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BY ELIZABETH P. ALLAN.

Rosalie sat on her little cricket, with both elbows on her mother's knee, listening eagerly to the last pages of her Christmas book, "Ministering Children."

Her little heart swelled with the desire to be such a helper as these young folks she had read of. "But, mamma," she said, "I don't know any poor people; they don't live all round me like they did round those children."

"Ah, Rosalie," answered her mother, "in this big city there are thousands of poor, destitute people needing help; if we don't know them it is because we don't try to find them."

"How can I find them, mamma?"

"Suppose you set your own little head to work on that subject," said mamma, "and see what you can do for others?"

The next day was New Year's, and Rosalie got up full of her new plans. She did not have long to wait for her first chance; while they were at breakfast a

little sweep rang the bell and asked for the job of cleaning off the snow from the steps and pavement. The serving-man, as his custom was, made the bargain with him as to the pennies, and the lad went busily to work.

But Rosalie with eager fingers had filled up a coffee-cup, and, taking a smoking roll in the other hand, went out to the door on her first errand of ministering.

The sweep was about to decline the breakfast, but a glance at Rosalie's sweet face made him change his mind.

"Come into the entry," she said, coaxingly, "and let's sit on the inside step while you eat it."

"I'm feared you'll catch cold," replied the boy.

"Oh, no," said sturdy little Rosalie; "I want to ask you something." And, while he was putting away the roll and coffee, boy-fashion, she proposed, a little timidly, that he should come every morning and get his breakfast from her.

"Well," said the boy reflectively, "I'm much obliged, but I ain't so certain 'bout

that; you see, I kin make my living out an' out, an' I don't like to take what I don't wuk fer. Now, if there was anything I could do!"

"But there is," cried the little girl; and then she told him her difficulty about not knowing who needed help, and proposed that he should come for his breakfast every morning and pay for it by finding out her poor people. "And you'll know," she added, "who's sure enough poor, and who is just pretending."

"That's so, as sure as my name's Andy!" he exclaimed; and so the partnership was formed.

Henceforth Rosalie had no cause to complain of not knowing any poor people. All the old socks she could darn, all the old clothes she could mend up, all the cold scraps she could save, could by no means meet the needs of all the needy that Andy told her of, though he carefully left out any that, in his judgment, could work for themselves.

Mamma had to be taken into this partnership, and Aunt Rosalie and Grandma and one after another of Rosalie's friends and acquaintances, until she became one of the busiest little girls I ever knew, all through her partnership with Andy.

As she grew older, when it was time for her dresses to get long and her hair to be turned up in a knot on her head, "Rosalie is a strange girl," said her playmates; "she never seems to care about learning to dance or going to the theatre; she says she hasn't time, there are so many people to help."

And if you could see Rosalie's bright face and hear her merry voice, you would surely think she had gained the blessing promised to him who considereth the poor."

THE NEW DAY.

O bells of the New Year, ring,
But ring us a rare, sweet song.
Oh, tell us some glad new thing
The world has waited for long.
Tell us that wrong shall be righted,
Tell us that right shall be might;
Tell us the heaven is sighted,
Where darkness gives place to the
light,
That the hopes for which we have striven
Shall not be for ever deferred,
That every soul shall be shriven,
And never a prayer unheard.
Then ring, O bells of the New Year,
But ring in a glad new day,
And tell us some great good is near
In the new and the untried way.

Never attempt to do anything that is not right. Just so surely as you do, you will get into trouble. Sin always brings sorrow, sooner or later.

When you come to God for pardon, it is not necessary to waste time trying to explain why you did it.