Come, let us humbly bow before Him, Who made us, and his mercy own!
With praise and thanks let us adore Him,
For all the wonders He has done!

Fall soon are months and years expended, When past, He forms their train anew:
For, while their hasty course is ended,
He still remains—"the Good and True."

Thou, Lord, forever art abiding—
The God—of old, now, evermore—
But we, the prey of Time, are gliding,
Like hurried stream along the shore.

As ocean-sands, beyond our telling, Thy gifts 'twere vain attempt to tell:
While their amount our sins are swelling, Thy proofs of kindness onward swell.

For Jesus' sake, extend thy favor To meet my wants the coming year, Nor leave my thoughts in doubt to waver— If He will yet my friend appear.

My sins of former years—forgive them! This year, help me thy ways pursue! Thy graces—in my soul revive them!
My faith, and hope, and love renew!

Grant me, of life's success and pleasure, Just what Thou seest will be best! Of cares and crosses—needed measure— Lest in the world I seek my rest! No wish for goods of earth, that perish

And with its hopes must pass away ;-That good alone lead me to cherish, Which, like the soul, shall always stay! The state-by honest men be guided! The people—by no wrong oppress'd!

The church—with saving truth provided!

The nations—join'd in peace be blest! The scatter'd, Lord, in pity gather!
The poor, supply!—disease remove!
The widow's stay—the orphan's father
Be thou!—the dying raise above!

While here I live, whate'er befall me, Thy blessing with it, all is well; And if from earth this year shall call me, Receive me then with thee to dwell!

For Christ's own sake, my Father, hear me When flesh shall fail, my soul sustain! Yes, Lord, thon ever wilt be near me, While that dear name I plead—Amen! -С. G. Goett, d. 1746.

GRIZZEL'S DINNER:

A STORY FROM THE HISTORY OF SCOTLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADA'S BIBLE."

It was upon an autumn day, more than a hundred and eighty years ago, that, in the dining-hall of Redbraes Castle, near the town of Greenlaw, in Berwick, the lady of the mansion and aer family had met at dinner.

One would not wish to see a more hopeful or interesting group of young faces than those assembled round the board—faces of almost every age, from the eldest daughter, Grizzel, of eighteen, to little Jean, of perhaps five or

The mother might well be proud of her children; but Lady Hume's grave, majestic countenance wore an expression of anxiety, which showed that she had other thoughts just then than those of domestic enjoyment.

It was a time in fact, when few hearts or homes in Scotland, whether elasped in her father's arms. lofty or lowly, were free from affliction. For four-and-twenty years the people had been exposed to a bitter persecution, because they persisted in adhering to the form of religious worship which their consciences sanctioned. and in refusing to accept the bishops except his wife, his devoted daughter whom King Charles the Second's government wished to force upon their church. Thousands had already suffered in the cause, and all who had

hitherto escaped endured the misery of lodging. It was Grizzel's office every unceasing apprehension respecting the night to bring food to her father, and fate awaiting themselves or those they much trouble she often had to bear Lady Hume belonged to the latter

class. Her husband had incurred particular odium on account of his conmeetion, with other Scottish gentlemen, many a terrible fear.

perhaps, though not understanding it, plied their spoons without exchanging a word, until the shrill voice of one of the boys suddenly broke the silence by exclaming:-

"Mother, will you look at Grizzel?

All eyes were turned in the direction indicated, and it was quite evident the table had very unaccountably disrather remarkable that a young lady discourse. of eighteen should consume the whole of one at a meal. There was a shout our dear friend, Baillie of Jervisof merriment at poor Grizzel's achievement in the way of eating, but she only laughed and blushed, and bore the banter of her brothers and sisters with

her habitual sweet temper. Dinner was finished, and the young people left the table; but it might have cen observed that Grizzel remained in her seat until all the rest had quitted the room. She then rose, and carefully wrapping up some article in the napkin which lay in her lap, she hastily retreated with the prize to her bedchamber. Having there disposed of the mysterious parcel in a place of his restoration to liberty and health, merits, but by the free mercy of my

