## A NEW YEAR'S WISH.

BY P. M. A.

Dear, eager little boy,
With many an earnest plan
For the slowly coming years,
When you shall be a man.

Do you wish the years to fly
As you are growing tall?
Feet and inches only make
A big boy, after all.

It is not strength of muscle,
It is not man's attire;
No! 'tis something nobler far
That brings what you desire.

'This firm and loyal purpose
To stand by what is right;
The gentleness that helps the weak,
True mark of noble knight—

The courage when the truth demands
To take the losing side—
The kindness to defend the oppressed
And see them justified—

The will to serve your brother's need
In whatever way you can—
'Tis this, my boy, that you desire,
For 'tis this to be a man.

And so my New Year's wish shall be,
May you the time employ
To form a character that makes
A noble, manly boy.

*Written for Western Newspaper Union.*

## HERMAN AND HERTHA.

MRS. H. T. HOLLANDS.

The great German steamship was fastened to the long pier.

The front passage way was thrown open, and the poor emigrants came swarming through, wan and weary.

The voyage had been a stormy one, and the dark quarters in the steerage, crowded and uncomfortable.

When the simple wave had tossed the ship, and threatened to swallow her up, Herman and Hertha had crept into the dark corner near their bundle, and holding each other by the hand, had whispered the prayer the good mother had taught them.

When they were hungry they ate from the lunch which had prepared for them, and when they grew tired and sleepy, their brown heads would nestle close together on the bundle.

When the rough linen sack rubbed against their cheeks, their thoughts went back to the little German home they had left; and they would talk in low tones of the making of the bundle, and of the long winter evenings when the mother had spun the flax, and woven the cloth.

How she had fashioned the brown blouses and wide trousers for Herman, and the striped gowns and aprons for Hertha.

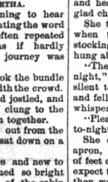
They laughed when they recalled the day they drove the geese into the pen, that she might pluck the feathers to fill the striped tick for Hertha; the same striped tick that was in the coarse linen sack, and was serving them for a pillow while they talked.

"Do you remember," said Hertha, "how the old gray gander caught you by the stocking leg, and would not let you go, and how you cried aloud, until the mother came and pulled him away?"

And then they would talk of the bright future, and of the great America which they were slowly approaching, where they would save money to buy the ticket which they had promised to send back to the good mother.

Their hearts grew light when they talked of the little red chair, and pretty doll, they would buy for sister Annie.

Their voices would grow fainter and fainter until, forgetting the roaring storm and the uncomfortable cabin, they would fall asleep.



HERTHA'S NEW FRIEND.

her by the hand, and led her to his home.

And here she began life in the new world, caring for the little Gallia—the sweet baby who seemed to take the place of dear Annie.

But there was a great empty space in her heart, that the child could not fill.

"Herman, Herman," was the plain that rang through her thoughts wide awake, and through her dreams wide sleeping; and, "Please, God, send Herman to me to-day," was her morning prayer.

The years went on its holiday dress. The streets were filled with happy children, who looked at the great Santa Claus in the window, and wondered what he had for them. The shops were crowded with purchasers and errand boys were hurrying her and there laden with the precious gifts.

And with the joyous Christmas Eve there came a shower of great snow flakes which deadened the sound of the foot-falls and made the scene look like a real fairy land.

Hertha's kind friends were among the busy shoppers. The Christmas tree was planted in the square block-wood, awaiting its precious fruit.

Baby Gallia was fast asleep in bed, and Hertha stood by the window with her face pressed against the cold glass. She saw the moving crowd and heard the merry voices of the glad children.

She thought of the last Christmas, when the two long black woolen stockings and the one little red one hung above the fireplace.

"The little red one hangs alone tonight," she said to herself, and the silent tears rolled down her cheek and fell on her clasped hands as she whispered:

"Please, God, send Herman to me to-night."

She dried her eyes on her white apron, when she heard the stamping of feet on the door-step. She did not expect them just yet, and wondered if they would notice the tear-stains on her face.

She opened the door and met a boy, his arms filled with parcels. He was covered with great flakes of snow, and thought of Santa Claus at first.

"Does Mr. Hunt live here?" he asked.

She looked at him a moment—the dear old home language. Herman—was why his voice sounded so familiar?

She led the way and he followed her into the lighted room.

The next moment the parcels were scattered over the floor, and the snow-covered errand boy was embracing Hertha, while she, poor child, could only say, "Herman! Herman—was this why his voice sounded so familiar?

When Mr. and Mrs. Hunt returned they found the brother and sister seated in the big arm-chair by the stove and little Gallia laughing and crowing in their arms.

The flying months brought another christmas.

THE RE-UNITED FAMILY.

In a little home not far from Mr. Hunt's house the Christmas tree was lighted. Sister Annie sat in the new red chair, and rocked the flaxen-haired doll in the pretty willow cradle.

Herman and Hertha bent over and kissed her, and then what do you think they did?

They threw their arms around the good mother's neck and cried for joy.

There is too much shotgun to the square inch in the average idea of justice.

