



#### A COLD NEW YEAR.

Cold as it may be, our merry little friend sings his blithe carol of Happy New Year, fearless of the frost, trusting God for his daily food. So, too, surely may we trust God for all things needful for this year, and every year of our lives.

#### NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

O year that lies before us,  
What shall thy record be,  
As thy short months roll o'er us,  
And swift thy moments flee?  
Now thou art fair and spotless  
As childhood's opening hour,  
Thy bud so pure and stainless,  
Say, what shall be thy flower?

Thou bring'st new hope to cheer us,  
New visions fair and bright,  
Of higher aims and conquests,  
And purer, clearer light;  
New strength for fresh endeavor,  
New purpose, firm and high,  
New dreams of holy pleasures  
Which wait us in the sky.

So, year by year, in mercy,  
To us it hath been given,  
To climb from our past failures  
Up one step nearer heaven;  
To strive each year we journey  
Upon our pilgrim way  
That each new fair-to-morrow  
Be better than to-day.

Lord, grant us grace to serve thee  
In serving each and all;  
Our hearts keep warm and trustful,  
Protect us lest we fall;  
And if this year's last moments  
On earth we may not see,  
We know no harm will reach us,  
For we shall be with thee.



#### A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

How lightly the words are said, and yet how much they mean! How few stop to ask what kind of happiness they desire for themselves or for their friends! No doubt there is a general desire in the hearts of all for success in the world, for comfort at home. And this is right enough, as far as it goes. But how far is that? Only to the end of the year, if our lives are spared; and so to another year, and another, while life goes on. And then—what then? There will come a last year; and all worldly happiness will be over. A new world and a new life will open before us; but who will say to us, as we go down into the valley of death, "A Happy New Year!" Let us give a moment to this thought. Will this be a Happy New Year for us, if it should carry us to the shores of eternity? Happiness

in the next world, that is what we should endeavor to attain. And it is within the power of every one to make sure of entering that new life with joy.

No one can make sure that he will prosper in this world, or will enjoy good health. But he can make sure of a happy eternity. The Psalmist says: "The Lord, hast never failed them that seek thee." Precious and beautiful words; but not more beautiful than true. A holy life is the only way to a happy eternity—life of thankful trust in Jesus Christ; life of earnest striving against all sin by the help of the Holy Spirit; a life of simple walking in the ways of God, seeking to do his will on earth as it is done in heaven, and all the while doing our work heartily and enjoying thankfully the pleasures that God gives us. This is the way to ensure a Happy New Year and to prepare for a happy hereafter.

#### HIS HOME BEAUTIFUL.

Harry didn't want to come in one day when mamma called him. He was having the finest time building a snow-house, as he rolled and tugged and piled one block on another, as he panted and glowed and blew clouds of fog from his red lips, he kept thinking how nice it would be to have a house of his own to live in, and he really meant to finish it and live in it.

But the rowdy had gone out without his great-coat, or leggings or rubber shoes, so of course mamma had to call him in, and to drive away his pouting fit she began to tell him that he already had a beautiful house all his own. It had two windows and two doors for visitors to enter, and one door for himself to come through; it was of beautiful shape and color, and as he grew older the house would be enlarged for his use. Moreover it was furnished with four good servants.

By this time Harry's eyes were stretched so wide that the mother could not help laughing.

"Why, mother, where in the world did I get that house?"

"God gave it to you, my little boy," said she; "it is your body, don't you see? Your blue eyes are the windows from which your mind looks out; your two ears are the doors through which your friends' words and thoughts enter; your mouth is the door through which your spirit goes forth with words for wheels, and your hands and feet are your willing, obedient servants."

Harry was laughing himself now at the queer fancy.

"But God means you to take care of the Home Beautiful," continued the mother. "If you catch cold and get sick, you injure it, and God will be displeased to see you so careless of his good gift."

The little boy sat down on the floor, and pulled off his wet stockings with a very thoughtful face. "I 'spect I'd better take care of my house," he said to himself.