gay and light-hearted as the youngest | the change will be unmixed gain, but

among them. household had retired to rest, and she of her noblest gentlemen, and those was once again in her own room, the who know and love him will lose a light and mirth suddenly left her face, friend whose place can never be filled and it became watchful and full of Dear, loving companion of my joys grave purpose. She did not go to bed and sorrows, we shall never meet nor undress, but sat herself patiently down, as though in expectation of hav-

ing to wait some time. For an hour or two, in fact, she kept this lonely vigil, and it was not until every sound in the house had long ceased, and it seemed clear, from the be preserved for any great length of perfect stillness, that all the inmates were securely asleep, that she at last nearly a month, and parties of soldiers ventured to move.

hour of midnight, when, after taking from its hiding-place the bundleshe had secreted at dinner-time, she noiselessly issued from her chamber and descended

the stairs. Silently and lightly as a shadow she flitted through the winding passages of the great old house, and having

to undo the bolts and bars of the door. A bungler would never have managed this part of the business without creating an alarm; but Grizzel was no bungler, and in less time than it takes to tell it, the heavy door slowly opened, letting in a draught of cool air. Possessing herself of the key, she closed the door again softly behind her, shutting herself out into the dark night.

It was not a night to be chosen for a walk: there was no moon, and the sky was sombre and cloudy; but unheeding the darkness, Grizzel hastened on her way, only pausing now and then when a rustling among the leaves made her dread that she was followed.

She had a mile to walk, and the last part of the journey was the worst, for it lay over the burying-ground of Polwart church, and Grizzel at ordinary times entertained many silly fears such a dismal position, will give me about a church-yard. But to night she the strength of Samson. The only had no thought of anything save the object of her errand, and went stumbling over the graves without a shudder.

At one moment she was startled by a violent noise—the baying of dogs at a short distance from her; and a pang of horror seized her heart as she recollected the blood-hounds with which the persecutors were wont, in those barbarous days, to track out their victims. Were they upon the scent? It so, discovery would be certain.

She stood still to listen, but the barking continued exactly in the same

Thank God! it was only the minister's dogs, in the parsonage near the

She had now reached the end of her journey. At the burying vault of her family under Polwart church she stopped, cautiously looked around her. as well as the darkness permitted, bent her ear once more to listen, and then unhesitatingly descended into this gloomy receptacle—this black, dank tomb.

In a moment afterward she was

It was in this strange refuge that Sir Patrick Hume had concealed himself, rightly judging that his foes would not come to look for him among the ashes of his forefathers. No one was entrusted with the secret of his retreat Grizzel, and a carpenter named James Winter, who worked at Redbraes Castle, and who had been employed to convey Sir Patrick's bed to this novel off the necessary supply without at-

tracting suspicion. We may suppose how eagerly her father watched for her coming. He dare not burn a lamp, and the only in a plot formed in England to change light he got was through a slit at one the existing administration; and he end of the vault, which would not was now an exile from home in close admit light enough even by day for concealment. But his enemies were on him to read by; so that all day long he the alert to discover his hiding-place, could only cheer himself by repeating and his wife must have trembled with Buchanan's translation of the Psalms; and it must have been very welcome The soup was served, and the little to him, after the solitary hours of the owe all the good gifts which we enjoy party, respecting their mother's mood, day, to hear a sweet, happy, living in this world, and that transcendent voice at night.

> Grizzel opened her parcel; and there was the very sheep's head which had vanished so mysteriously from the dinner-table at Redbraes.

