

# HAPPY DAYS

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## FORLORN NEW YEAR.

This little lad has had a very forlorn New Year. He has been gathering materials for New Year decorations for others, but, alas, the New Year has brought little joy to him. He has crawled forlornly to the church door and there has fallen asleep in the snow. You who have a happy New Year yourselves should pity those who are poor, neglected and forgotten.

## THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Mrs. Nelson gave each of her children, Robbie and Lulu, a New Year's gift of a story. The books were prettily bound, and on the cover of each was the owner's name in gilt letters. The children were delighted and turned over the useless leaves with great satisfaction.

"I shall begin writing in mine this very day," said Lulu.

"I shall write in mine to-day and every day," said Robbie, gravely. "M a m m a I'll not be pleased if

got tired of them after awhile and throw them to one side."

"I don't mean to," said Lulu, warmly. "I shall write all the nice things that happen to me through the year, and how pleasant that will be to read in the future!"

"I think I shall write the things that are not pleasant, and the failures I make," said Robbie. "It will do me good to read them in the future."

"The idea!" cried Lulu. "I'll not write any but nice things in my book."



A FORLORN NEW YEAR.

Mrs. Nelson smiled as she looked at her case-loving little daughter, but she sighed also.

"Then be sure, dear child," she said, "that only 'nice things' are found in your life. There is no use in trying to shirk the truth, and where there is wrong and failure it is best to face it openly and fearlessly. I think Robbie is right in keeping a record of his failures, and I hope he will never be afraid to look at it, and to let others see it too. Those who try

to hide and cover up wrongdoing are the ones who suffer most. God wants us to be true to him, true to ourselves, and true to one another."

Let us hope that Robbie and Lulu will enter upon the New Year with hearts in love with truth, whether it be pleasant or unpleasant.

## A NEW YEAR.

The years are born in heaven. They are the thoughts of God, and they are blessings provided for his creatures. He rounds up the seasons each in its time. He brings the springtime with its thrill of new life, its bud and bloom and beautiful promise. He brings the summer with its noontide splendor, the autumn with its ripened fullness, and the winter with its severe grandeur. He gives twelve richly laden months; three hundred and sixty-five days, each morning a blessing new from his hand; and he floods our life with golden moments in uncounted myriads. To the bounty of God's giving there is no limit.

And the blessings he gives are committed to our trust. They are talents or pounds of the Saviour's parables, given us that we may make gain by their use. At some time he will call us to give an account of the use we have made of them. To the faithful ones—faithful over a few things—there is pledged an abundant reward. To the negligent and unprofitable servant will be assigned the portion of outer darkness. Let us all strive to make the best use of the blessings we receive.