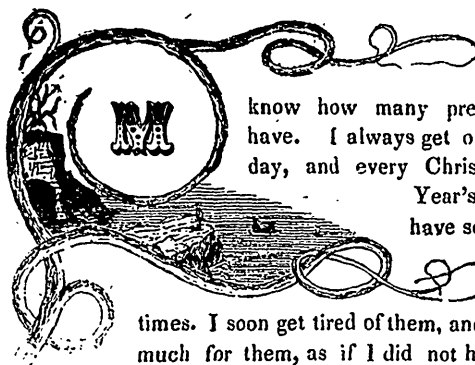


[Written for the Maple Leaf.]

ANNIE'S NEW YEAR'S GIFT.



A M M A, said little Annie Prescott, "you know how many presents I always have. I always get one on my birthday, and every Christmas and New Year's I am sure to have something pretty; besides a great many at other times. I soon get tired of them, and do not care so much for them, as if I did not have so many."

"That is true, Annie," said her mother, "but what made you think of it now?"

"Why, mamma, I was going to ask you to let me have the money which that work-box would cost instead of the box, which you promised me for New Year's."

"Surely, dear Annie, you have not tired of that rosewood work-box before you have it, and you have wished for it so long!"

"No, mamma, but I do so wish for the money, and if you will let me choose, I would prefer it to the box."

"But what can you want of the money?"

"If you will take me to walk mamma, I will tell you."

"Well, Annie, as you have been thoughtful and obedient for the last week, I will grant your request, so go and ask Lucy to put on your things, and I will accompany you."

Annie was soon ready, and running down to the parlour, waited impatiently for her mother.

"Oh, mamma!" said she, as soon as her mother appeared, "how glad I am that you are going with me."

"Well, my daughter, I must know where you wish to take me, and what use you can desire to make of that money."

"Well, mamma, I was at the Sunday School yesterday, you know, and our teacher was late in coming, and the girls were talking about what nice Christmas presents they had, and what they hoped they should have on New Year's. They all seemed very happy excepting one little girl, not as old as I, who sat by herself at one end of the seat. She looked very sad, and no one