

# The Abbeville Press and Banner

BY HUGH WILSON.

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## A Happy New Year.

Coming, happy, come!  
Listen! perhaps you'll hear  
Over the snow-bells blowing  
To welcome the glad new year.  
In the steeples tones are ringing,  
There are merry sleigh-bells ringing,  
And the people for joy are singing,  
It's coming, coming near.  
Flying, sliding, dashing,  
Going away to-night,  
Wear and old, its story told,  
The year that was full of light.  
Oh, half we are, it's leaving;  
Good-bye has a sound of grieving;  
But its work is done, and its weaving;  
God speed its parting day!

Tripping, skipping, skipping,  
With a child in its woolen gown,  
With never a tear and never a frown,  
And a light in its laughing face;  
With hands held out to greet us,  
With gay little steps to meet us,  
With sweet eyes that entreat us,  
The new year comes to its place.

Coming, come, come!  
The world is a vision bright;  
From the powdered eaves to the sere-brown  
leaves,  
That are hidden out of sight,  
In the steeples tones are ringing,  
The bells are merry ringing,  
And a happy New Year we're singing,  
For the old year goes tonight.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

## "A Good Tip," and What Came of It.

BY REV. JOSEPH SHENTON.

Will Walliker was tempted by the offer of "a good tip," and he fell into the tempter's snare. This was how it happened. On Tuesday, about noon, he was passing the "Wagon and Horses," and he saw a man with a book in his hand, standing at the corner of the stableyard. Just at that moment Tom Needall came up, and pointing towards the man with the book, said:

"See that tell us something worth knowin', if he looks like it."  
He gave Will a nudge with his elbow by way of emphasis.  
"Wot can he tell us worth knowin'?" Will asked.

"He knows the winning horse, an' can tell us if he looks like it."  
Tom slapped Will on the shoulder.  
"He can put lots o' money in your pocket."

Will's eyes glistened with unnatural excitement. He stuck his hand in his pocket and began to count over the coin he had. They idled up towards the place where the bookmaker was standing.

"Now, my hearties, I can give you a good tip," he produced a card with the names of the horses printed on it. "If you want to make a trade of money for yourself, to pay your expenses for a seaside holiday, or to buy Mary Jane a new bonnet, put your money on this horse. Ha, you thought I was going to tell you. Out with your money and you'll know the secret. I can spot the winner."

"Wud ee tak half a crown?" Will asked in a whisper.

"Mak' it five shillin's Tom suggested."

Will began to turn over the money in his pocket, and tried to count it without exposing it to view. He knew he was not worth five shillings. Hence he hesitated, and seemed inclined to go on his way.

"I dunner mind gain shares, Will," Tom suggested. "Can we make five shillin's between us?"

Will hesitated no longer. He took the money out of his pocket and held it in the palm of his hand, and counted it up to three shillings and three pence. Tom held in his hand two shillings. They agreed to put the five shillings on the book-maker's favorite horse, and spend the three pence in a pint of beer and drink to their own good luck.

"Three-fifths and two-fifths, eight to one offered and taken," said the expert betting man. "You put your money on 'Lucifer.' That is a splendid horse, your country cousins. I have never in all my experience of racing had so good a tip to give my customers. Lucifer is sure to win the race, wait till Thursday and you will see." He winked knowingly. "You will, as the lawyers say, on Thursday hear of something to your advantage."

For two days Will thought of nothing but the horse Lucifer. In imagination he saw the horse running and always Lucifer to the front. He had, however, one or two fits of despondency. Perhaps the book-maker had deceived him. It was certain that everybody could not win. If he won, then somebody must lose; and if he lost, somebody other man would win. His conscience became troublesome. He ought not to put his money to risk, and he would never do so any more, if he lost. But the man was so confident that Lucifer would win the race. If he did win, then by a sudden stroke of fortune his three shillings would be multiplied by eight, and he would hear the cash jingling in his pocket.

"It will be money taken out of the pocket of another man," whispered conscience.

Will winced. He could make no answer. In his heart he knew he had been guilty of acting foolishly.

On Thursday his master sent him into the field with the horses. He followed them up and down the furrows all the morning. Then he took them to bait, and to get his own lunch. On going back to the field it was about the time the race on which he had staked his money would be run. He kept steadily at his work for half-an-hour, but all the time he was thinking more of the horse named Lucifer than of Dobbin and Jerry that he was following up the furrow. By-and-by he saw Tom Needall running as fast as he could to bring him the news. Will stopped the horses and put his fingers to his mouth and sent out a shrill whistle to attract Tom's attention, and let him know where he was. Tom sprang out the ditch bank, and made his way over the fence. He was the bearer of what he considered good news. Lucifer had won the race.

