



THE FAITHLESS UMBRELLA.

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Poor little fellow! How we pity him in his misfortune. He is, it seems, just coming home from the market, for there is his basket on the side of the road full of the different things which his mother has probably sent him to buy for the house.

But what shall we say for the unfaithful umbrella? The fault is probably as much the little boy's as the umbrella's. A heavy basket and so big an umbrella were too much for the little man, and the wind caught it and with one strong gust blew it inside out. It will be no more use to him now, for the stays are broken, so the best thing he can do will be to take up his basket, put a brave face on it, and run home out of the storm as fast as his little legs can carry him.

THE NEW YEAR.

A Happy New Year to all the dear children!

A new year to be good and happy in.

A new year to do good and make others happy in!

This is what all who love the children want and ask for them.

Is it what the children want? And are they asking God for such a year as this?

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Mrs. Nelson gave each of her children, Robbie and Lulu, a New Year's gift of a diary. The books were prettily bound, and on the cover of each book was the owner's name in beautiful things in my pretty book!" were delighted, and turned over the spotless leaves with great satisfaction.

"I shall begin writing in mine this very day," said Lulu.

"I shall write in mine to-day and every day," said Robbie, gravely. "Mamma will not be pleased if we get tired of them after a while, and throw them to one side."

"I don't mean to," said Lulu, warmly. "I shall write all the nice things that happen to me all through the year, and how pleasant that will be to read in the future!"

"I think I shall write the things that are not pleasant, and the failures I make," said Robbie. "It will do me good to read them in the future."

"The idea!" cried Lulu. "I'll not write any but nice gift letters. The children

Mrs. Nelson smiled as she looked at her case-loving little daughter, but she sighed also.

"Then be sure, dear child," she said, "that only 'nice things' are found in your life. There is no use in trying to shirk the truth, and where there is wrong and

failure it is best to face it openly and fearlessly. I think Robbie is right in keeping a record of his failures, and I hope he will never be afraid to look at it, and to let others see it, too. Those who try to hide and cover up wrong-doing are the ones who suffer most. God wants us to be true to him, true to ourselves, and true to one another."

Let us hope that Robbie and Lulu will enter upon the New Year with hearts in love with truth, whether it be pleasant or unpleasant.

THE OLD YEAR.

Another year has gone,

With swift and noiseless tread,

Winter and spring have glided on,

Summer and autumn sped—

Each season with its joys and pain;

And they will never come again.

I mourn its wasted time,

If I could live it o'er,

Its sad mistakes I'd try to shun,

Its wrongs would do no more,

But, no; the loss none can repair,

'Tis gone for ever, the old year.

This only can I do:

Be sorry for the past,

And at my loving Saviour's feet

My weary burden cast,

He will blot out sin's crimson stain,

And strengthen me to try again.

And as a bright new year

Comes with its hope and joy,

I'll seek to live aright, and all

My hours for God employ;

And this new year will try to live

That it a record fair may give.



AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.