



HAPPY NEW YEAR.

HAPPY New Year! Now who will try
By each day's thoughtful caring,
By gentle ways, by loving words,
By patience and forbearing;—

By knightly service to the weak,
Thus growing truer, bolder,
By giving to the sinking wheel
A staunch and sturdy shoulder;—

By steadfastness in daily work
Until the task be done;
Then hearty zest for every game,
And fairness in the fun;—

By watching that the steps be right,
All the twelvemonth through,
To make in home, and school, and street,
Your New Year's wish come true?

—*Child's Hour.*

A LITTLE SISTER OF CHARITY.

NELLIE saw some women go by who wore strange flapping sorts of sun bonnets, and long, plain gowns, with beads and crosses hanging from their girdles, and she asked who and what they were.

"They are sisters of charity," was the reply.

"What are sisters of charity?" she insisted.

"They are women who go into a convent and vow never to marry, but to devote their lives to doing good, taking care of the sick, or orphans, or teaching poor girls to sew and work. They belong to the most noble Catholic Church," answered her mother.

"I should like to be a sister of charity," said Nellie. "When I grow up I will go

into a convent too, and devote my life to caring for orphans and the sick."

"It is not necessary to go into a convent for that, dear; nor to vow never to marry. Many a married woman is as truly a sister of charity in her own home and in the homes of the poor as if she had entered a convent and put on a queer dress. You, a little child, may be a sister of charity if you like, and not wait to grow up before learning to do good."

"How, mamma dear?" asked Nellie.

"Take this bunch of flowers to the little girl in the children's hospital who has broken her hip, and read to her for an hour. That will be a real act of charity."

Nelly went and returned with shining eyes.

"She was so lonely, and in such pain, mamma. She said I had done her so much good; and I am to go every afternoon, until she is able to leave. And, O mamma, she says you are a real angel of mercy to everybody in the hospital, and to hosts of

people besides. I am going to try to be like you, mother dear."

"There's a better model, little daughter, Don't try to be like anybody on earth, but only like Jesus," answered mother, softly.

JANIE'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

JANIE was just five years old. She opened her eyes very wide, and wondered why mamma did not come to see her and help her dress. She was just going to cry, when papa came in.

"Good morning, little daughter. Happy birthday to you. Let me dress you, and then we will go to see your birthday presents."

"Where's mamma? I want her to dress me," answered Janie.

"Come, try papa to-day for a birthday frolic," and papa made a dive for the little clothes.

"Why, papa, my dress doesn't go on first," and Janie laughed heartily. After a great deal of laughing and ever so many mistakes, Janie was at last properly dressed.

"Come now, and see the presents," said papa. "I shouldn't wonder if we found something worth looking at."

First there was a little tea-set, and a little table and chair. Then papa led her to a pretty cradle and said, "Look, Janie."

"What a funny, red, big doll!" she said.

The "big doll" squirmed, and opened its mouth, and cried.

Janie jumped. "My! it's a real, live baby. Where did it come from?"

"God sent it early this morning. A baby brother for Janie's birthday," answered papa.

"Well, that's a very nice birthday present. I'm pretty pleased," answered Janie, with a smiling nod of satisfaction.

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

ANOTHER year! another year
Has borne its record to the skies;
Another year! another year,
Untried, unproved, before us lies;
We hail with smiles its dawning ray—
How shall we meet its final day?

Another year! another year!
Its squandered hours will ne'er return;
Oh! many a heart must quail with fear
O'er memory's blotted page to turn.
No record from that leaf will fade—
Not one erasure may be made.

Another year! another year!
How many a grief has marked its flight!
Some of whom we love are no more here—
Translated to the realms of light.
Ah! none can bless the coming year
Like those no more to greet us here.

Another year! another year!
Oh! many a blessing, too, was given
Our lives to deck, our hearts to cheer,
And antedate the joys of heaven;
But they, too, slumber with the past,
Where joys and griefs must sink at last.

Another year! another year!
Gaze we no longer on the past,
Nor let us shrink with faithless fear,
From the dark shade the future casts.
The past, the future—what are they
To those whose lives may end to-day?

Another year! another year!
Perchance the last of life below;
Who ere its close death's call may hear,
None but the Lord of life can know.
Oh, to be found, when'er that day
May come, prepared to pass away.

Another year! another year!
Help us earth's thorny path to tread,
So may each moment bring us near
To thee, ere yet our lives are fled.
Saviour, we yield ourselves to thee,
For time and for eternity.

—*The Changed Cross.*

GETTING READY FOR SCHOOL.

LITTLE Kitty Clover started up in bed just as the sun came peeping in the window. A very sweet little Kitty she was, and I will tell you why she got up so early. The old clock on the mantel was ticking away, as usual. But to-day it was not saying tick, tick, tick, no, indeed, the clock had a new tune this morning. "Kitty is five years old! Kitty is going to school!" over and over again. The little girl jumped out of bed and had her shoes and stockings on before Aunt Dinah came in. "Dear me!" said Aunt Dinah; "but my chile is a smart chile. If she larn to read fast as she put on dem shoes and stocking she'll make smart work in de schoolroom." "I guess I will, aunty," said Kitty, for I intend to try." As she started out the back gate and down the lane she heard the hens in the barnyard cackling out: "Kitty is going to school! Kitty is going to school!"