"And, father, do you know," said While we have been eating our broth, she, laughing, "that Sandy took it she has eaten up the whole sheep's very much amiss that I should make such a hearty dinner as a whole

sheep's head?" Sir Patrick joined heartily in his that a sheep's head at Grizzel's end of daughter's amusement as he heard the history of the sheep's head, and stipuappeared. In those days this was not lated that Sandy should not be cheated so unfashionable a dish in Scotland as of his share of the next. And then it is now with us, but still it seemed the father and daughter fell to graver

> "Have you had any tidings yet of wood?" inquired the former. "My thoughts are constantly going forth to

> him in his dreary prison house." "We have heard of him through his sister-in-law," Grizzel answered; "he is sick and weary in body, lying near death with an illness brought on by his imprisonment; but his faith is strong and his mind firm and faithful."

rick, more as though speaking to himself than addressing his daughter; "yes, he will be faithful unto death. whom I shall receive the joys pro-I might please myself with hopes of mised the faithful; not through my

the Protestant religion will lose a fear-At night, however, when all the less supporter; Scotland will lose one again in this world; but, nevertheless,

our separation may not be for long." "O, father, father, do not say that!" exclaimed Grizzel; "though indeed I fear that you cannot stay here much longer. I think the secret can scarcely time. You have already been here are constantly making inquiries about The clock had already chimed the you. Only yesterday a party of them came to Redbraes and put the servants

to a close examination." "If my time be come, Grizzel," re plied her father, "I hope I shall meet it as becomes a Christian. Let us

trust and rest." "Let us trust, dearest father, but not rest; at any rate, not until we reached the entrance-hall, proceeded have tried every means. I have thought of another plan. Do you not remember that there is a room on the ground floor at Redbraes, where a bed has been put up? Now, I have thought that, if the flooring under this bed can be taken up, and a deep wide hole dug in the earth beneath, we might get Jamie Winter to make a great wooden box, large enough to hold you, and sink it in the pit. We could then replace the flooring, taking care to cut good breathing-holes; and I think you would be safe from dis-

> "It seems I must be buried alive. then," said her father, smiling sadly "But, my dear, who is to do all this?"

> "O, never fear about that," was the reply; "I and Jamie Winter will do it fast enough. The thought of having you home again, even though it be in thing that troubles me is to think how you can get there free from observation."

Sir Patrick silently pressed his lips to his daughter's forehead; and Grizzel, having now stayed as long as she dared, prepared to depart on her way homeward. In spite of her hopeful tone, a few tears dimmed her eyes as for fear Santa Claus would be proshe bade her father good-bye; but these he could not see for the darkness; and she left him, with the reassuring promise of coming again on the following night.

The plan of another place of concealment was literally carried out as she had proposed; and she wore her her father was secreted in this new to Holland, whither his family soon followed him.

pier days, fully to realize a state of the best kind of humor. society like this, when good and pious | So Bertie beganmen were driven to such cruel extre mities, merely because they preferred

one kind of church to another. Yet the case of Sir Patrick Hume was mild when compared with many cases that occurred in Scotland between 1660 and 1688. It is calculated that within this period scarcely fewer than eighteen thousand persons suffered, in one way or other, from the malice of

religious intolerance. But, although our own experience is so different, that it is a matter of wonder how such tyranny could have existed, the history of these terrible times of persecution should teach us not only to be thankful for the freedom we possess, to worship God in the way we think right, but also to be careful to use this freedom with more faithful earnestness. Our religious duties ought not to be looked upon, as they are too often regarded, in the light of wearisome tasks we are glad to get through, but as privileges and blessings given by Him to whom we gift of eternal life through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, his Son, which we hope to enjoy in the world

to come. In the reign of William and Marv. the family of the Humes was raised to great honor, and Sir Patrick was created Earl of Marchmont. In their prosperity, as in their adversity, their eldest daughter was the same dutiful and affectionate child. When Lady Marchmont was upon her death-bed, Grizzel, then a wife and mother herself, had withdrawn behind the curtain to conceal her emotion. The mother called to her, and taking her hand bestowed her dying blessing. "My dear Grizzel," she said, "blessed be you above all, for a helpful child have you been to me."

Grizzel herself attained a great age, a living and beautiful illustration of the commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land."—Sunshine.

A DYING KING.—King Edward VI. said to the weepers who surrounded because I go to my Father, with safety, she returned to her mother, and but I feel too sure that he is destined Saviour, who showeth mercy to whom the good sister. to win the martyr's crown. To him he pleaseth."

A SCRIPTURE IDYL.

"Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee."—RUTH i. 16. Forbid me not from following after thee, O Naomi !

