



NEW YEAR'S WALK.

EVENING AND MORNING.

A LITTLE child knelt down to pray,
And, listening, I heard her say:
"My heavenly Father, please to keep
Me very safely while I sleep;
Forgive the faults thou'st seen to-day,
And if I wake again, O may
I thank thee from my heart, and try
To please thee always till I die,
For Jesus' sake. Amen."

Then on her pillow soon she laid
Her bright-haired, weary little head;
And when the rosy morning broke,
That happy little heart awoke:
"I thank thee, Father, for thy care;
I know thou heard'st my evening prayer;
Still keep me safe through all this day,
And may I never from thee stray,
For Jesus' sake. Amen."

OUR JETTIE.

YOU never saw a more cunning little dog than our Jettie. The children make a real playmate of him. Every night when Mamie, our eight-year-old, has finished her supper she jumps down from her high chair and calls, "Come, children." Then Jettie and the three pussy-cats follow her at quick-step out into the kitchen where they are all fed, each from a separate dish. Her "children" are quite a care to Mamie, but a delight too.

Jettie is a very sensible dog, and smart. He knows when there isn't much fire in the stove, for only then does he venture near it, and you would laugh to see him

standing close up to it, with his fore-paws resting on the front.

Poor coloured Nancy stood one day watching Jettie as he warmed his feet by the stove; she seemed to be thinking very seriously. She had been attending prayer-meeting every night for several weeks, and although she was not a Christian, she very much desired to be one. After a while she was heard to say, "Nice Jettie, he ha'n't got no sins to answer for," and then she patted him kindly. Nancy felt that she had many sins to answer for. Ah, she has something to do about it too. She must repent and go to Jesus, who will take away all her sins.

Jettie and the pussies cannot think about such things, but Nancy can. We hope she will go to Jesus and be saved.

TROUBLE INSIDE.

ROBBIE loved the roses, and had coaxed his mamma to let him have his own bush, of which he was very proud. And when it first bloomed he clapped his hands and almost shouted, he was so happy.

But next morning when he ran out, the first thing after breakfast, to view his new beauties, he looked hard at it a moment and burst into a cry; it was all withered and faded. He ran back to tell his uncle, who went with him and pulled open the rose, showing him a little worm in the heart that had caused all the mischief.

One worm, only one, will destroy the finest rose; and there is something like it in us

—one sin, only one, will spoil the sweetest child, unless Jesus casts it out.

ANOTHER YEAR.

ANOTHER year
Has passed away.
Have I been learning,
Day by day,
To be more gentle
And more mild?
More like the holy
Jesus child?
Lord, help me ever
More to be
More like my Saviour,
More like thee.

PROVERBS.

AMOS ATKINS was very fond of proverbs. He read proverbs, wrote proverbs, and spoke proverbs; and, meet him where you would, he had always a proverb on his lips. When he once began to speak, there was hardly any stopping him.

When I first met Amos, I was on my way to uncle's. A long walk it was; but I told him I hoped to be there before night.

"Ay, ay," said he. "Hope is a good breakfast, but a bad supper. Put your best foot foremost, boy, or else you will not be there. It is a good thing to hope; but he who does nothing but hope is in a very helpless way.

"Have a care of your temper; for a passionate boy rides a pony that runs away with him. Passion has done more mischief in the world than all the poisonous plants that grow in it. Therefore, again I say, have a care of your temper.

"Remember that the first spark burns down the house. Quench the first spark of passion, and all will be well. No good comes of wrath; it puts no money in the pocket, and no joy in the heart. Anger begins with folly, and ends with repentance.

"Look at your feet and your fingers, boy, and let both be kept in activity; for he who does nothing is in a fair way to do mischief. An idle lad makes a needy man, and I may add, a miserable one, too.

"If you put a hot coal in your pocket it will burn its way out. Ay, and so will a bad deed that is hidden make itself known. A fault concealed is a fault doubled; and so you will find it all through life. Never hide your faults, but confess them, and seek, through God's help, to overcome them.

"Waste not a moment of your time; for a moment of time is a monument of mercy.

"Now step forward, boy; and, as you walk along, think of the half-dozen proverbs given to you by Amos Atkins."