



YOUNG ESKIMO AT PLAY.

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WHEN I was a boy they used to spell this Esquimaux, but they have shortened it a good deal since then. Although it may be pretty cold in Labrador and Greenland, boys will be boys the world over, and these fur-clad little fellows seem to be having a right good time of it in the snow. They have had, I suppose, a good breakfast of seals' fat and what care they for the cold. The best of all is, that the good Moravian missionaries have carried them the Gospel, and now they have churches and schools, and many of them are good Christians.

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

THE north winds blow
O'er drifts of snow;
Out in the cold who goes from here?
"Good-bye, good-bye!"
Loud voices cry.
"Good-bye!" returns the brave Old Year;
But looking back, what word leaves he?
"Oh, you must all good children be!"
A knock! a knock!
'Tis twelve o'clock!
This time of night pray who comes there?
Oh, now I see!
'Tis he! 'tis he!
Old people know the glad New Year!
What has he brought? and what says he?

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY JOSIE KEEN.

"A HAPPY New Year! A happy New Year!" were the words shouted merrily through the house on New Year's day, by the Greys, big and little. Yes, even Tot was echoing the words of the rest, in such a broken, funny way they all laughed heartily.

"Why, Tot!" exclaimed Edward, catching up his little two-year old sister, placing her upon his broad shoulder, and dancing about with her, "you do not know what a year means, or 'appy,' either."

"But our little Sunbeam at least knows how to make others happy," said Mr. Grey, as he entered the room where the children were in high glee.

"That's so," emphatically said Edward, "for she never cries or frets, like other babies. Sunbeam, shall I give you a stick of candy to help keep New Year's?"

"'Es, me want tandy, and 'appy New Year, and O, ever so many tings!" stretching out her little arms as though to grasp all the good they could encompass.

"Tot, I guess that is exactly the way with us all," said her sister Agnes. "We would like to grasp ever so much for the new year."

"And would my daughter be any the happier; for, grasping the things of this

world?" said Mr. Grey, in a low, earnest tone.

"No, dear father, I think not. And yet we can't help wishing to have some of its pleasures."

"Very true, dear, and I think our heavenly Father means us to enjoy many of the pleasures of life, but not to become absorbed with them, or set our affections too much upon the things of this world."

"But, father, it's so hard to be a real Christian, and give up dancing, gay parties, and what other children, and big people, too, take so much delight in."

"Not if you constantly bear in mind for whom you give up these things. Christ's disciples, if they truly love him, cannot count anything a hardship if done in his name."

"That's just it," said Edward. "We are all the time forgetting the true meaning of being Christ's faithful soldiers and servants."

THE NEW YEAR.

I AM the little New Year, ho, ho!
Here I come tripping it over the snow,
Shaking my bells with a merry din,—
So open your doors and let me in!

Blessings I bring for each and all,
Big folk and little folk, short and tall;
Each one from me a treasure may win;
So open your doors and let me in.

Some shall have silver and some shall have gold,
Some shall have new clothes and some shall have old;
Some shall have brass and some shall have tin,
So open your doors and let me in.

Some shall have water and some shall have milk,
Some shall have satin and some shall have [silk];
But each one from me a blessing may win;
So open your doors and let me in!

THE MONTHS.

JANUARY ushers in the year,
February follows in the rear,
Then March, that brings us brighter hours,
Makes way for April's sun and showers—
Her robes of green unfolds dear May,
And June, her flowers so sweet and gay;
July glides in with smiling face—
Then August joins the rapid race.
September, with her changing sky,
Proclaims "October days are nigh."
November's voice, so sad and drear,
Calls out "December, close the year!"
And now the cycle twelve is run,
The months are learned—my task is done.