

IN A GLASS HOUSE

BY AGNES M. LEWIS.

THEY'VE got a glass house in the garden,
A little house out in the sun;
I watched while the gardener built it
Until it was finally done.

Now, what do you think it was made for?
I do not believe that you know;
But I do. Now isn't it funny?
'Tis to hurry the flowers to grow!

And I'm sure that it does, for the pansies
Have blossomed as full as can be,
And there isn't a flower in the garden,
And scarcely a leaf on a tree.

So I've wondered and wondered a long
time—

Please answer me this if you can:
Do you think if I lived in one like it
I should hurry and grow to a man?

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 16, 1902.

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

BY REV. JESSE S. GILBERT.

IN these days by far the greater number of those who become Christians become such in childhood and early life. Jonathan Edwards was converted at seven years of age, Robert Hall at twelve, and Isaac Watts at nine. Christianity is the only religion that touches childhood. Its founder passed through the various stages of child-life, and in after years took up little children in his arms and blessed them. Conversion should be the aim of every Sunday-school teacher. We are not simply to impart a knowledge of biblical history, geography, and doctrine,

but to bring the hearts of our scholars in contact with the living Christ. With the greater number it is "now or never." Many come from anything but Christian homes. The world has them six days and twenty-three hours in the week. Whatever we do has to be done quickly. We have no time to discuss last month's concert or next month's picnic; no time to waste in mere chit-chat and local gossip. Let everything converge to this focus: our personal relation to Jesus Christ. We find Christ directly or by fair inference in every lesson. It should be our aim to bring out that central truth and press it home upon the hearts of our scholars. There is no grander work upon earth. So shall our children be taught of God and "great shall be the peace" of our children.

NELLY'S TEMPTATION AND PRAYER.

LITTLE Nelly was five years old. Her mother had taken great pains to instil into her mind principles of right and truth.

One day she stood at the door of the dining-room, looking with great earnestness at a basket of fine peaches which was on the table. Nelly knew she should not touch them without leave, but the temptation was strong. Soon her mother, who was watching her from another room, saw her bow her head and cover her face with her little hands.

"What ails you, Nelly?" she said.

The child started, not knowing she was watched.

"O, mother!" she exclaimed, "I wanted so much to take one of the peaches; but first I thought I would ask God if he had any objection."

Dear little Nelly, what a path of integrity and honour will be yours through life, if in all your conduct you seek to know your heavenly Father's will, and do no action upon which you cannot seek his blessing.

"AS JESUS DOES."

PERCY was a little blind boy. He had never seen his mother's face, but her foot-step was easily distinguished by him; and her voice was as music in his ear. He never saw the birds or flowers, but yet he learned to love and delight in them far more than most children who have perfect eyesight. Nor is this unusual. For almost always it is found that when one door of knowledge is shut the other senses become more keen and heedful.

Deprived of eyesight, Percy had great

delight in listening to others. His mother treasured up many little incidents from her reading and observation, and in leisure moments told them to her dear blind son. One day she saw a stray lamb brought home, for they were then living in the country, and on inquiry she learned all its history. The foolish little thing had got through a hole in the fence where its big mother could not follow it; had wandered away into dangerous, rough roads; been torn by brambles and frightened by strange dogs; and, at last, when almost dead by fear and cold, had been found by the shepherd and carried back to its sorrowing mother. All this she told to Percy. He immediately exclaimed, "Oh, mother, isn't that exactly as Jesus does? When we wander into sin he goes out to seek and save us; and when he finds us he takes us up in his arms, and brings us home rejoicing."

Little Percy, although he was blind, had got, you see, spiritual vision, or soul-sight.

BELIEVING IS TRUSTING.

BY REV. J. H. WILSON.

THERE is a boy whose father was buried yesterday. To-day he is wearing his father's gold watch. Some wicked lads are trying to take it from him. He is struggling to keep it, but they are too strong for him. He is just about to lose it when I come up and say, "Give it to me, my boy, and I'll keep it safe for you." For a moment he looks at me with doubtful eye; but as I say to him, "Trust me!" and he sees that I am earnest and sincere, he hands it over to me and I prevent him from being robbed.

That is just what the Apostle Paul says of himself. He had, as you have, something far more precious than a gold watch—an immortal soul, and he was afraid of losing it; he could not keep it himself. Jesus said, "Give it to me," and he gave it to him; and then you hear him saying rejoicingly, "I know whom I have believed" (which is the same thing as whom I have trusted) "and am persuaded that he will keep that which I have committed to him against that day."

You, my dear friends, have souls too, and they are in danger of being lost; there is only one way of getting them saved—giving them into the keeping of Jesus, "trusting" him with them. What warrant have you for trusting him? Just what Paul had,—his own word; and that is always enough.

BUT thou, Lord, art most high for ever more.