

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

BY FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

What shall I wish thee,  
What can be found,  
Bringing the sunshine  
All the year round?  
Where is the treasure,  
Lasting and dear,  
That shall ensure thee  
A happy New Year?"

"Peace in the Saviour,  
Rest at his feet,  
Smile of his countenance,  
Radiant and sweet,  
Joy in his presence!  
Christ ever near!  
This will ensure thee  
A happy New Year."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 2, 1904.

LOOKING FOR JESUS.

Charley thought he would like to find Jesus and be his disciple. One morning he left this note on the table and started on his journey: "Dear father and mother: I am going to find Jesus. I want to be one of his disciples. I am very little, but I can do something. I can bring him water when he is thirsty, and wash his feet when he is tired of walking, and by and by I will come home and tell you all about it." After walking a while he was hungry and went into a house and asked for some bread and milk. While he was eating it, he told the people whom he was going to find. The old people said, "Is it not strange that this little boy should be trying to find Jesus, and we have never

tried at all!" Then the boy found two men disputing about Jesus, and he told them to stop and come and help him to find Jesus. They went with him, and soon found a sick man by the roadside, whom they kindly nursed. But Jesus did not come, and the little boy began to get discouraged. Then they found a poor beggar by the roadside, and they gave him food. When Charley reached his home he went to bed, and he dreamed that Jesus came to him and said: "You have looked for me all day, and I have been near you all the time. I was with you when you went to see the old man and woman, and the two men who disputed, and the sick man, and the beggar. Go on, little boy, and always do good, and I shall always be with you. Though you cannot see me, you shall feel me in your heart."

KENNETH'S NEW YEAR'S PARTY.

Kenneth lived in a beautiful house, and all his life he had been surrounded by beautiful things. He was as happy and sweet-hearted a little boy as could be found, for his father and mother were too loving and wise to spoil him. Kenneth was seven years old.

One evening, in the bedtime hour, Kenneth's mother told him that she was going to make a New Year's party, and that he could invite whom he chose.

"Think it over," she said, "and decide on the guests; then to-morrow morning I will write the invitations."

"May I ask whoever I like?"

"Certainly," his mother answered.

"Then," said Kenneth, after a moment's thought, "I'll invite Mr. Butler for one."

"Mr. Butler!" repeated Mrs. Houston, looking puzzled.

"Yes, mamma, the grocer down on Chestnut Street. He is always giving me red apples and dates and almonds, and I've thought for a good while I'd like to do something for him."

Mrs. Houston was about to speak, but Kenneth went on:

"Then there is the postman—I think he deserves an invitation. You know how many valentines he brought me last February, and such a lot of birthday and Christmas presents. Yes; I'll surely ask him. Oh! and I must have Mrs. Fielding. I don't believe she has a chance to go to parties very often, and don't you think she'd like to come to mine, mamma?"

Mrs. Fielding was a poor widow who came to Kenneth's home every week to do the mending. She was white-haired and wrinkled and lame, but her heart was still young and cheery, and she could tell the most wonderful stories while her needle plied in and out of the rents in Ken-

neth's garments. It was no wonder that the little boy loved her.

By this time Mrs. Houston had become interested in Kenneth's list of guests, and she said that she thought Mrs. Fielding would be delighted to receive an invitation.

"Let me see," and Kenneth rested his chin in his small hand, "I think I must ask Mr. Waters. He is such a pleasant man and he brought me that gingerbread boy, you know, and those cookie twins."

Mr. Waters was the baker who supplied the Houstons with home-made bread and pastry.

"Then I want the cologne lady—what is her name, mamma? I always forget."

"Miss McIntyre, I suppose you mean."

"Yes; the one that you buy your cologne of. I like her. She gave me such a dear little bottle once—don't you remember? And she always smiles at me on the street. How many can I have? I've got five now," and Kenneth counted them off on his fingers.

"I thought we would invite six—that with you will make seven, and you are seven years old."

"There are a good many more I'd like to ask," said Kenneth, "but I think—perhaps—I'd rather have the paper-boy than anybody else. He's a nice, clean boy, mamma; but I'm afraid he's poor, and I'd like him to have a splendid party supper for once. Oh! it will be a beautiful party, mamma! I do hope they'll all come!"

They all did come, and if their clothes were not of the latest cut, nobody cared. The party was a success. Mrs. Houston had spared neither labour nor money in arranging for Kenneth's guests, and never were efforts better appreciated.

"It's just like a big, beautiful flower garden!" Mrs. Fielding declared, as she limped from room to room, hand in hand with the little host.

As for the supper—it is safe to say that not one of the guests had ever seen just such a table, and the paper-boy's appetite fully satisfied Kenneth.

When, at last, the music was hushed, and the good-nights had all been said, the little boy turned to his mother, his face radiant with happiness:

"Wasn't it beautiful to see them enjoy it all so? I'm glad we asked the folks that don't go to parties every week or two—aren't you, mamma?"—*Zion's Herald.*

Jesus is the best friend to have. He can always be with us; his eye ever sees us; his hand can protect, no matter where we may be.

A good word is easy, and not to speak ill requires only silence.