

"I have only been spending the day at Uncle John's," said mother, softly; "but I am glad to get back to my baby."

And now that Rosanna knew how it felt to be without mother, she thought she wouldn't mind what that mother told her to do or not to do, just so she could always see the sweet light shining in her eyes.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

"Happy, happy New Year!" Why do they call it so?

I've been guessing all the morning, and now I know, I know;

The reason is that everybody tries to find the way

To make somebody else enjoy a happy New Year's Day.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday-school banner, 65 pp., 8v., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 50
5 copies and over	0 30
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 25
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 054
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$1 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 35 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATER, 2176 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUERTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 4, 1902.

A FRESH START.

I dare say most of you little folk brought your copy-books home at Christmas to show your parents. I hope that, on the whole, they were creditable performances. However, I am much afraid that even in the best of them there was a bad copy or two. Who wrote all through, "Procrastigation is the thief of time"? Ah, we know, though nothing shall ever draw the secret from us. Who shut his copy-book while it was wet, producing a series of smears and smudges that baffle description? Who dipped blotting-paper into the inkpot and reaped his own sowing in that enormous blot which fell right on the middle of the page with a great, thick body and little thin legs like a spider? Who was it—ah, who? Who scribbled his name all over the cover, and even—whisper it very low—drew some

strange animal—pig, horse or elephant, who shall determine?—in the right-hand corner?

Well, when we go back to school we shall start a new copy-book. There it will lie on the desk, clean and blank and beautiful, and we shall be able to make a fresh start. To-day, my dears, God puts into our hands such a new copy-book. May his grace enable us to keep it clean and free from blots, and to fill it with writing that he will love to see!

"A happy new year!" all our friends are wishing us. It will not be a happy new year unless it be a good new year. Let us strive with might and main to be better this year than we were the last.

New Year's Day is a great day for making good resolutions, and the day after is a great day for breaking them. So, when I ask you to-day to resolve to do certain things, I want you to remember that, while resolving is very easy, doing is very hard. You will want all the readiness that comes of watchfulness, and all the strength that comes of prayer, to keep any one good resolution.

Pray, then, every day, that God will help you to do right in this coming year—to overcome bad habits, to form good ones, to serve him faithfully. If you will do this it will be like taking the matter out of your own weak hands and putting it into God's strong hands. Then he will lead you and guide you through the day and through the year. He will enable you to start well and to run well, to press toward the mark, and finally to win the prize.—*Little Folks.*

STELLA'S NEW YEAR RESOLVE.

BY J. H. J.

Stella had been invited to join Miss Layton's Pansy Band. This was a band of girls that met every two weeks with Miss Layton. They recited pieces, listened to stories, had lovely games, did kindergarten work, and earned pennies for mission work. The Pansy bands are all named for "Pansy," the writer whose stories so many children love to read. The badge is a pansy, either on a ribbon or in the form of a pin.

The special thing that the members promise to do, on joining a Pansy Band, is to select some fault of their own and try to cure it "for Jesus' sake."

Stella was to attend the first meeting of the circle on New Year's Day, and now, on New Year's Eve, she was trying to think what fault she should try to cure. Mamma wished her to make up her mind about this herself.

She mentioned many things which she thought she ought to break off, as, for instance, choosing the best things, taking the best place, saying "I don't want to," and "I won't," and teasing Baby Ray.

"Do you remember," asked mamma, "that last year in your garden an ugly

weed kept sending up shoots as fast as you cut them off, and what I told you to do?"

"Oh, yes, mamma. You said, 'Cut it up by the roots,' and at last I pulled the big roots clear out."

"Well, dear, can you think of one fault that is like a bad root, which these other things grow out of? What makes you want your own way?"

"Oh, mamma, you've often told me; I know—it is selfishness. Yes, I'll take that fault. I must pull it up by the roots, mustn't I?"

"Yes; that is the best New Year resolve you can make. But remember that it is 'for Jesus' sake,' Stella, and that only by his help can you do it."

FOR THE NEW YEAR FIRE.

Bob Furton and his little sister Mary trudged home laden with wood, broken branches of trees that they had gathered for their New Year fire. They were the children of poor parents, and they knew their mother would be glad to see them bring the fuel.

She was anxiously waiting for them in the house, for she had something to show them that would make their eyes sparkle and their hearts dance.

"Here we come, mother, with plenty of wood," cried Bob.

"That's right, children; come in, I've a pretty sight for you," said Mrs. Furton.

There was a good piece of beef, and there were vegetables, and tarts, and fruit, and some warm clothes.

Then Mrs. Furton told them that a very kind lady and two of her children had called, and left all these good things; and she said that little Miss Maud had also left a pretty picture-book for Mary. They were all very glad, and Mrs. Furton said: "The lady brought these things for our New Year dinner, and I thanked her heartily; but God sent them."

On New Year's Day, as they sat round the fire, they sang:

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow;

Praise him all creatures here below;

Praise him above, ye heavenly host;

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost."

A NEW YEAR'S MEETING.

"Do you know how to get to grandpa's?—I went on New Year's Day—

You climb the hill where the pine-trees grow,

And grandpa comes half way.

"He waits in the road for mamma and me,

And plays he's a robber bold,

Then, when I can't help laughing,

How grandpa pretends to scold!

"He threatens me with his cane, and says:

'A kiss or your life, my dear!'

And then with a regular bear-hug

I wish him a Happy New Year!"