

Turning Over the New Leaf.

The year begins, I turn a leaf,
All over with good resolves;
Each to fulfill will be in chief,
My sin white with its good resolves.
How many a leaf I've turned before,
And tried to make the record true;
Each year a wreck on time's dull shore
Proved much I dared, but little knew.
Ah, bright resolve! How high you bear
The future's hopeful standard on;
How brave you start; how poor you wear!
How soon are hope and courage gone!
You point to deeds of sacrifice,
You shun the path of careless ease;
Lentils and wooden shoes? Is this
The fare a human soul to please.
What wonder, then, if men do fall,
Where good is ever all around?
While vice is fair and pleasant all,
And turns the leaf to lead the year?
Yet still once more I turn the leaf,
And mean to walk the better way;
I struggle on with old unbelief,
And strive to reach the perfect day.
Why should the road that leads to heaven
Be all one reach of sterile sand?
Why not, just here and there, be given
A rose to deck the weary land?
But why repine? Others have trod,
With sore feet and heavier sin,
Their painful pathway toward their God—
My pilgrims' snow begins.
Failure and failure, hitherto,
Has time inscribed upon my leaves;
Yet wandered many a pleasant hour,
And never yet have gathered sorrow.
Yet once again the leaf I turn,
Hope against hope for one success;
One merit mark at least to earn,
One sunbeam in the wilderness.

SILVER-LINED.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

It was a lovely, bright December morning. The shops were overflowing with pretty and elegant things suggestive of Christmas presents, and the usual gay crowds thronged the New York streets and stores. Master James Desmond, familiarly known as "Jim," found himself walking toward the store, when he was attracted to a young boy, who was looking at a pair of shoes with a longing eye. The boy was dressed in a ragged, worn-out suit, and his face was pale and thin. Jim, who was a kind-hearted man, noticed the boy's expression and went over to him. "What's the matter, boy?" he asked. "I want those shoes," the boy said. "They're the best I ever saw." "Well, they are nice shoes," Jim said. "But you can't buy them with that ragged suit. You'll need a new suit first." "I don't have any money," the boy said. "I've been working for a week, but I haven't earned anything." "That's a shame," Jim said. "But don't worry. I'll help you. I'll buy you a new suit and the shoes. You can work for me for a while, and I'll pay you well." The boy looked up at Jim with a grateful expression. "Thank you, sir," he said. "I'll work for you as long as I can." Jim smiled and led the boy to a tailor's shop. He had the boy measured and had a new suit made for him. He also bought him a pair of shoes. "Here you are," Jim said, handing the boy the clothes. "I hope you'll like them. You can work for me for a week, and I'll pay you well." The boy nodded and went off with his new clothes. Jim watched him go, and he felt a little better about the world.

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steak, broiled over a little coal fire in the stove he had left empty in the morning, and in imagination he tasted the soup, thickened with flour and adorned with floating vegetables. The long, weary walk was mysteriously shortened by the play of imagination, and Jim reached the market, and boldly approached a colossal butcher who eyed Jim sideways as if expecting to see him run off with one of his tempting cuts. "How much is porter-house steaks?" asked Jim, staring at the meat on the block. "Thirty-five cents a pound. Who sent you here?" "No one; I want a steak and a piece of soup; and hurry up, will you?" "Come, get out, I'm too busy for fun." "Won't you give me them? I've got the money here," and Jim touched his pocket. "Let me see it." Jim took out his purse and exhibited his prize. "I guess you can have the best," said the butcher, proceeding to cut the steak, while Jim watched admiringly. The knife went straight through the firm, red flesh and solid, yellow fat, then a piece was chopped small for soup, the whole was wrapped in coarse brown paper, and Jim put it carefully under his arm, while the butcher changed the bill. He gave Jim several half dollars and quarters in silver, which bulged out the sides of the worn pocketbook, and threatened to burst it in pieces. Jim started out of the building, passing quickly along the narrow, dirty streets which led to his home. He was quite unconscious of having been watched while in the market by several boys as ragged as himself but much older. While thinking of the price of coal by the pail, and the capacity of the old one that had gone many times too often to the corner grocery, Jim's hat was knocked forward over his eyes, and his arms were held to his sides, while a hand sought to reach his inner pocket, where safe and warm reposed his little mine. Jim kicked and screamed, and freeing himself by a desperate effort, dropped his head, and fought to defend his more valuable treasure. The struggle was too unequal to last long, and by the time Jim's strength gave out, and he stood panting, bleeding and more ragged than ever, trying to keep the hand from running down his pale cheeks, a policeman had seen the crowd and was bearing down upon it. Jim hardly felt the rough grasp on his poor, old jacket, or the jerk that accompanied it. The boy whom he had fought to take a nearer inspection of their beauty. He was certainly out of place in the neighborhood, and when he fastened his poor, little, starved face against a pane of plate glass, and viewed the temptations beyond, there was something pitiful in the contrast that presented itself. For Jim was ragged, bare-footed and dirty, a jacket several times too large for him gave a curious dwarf-like effect to his figure, and his matted, unkempt hair hung wild over his hungry brown eyes. He kept his cold, dirty hands in the pockets of his ragged coat, and there was nothing to feel in them. He had no money to invest in papers; behind him were the back streets, their squalid population, and the garret where his mother was lying sick and penniless. Before him lay the beauties of wealth and taste; so Jim trembled.

