

A NEW YEAR.

For a change, let the New Year greeting of the CHILDREN'S RECORD to its young readers be a question instead of a wish. Of course, it wishes most sincerely that to you the year may be happy, but the question is: What kind of a year are you going to make it?

When you get a new book, or knife, or toy, not from Santa Claus but from a kind friend, its beauty and value depend upon the will of the giver. But when our kindest and best friend gives you a New Year it depends upon yourselves what kind of a year it shall be.

The New Year is like a copy-book, to be filled with writing, good or poor, the sheets kept clean or blotted, as the scholar is careless or otherwise.

The New Year is a sheet of letter paper, to be filled with kindly, pleasant, helpful words, to all whom you may meet, or words cold, and hard, and bitter.

The New Year is a garden, which if neglected, will bring forth weeds, but with watchfulness and care may bloom with beauty and goodness, making glad all who see it.

The question, "What are you going to make the New Year?" is a very important one, not only for the year itself, but for its effect upon other years to come.

If a garden be neglected for one year, the weeds grow up and go to seed, and are a trouble for many after years. And if young people allow their New Year to grow weeds of bad habits of any kind, these habits will trouble them in after years, and when they wish to get rid of them they will find it hard to do so.

You would like to have this year like a well written copy book, so that it will be pleasant to look back over it when finished; or like a kindly letter that one likes to read often, or a well kept garden, giving pleasure to all. But you are afraid you cannot make it so. You have tried before

and the years were not so good as you would like to have had them.

Here is a secret to help you. Paul in his letter to the Philippians, Chap. 4: 13, tells them how he was able to do difficult things: "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

Taking His hand, may our young readers fill up the New Year's opportunities with goodness, and the year will in turn fill the young people with gladness.

Make the year what you would like to have it as you look back over it when it is finished.

HAL'S INVESTMENT.

Hal's pocket was a very queer place,
A little of everything in it;
A ball, a knife, some hooks and tacks,
That he might need any minute.

But one day it held a bran-new cent,
Yellow, and shining as gold,
Not to be spent for candy or toys,
But to be "vested," as he told.

So he 'vested first in shingle nails,
And straight off to his mother ran.
"I'll fix the closet for you now,
As well as the carpenter man."

Ten cents he earned with his penny,
Then bought two balls of stout twine,
And each fruit bush in the garden,
He tied up straight and fine.

So the penny grew all summer,
Turned over again and again,
Until at "Treasury meeting"
It counted up twenty times ten.

The queer little trousers pocket,
Could scarce all the money hold,
And a prayer went with each penny
As it into the mite-box-rolled.