

## A LITTLE BIT OF A BOY.

There was never a smile in a weary while,  
And never a gleam of joy,  
Till his eyes of light made the whole  
world bright—  
A little bit of a boy!

He came one day when the world was May,  
And thrilling with life and joy;  
And with all the roses he seemed to play—  
A little bit of a boy!

But he played his part with a human heart,  
And time can never destroy  
The memory sweet of the pattering feet  
Of that little bit of a boy!

We wondered how he could play all day,  
With never a dream of rest;  
But once he crept in the dark, and slept  
Still on his mother's breast.

There was never a smile in a weary while,  
And never a gleam of joy,  
But the world seems dim since we dreamed  
of him—  
A little bit of a boy!

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1899.

## "HOW AM I TO COME TO CHRIST?"

A Scotch shepherd, in a state of great anxiety of soul, asked a preacher if he could tell him what was meant by "coming to Christ." "I have been hearing," said he, "a most earnest discourse; we have been urged and entreated to come to Christ; and I felt as though I had been sitting on nettles all the time, for he had never told us how to come to him. Can you tell me?"

"Can you fly to him?"

"No, I cannot do that."

"Can you walk on your feet to Christ?" was the next question.

"No."

The preacher then told him that Christ, though in heaven, was beside him on earth, loving him with a deep, strong, and tender love, eagerly anxious to save him. He was shown that with his mind and heart, and not with body, he was to go to Jesus; in other words, he was to believe on Him who died that he might live.

"Is that it? Is it so simple? I see it now," he said, and went on rejoicing.

## SISTER SUSAN.

BY ANNIE A. PRESTON.

"My children are about the hamlet somewhere, except all only Susan, she's sickly," said Mrs. Britt, with a sigh, as the new pastor stopped a moment by her machine as he was passing through the great mill in an endeavour to familiarize himself with the members of his flock.

"And where is Susan?"

"Oh, at home. She's seventeen, but she can't do anything. Any of the young ones hanging around will show you where we live."

So, later in the afternoon, Pastor Kemp presented himself at the open door of the small room where Sister Susan smiled up at him from her lounge, as he was announced by a small army of neglected children.

"Come in, please," said the young girl, timidly; and then, as the children all talking at once filled the doorway and the open window, she began begging them to go away so as to be quiet.

"Will you see what you can do with them, Henry?" she said to the largest boy, who at once marshalled them all out of hearing.

"It was kind of you to come to see me," said the girl. "I am of no account."

"The Lord wants you to be of account. I think you can help me more than any one else in the hamlet, if you will."

"How could I help?"

"By teaching the children better manners to begin with."

"They are bad young ones."

"The worst I ever saw, I believe. When I asked where I could find you they took me to house after house in different parts of the village, but at length the lad called Henry happened to come along and spoiled their fun. Who is he?"

"My brother, a good boy, but he has no chance. The mothers all work in the mill and the children run wild like weeds."

"No, like flowers that need training. All children are like flowers. You must train them."

"How can I do that when I never leave this room?"

"I have been told that you are a Christian. Your prayers and your influence can reach as far as if you were in a palace. You must begin with your brother,—consider yourself a missionary,—and when you have won him, make him your helper. He seems to be a leader among the children."

"Yes, they all like him and he is fond

of me, so they are good to me, because he will have them so."

Sickly Susan, as every one called her, was pleased at the idea of being of use. Her brother was easily won, and began at once to prevail upon the children to be more civil and quiet. And he brought them for a little while every day to his sister's room, that she might teach them some simple truth.

Almost immediately her health began to improve, and soon the house nor the street could hold her. She was all over the hamlet looking for the children, who improved rapidly under her instruction. They went every Sunday to meeting and Sunday-school.

When, at the end of the year, the pastor was complimented on the great work that had been done among the young people and children, he said:

"I find such an excellent helper here in Sister Susan that I could not help accomplishing a great deal." And as he always spoke to her in that way her old name was forgotten, and as Sister Susan she is known to young and old.

## THE TALE OF A DEAR.

All words in this tale are correctly spelled words. What ails them?

As eye came threw ay would of furs aye met too ruff, rood buoys. Won had bear feat and the other felloe had on hoes and shoes, but his tows could bee scene at ay whole, and their was ay tars in thee heal. Ay hair gambled passed, and it seemed to pleas them too tern out of there weigh two throe ay roc at it. Sum phlox of canvass backs and other wiled foul flue buy, or w-od paws too basque inn the raise of 'nee son, butt if bye chants they wear herd there thyme had come two dye. Thee buoys eight sum candid plumb or pare or other suite. Thee boulder won could chute ay dear at site, and wood dew sew any dey oar knight. Won weak he had to. He aimed strait for thee hart or the lumber region, and when thee roe or dough had dyed he would peal off thee hied.

## TWO WAYS OF GETTING UP.

When we tumble out of the right side of bed,

How bright the sun shines overhead!

How good our breakfast tastes—and, O!

How happily to school we go!

And o'er the day what peace is shed—

When we tumble out of the right side of bed!

When we tumble out of the wrong side of bed,

How dark the sky frowns overhead!

How dull our lessons, how cross our mothers,

How perfectly horrid our sisters and brothers!

(And they all say, too, it's our fault instead!)

When we tumble out of the wrong side of bed!