Will turned the horses at the top of the field as though he intended to go down again. Then he threw the reins out of his hands and let the horses standing, and went back with Tom to the public house. He did not mean to stay, at least not more than five minutes. He was, however, surrounded by yokels who considered him the most fortunate man in the

parish, and he must needs show his generosity by having a drink, and treating his friends. He would pay for whiskies all round, whatever the cost.

Half an hour later the master rode into the field and found the horses standing idle. They had drawn the plough from the furrow and were contentedly nibbling at the young grass just coming up in the hedgerow. The master rode round the field, but Will was nowhere to be seen. He drove the horses forward a few paces, then unharnessed them and took them to the stables.

Will did not make his appearance at the farm that day. He was having a spree at the "Wagon and Horses," and was spending all the money he had won. At closing time he was helplessly drunk and all his money was spent. Tom Needall was not gone quite so far as Will, and he took him into the outbuilding, and they slept off the effects of their carousal in the hay. Will woke the next morning with a dreadful headache, and he began to think about the horses he had left in the field. He crept out of the hay and slunk like a thief along the road.

When he came to the farm he went to the stables, and began to put the harness on the horses. Before he had harnessed one of them his master came to the stable and frankly told him all. After severely reprimanding Will for his conduct and pointing out the serious consequences of giving way to such temptations, his master forgave him and added—

"I advise you to get in some quiet place where you can collect your thoughts, and think about the act of folly and sin you have committed, and resolve to give up the drink. Ask Almighty God, in His great mercy, to help you come to a wise decision. Drinking and betting mean ruin to you. Pray God to help you to have done with the two evils."

A few hours later Will signed the pledge and promised amendment. He had been in an old stone quarry with his face covered by his hands, thinking of his master and how it would break his heart if he went home in disgrace. He had been thinking, too, of the time when he knelt at her knee, and said, "Our Father." The memory of the old days broke up the fountain of his soul; he knelt once more at the footstool of mercy and prayed like the publican on the floor of the temple, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

When he rose from his knees the pardon and peace of God filled him, bringing with them the promise of better and brighter days.—British Workman.

## A GENUINE GHOST STORY.

Some years ago there was a lone house standing near a plantation not far from Guilford, Conn. This house nobody would ever take because it was haunted, and strange noises were heard in it every night after dark.

Several tenants tried it, but were frightened away by the noises. At last one individual, more courageous than the rest, resolved to unravel the mystery. He accordingly armed himself cap-a-pie, and having put out the light, remained sentry in one of the rooms.

Shortly he heard on the stairs pit, pat; a full stop; then pit, pat; a full stop again.

The noise was repeated several times, as though some creature, ghost or no ghost, was coming up stairs.

At the last thing, whatever it was, came close to the door of the room where the sentry was placed, and listening, his heart, too, chimed in with the tune, pit, pat, but rather faster than it was wont to do.

He flung open the door—hurry skurry, bang!—something went down stairs with tremendous jump, and all over the bottom of the house the greatest confusion, as of thousands of demons rushing in all directions, was heard!

This was enough for one night. The next our crafty sentry established himself on the first landing, with a heap of straw and a box of lucifer matches.

Soon all was quiet. Up the stairs again came the pit, pat—pit, pat.

When the noise was close to his ambuscade he jumped and set fire to his straw, which blazed up like a bonfire in an instant. And what did he see? Only a rabbit, which stood on its hind legs as much astounded as was the sentry.

Both man and beast having mutually inspected each other, the biped hurled a sword at the quadruped, which disappeared down stairs (quicker than he came up). The noise made was only the rabbit's fore and hind feet hitting the boards as he hopped from one stair to another. The rabbits had got into the house from the neighboring plantation, and had fairly frightened away, by their nocturnal wanderings, the rightful owners thereof. The more courageous sentry was rewarded for his vigil, for he held his tongue to the cause of the ghost, and got the house at a reduced rent, and several capital rabbit pies made of the ghost's bodies into the bargain.—Golden Days.

## EMINENT MEN ON WAR.

I would recommend the members of the Peace Society, when they are engaged in this work, to take a view of Calvary. I do not see how a man can claim discipleship, who does not follow his Master in proclaiming peace throughout the world.—Richard Knill.

"Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good-will toward men." How different that is from some who profess to preach the gospel and at the same time go forward with the Bible in their pockets to slay their fellow-men! How different! O, how different this is from my feelings at this time!—Jesse Moon, on his death bed.

## Newness of Life.

Behold, I make all things new.—Rev. 21: 5.

