



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

LITTLE MARY.

"Mamma," said Mary one morning as she stood watching her mother, who was very busy, "I don't like to stay at home all the time. I want to go to some place!" and, as she spoke, she gave her little body a twist that told that she was not pleased.

Now Mary was scarcely five years old, and a sweet-tempered child. This complaining tone was so unusual that mamma was silent for some minutes, when she said:

"And is my little girl not glad that she has a home and a kind mamma? Did she ever think how many children there are in the world that have neither home nor friends to care for them?"

Mary was silent for a few minutes, and said, "Did you ever know any such children?"

"Oh, yes, I have known a great many," said mamma, seeing only to notice her work and not the change of tone and expression of her little girl.

"Then do tell me about one, won't you, mamma?" asked Mary, her face losing every trace of discontent.

"I can," said her mother, as she drew her near and kissed her upturned face. "I will tell you of a little girl I once knew, who had no home, and if she had a mother I never knew it."

"Where did she live, and what was her name?" asked Mary, anxiously.

"Well," continued her mother, "she lived in the country with a rich lady, who had large fields, and lots of cows and pigs and chickens, and everything that is found on a farm."

"Oh, it would be so nice to live in the country," said Mary, her eyes dancing with delight; "but who was she?"

"Her name was Dinah," said mamma, "and she might have been very happy for all that surrounded her, but the lady was very unkind to Dinah. Her poor little white face might have been pretty, but for its lean, pinched look."

"Why didn't the lady be like her mamma, kind and good?" said Mary, looking very grave.

"Well, I suppose she did not love her as her mamma would."

"But what did she do?" asked Mary.

"Well," said her mother, laying down her work and drawing her little girl near her, "she washed the dishes, picked up chips, carried wood, ran errands, and indeed everything that a little girl of eight years old could do. I think little Dinah's feet were often tired when she finished her last task and was sent alone to bed, with no kind mamma to hear the little prayer, and give her a good-night kiss as my little girl has."

"Oh, mamma!" said Mary, the tears already dropping off the dimpled cheeks, "how could she be good or happy?"

"Perhaps," continued mamma, "she obeyed from fear of being punished, and as to being happy, I do not think she was. But does my little girl know that there are many, many little girls who are sad and tired always; little girls who have no home, no mamma, nothing to make them happy?"

"Oh!" said Mary, laying her head on her mother's lap, and crying bitterly, "I am so sorry for poor little Dinah! Where is she now? I would like to find her, and bring her to our house, and make her happy."

"I do not know," said mamma, brushing back the tangled hair and drying the tears. "It is many years since I saw Dinah. Perhaps she found a better home; and I hope my little girl will always be thankful for the blessings she now enjoys."

Mary kissed her mamma many times, and said she hoped so, too.

THE STORM KING.

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH.

The storm king's out this winter night

With all his merry men—

With bold North Wind so keen and bright,
And gay Jack Frost in drapings white,
And snow imps howling in their delight

That winter's come again.

To-morrow all the world will lie

One shining stretch of snow,

Under a blue and cloudless sky.

"Hurrah!" the boys and girls will cry,
And down the hill the sleds will fly,

Then up more slowly go.

THE LITTLE PRAYER.

At a meeting for children a prayer of three words was given them to learn: "Lord, help me."

The teacher said, "If you get into any trouble and will pray this prayer, you will find help."

Little Lulu went home from the meeting and told her mother about it. "Whenever I get into trouble I shall know what to do," she said. "I will pray this little prayer."

A few days after, as she was returning from school she saw an ugly-looking cow in the road. She was very much afraid of cows, and what should she do? All at once the little three-worded prayer came into her mind, and she ran home, saying, "Oh, mamma, I met a very dangerous cow, and at first I was afraid to go by her; but I said, 'Lord, help me,' and the cow never looked at me."

Lulu's little prayer led her mother to say, "I'll try it, too."

Give with love your off'ring true,
Give as has been given to you;
Show your love for Christ the Lord,
Helping all to hear his word.