

A THOUGHT FOR THE NEW YEAR.

BY M. CARRIE HAYWARD.

We spend our years as a tale that is told.
—Psa. 90. 9.

We spend our years as a tale that is told;
And which shall this new year be,
A tale of gladness, or one of sadness,
To be told of you and me?

Will its pages glow with unselfish deeds,
With a record undefiled,
A story sweet, with a cheer replete
That would gladden the heart of a child?

Or can it be, when the year is done,
That its record will be marred
By wasted hours or misused powers,
Or by words that have cut and jarred?

God gives us each day as a pure white page,
But write dear heart, with care,
For thy doings all are beyond recall,
When once imprinted there.
Corinth, Ont.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 31, 1904.

OTHER LITTLE ONES.

"Happy New Year's, Harry."
"Ho!" grumbled Harry. "Don't say Happy New Year's to me."
"Why not, little brother?"
"Mamma says I can not go out of doors at all to-day, because I have such a cold."
"Well, that's too bad. But I wouldn't mind it—at least not so very much."
"But I do."
"Just think of all the pleasant things inside the house. All our nice presents. Aunties and cousins and all coming to dinner. See the sunshine on the carpet."

"Just as the brightness of the day ought to shine from little eyes," said mamma, who was sitting near. "Think of its being the first day of the year—a new year which God has given us. Don't you think we ought to try and begin it well—with loving, thankful hearts for all the sweet and pleasant things about us? And with resolving to show it by beginning the year as well as we can?"

"I think so," said Elsie.
Harry gave a little grunt. He was not quite prepared to say that he did not agree with mamma and Elsie, but could not yet bring himself to say that he did.

Later in the morning the two children stood at the window, looking out upon the bright winter landscape.

"Yes—there they go," said Harry, still with the grumble in his voice. "All the boys, to skate. Just what I wanted to do to-day."

"But perhaps you can go to-morrow," said Elsie.

"Been waiting to ever since I got my new skates Christmas, and the ice didn't freeze hard enough till last night. And now I'm tied up here."

"Who are those boys going by the gate?" asked Elsie. "Do you know them? See that poor little fellow—he is crying."

"He's got only one mitten," said Harry. "I guess he's cold. They're the Collins boys."

"Oh, their mother died last week," said mamma, coming to look out.

"At this moment the little boys saw them. "Happy New Year's," cried the older boy. The other one was wiping his tears with his mittened hand, but drew the bare one from under his coat to join his brother in waving at the window.

"Poor little things," said mamma. "I don't believe there's much cheer at their home this New Year's Day."

"Say, mamma," said Harry, eagerly. "Can't I ask them in to see me? I'll show them all my new things and we'll have a real jolly time. May I?"

"That is well thought of," said mamma. Her heart ached for the motherless children. Some of the buttons were off little Ted's coat, while Jacky had come out without his scarf.

Very soon they were all in the midst of merry play.

"Did you get nice things on Christmas?" asked Harry.

"No," said Jacky. "Susan hasn't time for nice things, and papa forgets."

"Then you must come often and play with mine."

Two or three hours passed very happily. Then Jacky said it was time for them to go home.

"Are you going to have a tip-top good dinner?" asked Harry.

"With turkey and cranberry sauce?" said Elsie.

"And mince pie?" added Harry.

"I guess not," said Ted. "Susan doesn't have time."

Mamma had sewn on the buttons and tucked a pair of Harry's mittens into the coat pocket. And a pretty little basket was put into Jacky's hand, which Elsie felt sure would help to give a New Year's flavor to their dinner, even though Susan might not have time.

"O mamma," said Elsie, looking after the two as they trotted away, "how glad I am that we have helped to make a Happy New Year for them."

"How glad I am," said Harry, going with a sober face, to put his arms around mamma, "that we've got mamma and everything else here at home. I don't mind it if I can't go out."

"But, mamma," said Elsie, "when we are so happy and thankful because of our Happy New Year I can't help thinking poor Jacky and Ted. Why don't you want them to be happy, too, instead of taking away their dear mamma?"

"Oh, my darling," said mamma, drawing the two very near her, "we cannot understand our Lord's way with his children. We must only feel sure, sure that all things he is ordering the way best for them, even when we cannot see how it will be."—Selected.

HELEN AND LITTLE LUCY.

BY ELLA AMSDEN BARR.

Helen is a little girl of six years, with yellow hair, brown eyes, and a sweet winning smile. Being such a wee little girlie, most of her waking hours are spent in play. As her home is in southern California, much of this is outdoors, among the butterflies, or with little Helen, who lives in the next yard to her own, when Helen is not allowed to visit at home, their play goes on just the same with the fence between them. The fence is a low one with a beam across the top, so it is just the thing to make a course if they wish to play store.

When evening comes and the short hours of the clock points to seven, auntie says, "Come, Helen; bedtime, and I have begun preaching to the peepers," and Helen adds, "About Lapsed, and all the country round were Lucy?"

So up the stairs they go, and from the little curls are combed, the little prayer book, and Helen snugly tucked in bed, the story goes on.

As Lucy is only a make-believe girl, she can be anywhere or doing anything that Helen requests. So they play at Lucy at the seashore, or in an automobile, or having a party with her friends.

As auntie stoops for the good-night Helen says, "You haven't finished your story;" and auntie replies, "That's all there is to-night about little Lucy."

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

There were three little folks,
Who solemnly sat in a row
On a December night,
And attempted to write
For the new year a good resolution.

"I will try not to make so much noise."
And be one of the quietest boys.
Wrote one of the three,
Whose uproarious glee
Was the cause of no end of noise.

"I resolve that I never will tell lies."
Wrote plump little Pete,
Whose taste for the sweet
Was a problem of puzzling sol-

The other, her paper to fill,
Began with, "Resolved that I
But right there she stopped,
And fast asleep dropped
Ere she came to a single conclusion."

LESSON NOTES.

FIRST QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE WRITINGS OF

LESSON II.—JANUARY 8.

THE WITNESS OF JOHN THE BAPTIST.

John 1. 19-34. Memorize verses

GOLDEN TEXT.

Behold the Lamb of God who

takes away the sin of the world.—John

THE LESSON STORY.

Four hundred years is a long time had passed since a prophet had been sent to Israel. Then John, the Baptist, came to make the way for the Saviour of the world. His mother, the mother of John the Baptist, was the same as the mother of Jesus. His father and mother knew him to be a prophet of the Lord. So it is just the thing to make a course away into the wilderness to have the great silent places of nature.

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