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THE NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE.

A NEW year has begun. What kind of a year is it to be to you, boys and girls? Is it to be indeed a "happy" one? That will depend on yourself. "On myself!" some little one asks with surprise. Yes, my dear, on your own little self.

Don't you believe that God wants you to have a happy year? Indeed he does; and he is ready to do all he can to make it so. But even God, who, we are accustomed to say, can do everything, cannot make a happy year for you unless you help him.

And how can you help him? By doing just as he wants you to do in everything. He wants you to speak the truth, to be obedient to your parents, to be kind and loving to every one, to be industrious, pure-minded and honest. He wants you to keep the Sabbath holy, to read the Bible, to pray

to him every day, to confess and forsake sin, to trust and love Jesus.

Now, are you ready for all this? If you are, your year will begin with God's smile, and his loving face will beam on you to the end. And what a happy year you will have!



A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

You will say when you come to its close that you never had such a happy one before.

Ab, God knows very well what will make us happy. It is to have no naughty will of our own, but to do his will. It is to love the Lord our God with all our heart and

while they were working with it. When they were done, one of them asked if it did not hurt him.

"O yes, very much," he said; "but I did not want to give pain to mother, so I tried hard to keep from crying."

Was he not a noble little fellow?

soul and mind and strength, and our neighbours as our selves.

Dear children, we are all by nature sinful, and so we do not love to do this. We choose to go on in our own way, and so we are not happy. We need new hearts; that is what we need most, every one of us. We must go to our heavenly father and ask him for Jesus' sake to give us the new heart, washed from sin in the precious blood of Christ, and made soft and pure and tender and right. Then we shall love to please God, to do his will, and shall be happy.

DIDN'T WANT TO HURT MOTHER.

A LITTLE boy once had his leg badly broken. His mother was very sick, and when she heard about it she fainted. But when the doctors came to set the broken limb the little fellow never cried once all the