Even for dead Mahlon's sake, Unto Beth-lehem, where the corn-reeds shake,
My path shall be. Nor look thou back, nor mourn The dead Whose leaf is shed, Whose sheaf is bound; Flowers of thy youth, on Moab's ground, Whose bloom, so living sweet, no summer shall

Orpah, depart!—Nay, go Back to thy kindred, as our mother sayeth; And kiss the sod for me Where lip of mine no more with weeping pray-

The dead have no more woe, But her, the living, will I not forsake;

O, Naomi! if not with me, Where shall thy torn heart still its bleeding? Orpah departs—and, see! Even now her steps, receding, Tread down the grass in Moab. Let me be The one found faithful. Bid me comfort thee.

Love hath no one sole land. In all lands love hath been At God's right hand;
Below, above,
In every clime is love,
And still shall be, While mingles shore with sea, nd silvered upland slopes to golden lea. Where'er we go That sap must flow

Which feeds the Tree of Life and keeps it greep. Take comfort, then, of me, O Naomi! And God, whose will can make

New dawns, new hopes, to break,

Whose love alone Can green the arid heart, as moss the desert stone, Who walks the rustling ways where all dead leaves are strown, Shall lead thee by the hand

Back to thine own loved land Where thou shalt see On yonder once-parched plain The ripe ear full again! -Every Saturday.

THE GOOD SANTA CLAUS.

BY PAUL BENSON.

"Gentlemen," said Bertie Dobson, as he strutted into the nursery the day before Christmas, "Gentlemen, I—I"

"You what?" asked little Tommie, who was very busy fixing an old sled that he had received the year before, voked at his not having taken good care of old gifts and refuse to give him any more.

"I-I-I have a little piece to

"What kind of a piece? I'd like to know," chimed in Charlie.

"Something that just suits this very nails away in helping to dig the pit, day," responded Bertie, "for we are fearing lest the noise of tools should trying to get Santa Claus into a good arouse attention. The good carpenter | humor, so that he will do something and she worked together at night; and for us to-morrow morning; and this her father was secreted in this new speech I'm going to make to the good hiding-hole until he was able to escape old man, and I want you all to say amen, when I'm done.

"All right," shouted both the boys, It is, perhaps, scarcely possible for | for they were interested in getting the young people, who live in these hap- old Christmas children's friend into

"O. Santa Claus! they say becase I was not good to aunty, Your gifts to me, this year, will be Of doubtful kind, and scanty."

Well, but I was good to aunty," said Charlie, interrupting the speech, and trying to excuse his ill behavior. because he did'nt happen to have an aunty about the house.

"But you wasn't good to mother," replied the little speech-maker, who was determined to make his speech apply; "but don't stop me-listen to the

"But don't you know, how very slow
She was my ball to cover?
And how she said 'twas time for bed? You see I couldn't love her.'

"Ha! that's just the way Charlie talked about mother, if he don't have an aunty," said Tommie.

"Tut! tut!" put in the little preacher; "you must try to apply the sermon to yourself, instead of receiving it only for other people."

"Amen," said Charlie solemnly, for he was glad to hear the rebuke, though he had applied the verse to himself honestly.

"Go on, mister," whispered Tommie, ather subdued by the last thrust. Bertie went on-

"But I will try and not ask why, When next she gives direction, But run away to work or play Without the least objection.

"So. if you'll come and bring a drum, And little pony (rocking),

I will be kind, and you shall find
A very good boy's stocking."

well filled?

"Well, now you have all said those resolutions are."

"O, we do, sister," shouted Tommie, gleaming in his eve.

cause Christmas is so near?" asked

good go by without improving it. "Now," said she, "who can tell me

what Christmas is?" "Jesus's birthday," answered two

of the boys. "Who has been the kindest Santa

Claus to us, then?" asked she. The boys scarcely knew; but when sister ?"

"You are right, Bertie," she anour conduct to Him when the Christ- any shining scraps of metal they may mas times come! How careful we should be to live, so that we wont and brass are all the same to them. have to do so much repentance every If the gold was dull and the brass time we want favors!"

