

he carried the light with him, it would shine just as he needed it. That was the road, and what he had to do was to walk in the light as he got along.

Sometimes the boy did not hold the light as he should, or he did not mind what it showed him; and he stumbled, in consequence, now and again, or came right against a tree, and at times fell altogether. The boy, once or twice, carelessly turned into the wrong path, but his father did not go with him, but called him back. When he came to any place where he needed to be lifted over, his father was always at hand to help him. By-and-by the journey was safely ended; but it would not have been so, had there not been the father's help and the use of the light.

Now, this little story is meant for the readers of the *Adviser*, when entering on another year. The editor and the other writers wish their young friends to get safely on through this year. It will have dangers in it, and the right way has paths going off from it. The editor and his helpers desire much that their young friends should take hold of their heavenly Father's hand, and carry with them the light which He gives to shine upon the way. The BIBLE has the light. "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path" (Psalm cxix. 105). If you take it with you and use it rightly, it will show you, as you go on, the dangers to be avoided, and the way in which to walk. And if you go by that way, and keep hold of your heavenly Father's hand, by trusting in Him as your God and father in Christ Jesus, you will be brought safely through all dangers. The year will close finding you in the right way, still holding on in it; or, if your journey be over before the year be done, the end will be a safe one, and you will have reached that land in which the way is always clear, for "there is no night there," and doubt, difficulty, and danger never come. Thus will you make sure, in any case, that this will be to you "A Happy New Year."

LITTLE JOHNNY.

LITTLE JOHNNY T— is just ten years old, a blue-eyed, wide-awake, active little fellow, and as earnest a *worker* in the temperance army as you can find. Johnny is quite a writer for a boy of his years, and was invited to read an essay on temperance at an open lodge meeting which was held in the church at S—. There was a fine poem first, next an essay, speaking, &c.; but Johnny's essay *brought down the house*. His next attempt was at a school exhibition. The large hall was crowded almost to suffocation, but, nothing daunted, Johnny read his essay in a clear, distinct voice, as if he wasn't at all ashamed of it. "The Three Giants—Intemperance, Profanity, and Tobacco," was his theme; and he proved conclusively that the first oath, the first glass, and the first cigar were *the things* to be shunned if we wish to keep out of the grasp of the giants. Two years ago, Johnny got up a pledge against tobacco and liquor-drinking, and he has circulated it faithfully. A noble man, whose only fault is that tobacco has ensnared him, said that little Johnny's pledge "*took him down*" the most effectually of anything he ever came across. The little fellow offers it to all he meets, very respectfully; and who can tell how much good he has already accomplished in his little life, and, if that life is spared, what a noble field of usefulness lies open before him!—*Selected.*

NOVEL-READING.

It cannot but be injurious to the human mind never to be called into effort; the habit of receiving pleasure without any exertion of thought by the mere excitement of curiosity and sensibility may be justly ranked among the worst effects of habitual novel-reading. Like idle morning visitors, the brisk and breathless periods hurry in