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room, the humanity around him; but he fell in love with nature, the blue sky—he had never seen such an extent of it until now—the river waters flowing past the island, the curves and rocks of the near shores, and the ever-varying clouds. He developed an aptitude for labor, his growing skill attracting general attention. Had he been free, he would have taken kindly to his task and looked with pleasure at his handiwork, but nothing that he did or said had the least particle of his heart in it. His natural disposition, kind and cheerful, was hardening under injustice; he was thin and white in his uniform, and cutting his hair close to his head had deprived him of his chief charm—his wild, elfish expression. His brown eyes were larger than ever, but they were full of unspoken griefs and unexpressed tears; and it was during working hours on the twenty-third of December, and a number of benevolent people who had brought little gifts for the children's Christmas festival entered the long factory to see the work in progress. The boys sat before the stocks, and a double row on each side of the room. Jim, unconscious of observation, rapidly moved his shuttle, and having finished a stocking, quickly passed it to the boy on his right. "That little fellow is helping his neighbor," said the visitor to one of the visitors. "He can do more than is required of him in the day, and the other cannot do as much. So you see he isn't altogether hopeless, although put up for stealing." The visitor approached Jim for a nearer inspection of the child, not altogether hopeless; and having watched him for some minutes, said aloud: "I cannot see how he works so rapidly. I know I never could do it!" It was a woman's sweet voice. Jim's hands stopped as if suddenly petrified; for a minute his heart seemed to cease beating; then with all the blood in his body rushing to his cheeks, every nerve thrilling, Jim sprang from his bench and stood before his kind friend of the Fifth Avenue apartment. "Oh, don't you know me? That bill you gave me, they said I stole it, and they put me here. I want to see my mother." The words came with the force of a pent-up torrent, dashing away all obstructions and more ragged than ever, trying to keep the hand from running down his pale cheeks, a policeman had seen the crowd and was bearing down upon it. Jim hardly felt the rough grasp on his poor, old jacket, or the jerk that accompanied it. The boy whom he had fought to take a nearer inspection of their beauty. He was certainly out of place in the neighborhood, and when he fastened his poor, little, starved face against a pane of plate glass, and viewed the temptations beyond, there was something pitiful in the contrast that presented itself. For Jim was ragged, bare-footed and dirty, a jacket several times too large for him gave a curious dwarf-like effect to his figure, and his matted, unkempt hair hung wild over his hungry brown eyes. He kept his cold, dirty hands in the pockets of his ragged coat, and there was nothing to feel in them. He had no money to invest in papers; behind him were the back streets, their squalid population, and the garret where his mother was lying sick and penniless. Before him lay the beauties of wealth and taste; so Jim trembled.

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TIMELY TOPICS.

The mistake is again the subject of legislation in France. Clerks in the national bank are not permitted to wear it!

A Glasgow paper gives a list of upwards of 150 failures in Glasgow and the west of Scotland directly and indirectly traceable to the stoppage of the City of Glasgow bank. The total liabilities of the Scotch firms who have been dragged down are \$125,000,000.

Mr. E. Kingsley, the engraver who has achieved much success, some of his best work appearing in *Scribner's Monthly*, was formerly a compositor in a newspaper office in Massachusetts. At one time he gained a precarious living by designing fancy cigar-box labels and engraving illustrations of local manufactures. When Professor Chapman, the artist, went to Northampton, Mass., Mr. Kingsley took drawing lessons of him, and then visited New York to study anatomy. His success in a short time became so marked that he returned to his work as an engraver.

A woman's hair has suddenly turned white in Milan. She was a mother, and was going from church with two children, one of whom could walk, while the other was held in her arms. The one who could walk ran down the church steps into the street where a carriage was passing. As the child disappeared between the wheels, the woman uttered a loud cry and fell insensible, with the other child in her arms, on the ground. The child under the carriage was picked up unhurt. The mother, when she was restored to her senses, found her hair had turned perfectly white.

In sugar refineries large iron cylinders called boneblack filters are used. They are usually about twenty feet high and five feet in diameter. Two men went into one of these vessels in a St. Louis refinery to coat the surface with tar, as a preventive of rust during a season of disuse. They sat on a suspended board and put the tar on with brushes by the light of a lantern. The lantern fell and the bottom broke, and the men went into one of these vessels in a St. Louis refinery to coat the surface with tar, as a preventive of rust during a season of disuse. They sat on a suspended board and put the tar on with brushes by the light of a lantern. The lantern fell and the bottom broke, and the men went into one of these vessels in a St. Louis refinery to coat the surface with tar, as a preventive of rust during a season of disuse. They sat on a suspended board and put the tar on with brushes by the light of a lantern. 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