Bertie began to see the point of his own speech, and so did the little brethren who belonged to the "amen corner," and right humble they all be-

When, therefore, Laura asked them all to kneel down by her side and ask God to forgive all wrong, and give them a glorious Christmas, they quickly took their places and joined fervently in the prayer. And I think God heard them, for they rose happy, and the next morning Santa Claus had filled their stockings with good things, and their hearts with love. And a it, his nose upon Dobbin's haunches, merrier group you don't often see having hard work to keep at so slow than the Dobson family formed that a pace. 'Merry Christmas."

"God so loved the world as to give" -A Wonderful Christmas Gift.-S. S. Casket.

INTERESTING INCIDENT.

At the late New York State Sabbath-school Convention, held at Utica, one of the county secretaries related the following interesting incident of missionary labors. It shows how much may be done by the humblest of workers who are intent upon saving souls.

Years ago a home missionary, laboring in Ontario county, established a Sabbath-school, and gathered the ling to the bottom of the field. Great children of the neighborhood into it. was his astonishment when Dobbin, He called upon a poor, wretched fami- just opened his eyes, again turned, ly, to get permission for their boy to and proceeded at the same pace up attend. After various objections, the the field again. parents decided to leave the matter with the boy. "I've got no Bible," said he. "We will give you a Bible," no coat." "We will give you a coat," again, as he began to calcula the good man replied. "But I've got long it would take to plow it. no shoes." "Well, you can go bare-foot, can you not?" "I will, if you will," quickly replied the shrewd boy. "Done; it's a bargain," the missionary said. The next Sunday, as the man was walking to the school, boots drew his boots from his feet, and tucking the stockings into them, led the boy, fairly won, into the school. "Well," he said, when the gears were taken off, "if this is your plowopened the seal, and read, with tears ing of the weary, monotonous work. of grateful joy, a letter from this early mission scholar, now a man of God, housed in the warm stable, he cried preaching the Gospel to the natives of out to Dobbin, as he was eating some that far-off island. To add to the interest of the fact, that same missionary, now an old man, hoary-headed and bent with years, was present at the I hope I shall never have anything to Convention, and at the close of the session received the warm congratula in the world could be the use of walktions of his brethren, who gathered ing up a field just for the sake of around him. Singularly enough, there was in that same meeting, attending make one laugh to think of it." the Convention, a young Christian. son and brother of the Gulick missionary family, who was born and reared in the Sandwich Islands. Many of the hearers supposed that he was the young missionary rescued by the faithful old man, and the story has so gone abroad. But the climax is not needed to give force to this striking example of the divine blessing attending wise and faithful mission labors.

THE BIRD THAT BUILDS A PLAY-HOUSE.

You all know what pretty houses affair.

making these new promises just be- each other, uttering a loud, full cry, military authorities. After heari The boys held down their heads. weather, and as far as any one can see, discharged. Galignani.

A few words of good counsel fol- it is good for nothing but to play in. lowed, for Laura never let a good op- But as it has nothing else in the world portunity of doing her little brothers to do but to enjoy itself, it is very we'll to make that the business of life. It is very different with boys and girls, who have precious souls that must live forever, and who have a work to do for God in this world.

These little Bowers think quite as much of amusement as some silly people we have seen in our lives. being reminded of how rich a gift They gather together just before the Jesus was, they began to understand front and back door of their homes a what their sister meant, and Bertie great collection of shining things, said, "Isn't God the good Santa Claus, nice white pebbles, pretty sea-shells," gay feathers, bits of ribbons, when they can steal any; even bright colorswered, "and how we should think of ed rags, broken tobacco-pipes, and chance to espy in their travels. Gold bright, they would much prefer the latter. When the natives lose any light articles about their homes, they are pretty sure to rummage over the collections of the nearest Bower birds, and very often succeed in recovering their goods.

BUSINESS FIRST, PLEASURE AFTER.

"Put the young horse in the plow," said the farmer; and very much pleased he was to be in a team with Dobbin and the gray mare. It was a long field, and gayly he walked across

"Where are we going now?" he said, when he got to the top. "This

is very pleasant. "Back again," said Dobbin.

