Holiday Greeting

OF THE

GRIGGS COURIER.

THE NEW YEAR.

THE herald of the sons of Time.
The star-crowned angel of the Morn,
Comes out from azure heights sublime,
Behold! no other thing is born
The cloudy hosts of night retreat,
The snowy banners are unfolded
As down Aurora's golden street
The tidings ring that thrill a world.

O hear of all the earnest years,
And pomp of universal state,
There are life's misty shores of tears,
And there its frozen lands of fate.
Its isles of hope in tempest sir
Its wastes of sorrow's stormy sea,
Its desert spaces of despair,
Its climes of fortune-favored ease.

A suppliant realm beseeches thee,
O Spirit-thing, for sovereign grace,
Great as thy force, full and free,
And may show a smiling face.
Let shine up stars above us rest,
And love and peace Divine prevail,
Let wisdom's sacred treasures rest
Their light to every darkened vale.

Julia F. Trafton.

THE MINISTER'S DINNER.

How It Was Converted Into a Christmas Charity.

"HE said the minister," she gave his wife the letter to read. "Oh!" said the assistant as she handed it to her daughter, with a look of pity for the minister, who had two extra wrinkles above his eyes, and was rubbing his bald head dreadfully. "Read it," cried Julia as she and the other two ran to the cupboard.

Rev. Cephas Huntington ministered to a small flock among the Vermont hills, where he dispensed the Gospel, and was father and friend to his scattered congregation, at a salary of five hundred dollars a year. He had a little farm, for he had married a country clergyman's daughter, a worthy girl, who had a thousand dollars left her by a maiden aunt. Cephas inherited the same sum from his father, who was a farmer and had two sons, Cephas and Joseph. Cephas had worked his way through college and theological seminary with little assistance, and preached his first sermon the week before his father died, the mother had gone before. The youngster, returning from the sale of accounts and farm to New York, had safely in an old and respectable house went into a wholesale store as porter and having that indefinable gift that is at instinct's touch as a talent for, made his fortune, which he and his wife, he was a partner, where he had been a porter, and went to Europe with his pretty wife and lady to be the resident member of the firm in Paris.

No more children came to Joseph, but very much money did. He grew rich, prosperous, and the neighbors, for such a man had time than he given. He saw of the doctrine as well as the character which in all these years of his early life had passed from Orchard Corners, but that time. Now as well as the Orchard Corners, but that time. Now as well as the Orchard Corners, but that time. Now as well as the