

Hark! it is the Saviour calling,  
 "Little children, follow me!"  
 Jesus! keep our feet from falling;  
 Teach us all to follow thee.

Soon we part—it may be never—  
 Never here to meet again;  
 Oh to meet in heaven for ever!  
 Oh the crown of life to gain!

#### OUR CIRCULATION.

We have to thank two little girls, scholars in the Sabbath School of St. Andrew's Church, Perth, for the handsome addition of 28 new subscribers to our list. They have done well, and have shewn that they appreciate our exertions to interest and instruct them. We trust that many other active little workers will imitate this good example. If each of our 2400 subscribers would get us but one new subscriber, the result would be wonderful. They can do it if they choose; and we do not ask 28 from each, but only as many as they can. Who will try? Young readers, this is your paper—work for it—read it—endeavour to profit by it, and do not forget your missionary effort in your prayers; and may you each receive the new heart and the right spirit.

#### HOW TO BE HAPPY.

EVERYBODY in the world would like to be happy, but few, very few of the persons we meet with are really so. Why is this? Because they are constantly making mistakes on this subject, and are wasting their lives in looking for this blessing where it can never be found. I think I hear a little girl I know saying, "Oh, if I were rich, and had always plenty to eat, and pretty things to wear, I am sure I should be very happy." And another says, "I do not care about being rich, but I wish I was well; if I could run about like other children, and was strong again, then I should be happy." "But you have a kind mother to take care of you, and nurse you," sighs an orphan child; "but my parents are dead; if they would but come back again, I should care for nothing else, I should be *quite* happy."

Ah, dear children, you would find if you had these things, that there was something wanting still before you could say that you were happy. Not long ago, I was called to visit an old scholar of mine on her death-bed. Months of severe suffering had she endured; and still she lingered on, some-