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HAPPY DAYS

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 24, 1894.

JESSIE FINDING JESUS.

IN a wretched tenement in New York, a little girl stood by her mother's death-bed and heard her mother's last words, "Jessie, find Jesus."

When her mother was buried, her father took to drink, and Jessie was left to such care as a poor neighbour could give her. One day she wandered off, unmissed, a basket in her hand, and trudged through one street after another, not knowing where she went. She had started out to find Jesus. At last she stopped from utter weariness, in front of a saloon. A young man staggered out of the door, and almost stumbled over her. He uttered passionately the name of him whom she was seeking.

"Can you tell me where he is?" she inquired eagerly.

He looked at her in amazement. "What did you say?" he asked.

"Will you please tell me where Jesus Christ is? for I must find him,"—this time with great earnestness.

The young man looked down curiously at her for a minute without speaking; and then his face sobered, and he said, in a broken, husky voice, hopelessly, "I don't know, child; I don't know where he is."

Poor Jessie trudged on; but soon a rude boy jostled against her, and snatching her basket from her hand, threw it into the street. Crying, she ran to pick it up. The horses of a passing street-car trampled her under their feet, and she knew no more till she found herself stretched on a hos-

pital bed. When the doctors came that night, they knew that she could not live until the morning. In the middle of the night, after she had been lying very still for a long time, apparently asleep, she suddenly opened her eyes, and the nurse, bending over, heard her whisper, while her face lighted up with a smile that had some of heaven's own gladness in it, "O Jesus, I have found you at last!"

TRUTH-LOVING JOHN.

It made a pretty picture in the twilight hour, or just at bed-time—that of happy little John, seated on a foot-stool at his mother's feet, his blue eyes looking confidently into her loving face, while he asked question after question, or listened to the story she might be telling, the while smoothing back from his forehead the sunny curls that fell in the way. Very often he sat there. He was an only son—his mother's darling—and there was no one else to occupy that cherished place, save a beautiful little sister. A happy home this little boy had. The best of Christian fathers came in and went out before him, setting a worthy example; and then the loving mother and "wee sister" were a joy for ever. Surrounded as he was by an atmosphere untainted by evil influence, it is not surprising that his open nature absorbed much that was good. Ah! little John was much more blessed in his home life than many boys who have no protection from evil, and never see or hear anything good. Like most children he was fond of hearing stories, and whenever his mother related one, he would invariably ask with great earnestness, "Mother, is that a true story?" If sometimes informed that a story was only a "made-up" one, he would show displeasure, and say almost indignantly, "Mother, please don't tell me any 'made-up' stories—'made-up' things are not true; are they mother? I want to hear about things that have happened sure enough."

John's mother was often puzzled to know how to satisfy her little boy on this point. To his simple understanding whatever was 'made-up' was altogether false, and his artless mind could make no distinction in the matter. This guileless child reached maturity, carrying along with him his early and intense love for truth. Deceit, sham, pretence, anything mean and underhanded, his honest soul abhorred. Some faults of temperament he had; but still he was true-hearted. To be truthful and honest is a very important part of a gentleman's character, and not all the fine looks in the world or the most fascinating address or great riches, can make up for what is lacking in this respect. To be truthful means that one is not only to avoid speaking falsely; but that he is also to act sincerely about everything. Surely there is nothing praiseworthy in wearing a mask to deceive unwary or even silly people. So, whatever line of policy the world may suggest, remember there is nothing noble in acting a false part. Be true to the truth.

ALWAYS GROWING.

T. C. HARBAUGH.

WHAT do you do in the ground, little seed
Under the rain and snow,
Hidden away from the bright blue sky,
And lost to the madcap sparrow's eye?
"Why, do you not know?
I grow."

What do you do in the nest, little bird,
When the bough springs to and fro?
How do you pass the time away
From dawn to dusk of the summer day?
"What! do you not know?
I grow."

What do you do in the pond, little fish,
With scales that glisten so?
In and out of the water grass,
Never at rest, I see you pass.
"Why, do you not know?
I grow."

What do you do in the cradle, my boy,
With chubby cheeks all aglow?
What do you do when your toys are put
Away and your wise little eyes are shut?
"Ho! do you not know?
I grow."

Always growing! by night or day
No idle moments we see.
Whether at work or cheerful play,
Let us all be able to say,
"In the goodness of God
We grow."

THE LITTLE STROKES.

"MAMMA" said Nellie, throwing down her book. "I can never learn this lesson, I am just completely discouraged."

"My dear little girl," said her mother, passing an arm lovingly around her and drawing her to the window, "look over there at the side of the road, where a man is cutting down that great tree. He has been a long time at work upon it, stroke by stroke, hour after hour,—chip by chip flying off. Does he give up and say, 'I never can bring down this tree?' No; he labours on, little by little, stroke by stroke and by-and-bye, with a terrible crash, the old oak will come down. Drop by drop wears away marble; and don't you remember when we were climbing the mountain how we sung going up, step by step, and how at last, when we had reached the top, what a glorious vision burst upon our view?"

Nellie smiled and returned to her task. She could hear the woodman's axe on the sturdy tree, and the sound of those steady strokes seemed to give her strength.

After awhile she spoke again, "I have felled the tree, mamma; I have climbed the mountain."

"And you have my heartfelt congratulations," replied her mother. "It will be always thus, dear, that you gain life's victories, stroke by stroke, step by step; Never give up!"