

THE SOLID ROCK

My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

In every rough and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil;
Nor earth, nor hell, my soul can move,
I rest upon unchanging love.

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

His oath, his covenant, his blood,
Support me in the sinking flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay;

On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1888.

A LITTLE GIRL'S RELIGION.

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 teacher was 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.

THIS PIGGY WENT TO MARKET.

THIS is a picture of true happiness. It would be difficult to decide whether of the two represents the greater amount of that not over-abundant commodity, HAPPINESS. Now, you look closely at the picture, and say which you think is the happier of the two. Mother is imparting happiness, and the effort re-acts upon herself, in that she is the happier for making her little son happy. It is not necessary to enquire whether the child understands about piggy and the market; it is enough that mother is playing with his toes, and saying something which he thinks to be funny and nice. Have you forgotten when you sat in mother's lap, and played "piggy went to market?" Have you forgotten when you sat on your throne, your papa's knee, and played "piggy went to market?" Don't you remember how delighted you were, and said, "more, more." Even now some of you like to see father and mother play "piggy went to market," with your little brother's or sister's toes.

Learn one lesson: Try to make others happy. At home, at school, or at play, try to make others happy. If you set your heart upon it, you'll soon find plenty of ways to make others happy, and you'll feel happy and happier in making others happy. Don't trouble about your own happiness, only try to make others happy. Ask Jesus to help you, and you'll succeed wonderfully. Some young people, and even some old people, are very anxious to be happy, they are all the time searching after it, searching in vain. The short and sure way to happiness is to try and make others happy.

MIND THE DOOR!

HAVE you ever noticed how strong a street door is? how thick the wood is? how heavy the hinges? what a large bolt it has? and what a grim lock? If there was nothing of value in the house, or no thieves outside, this would not be wanted; but as you know there are things of value within, and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong; and we must mind the door, especially as to barring and bolting it at night.

We have a house—our hearts may be called that house. Wicked things are forever trying to break in, and go out of our heart. Let us see what some of these bad things are.

Who is at the door? Ah, I know him! It is Anger. What a frown there is on his face! How his lips quiver! How fierce his looks are! We will bolt the door, and not let him in, or he will do us harm.

Who is that? It is Pride. How haughty he seems! He looks down on everything as though it was too mean for his notice. No, sir, we shall not let you in, so you may go.

Who is this? It must be Vanity, with his flaunting strut and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has a fine dress to wear, and is admired. You will not come in, sir; we have too much to do to attend to such fine folks as you.

Mind the door! Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace we think we know him. It is Sloth. He likes nothing better than to live in my house, sleep and yawn my life away, and bring me ruin. No, no, you idle fellow! work is pleasure, and I have much to do. Go away, you shall not come in.

But who is this? What a sweet smile! What a kind face! She looks like an angel; It is Love. How happy she will make us if we ask her in! Come in! Come in! We must unbar the door for you.

Oh, if children kept the door of their heart shut, bad words and wicked thoughts would not go in and out as they do. Open the door to all things good; shut the door to all things bad! We must mark well who comes to the door before we open it, if we would grow to be good men and women. Keep guard—mind the doors of your hearts!

A VERY GOOD BOY.

SOME men think they are performing a positively meritorious act when they pay their debts, instead of recognizing that they have only done what they ought to do. And the same men (and others) seem to think that they have acquired a still greater degree of merit when they have simply been honest enough to pay the Lord his due in work and worship. This tendency is illustrated in the case of a little fellow whose mother, one evening after hearing his prayer, added the commendation, "That's a very good boy." On later evenings the same praise was not forthcoming, but the boy himself was not willing to let it slip; and now he adds, on his own account, a regular appendix to his prayer: "Amen. That's a good boy—a very good boy. Yes'm." It would be well if such self-gratulations were confined to children; but it is to be feared that if the feelings of a good many adults could be analyzed after an unusually successful prayer-meeting, or an unusually large contribution to the missionary cause, they would be found to be not very different from the child's self-praise: "That's a good boy—a very good boy. Yes'm."—S. S. Times.