

### GOOD-BYE OLD YEAR.



**Y**EAR old friend, this is the last month you have for me, and it will soon be done. Thanks for all your good to me. You have brought me many good things, health and happiness, food and clothing, home and friends. I did not always use you or your gifts as I should have done, but you have been patient with me in everything.

Thanks especially to my kind Father in Heaven, who sent you to me with so many good things. You were his messenger and these were his gifts, I have not been thankful enough to him, nor tried to please Him as I ought. I will ask Him to forgive me.

Soon you must go and carry back to that good Father the story of how I have used all that you have brought me. You are always glad to tell when I have done well, and He is always pleased to hear it.

When you give in your report, and lay your dear old white head down to rise no more; and the bright New Year, sent to take your place, comes, laden with blessings; I will try and give him a glad welcome, and hope that I may be able to do better with all the good he brings me than I have done with you.

### MAKING THE WORLD BETTER.

Every child can do something to make the world better. The way to begin is by striving with God's help to make myself better. If every child would do what they can, along this line, trusting Christ and following Him, how soon the world would be a good glad world, for good, kind, unselfish children would grow up to be good men and women, and there would be Heaven upon earth.

There is another way in which children can make the world better. There are multitudes of children who do not know God and goodness, and they cannot know

unless some one tells them. Will the young people who read these lines do what they can to send to the heathen children the book that tells the way of goodness and happiness?

### IN MEMORY OF HIS MOTHER.

A company of poor children, who had been gathered out of the alleys and garrets of the city, were preparing for their departure to new and distant homes in the West. Just before the time for starting of the cars one of the boys was noticed aside from the others, and apparently very busy with a cast-off garment. The superintendent stepped up to him, and found that he was cutting a small piece out of the patched linings. It proved to be his old jacket, which having been replaced by a new one, had been thrown away. There was no time to be lost.

"Come, John, come," said the superintendent, "What are you going to do with that old piece of calico?"

"Please, sir," said John, "I am cutting it out to take with me. My dead mother put the lining in this old jacket for me. This was a piece of her dress, and it is all I have to remember her by."

And as the poor boy thought of that dead mother's love, and the sad death scene in the garret where she died, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed as if his heart would break.

But the train was about leaving, and John thrust his little piece of calico into his bosom to remember his mother by, hurried into the car, and was soon far away from the place where he had known so much sorrow.

Little readers, are your mothers still spared to you? Will you not show your love by obedience? That little boy who loved so well, we are sure obeyed. Bear this in mind, that if you should one day have to look upon the face of a dead mother, no thought would be so bitter as to remember that you had given her pain by your wilfulness or disobedience.—*Our Young Folks.*