

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Happy new year, little one!
Can it happy be?
Waste it not in idle fun,
Use your days well, every one,
Joy will follow thee.

Happy new year, little one!
Will it happy be?
Duty well and promptly done
Makes the time all smoothly run—
One long jubilee.

Happy new year, little one!
It shall happy be
If the path of ill you shun,
And a victory is won
O'er each enemy.

Happy new year, little one!
Happy it will be
If it is but well begun:
Then till its last day is done,
God will smile on thee.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 3, 1903.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

"Mamma, what do folks mean by the old year and the new? How can a year be old or new?" asked Emily, on the last day of December.

"I will try to tell you, dearie. You know we say the new day after the night has passed. We divide the day into hours because it is convenient to be able to measure time. You do not know when one hour passes into another, but you do know when the darkness comes and when the light. We also know that after day and night have come just so many times

the sun grows warmer, the ground softens, the grass springs up and the flowers bloom. After a certain number of days the fruits come; then the leaves turn gold and brown, and then fall off; and again the days grow cold, the snow falls, the ground is hard, the lakes are frozen. We call these changes seasons—spring, summer, autumn, winter. We know that after these seasons have gone by, taking just three hundred and sixty-five days, the same changes will take place again in the same order. Spring will follow winter, summer will follow spring, autumn will follow summer, and winter will follow autumn. So it will go on as long as time will last. So we say at the end of the three hundred and sixty-five days that to-morrow will be a new year, and the days that have gone are the old year.

"Now, suppose you had a copy-book of three hundred and sixty-five pages, and you wrote one page every day. When it was filled you would lay aside the old book and take up the new. Wouldn't you want to make your next book look better than the old; with fewer mistakes; fewer blots; more like the copy at the top of each page?"

"I understand you, mamma. You mean, don't I want to be a better girl, more like Jesus this coming year than last? Yes, I do, and I will not forget to ask Jesus every morning to help me."

HOW THE NEW YEAR CAME.

Ethel and Alfred wanted to "watch the Old Year out and the New Year in." Mamma said "No" firmly, and then Auntie Bird pleaded. Mamma finally said they might sit up till nine o'clock and see how sleepy they would be then.

Auntie Bird was only a big girl herself; just the prettiest auntie, too. Ethel's great wish was to look like her, and Alfred admired her very much.

Alfred insisted on wearing his hat; "So I can run out to see the New Year the minute it comes."

"Aunt Bird," said Ethel, "what makes New Year's? Why wasn't it New Year's last Monday instead of to-morrow?"

Really, children will ask hard questions. The girl-auntie didn't know, but mamma whispered in her ear to look in an old scrap-book.

Bird was really Bertha, but the name was given when she was a baby because she cooed so sweetly, and it clung to the sweet-faced girl now. Bird read the page to herself, and then she told the children.

"You know," she said, "the earth goes round the sun, and that takes a year. The moon goes round the earth, and that takes a month. The moon goes round the earth twelve times while the earth is going round the sun once, so there are twelve months in a year.

"Many hundred years ago some people, called the Romans, named these months

January, February, etc. Your birthday comes in February, you know, Ethel."

"Mine is the first day of May," suggested Alfred.

"Yes, dear; auntie won't forget. The Romans were heathen people, and it was long before Christ was born. They called January after one of their gods, whose name was Janus. His image had two faces, one of an old man who looked backward, the other of a young man who looked forward. So they chose the first day of January for New Year's Day; the Old Year looking back over the past, the bright New Year looking toward the future.

"The book says that for many years after Christ was born the Christians wouldn't take January for the first month because it was named after a heathen god, but I suppose they decided at last that a name didn't matter much."

Alfred was blinking pretty hard by this time, and though Ethel declared she wasn't sleepy, she "thought she thought she could wait until morning to see that young Janus."—*The Young Idea.*

NEDDY'S NEW YEAR.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

A little shape came floating in
And paused by Neddy's bed;
"I'm half afraid to speak to you,
And yet I must," it said;
"I'm your New Year—and oh, I wish
I didn't have to be!
Because I've met outside the door
Your last Old Year, you see.

"He looked so weak and tired and sad,
And carried such a pack
Of angry words and foolish scrapes
Upon his weary back!
'Don't, don't go in!' he cried to me;
'For though you're young and strong,
That boy will make you just the wreck
That I am now, ere long!"

"He stumbled on, with sigh and groan,
I could not take, alas!
His wise advice, for come I must
Before the hour should pass.
But oh, if you would only try
A different plan with me,
I'm sure you'd be surprised to find
How happy we could be!"

Ned blushed; he knew the shape was right.
"I'll try!" he murmured low;
And when once Neddy says a thing
He means it, too, you know.
Quarrels and scrapes were put aside,
The year was free and glad.
And Ned vowed "'twas the jolliest year
A fellow ever had!"

—*Sabbath-School Visitor.*

Do not ask another to do what you would
not do under similar circumstances.

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