
Over the stars of our self-denial,
Over the strength that conquered trial,
Now in the end of the dying year,
Year that to-morrow will not be here,
Quietly and surely the curtain falls,
Over it swiftly the curtain falls.
Over the crowds and the solitude,
Over our shouting, hurrying mood,
Over the clamor over the strife,
Over the messenger of the new year,
Now is the end of the dying year,
Year that to-morrow will not be here,
Quietly and surely the curtain falls,
Slightly downward the curtain falls,
—Harper's Bazar.

New Year's Eve Toast.
Come, have an hour with me my dear,
For the year with which we're done,
And another hour, with right good cheer,
For the year we're just begun.
For work and rest,
For trials and laurels won.
We'll catch the moments of gold, my dear,
As they slip through their silver
screen,
Then we'll turn the glass without a fear,
And with youthful hope, serene,
For no one's old,
Till death's grown cold,
And kindness turned to spleen,
Come, let us be young together, my dear,
With the hour that ever is new,
We'll drop the past and start right here
With the sands that trickle through
May days' delights,
And our shining lights
Be on their way to you!
—Leslie's Weekly.

GREAT DAY FOR THE ROMANS

Right Beginning of New Year Meant for Them Success.

No nation has ascribed so much importance to the beginning of things as the Roman. To that people there was a magical connection between a right beginning and success. To them New Year's day was the day of days. It was the anniversary of the founding of the city of Rome, which they considered the greatest event in the world's history. They called the first month of the year January in honor of Janus, the god of doors and beginnings. (The world still uses a heathen calendar.) At dawn of the new year the people, robed in white, sacrificed elaborate offerings to their gods, especially to Janus. Fraternal greetings, benevolent gifts and exchange of costly presents marked the day. All evil speaking, quarrels or excesses were for one day laid aside and the ideals for a nobler future were brought to mind by parables enacted in public places. The soldiers renewed their vows of loyalty to Caesar and put on new uniforms.

The Animals' Season Greetings.

The action and voices of domestic animals on New Year's day are said to be more significant than any other omens.
A dog's cheerful bark in the morning is a most auspicious sign, while his howl is very unfavorable.
To meet the cat on the morn of the New Year is considered by people in the Latin countries as a sign that they will change their residence, and it also betokens ill for the future.
Throughout southern Europe it is regarded as a most fortunate sign to see a pig, signifying plenty for the coming twelve months.

Hail and Farewell

ease? It is yours to do with as you will, one way or the other, as it may please you best. It is a gift from God, and God's gifts have no strings on them. This year, like every other year that preceded it, has been given to us for our good—our pleasure, our happiness and our benefit—and if we take no advantage of the gift, ours is the blame and the loss.
Therefore, O comrades in the battle as we think on these things this first bright morning of the glad New Year, let us be sure that our souls' temper and the beating measures of our hearts are in right harmony with life's responsibilities. Let us take a stronger grip upon our swords, that they be not easily wrested away if the clash and strife of the battle should bear heavily upon us in the year to come. Let us be up and doing. God never sent year from His endless treasure-house of time so brave with hope and so golden in opportunity as this year we face to-day. At our feet is the ladder that reaches to the stars. This year is full of bursting with rewards for strong endeavor. The man who strives shall win those rewards, and it shall be a year of achievement in human progress and for the world's good. Success is to be achieved, fame to be won and the millennium brought nearer than it ever was before. There is to be a forward movement all along the line far greater in its tremendous activities than has ever yet been known in all the history of the world. Science, invention, commerce, trade and everything that makes to uplift and better the condition of mankind

MEN HAVE HORROR OF DIMPLES.

Willingly Pay Money for Removal of "Beauty Spots."

