

reminded me of Jesus and heaven up there; that's why grannie is happy now."

In the lovely summer-time grannie went away to live with Jesus and see her Robbie, and Gracie laid a little bunch of forget-me-nots on her grave, and said to her auntie:

"Dear old grannie, she doesn't say that now; isn't she happy at last?"

Could not you, dear young friends, carry a message of love to some one? and if they are lonely and sad, and cry as if they would never see their dear ones again, read to them of Jesus and His promise, and tell them how Gracie said: "You mustn't say that, grannie."

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

Another year is slowly dying,
Another added to the past;
Forming a firm-closed book for ever,
To tell our tale of life at last:
Our doom is written here below,
For endless joy, or endless woe.

The minutes, hours, and days, each telling
A truthful story of its own—
Whether by grace we've humbly striven,
Whether we tried to stand alone:
Each battle lost, each victory won;
Each moment's trial as 'twas done.

The Saviour always by us standing,
Ready to help our failing might,
Our trials here are only given
To fit us for the land of light,
The way that's by our father shown,
The path that leads us to His throne.

Another year is now beginning:
Oh, loving Saviour, give us grace;
Help us to find this path to heaven,
And so at last to see Thy face
For ever singing there Thy love,
In an eternal year above.

A DARLING AND NO MIS TAKE.

Two gentlemen friends, who had been parted for years, met in a crowded city street. The one who lived in the city was on his way to meet a pressing business engagement. After a few expressions of delight, he said:

"Well, I'm off; I'm sorry, but it can't be helped. I will look for you to-morrow at dinner. Remember, two o'clock sharp. I want you to see my wife and child."

"Only one child?" asked the other. "Only one," came the answer tenderly; "a daughter. But she is a darling."

And then they parted, the stranger getting into a street car for the park. After a block or two a group of five girls entered the car. They all evidently belonged to families of wealth. They conversed well. Each carried a very elaborately-decorated lunch-basket. Each was well dressed. They, too, were going to the park for a picnic. They seemed happy and amiable until the car again stopped, this time letting in a pale-faced girl about eleven, and a sick boy of four. These children were shabbily dressed, and on their faces were looks of distress. They, too, were on the way to the park. The gentleman thought so; so did the group of girls, for he heard one of them say, with a look of disdain:

"I suppose those ragamuffins are on an excursion, too."

"I shouldn't want to leave home if I had to look like that; would you?" This to another girl,

"No, indeed; but there is no accounting for taste. I think there ought to be a special line of cars for the lower classes."

All this was spoken in a low tone, but the gentleman heard it. Had the child, too? He glanced at the pale face and saw tears. He was angry.

Just then the exclamation, "Why, there is Nettie; wonder where she is going?" caused him to look upon the corner, where a sweet-faced young girl stood beckoning to the car-driyer. When she entered the car she was warmly greeted by the five, and they made room for her beside them. They were profuse in exclamations and questions.

"Where are you going?" asked one.

"Oh, what lovely flowers! Whom are they for?" asked another.

"I am on my way to Belle Clarke's. She is sick, you know, and the flowers are for her."

She answered both questions at once, and then, glancing toward the door of the car saw a pale girl looking wistfully at her. She smiled at the child, a tender look beaming from her beautiful eyes, and then, forgetting she wore a handsome velvet skirt and costly jacket, and that her shapely hands were covered with well-fitting gloves, she left her seat and crossed over to the little one. She laid her hand on the boy's thin cheeks as she asked of his sister:

"This little boy is sick, is he not? He is your brother, I am sure."

It seemed hard for the girl to answer, but finally she said:

"Yes, miss, he is sick. Freddie never has been well. Yes, miss, he is my brother. We're going to the park to see if it won't make Freddie better."

"I am glad you are going," the young girl replied, in a low voice, meant for no one's ears except those of the child. "I think it will do him good; it's lovely there, with the flowers all in bloom. But where is your lunch? You ought to have a lunch after so long a ride."

Over the little girl's face came a flush.

"Yes, miss, we ought to, for Freddie's sake; but you see we didn't have any lunch to bring. Tim—he's my brother—he saved these pennies so as Freddie could ride to the park and back. I guess mebbe Freddie'll forget about being hungry when he gets to the park."

There were tears in the lovely girl's eyes as she listened, and very soon she asked the girl where she lived, and wrote the address down in a

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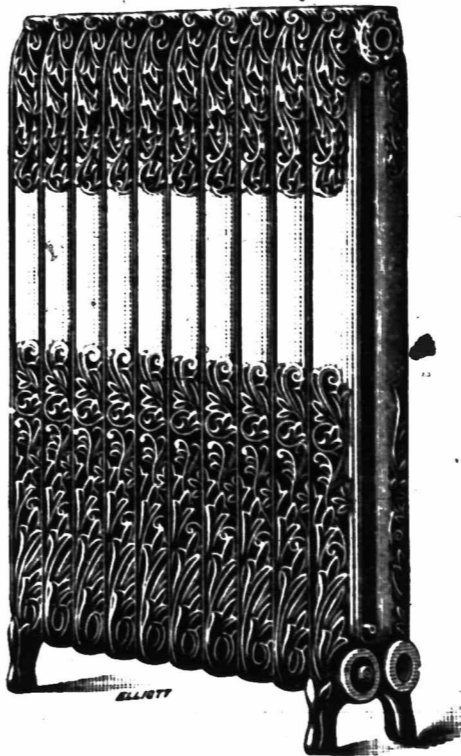
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