

was going to wash the dishes. I don't like to wash dishes, but I begin to realize that there are some things I ought to do that I don't like to do.

I went up softly to mamma's room about 10 o'clock. She said she had had a nice sleep and felt better; she thought she'd get up. I coaxed her to lie still a little longer. Her head had ached so in the morning that she hadn't eaten any breakfast. I went down to the kitchen and made her some toast and a cup of tea. I carried it up to her piping hot, the toast between two hot plates and the tea in my pretty china cup that Aunt Harrie gave me. Mamma ate every bit of the toast and drank the tea. She paid me for it, too, by saying I was the 'dearest little cook in the world.' How sweet mamma is!

January 5th.—I'm helping mamma with the children's new white aprons. Mamma says it's a great relief to her to have her 'elder daughter' take such an interest in the sewing for the children.

January 6th.—Sunday, and such a happy one! We all went to church, heard a good sermon and some fine singing. We brought

little Dorothy Burton home with us to dinner. She looked so pathetic in her black dress that I asked mamma if I couldn't bring her home, and mamma said, 'Of course, my dear.' Dorothy's mother died about three months ago. I think the child forgot her sorrow while she was here. She went all over the house with Jeanie and Hilda and we all gave her something to take home. Papa asked me how my diary was getting along and I let him read it. When he was through with it he looked a little misty around the eyes (I guess he's taken a little cold), and he said: 'Good for you, little woman.' When papa says 'little woman' it means a good deal, so I think he was pleased with my diary.

January 7th.—I've found out something since I began this diary that I ought to have known before, and that's that mamma loves to be petted. Well, why shouldn't she? She has petted me all my life, but I don't think I have done much in the way of petting her. I am doing it now, though, every day. It is a week to-day since I began this diary and I haven't said much about what I've done except some little help I've been to mamma.

Papa told me in the beginning not to forget to record what I did for mamma. That's what I've been doing. I don't intend to write down anything I do for her hereafter, but I've resolved to go right on doing for her day after day. I am going to do a great deal for papa, too, and for Jeanie and Hilda. I'm young and strong; I'm going to help lift burdens from tired shoulders. I'm asking Jesus to help me.

The Coming Year.

(By Margaret E. Sangster.)

The clock struck twelve in the tall church tower,

And the old year slipped away,
To be lost in the crowd of phantom years
In the House of Dreams that stay
All wrapped in their cloak of gray.

Then swift and sweet o'er the door's worn sill

Came the youngest child of Time,
With a gay little bow and a merry laugh,
And a voice like bells a-chime,
Challenging frost and rime.

He found there was plenty for him to do,
The strong and the weak were here,
And both held out their hands to him,
And gave him greetings dear—
The beautiful young New Year.

'I bring you the best a year can bring,'
The newcomer stoutly spake;
'The chance of work, the gift of trust,
And the bread of love to break,
If but my gifts you'll take.'

The noblest thing a year can lay
In the lap of you or me,
The brave New Year has brought this day—
It is Opportunity,
Which the wise are quick to see.

What Will You do With It?

'Hurrah! New Year's coming soon. The old year's almost done and gone!'

A quiet, pleasant-faced man looked up as George burst into the room with his usual shout and bound.

'Where is it gone?' he asked.
'Why, it's just gone. I don't know where. Where does a candle go when it goes out? Just so with a year that is gone. It's gone, and that's all there is to it.'

'Not all,' said his uncle. 'It has gone into eternity to carry its record with it.'

All the thoughtlessness suddenly faded out of the boy's face as he turned it toward the older man.

'But, uncle'—half-questioningly—'I have done with it—'

'No; it will meet you one day.'

George took a few steps up and down the room, and then said, with a poor attempt at a smile:

'Uncle, you have such a fearful way of putting things.'

'It is not my "way," my dear boy; it is the way things are put for us. When you take the trouble to think seriously, you must realize that I have only given expression to what you already know.'

'But—I don't like to think of it. I don't like the record I've sent ahead of me with the year.'

'Not such a bad one, I hope,' said the other, kindly.

'Oh, nothing so dreadfully bad. Only the small bads all the way along.'

'It has given you a fair new page to write on,' said his uncle thoughtfully.

'Yes, and I've blotted and marred and scarred it. I wish I could blot the whole of it out.'

'You can not do that. It is a solemn thing to reflect on, that all the days of all the years of our lives are waiting to testify against us; that they keep with cruel exactness the account of our use of the great gift of time—our precious time—with its blessed opportunities for our own improvement or the doing for others.'

'But another year is coming,' began George.

'Yes, let us be thankful for that; for the reasonable hope that its days of privilege may be granted us. What are you going to do with the new year?'

'You tell, uncle. You can say it better

New Year's Resolutions at Ten by Jean Riddell.



—Brooklyn 'Daily Eagle.'

Oh, dear, I'm going to be good this year that's just begun,
But I can't see that I shall have a great amount of fun.'

Well, never mind, my mother says, and mothers always know,
That duty done is joyful, and time well spent is never slow.