Oh, New Year, teach us faith!  
The road of life is hard;  
When our feet bleed, and scourging winds us scathe,  
Point us to Him whose visage was more marred  
Than any man's; who saith  
"Make straight paths for your feet," and to the oppressed  
"Come ye to me, and I will give you rest."

—Miss Mulock.

## Consecrate the New Year.

This New Year thou givest me, Lord, I consecrate to thee,  
With all its joys and sorrows;  
Fill my hand with service blest,  
Fill my heart with holy rest,  
And fill my life with praise!

Among the many mottos and prayers available and suitable for the New Year, what better than this beautiful stanza by Miss Haverall? He whose life in the swiftly passing months can be summed up in the words "service," "rest," "praise," will have a happy year in the fullest meaning of the term. Many such inestimable blessings come to every reader of these lines! It is an old and trite saying: "How rapidly time urges his flight!—sometimes as a relentless, unsparing destroyer, he often as a swift-winged and beautiful angel; changing, yet not taking away this world's blessings; making our past sorrows look dim in the distance; opening many flows of pleasure on our way, and gradually ripening our souls for the great and glorious harvest of eternity." Of the benediction of time, Dickens has said: "Father Time is not always a hard parent, and though he tortures for none of his children, often lays his hand lightly upon those who have used him well, making them old men and women inexorably enough, but leaving their hearts and spirits young and in full vigor. With such people the gray head is but the impression of the old fellow's hand in giving them his blessing, and every wrinkle but a notch in the quiet calendar of a well-spent life." Good, quaint old Fuller prayed: "Lord, give me an hour glass, not a be by me, but in me. Teach me the number of my days;—an hour glass to turn me—that I may apply my heart unto wisdom."—Dr. Kirkland, in S. S. Visitor.

**Christmas and New Year.**  
The Christmas chimes are pealing, softly pealing; the joyous sounds are ringing, ever louder and clearer, ever nearer, and nearer, like a sweet-toned benediction falling on the ear. Glad ringers are pulling the ropes, and in one grand swell of melody Christmas, with its old yet ever new and marvelous mysteries, bursts triumphantly upon the world once more.  
The cattle have turned their heads to the east and knelt down to worship the king cradled in the manger; the houses are decked with holly and the gray snow sweep away; the sun is up and the bright-eyed children, who have laid awake all night listening for the patter of old Saint Nick's tiny steeds on the roof, only to fall asleep at the eventful moment, wake hurriedly to find the stockings running over with beads and sweetmeats.  
Beautiful and right it is that gifts and good wishes should fill the air like snowflakes at Christmas-tide. And beautiful is the year in its coming and in its going—most beautiful and blessed because it is always the Year of Our Lord.

I do not know a grander effort of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.—Washington Irving.

## Christmas All the Year.

It is Jesus Christ that makes Christmas the most joyous day in the calendar. Without him there would be no Christmas carol, and no Christmas gifts. But why limit to one day what ought to be our experience on every day of the three hundred and sixty-five? Some Christians are happy only on special occasions, when the sun shines or their "ship comes in." The rest of the time they sulk, or groan, or grumble. Sunny-souled old Paul, even when he was chained in Nero's guardhouse, rings out the jubilant words, "Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, Rejoice!" Ought every Christian to be happy? Yes; and every one of us may be happy all the time if we only look in the right quarter for our joys. Paul was too wise to do so. He was too wise to know that he had no more to lose than to rejoice in the Lord. He was too wise to know that he had no more to lose than to rejoice in the Lord. He was too wise to know that he had no more to lose than to rejoice in the Lord.

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## Santa Claus and Christ.

Old "Santa Claus" is quite an object of worship in the homes of our little people. The real Christ will have but few youthful worshippers, we fear, during the intervening weeks and days. Thousands of dollars will be spent for things that "perish with their using," that might have glad the hearts of many poor and needy children, if spent for food and raiment. Thoughtless mortals, we are.

Instead of spending our money for the trifles of life, we should see to it that the suffering hosts round us are made happy in this memorable day. Shoes for little chapped feet, warm clothes for little shivering bodies, wholesome food for the poverty-stricken, are needed throughout the land.—Epworth News.

Never can there come a time in the farthest onward reach of the celestial journey when a living soul will no longer hunger and thirst after righteousness, for to do so is to hunger and thirst after God. Angels and archangels must stoop beside us to fill their golden chalices, as we our cups of clay, at the inexhaustible Fountain. To hunger no more and to thirst no more is but have our everlasting need perpetually satisfied; and from the overflow of our blessedness to become wells of the water of life to other souls.—Lucy Larcum.

But successful was the night  
When o'er the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began;  
The winds with wonder wist  
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean—  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the  
charmed wave.  
—Milton's "Hymn to the Nativity."

