

ment of the confectionary, do towards giving a calm, happy temperament of mind, when compared with that produced by affording relief to a family blasted with poverty.—Young friends, read this story, act out its suggestions, and God will bless you.—ED.

It was the morning of the new year that had just set in, bright, golden, beautiful. The snow glittered like jewelled raiment in the cloudless sun. The chiming of the silvery sounds of the bell struck joyfully upon the listener in every street. The air was piercing; bracing, though not biting—just cold enough, in truth, to infuse life and elasticity into every one that moved.

There was a little girl, a child of poverty, on that beautiful new year's morning, walking the streets with the gay crowds that swept past her. Her little feet had grown so numb, encased only in thin shoes, those badly worn, that she could with difficulty move but one before the other. Her cheeks, shook at every step she took, and her lips truly purple. Alas, poor Elsie Gray! She was a little beggar.

Just like the old year was the new year to her. Just like the last year's wants, and last year's sufferings, were the wants and sufferings of this! The change of the year brought no change in her condition with it. She was poor; her mother was a widow and an invalid, and the child was a poor beggar.

In the old and cheerless room gleamed no bright fires of anniversary. No evergreens, no wreaths, no flowery, save a few old withered ones, decked her time-stained walls. There were no sounds of merry voices within the door to say to the Widow Gray, "A happy New Year to you Mrs. Gray!" Heaven seemed to have walled her and her apode

out from the happiness that was all the world's on that festive day of the year. It was provided to all appearances, no joys, no congratulations, no laughter, no flowers for them. Why? Were they outcasts? Had they outraged their claim on the wide world's charities? Had they voluntarily shut themselves out from the sunlight of the living creatures around them? No!—shame take the world that it must be answered for them. Mrs. Gray was poor.

Little Elsie stopped at times and breathed her hot breath up n her blue and benumbed fingers, and stamped her tiny feet in their thin encasement with all the force left in them; and then big tears stood trembling in her large blue eyes for a moment, and rolled slowly down her purple cheeks, as if they would freeze to them. She had left her mother in bed, sick, exhausted and "famishing!" What wonder that she cried, even, though those hot tears only dropped on the icy pavement. They might as well fall there as elsewhere; the many human hearts that passed her were full as icy and hardened.

She would have turned back to go home, but she thought of her poor mother and went on, though where to go she knew not. She was to become a street beggar! Where would street beggars go? What streets are laid out and named and numbered for them? Surely if not home, then where should they go? It was this thought that brought those crystal tears—that started those deep and irrepressible sobs that choked her infant utterance.

A young boy—a bright looking little fellow—chanced to pass her as she walked and wept and stopped. He caught the glitter of those tears in the sunshine, and the sight smote