"What for?" said the young horse, rather surprised; but Dobbin had gone to sleep, for he could plow as well asleep as awake.

"What are we going back for?" he asked, turning round to the old gray mare.

Keep on," said the gray mare, "or we shall never get to the bottom, and you'll have the whip at your heels." "Very odd, indeed," said the young horse, who thought he had had enough of it, and was not sorry he was com-

"How long is this going on?" asked the young horse.

Dobbin just glanced across the field said the missionary. "But I've got as his eyes closed, and fell asleep again, as he began to calculate how

"How long will this go on?" he asked, turning to the gray mare. "Keep up, I tell you," she said, "or you'll have me on your heels."

When the top came, and another turn, and the bottom, and then another on, as usual, the sharp youngster, on turn, the poor young horse was in dethe lookout, spied him and called out, spair; he grew quite dizzy, and was "I know'd you'd back down, Mister!" glad, like Dobbin, to shut his eyes, Quick as thought the missionary with | that he might get rid of the sight of

Twenty-five years rolled away, and ing, I hope I shall have no more of that faithful missionary was surprised it." But his hopes were vain; for one day to receive a letter from the many days he plowed, till he got, not Sandwich Islands. In wonder he reconciled to it, but tired of complain-

> In the winter, when comfortably delicious oats :--

> "I say, Dobbin, this is better than plowing; do you remember that field? do with that business again. What walking down again? It's enough to

"How do you like your oats?" said Dobbin.

"Delicious!" said the young horse. "Then please to remember, if there were no plowing there would be no oats."-Mrs. Presser's Fables.

A NOBLE SACRIFICE.

Deep as human nature is sunk by

sin, there are here and there instances of kind-heartedness and self-sacrifice, which ought not to be overlooked. Take an example: The Military Tribunal of Bordeaux last week tried a man named Civrac, aged thirty, on the birds build to lay their eggs and rear charge of not having drawn for the their young in, but did you ever know conscription. It was stated for the deof a bird going to quite as much fence, that the accused went to Califortrouble just to make a play-house? nia when nineteen years of age, and, The Bower bird of Australia is not after working hard for eleven years, had contented with the magnificent forests managed to save a sum of 15,000 francs, The little hearers both gave the and orange groves he has to sport in, with which he took his passage for promised response, which, of course, but he must go to work and make a Europe on board the unfortunate Goldmeant "so be it;" for what boy isn't house more to his mind. It does not en Gate, which was burnt at sea. When willing to get down on his knees to use it for a nest, nor has its nest ever no hope remained of extinguishing the old Santa Claus, when the Christmas yet been discovered. One would im- fire, Civrac secured his gold in a belt times are drawing near, and get well agine, from its little ball-room, that the round his waist, and leaped into the sea. forgiven, so that the stockings will be nest itself must be quite a fanciful Being a good swimmer, he might probably have reached the shore with The first thing to be done in their his treasure, had he not, when tossing good things to Santa Claus," said their little assembly room is one of the last on the waves, been thrown near a sister Laura, who had been listening in ordinary houses. Mrs. Bower puts drowning woman, who implored him at the door and now stepped in, "I down her carpet. It resembles a tol, to save her child, which she held in hope you will feel how important these erable mat, woven of twigs and coarse her arms. Knowing that he must sink grasses. Then other twigs are collect- with the additional weight of the child, ed, and arching sides are arranged, he sacrificed his gold, took the child, as though none were so good at mak- making a little alley, large enough to and both got safe to land, as did also "Faithful unto death," said Sir Pathis death bed, "If you love me, you ing and keeping resolutions as he; but accommodate several friends at a time. several others of his fellow-passengers. would forbear weeping, and rejoice, you could see the stocking question Such romping and racing as goes on He at last found means of returning while Mrs. Bower makes a party. Up to France, and on his arrival at his na-"Do not my little brothers feel like and down this curious hall they chase tive village, gave himself up to the which is no doubt meant for laughter. the prisoner's statement, the Tribugal It is no sort of protection from the acquitted him and ordered him to be