## Wake up, Young Year.

"Come dear," to the year  
Said Nature, the mother,  
"You must go, you know,  
To relieve your brother."  
It is now his turn  
To sleep with the Past,  
And he's fast asleep at home  
On the midnight blast.  
I'll give you playthings  
Of frost and time,  
Fifty-two weeks,  
And twelve months of time,  
Blossoms and buds  
And daisies and woad,  
Rivers and floods  
And rainbow gleams,  
Corn and wheat  
With their golden sheaves,  
Cold and heat  
And the ripened leaves,  
Bread to cheer you,  
Bees to make honey,  
While men and women  
Are earning money.  
So wake up, year,  
For the children call  
You have come Bright  
White the snow-flakes fall.  
You must haste, you see,  
To relieve your brother,  
Who is tired and old."  
Said Nature, the mother,  
—Harper's Young People.

**What Others Say.**  
(N. C. Ch. Advocate.)  
"Are you in debt so as to embarrass you?" This question is intended to probe to the bottom, and is one of the tests by which a young preacher's readiness for the ministry is determined. No preacher can afford to lug around with him a load of debt. Sooner or later, it will sink him.  
(Nashville Advocate.)  
The kind word which you might have spoken, but did not speak; the helpful act you might have done, but did not do—these are your condemnation in the sight of God. You felt some impulse to let your better nature assert itself, but smothered it down and repressed it. There was a hungry soul waiting to see your lips open, and your hands stretched forth. Alas! you missed your opportunity.  
(Ham's Horn.)  
The tiny ray of sunlight which stole in through the crack of the shutter yesterday wrote with its golden pen these words upon the darkness within: "There is a great big world of sunshine, just like me, outside." Don't keep sunshine barred out from your soul. Open wide the shutters. Do not interpret the meaning of life from the darkness, but from the sunshine which falls upon it. The joy of yesterday which crept into your clouded life points you to a world that abounds with it. The satisfaction you felt to-day upon doing that good turn for another was as a drop in the ocean of satisfaction you will find if you make every other day just like this.  
(Cumberland Presbyterian.)  
Murmuring is a species of blasphemy. You are in the Lord's guest chamber. You sit at his table. If you murmur, you are insulting him on whose bounty you live. If you doubt whether you will be taken care of, you impugn the truthfulness of him who declares that he is more willing to give good things to them that ask him than parents are to give bread to their children. Mark Guy Pearce says: "God does not pitch men into the world haphazard; don't cry out so much against your circumstances. It is half blasphemy; what you have to do is to find Christ. He will be a match for your circumstances." If we had eyes and hearts of faith, we would see that what ever he gives is best for us.  
(Baptist Teacher.)  
It is not our purpose to plead for a revival of Puritan asceticism, but to enter our protest against the tremendous drift in the direction of mere sensual indulgence, especially in the whirl of the fashionable dance. It used to be under the ban, and participation in it was commonly regarded as furnishing occasions for summary church discipline. No longer is it dealt with thus, but Christian parents are coming to think that the art of dancing is an accomplishment to be acquired and necessary to be practiced in order that young people may carry themselves gracefully and have suitable social standing in fashionable circles. After all that may be said in apology for the fashionable dance, the fact remains that it allows the taking publicly of such liberties as under any other circumstances would be or should be indignantly resented. The further fact remains that unless there be the intermingling of opposite sexes in the dance it presently loses its subtle charms.  
Richmond Christian Advocate.  
There are seventy thousand sermons in the morning and seventy thousand sermons at candle lighting on each Lord's Day. To a bystander it might seem the carriages were smokeless powder, silent caps and shot of sawdust. It is known, the pulpit wind up the red-down bow. There is scarcely a tick in weak works on Saturday night.  
Yet if He should come to our Capital and abide with saintly sisters on the suburbs, whose brother is a brakeman orswings a sledge, what would He suggest? It might be He would hush the sermon and shut the church for one Sabbath, and send the disciples to the miserable, the fatherless, the dog licked pariah. The sight of society in silks seeking the desolate, the soot, the friendless and filthy in reeking hovels would stir the city and still the scorner. A cry would go up: Christians are in earnest.  
Pentecost would kindle in every Church.  
(St. Louis Advocate.)  
Preaching is different from all other kinds of public speaking, and something more than mere oratory or rhetoric is needed to make it effective. A preacher who sacrifices strength to rhetoric and force to eloquence, is making a radical mistake. When a man reads and essay or attempts to declaim from the pulpit, he is perpetrating a travesty on his sacred calling and is degrading the office and work of the ministry. Two of the indispensable requisites to pulpit power, are earnestness and sincerity.  
Let either of these be lacking, and the preacher is a Samson shorn of his locks, and has wholly misinterpreted the message he has to deliver. We confess to a feeling of mingled mortification and indignation when we listen to a preacher who is evidently declaiming for effect and whose self-consciousness is apparent throughout his entire sermon. Such a man is unworthy to occupy a pulpit, and has not learned the first principles of his high calling. Though he may have genius, learning and eloquence, his preaching is but "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

