



NEW ZEALAND

Fair are New-Zealand's wooded mountains,
 Deep glens, blue lakes, and dizzy steep;
 But sweeter than the murmuring fountains
 Rises the song from holy lips:
 "By blood of Jesus come to save us,
 So deeply stained with brother's blood:
 Our hearts we'll give to Him who gave us
 Deliverance from the fiery flood."

THE CHILDREN'S HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY MRS. J. H. KNOWLES.

Listen, little children,
 Children far and near,
 Listen to the voices
 Of the glad New Year!

Clearly they are saying
 —If you only hear—
 "You must work for Jesus
 All this glad New Year.

"There are homes to brighten,
 There are hearts to cheer,
 Woes that you may lighten
 In this glad New Year."

Happy little children,
 All to Jesus dear,
 May you love and please him
 Through this glad New Year.

GO QUICKLY.

A father hurrying home over a prairie one dark night heard little footsteps coming toward him. He lifted his lantern and saw his little son, but the next minute he saw nothing of him. He thought that he had hidden in the tall grass, and would soon jump out in his path. But after a while he thought, "There's an old well there, and he has fallen in," and made great haste to reach the little fellow and

pull him out. Little John could not think why his father had been so long coming. "O papa," he said, "why didn't you hurry?" When we have a helping hand to give to some one who has fallen down, or a bright light to let shine for some one lost in the dark, we cannot hurry too fast. The story of Jesus is a bright light, and there are many poor heathen people who have never heard it. There are many people who live quite near us and have Bibles in their houses who do not really know about Jesus' love. Do not wait until you are grown up to hurry up with your light. Jesus has need of many light-bearers. There are some paths to be ventured into where only little feet fit.

THE TWO ANSWERS.

BY K. H. M'D. JACKSON.

A little boy and a girl were learning to sing a duet. The refrain ran thus:

"I wouldn't be a duck.
 Quack! Quack!
 With only little feathers on my back!"

One morning, when they had been having a practice together, their teacher said, "Children, you repeat several times in your song that you 'wouldn't be a duck,' but how do you think you would like it really if you suddenly became one?"

Rosy tossed her curly head and replied, "Oh! I wouldn't like it at all. I wouldn't mind being a swan, for then every one

would admire me; but just a common duck! Oh! no!"

"And how about you, George?" enquired the lady, turning to the small boy at her side.

George looked gravely up at his questioner for a moment. Then he said emphatically, "I wouldn't like to be a duck at all, for then I wouldn't have a soul and go to heaven!"

Did not that little child already feel in his heart that there are greater things in the unseen world than we shall ever know or see here?

WINTER DAYS.

BY ANNA M. PRATT.

If every little snowflake
 Declared it wouldn't fall,
 And if every little sunbeam
 Wouldn't shine at all,
 Perhaps the little children
 Would forget the way to smile,
 And winter days would surely last
 A weary, dreary while.

But here come hurrying snowflakes,
 And the world will soon be white;
 And then the dancing sunbeams
 Will add their golden light;
 And happy, smiling children
 Will clap their hands and say,
 "Hurrah for sleds and snowballs
 This lovely winter day!"

"STRETCH IT A LITTLE."

BY MARGARET SPENCER.

New Year's Day is a splendid time of the year to try it, children! A friend of mine told me about this little girl and her brother. One cold frosty morning they went on an errand.

They were dressed very thinly, and the little girl's coat was too short and too narrow and too small every way; but as they walked briskly along, she drew the curly-haired brother closer and said, merrily:

"Johnnie, come under my coat; you look shivery."

"It isn't half big enough for us two," said Johnnie.

"Oh! I guess I can stretch it a little." And with a tremendous jump and pull she tucked the little head inside the scrimpy coat, and they put their arms around one another, and grew warm and cozy as two birds in one nest.

How many coats have we to "stretch a little" at the beginning of the New Year, I wonder.

Little New Year, little New Year,
 By trying every day,
 I hope to be good company
 Until you go away.

—Mary F. Butts.