## A WAIL FROM MR. DOLAN.

There's throbbing came into the house,
And worrittle and pain,
And grief's came pourin' on us,
Ye'll be wondhe jocked thru
To music did aspire,
The divil's walked thru all the place
Since Bridget joined the choir.

Ye's always singing, ye're passin' now,
She never let us rest,
She practices on anthems
Ye'd be given ye the jimmies!
The police came to stop the noise,
Our pitcher is dishcrazed
The divil's walked intil the place
Since Bridget joined the choir.

—Merchant Traveler.

# Deacon Pitkin's Farm

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

### CHAPTER VI (CONTINUED.)

"Oh, show me that letter," said Diana and Mrs. Pitkin, hoping to tranquilize her, gave her Jane's note. "He thinks I'm the eighth of Deuteronomy, I guess," said Diana, bitterly. "Well, I don't wonder. But I do care! I love him better than anybody on my side of the water for this, he said, and I'll never forget him; he's a brave, noble good man, and I shall love him as long as I live, and I'll write to him to-morrow, sir! Give me that locket, cousin, and write to him that I shan't wear it to-morrow."

"Now child, there's no writing to him."

"Oh, dear! that's the worst. Oh, that horrid, horrid Jane! I hate her! I don't know where they are, nor you can't hear from them—and a four years' voyage! Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

"Don't, dear child, don't; you distress me," said Mrs. Pitkin.

"Yes, she's just like me," said Diana, whipping her eye. "Here I am thinking only of myself, and you that have had your heart broken, I'm trying to comfort me, and trying to comfort Uncle Silas. We have both of us scolded and fretted and tried to make him feel, for the most of any of us, spend your breath to comfort us. It's just like you. But, auntie, I'll try to be a comfort to you. I'll try to be a daughter to you. You need somebody to think of you for you never think of yourself, and I'll try to be one," she said, adding the mother by the hand they crossed to the empty room. There was his velvet cap hanging for saken hooks, his papers, some of his clothes hanging in his closet. Mrs. Pitkin, opening a drawer, took out a lock of his hair, a lock of blue ribbon, where there were two locks of hair, one of which Diana recognized as her own. "Oh, dear, she hastily hung it about her neck and concealed it in her bosom, laying her hand hard upon it, as if she would stop the beatings of her heart.

"It seems like a death," she said. "Don't you think, Deacon, it is like death, wide, dark, stormy, unknown? We cannot speak to or hear from them that are on it."

"But people can and do come back from the sea, as I be mother, so hoigh, trust, in God's own time we shall see James back."

"But what if he never should? Oh cousin I can't help thinking of that. There was Michael Davis—you know—ship was wrecked off Hatteras."

"Well," said the mother, after a moment's pause, and a choking down of some rising one in her throat, "as a table upon which lay a Bible, she opened and read: 'O! I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me.'"

The "Thee" in the Bible was to her a name, a shadow, a caption, to designate the dark table it stood for the Isaiah's Bible, and when Deacon Pitkin, seeing in secret, on whose bosom all her tears of so now had been shed, the Comforter and Deliverer dwelling in her heart and giving peace where the world gave no, troubles.

Diana leaned her face as it had been the face of an angel. She kissed her, and turned away in silence.

### CHAPTER VII.

THANKSGIVING AGAIN.

Seven years had passed and once more the Thanksgiving tide was in Mapleton. This year it had come cold and frosty. Chill driving autumn storms had stripped the painted gorgeous from the trees, and remorseless frosts had chased the hardy ranks of the asters and golden rods back and back till a scant and sad remnant be found in the deepest and most sequestered spot. The great elm over the Pitkin farm house had been stripped of its golden glory, and now rose against a yellow evening sky, with its little delicacies of twig and tracery, in their way quite as beautiful as the full pomp of summer foliage. The air which was keen and frosty, and the knotted twigs of the branches knocked against the roof and pelted and tickled and tapped the upper window panes as the chill evening wind swept through them.

Seven long years had passed since James sailed. Years of waiting, of cheerful patience and, at last, of at last great and sad sorrow. Once they heard from James at the first port where the ship stopped, it was a letter dear to the heart, yet hopeful, tearful, resigned and Christian; expressing full purpose to work with God in whatever calling he should take, and cheerful hopes of the future. Then came a long, long silence, and then tidings that the ship was had been wrecked, and a reef in the Indian ocean. The mother had given back her treasure into the same beloved hands whence she had received it in the beginning, and had gone home to God, and God took him." she said. "I shall have him again in God's time. This was how she bore it, she gave him to God, and God took him." she said. "I shall have him again in God's time." This was how she bore it, she whole matter with herself. Diana had mourned with all the intensity of her being, and had taken the burden of sorrow she had emerged with a new and nobler nature. The calm, trusting laughing child had disappeared, and in her place a woman. She devoted herself to James's mother with an utter self-sacrificing devotion, and at last the light of hope broke through the clouds. Then came a long, long silence, and then tidings that the ship was had been wrecked, and a reef in the Indian ocean. The mother had given back her treasure into the same beloved hands whence she had received it in the beginning, and had gone home to God, and God took him." she said. "I shall have him again in God's time."