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Preaching is different from all other kinds of public speaking, and something more than mere oratory or rhetoric is needed to make it effective. A preacher who sacrifices strength to rhetoric and force to eloquence, is making a radical mistake. When a man reads and essay or attempts to declaim from the pulpit, he is perpetrating a travesty on his sacred calling and is degrading the office and work of the ministry. Two of the indispensable requisites to pulpit power, are earnestness and sincerity.  
Let either of these be lacking, and the preacher is a Samson shorn of his locks, and has wholly misinterpreted the message he has to deliver. We confess to a feeling of mingled mortification and indignation when we listen to a preacher who is evidently declaiming for effect and whose self-consciousness is apparent throughout his entire sermon. Such a man is unworthy to occupy a pulpit, and has not learned the first principles of his high calling. Though he may have genius, learning and eloquence, his preaching is but "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

**What Others Say.**  
(N. C. Ch. Advocate.)  
"Are you in debt so as to embarrass you?" This question is intended to probe to the bottom, and is one of the tests by which a young preacher's readiness for the ministry is determined. No preacher can afford to lug around with him a load of debt. Sooner or later, it will sink him.  
(Nashville Advocate.)  
The kind word which you might have spoken, but did not speak; the helpful act you might have done, but did not do—these are your condemnation in the sight of God. You felt some impulse to let your better nature assert itself, but smothered it down and repressed it. There was a hungry soul waiting to see your lips open, and your hands stretched forth. Alas! you missed your opportunity.  
(Ham's Horn.)  
The tiny ray of sunlight which stole in through the crack of the shutter yesterday wrote with its golden pen these words upon the darkness within: "There is a great big world of sunshine, just like me, outside." Don't keep sunshine barred out from your soul. Open wide the shutters. Do not interpret the meaning of life from the darkness, but from the sunshine which falls upon it. The joy of yesterday which crept into your clouded life points you to a world that abounds with it. The satisfaction you felt to-day upon doing that good turn for another was as a drop in the ocean of satisfaction you will find if you make every other day just like this.  
(Cumberland Presbyterian.)  
Murmuring is a species of blasphemy. You are in the Lord's guest chamber. You sit at his table. If you murmur, you are insulting him on whose bounty you live. If you doubt whether you will be taken care of, you impugn the truthfulness of him who declares that he is more willing to give good things to them that ask him than parents are to give bread to their children. Mark Guy Pearce says: "God does not pitch men into the world haphazard; don't cry out so much against your circumstances. It is half blasphemy; what you have to do is to find Christ. He will be a match for your circumstances." If we had eyes and hearts of faith, we would see that what ever he gives is best for us.  
(Baptist Teacher.)  
It is not our purpose to plead for a revival of Puritan asceticism, but to enter our protest against the tremendous drift in the direction of mere sensual indulgence, especially in the whirl of the fashionable dance. It used to be under the ban, and participation in it was commonly regarded as furnishing occasions for summary church discipline. No longer is it dealt with thus, but Christian parents are coming to think that the art of dancing is an accomplishment to be acquired and necessary to be practiced in order that young people may carry themselves gracefully and have suitable social standing in fashionable circles. After all that may be said in apology for the fashionable dance, the fact remains that it allows the taking publicly of such liberties as under any other circumstances would be or should be indignantly resented. The further fact remains that unless there be the intermingling of opposite sexes in the dance it presently loses its subtle charms.  
Richmond Christian Advocate.  
There are seventy thousand sermons in the morning and seventy thousand sermons at candle lighting on each Lord's Day. To a bystander it might seem the carriages were smokeless powder, silent caps and shot of sawdust. It is known, the pulpit wind up the red-down bow. There is scarcely a tick in weak works on Saturday night.  
Yet if He should come to our Capital and abide with saintly sisters on the suburbs, whose brother is a brakeman orswings a sledge, what would He suggest? It might be He would hush the sermon and shut the church for one Sabbath, and send the disciples to the miserable, the fatherless, the dog licked pariah. The sight of society in silks seeking the desolate, the soot, the friendless and filthy in reeking hovels would stir the city and still the scorner. A cry would go up: Christians are in earnest.  
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