

CHILD'S MISSIONARY HYMN

LORD, can a simple child like me
Assist to turn the world to thee?
Or send the bread of life to hands
Stretched out for it in heathen lands?

Will this poor mite I call my own
Lead some lost Hindu to the throne?
Or help to cast the idols down,
Which midst the groves of Java frown?

O yes! Although the gift be small,
Thou'lt bless it, since it is my all;
And bid it swell the glorious tide
By thousands of thy saints supplied.

You mighty flood which sweeps the plain,
Is fed by tiny drops of rain;
And ocean's broad, unyielding strand
Consists of countless grains of sand.

Thus may the offerings children bring
Make Gentiles bow to Israel's King.
If owned by that resistless power,
Which curbs the sea and forms the shower.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 1, 1887.

LITTLE ALICE.

ONE of my Sabbath-school scholars was little Alice, a fair-haired, blue-eyed little girl, whose beautiful face and sweet, winning ways made her a favourite with all. Methinks I can see now the soft, tender look of her mild eyes fixed so earnestly upon me, as I endeavoured to impress upon her opening mind the gospel plan of salvation. One day I said to her: "Alice, what will you do when you die, and are called upon to stand before the judgment-seat of God to answer for all the sins done here upon earth?"

Her face glowed with emotion as she answered: "Christ died for sinners; I will

hide behind him. God will not look at me; he will look at Christ."

Beautiful thought, to hide behind Christ, to lose ourselves in him, and casting aside our own impure works to rest solely and entirely upon his finished work for salvation.—*Rays of Light.*

"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM."

GRANDMA HIGGINS is now an old pilgrim lady. When she was a small girl about ten years old she was a real little Christian. I will tell you how she worked for Jesus. One morning she went to a neighbor's house, and while there the man and his wife, and the children too, got into a terrible quarrel. Many hard words were spoken and hard words said back. It grew worse and worse, and she was frightened. She said she thought they would soon be fighting if they did not stop. What could she do? Well, I'll tell you what she did. She knelt right down and prayed, and told the Lord all about it. Soon the man and his wife began to sob and weep, and they too knelt down and prayed to God earnestly to forgive them; and he did forgive them that day. Praise the Lord!

So you see it is not always the great sermons that do most good, but according to the working of God's Spirit, even in a little child.

The children, too, both great and small,
Who love the name of Jesus,
May now accept the gracious call
To work and live for Jesus.

—*The Lily.*

DILLY'S GUESTS.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLEN.

DILLY is my little neighbour; she lives in a big, wide house with no brothers and sisters to keep her company, and I have no doubt she is sometimes lonesome; I am sure, too, that she is a wee bit spoiled.

Once on a time she invited Miss Bad Temper to spend the day with her; she came of course; Miss Bad Temper always comes when she's asked, and sometimes when she isn't. But lo, and behold! she did not come alone; Miss Unhappiness, her twin-sister, came along with her, and settled herself as if she was going to stay. Dilly got very tired of her company, and I must say every body in the house did too.

She complained to her mother that she had to entertain Miss Unhappiness, who was very stupid and tiresome. "O," said Dilly's mother, "whenever you have Miss Bad Temper for a guest, you must make up your mind to have her sister, Unhappiness,

too. Now I'll tell you what I'd do; I would send right off and ask Miss Good-Nature to come and pay you a visit. These other guests of yours hate her with a deadly hatred, and as soon as they see her approaching, away they'll scamper, both of them, out of the back door, slamming it as they go."

Dilly began to laugh heartily at the idea of that hasty flight, and mamma, looking out of the window with a funny little smile, said, "Well, I declare! if here isn't Good Nature coming to pay you a visit of her own accord; run and ask her in, take off her bonnet, and beg her to stay to tea."

Dilly ran away, laughing more merrily than before. About an hour after, her mother passed the play-room door and found her having a fine time with her paper dolls. "Well, Dilly," she said with a twinkle in her eye, "how do you like Miss Good Nature for company?"

There was a twinkle in Dilly's eyes too. "First rate, mamma," she said, "and Miss Good-Nature brought her sister along this time."

"What's her name," asked mamma.

"Well, she didn't exactly induce me, you know," answered the little girl, "but sort o' think her name is Good Times."

IF YOU PLEASE.

A CHRISTIAN missionary in India relates that in the course of his labours among the Hindoos, a poor youth followed him about the garden, or compound of the school asking him to make him a Christian. He replied: "It is impossible, my dear boy, if it be possible at all, it can only be through the Lord Jesus Christ. He can do it, none else; pray to him."

Then the missionary writes, how well he recalls the sweet voice and face of the poor boy when he came to him soon afterwards, and said: "The Lord Jesus Christ has taken his place in my heart."

"How is that?"

"Ah," he replied, "I prayed, and said, 'Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, if you please, make me a Christian!' And he was so kind that he came down from heaven, and has lived in my heart ever since."

How simple and touching! "Lord Jesus Christ, if you please, make me a Christian. Can you say your prayers are like his, and that the dear Lord Jesus has come down from heaven to live in your hearts?"

THE mother had cut her little daughter's hair to make "bangs." Surveying her own work, she said, "Bessie, yesterday you looked as if you had no sense; to-day you look as if your mother had none."