

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

HARK! oh, hark! those sounds ascending,
Heaven and earth one anthem raise:

"God of love our lives defending,
Through a year of happy days!

"God of seasons, still providing
Summer's heat and winter's cheer;
Giving life, and love and gladdening;
Goodness crowns the glad New Year.

"Still with grateful love confessing,
By thee fed and feasted here;
Still we crave another blessing:
Grace to crown the circling year.

"Oh, may Jesus tune our voices,
Fill our hearts with peace and joy,
Till our every sense rejoices
In our Saviour's best employ."

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 2, 1892.

WHAT RELIGION DID FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

RELIGION helps children to study better and do more faithful work. A little girl of twelve was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian. "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school and often missed my lessons. Now I try to learn every lesson well to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me, making fun for the children to laugh at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well and keeping the school laws. I was selfish at home—didn't like to run errands, and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her in work. Now it is real joy to me to help mother in any way, and show that I love her."

Such a religion is essential to the best interests and moral growth of youth, and will make life cheerful.

LOVE YOUR ENEMIES.

In one of the West India Islands a man owned a slave who had, some years before, been brought over from Africa. He had heard and accepted the Gospel from the missionaries on the island, and by his honesty and good conduct, became so useful to his master that he made him his overseer.

One day the planter hearing of the arrival of a slave ship, went down to buy some of its poor victims. He took the overseer with him that he might assist him in his choice. After looking about for some time the overseer fixed his eye very closely on a feeble old man, and then earnestly desired his master to buy him.

The master, greatly surprised, said, "It will not do; he is too old to work and is worth nothing at all."

But the overseer begged hard, and at length the trader offered to throw the old man in with the lot that had been selected.

On the way home nothing could exceed the respect and tenderness which he showed to the poor broken-down old African. He took him to his own home; laid him on his own bed; every day he prepared his food; when he was cold he carried him out into the sunshine, and when too warm placed him under the shade trees.

The master wondered at all this kindness to a stranger and at last said:

"I suppose the old man is your father from whom you have been separated so long?"

"No, massa, he no my fadder."

"Perhaps, then, he is your brother?"

"No, massa, he no my brudder."

"He must be your uncle or some other dear relative?"

"No, massa, he no my uncle, no kin at all."

"Then what do you make so much of him for?"

"O, massa, he my ole enemy. He stole me one day from my fadder's house, and sold me to the trader, but I thank God I come where I fin' Jesus, and he tell me in de Book to love my enemy, when he hungry, feed him, when he thirsty, give water, and so I do and it makes me happy, happy. I want him to know Jesus too."

This story shows the beautiful spirit of a freeman in Jesus, and only a faint illustration of the love of Christ who, while we were yet enemies, died for us. Shall we not imitate this forgiving, loving spirit?

THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

I LENT my dear dolly, and what do you think?

They gave her no victuals, they gave her no drink;

They left her uncovered all night in the cold—

My dear little dolly, not quite a year old.

Her colour how faded! It rained where she lay:

She had for her pillow a wisp of wet hay;
To have her so treated, say, who would not scold?

My own little dolly, not quite a year old.

Now, swallow it, dolly—this little white pill;

'Twill cure you, my darling, I know that it will;

We'll no more be parted, for love or for gold,

My dear little dolly not quite a year old.

I WATCHED FOUR BOYS.

LAST summer I sat in a yard and watched four little boys at their game of "hop-scotch." These noisy, rollicking boys, full of life and fun, were alive to their play.

Were they good and kind? I can safely answer, Yes. Shall I tell you why? Cut from under a door-step where I sat, near the field marked out for the game, hopped a bright-eyed little toad. "There he is!" "There is No. 1!" they shouted. He was not afraid. Why should he be? He was one of them.

They said he came out every night and many others besides. Sure enough, while I was sitting there I counted more than a dozen of these little fellows in different parts of the yard. They were out for their evening sport as well as the boys. The boys loved to see them, and would let no one hurt them. Would not you call that kindness to dumb animals?

AN EAGER PUPIL.

A FEW years ago there came to the Tuskegee school a young negro lad, with a tiny bundle in one hand and in the other a pair of chickens. I want to come here to school," said he to the principal. "Won't these chickens pay for me?" He was allowed to stay and attend night school. During the day he worked at the carpenter's trade to pay for his board. The same boy was the valedictorian of the class which graduated last May.