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"GIVE ME INSIGHT INTO TO-DAY."

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FIFTY CENTS A YEAR.

RING OUT THE OLD.

At the sounding of the solemn midnight bells most of us become silent and thoughtful. There comes to our minds many incidents connected with the old year, perhaps there looms up the memory of some shattered and almost forgotten resolution, then we silently breathe a prayer that our Father will forgive our shortcomings and so strengthen us that the coming year may add more to our narrow lives.

"Ring out the false, ring in the true." What a paradise this world might be if in ringing out the old year we could also wring from our hearts all pretences, evil passions and selfish desires, and begin the new year with clear consciences, clean hearts and firm resolves to do our part toward the betterment of humanity!

But it is a psychological truth that no one can suddenly stop a bad habit. All evils are remedied by slow perseverance, so throughout the whole year we should be training ourselves along these lines and thus be better fitted to carry out our resolutions made at that solemn hour of the dying year. No idea which has been forming throughout the preceding year can be dropped immediately for all time and something entirely new come in to take its place, for ideas overlap the years and continue sometimes for ages. It should be the pleasure and duty of each person in this free land to do all in his power to—

"Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws."

If each of us could realize the importance of not only having high ideas, but living up to them, we might transform the world into a veritable Eden; then—

"Ring in the valliant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

E. B. C.

WHICH SIDE DID YOU TAKE?

The old year, with its sorrows and cares, its dreams and fruitions, has passed into history and a new year is upon us. Was the last all that it should have been to you? Were the opportunities for doing good that daily presented themselves appreciated?

The little kindnesses that required but a moment or perhaps an hour, seemed so little to you that you have long since forgotten you lent a hand here, or said an encouraging word there; but those trifles were very sweet to the recipients and were perhaps deposits in that savings bank where treasures are not endangered by moth nor dust and thieves do not break through nor steal. You may have rendered services that required a sacrifice, perhaps you recitation grade was lowered on some occasion thereby, or some cherished plan abandoned; don't worry if they were.

The priest and the Levite met their engagements, they hadn't time to administer to a stranger's needs, but a certain Samaritan, whose business was no less important could not ride his beast past while a man lay dying on the roadside, and so his business suffered that day, perhaps, but the Bank of Heaven recorded a deposit that overbalanced any made by priest or Levite.

Van Dyke tells a story of another wise man, also a doctor, who converted his wealth into three jewels which he intended to present to the infant Saviour, but on his way to the appointed place where he was to meet the other wise men his ear caught the agonized moan of a suffering creature and though angered that any one should hinder his progress, he could not pass until he had administered to his necessities. Having restored him to life, he could not leave him hungry and penniless, and having nothing else, he gave him the food prepared for the long trip through the desert and a jewel purchased for the King. His delay caused him to miss the company of the other three magians, and disappointed and lonely, he follows the star, but on arriving at Bethlehem he is told that the new-born King has been taken to Egypt. While making ready to follow Him there, the soldiers of Herod entered the city and again the heart of Artaban—such was his name—was touched with pity for a young mother whose babe is about to be snatched from her arms, and taking from his wallet another gem, he gave it a ransom for the beautiful child.

He returns from Egypt broken in health, but he continues his search, hoping to live to worship the King and offer Him his last gem.

It is time for the Passover, and he would surely find Him in Jerusalem, Artaban thought, and so day after day he sought Him, and at length hearing that one just person whom his friends called Jesus, but who called Himself the Son of God, was about to be crucified, he was filled with terror; then he remembered his pearl, his last gem, and his heart cries for joy: "Perhaps I shall find the King in the hands of His enemies and shall come in time to offer my pearl for His ransom before he dies"; and so he follows the crowd until a cry of anguish from a wretched girl about to be sold into slavery to appease her father's creditors arrests his attention, and taking out his pearl, his last treasure, he said, "This is thy ransom, daughter. It is the last of my treasures which I kept for the King."

A falling tile, shakened from its place by the convulsions of nature, struck the old man soon after, and as he lay dying, the young girl who watched with him through the darkness, seeing his lips move, stooped low to catch the words:

"Not so, my Lord! For when saw I thee an hungered and fed thee? Or thirsty and gave thee drink? When saw I thee a stranger and took thee in? Or naked and clothed thee? When saw I thee sick or in prison, and came unto thee? Three-and-thirty years have I looked for thee; but I have never seen thy face, nor ministered to thee, my King."

Again the lips moved, a calm radiance of joy and wonder lighted the pale face and the ransomed girl listening, heard:

"Verily I say unto thee, inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me."

Moses saw the burning brush while passing, but it was not until he turned aside, left his flocks for a while, that God spoke to him and called him to become the leader and law-giver of Israel.

If you have persevered with your chosen tasks regardless of the outstretched hands and burning bushes along your way, God pity your success, and grant that the solemn notes of the midnight bells may toll the death-knell of such inglorious dreams, and the joyous peals of the glad New Year may inspire you with nobler ideals.

Annie S. is afraid her jar of preserves will fumigate.