"Papa said we couldn't beat him, but we did," said Betty. "And we beat Mary and grandma and uncle Frank and Aunt Nell and Cousin John."

"Did you mean it ?" asked mamma.

"Why, yes, of course, I mean it. We did beat them," said Betty.

"No, I didn't mean that. I meant did you really mean, 'Happy New Year ?'"

Betty looked puzzled.

"Did you mean that you wanted them to be happy all the new year ? That is what it means to say, 'Happy New Year.'"

"I guess we didn't think much about that. We were just thinking of saying it first," said honest Bobby. "But—but—we do want them to be happy all the new year of course."

"I am glad you said it to them all," said mamma. "It was a thoughtful and kind thing to say. And now you want to do all you can to carry your good wishes out and make all the people to whom you have wished it have a happy new year. Could you be as quick and clever to catch chances to make them happy as you were in saying, 'Happy New Year ?'"

"Let's try," said Betty with shining eyes. "It will be as good as a game, Bobby."

"All right. I'll try," said Bobby. "We can try to beat each other at the game."

"I am sure of one thing," said mother softly. "I am sure that if you do it you will have a happy New Year."—Exchange

Her Sacrifice

By Mrs. R. G. Scott

A little Ruthenian girl of eight years of age, named Mary, was adopted into a Canadian home several years ago. She had never heard music or seen a piano till she came there, and had known few of the comforts of life. Going to school was something new to her, and she enjoyed the novelty of it ; but during the school hours she looked forward to the time when she would get home, for then she could go up to her room and taking the tiny wooden box which contained the little things which had been given her, and which were her worldly all, she could lift each article separately and enjoy it.

One day a new treasure was added to her store,—a bright new ten-cent piece ! To her this was riches untold. Although so young herself, Mary was quite a mother to Edith, the little four year old daughter of the house.

She was greatly disturbed when Edith became ill,—so ill that the doctor who lived eighteen miles away, was telegraphed for.

To little Ruthenian Mary, this was a calamity indeed. Her own mother had become suddenly ill some months before, and had died. Was her playmate Edith going to die?

The patient, who was lying in "mamma's bed" for a treat, was feeling very miserable. She had heard some one say something about a doctor coming to see her. This was a great trouble to her. Surely it was bad enough to be ill without having a doctor come to give one nasty medicine; and, any way, this doctor had taken out her tonsils, and she had never liked him the same since. As the afternoon wore on she felt worse, and became more fussy.

Mary was in her own room sitting on the floor beside her box of treasures, thinking. A thought born of love came to her, and she made what was to her a great sacrifice. Later, when Edith raised her head to take some medicine, she saw on her pillow a bright new ten-cent piece. It was not so much the money, as the wonder of finding it that appealed to her, and she asked : "Mamma, did Santa Claus brought it, or maybe was it the angels ?" A little, hot hand closed over the money, and the thought of the doctor's coming was forgotten.

Mary was still sitting in her room, quiet, but happy. Her little friend was pleased and better, maybe she wouldn't die now.

In a few weeks Edith was quite well again, but years passed before either she or her mother knew where the ten cents came from.

The same thoughtful self-denial has been shown by Mary in the every day life of the home, where now two other orphan children have found shelter, and in many ways she has been a blessing to those round about her. It takes a good sized trunk to hold her treasures now, and these are kept carefully as of old ; but not even the best of them are as dear to her as was her first ten-cent piece, the money she so willingly gave to help her little playmate to get better.

Wakaw, Sask.