Female scoffers who deny that men have been blessed by nature with so seductive a charm as a dimple will change their tune when they hear what the beauty doctor has to say on the subject.
"Dimples are just as common among men as among women," says that apostle of the good advantage. Beard and mustache combine to hide their charm. Anyhow, men are not proud of dimples. They consider them a sign of effeminacy. Now that smooth faces are the fashion, the man with a dimple in cheek or chin is hard put to it to hide that beauty mark. In his extremity he seeks relief from me.
"What can I do with these devilish dimples?" says he.
"Take 'em out," I advise.
"Can you do it?" he asks.
"Sure," says I.
"All right," says he; go ahead.
"Then I begin treatment. In the past year I have removed sets of dimples from men's faces that any woman of their acquaintance would have paid \$100 for. All men with money to spend patronize the beauty doctor more shamelessly than they used to; out of all the miracles they wish performed there is none they insist upon so stoutly as the removal of dimples."

IS HAPPIEST AWAY FROM POMP.

Austrian Emperor Finds Rest in Society of Grandchildren.

Although Francis Joseph of Austria is a central figure in the most exclusive of European courts his dinners are quite informal in tone except on rare state occasions. Usually his majesty converses in the liveliest manner with his guests. In the smoking-room, to which he almost invariably accompanies the men, he joins in the general chat, laughs at the jokes and shows marked preference for the frank replies to his questions. Since the tragic death of his son and wife the emperor leads a solitary life for a greater portion of the year. In summer, however, he makes his way to his lovely villa at Ischl, in the beautiful Salzkammergut and here is surrounded by his daughters and their children. It is then that pathetic old man is happiest, playing "grandfather" with the babies, taking walks with them, and forgoing for a brief season the trials and sufferings, misfortunes and disappointments which life has brought him.

Baggage in Guatemala.

"The railroads of the United States are very particular as to what they will accept for transportation as baggage," remarked Karl E. Knapp, "but down in Guatemala the railroads are not so particular.

"While I was down there some time ago I made a list of different articles of merchandise that I saw checked as baggage on the Western Guatemala at the town of Retalhuleu. Here it is: One case of chickens, a basket of ducks, a bundle of dried fish, a crate of live iguanas, various empty baskets, a crate of fighting cocks, baskets of eggs, baskets of fruit, silver in sacks, a bundle of soiled clothes that some woman was taking down to the river to wash, furniture, hides in packages, smoked crabs that smelled to the next station, baskets of bread, a small alligator and two live pigs.
"All of that miscellaneous merchandise and farm product was handled in one car along with the personal baggage of passengers, as a result of which custom a traveler soon finds himself saturated with the complex odors of the country."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Blue Dogs With Pink Tails.

"I will never forget my first experience in hospital work," said Chief Surgeon Millar of the Central emergency hospital. "There was a green nurse in the detention ward and we had a very violent case in there—a man in the worst stage of delirium tremens. I was awakened in the middle of the night by the head nurse, who requested me to come at once to the patient. When I got there I found him raving and very violent, with the new nurse scared out of her wits. I said: "Why did you let him go so far?
"I left you some medicine to give him as soon as he got delirious."
"Yes, doctor," she replied; "but you told me to give that to him if he saw any more snakes, and this time he was seeing blue dogs with pink tails!"—Exchange.

Helpfulness.

A cheerful look will help to light
The gloomy path that many tread;
Will help illumine their darkest night,
Dispelling clouds of dread.
Grief-stricken hearts will gladly hail
The kindly aid that you can give,
Your cheerful looks and words prevail,
And drooping spirits live.
This world has many a rugged road
Where pilgrims pass with aching feet,
Help where you can to lift their head
The "recognition" is sweet.
A hand to help a kindly voice,
A cheerful smile, a word of love;
And care-worn hearts shall yet rejoice
To find their home above.
—John M. Morse.

Predicts Long, Cold Winter.

Basting his prognostications on the habits of the mole, an old mole-hiller in Otten, Switzerland, announces that the coming winter will be the longest and severest for the last fifteen years, the moles having added two deeper galleries to their usual winter quarters, and laid in double the ordinary provisions.

American Supply of Copper.

Two years ago the United States had a surplus of copper. Now it is the reverse. A constantly increasing demand and a constantly decreasing visible supply is the present state of the copper industry.

Empress Favors Orchids.

The empress of Germany is passionately fond of flowers, but for some time has favored orchids, of which she possesses a great variety.

Postcards of Peat.

Postcards made of Irish Peat from the bog of Allen formed one of the features of the Irish exhibit in London.

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