

MAMMA'S RETURN.

THREE little waiting children,  
Eagerly watching the door;  
Harry and Charlie and baby  
Hazel eyes two, blue eyes four.

Three little noisy children,  
Roguish and full of play;  
At every sound—"Hush! listen!  
Isn't somebody coming this way?"

"I do believe that is mamma!"  
"No, it's only the umbrella man!"  
"I don't believe she's ever coming:  
She'll stay just as long as she can!"

A sound of steps on the pathway,  
And eagerly rush all three;  
"It's mamma! It's mamma! Come, Charlie,  
Come baby, come Harry, let's see!"

"O mamma, we're so glad to see you!  
We're tired as we can be!  
We love you a thousand millions!  
Anything in that bundle for me?"

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 22, 1889.

ENOUGH FOR ME.

WHAT do you do without a mother to tell all your troubles to?" asked a child who had a mother of one who had not; her mother was dead.

"Mother told me whom to go to before she died," answered the little orphan; "I go to the Lord Jesus; he was my mother's friend, and he's mine."

"Jesus Christ is up in the sky; he is away off, and has a great many things to attend to in heaven. It is not likely he can stop to mind you."

"I do not know anything about that," said the orphan; "all I know is, 'he

says he will, and that's enough for me.'" What a beautiful answer was that. And what was enough for this child, is enough for us all.

Are you tired of carrying about the heavy load of sin? "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." But I am not worthy of his forgiving love. Never mind that. "He says he will, and that's enough for me." Take the Lord Jesus Christ at his word, for the forgiveness of our sins, and for peace to our soul. "My peace I give unto you," he says. Will he? Oh! his peace is very precious. Will he give us his peace? "He says he will, and that's enough for me." Trust him, his word never fails.

OILING UP.

THE best supplement of religion is common sense. After having resolved to fulfil the highest possibilities of our nature, the wisest course lies in attempting to reach the mental and physical conditions which render noble living possible.

A serene old lady, whose daily living was like noble music, was once asked by a moody young girl how she could exercise self-command without one apparent failure.

"My dear," said she, "the first secret of decent living is in the help and support we receive from above; the second lies in taking care of ourselves. When I find I am more than usually sensitive to the worries of life, I take half an hour alone and read a pleasant book, or even take a nap. If the 'chariot-wheels jar in the gates,' I say to myself: 'Come, come, Martha! We must stop to oil up.' When I was a girl I had a quarrel with my best friend, and all because I had been up half the night before, and didn't know enough to take a nap before finding fault with her!"

"But I should grow selfish if I watched my moods in that way," said her little friend, discouraged.

"O bless you, it must be done with discretion! Regard your mind and body as delicate and complicated machines which must be kept in order. You wouldn't expect your watch to keep time if a bread-crumbs had lodged among the wheels; why should you demand gentleness and patience of this human mechanism if you don't exert yourself to see that it is kept in repair? I once had a fit of the deepest indigo blues, which yielded to an orange, eaten in a bright little room. The orange was so sweet, and the sunlight so dazzling, that I couldn't resist the conviction gradually stealing in on me that this is indeed the 'best of all possible worlds.'"

JENNIE AND HER BROTHERS.

JENNIE had been to Mrs. Jones' with a message for mamma. She liked to go to Mrs. Jones', for she was such a kind, motherly woman.

After Jennie had delivered the message, Mrs. Jones said: "Wait a minute, Jennie. Do you like cherries?" All the while she was filling a dainty little basket, which, when filled, she handed to the little girl, saying as she did so, "There, when it is emptied, bring it back and you shall have some more."

Jennie's eyes glistened as she thanked her kind friend. Such a treat, and all her own, too! She would go into the summer-house at the end of the garden and have a feast all by herself. Her mouth fairly watered for a taste of them; and yet they looked so beautiful and waxy as they lay in the basket, with here and there a green leaf peeping out, that she hated to disturb them. And then something else came into her mind. Wouldn't Tommy and Joe like to have some? Tommy and Joe were Jennie's brothers.

"But, they are mine," argued Jennie to herself; "Mrs. Jones gave them to me. Besides, there will be such a few when they are divided, and Tommy and Joe will never know."

As if to refute such an insinuation, who should arrive upon the scene but these same brothers.

"Hallo! Jennie, what you got in the basket; cherries?"

Jennie walked straight ahead and pretended not to hear. "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you," said something inside. "Supposing Tommy and Joe had cherries, would they treat you so meanly?" Jennie knew that they would not, and even if they would, that was no excuse for her.

She wheeled about and said: "Yes, cherries; come, we will show them to mamma first—they look so pretty—and tell her what Mrs. Jones said, and then we will go into the summer-house and divide them."

Mamma admired and tasted, and then Jennie divided them into four piles, one for each of them and one for Mary Ann. Mary Ann was the cook. They tied them together in bunches. When they gave Mary Ann hers, "Bless your hearts," she said, "to think of me; wait till I give you each a cookie to eat with them."

Then they went back to the summer-house and had a little picnic, and Jennie always believed in the golden rule after that.