

"TO SWEETEN IT."

THE baby eats his bread and milk
And laughs out loud in glee;
For every other time he dips
His spoon, it is for me.
"To eat it all yourself," he says,
"It isn't nice a bit:
You have to give somebody else
A taste to sweeten it."

A little miser sits alone;
Her scowl is sad to see;
Wants all the playthings; shares her own
With nobody—not she.
Sullen and sad the little maid
Will all day sighing sit;
She'd better "give somebody else
A taste to sweeten it."

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 10, 1888.

A LIGHT FOR OUR FEET.

MAY lived in a big city where the streets were bright with light every night. Once she went to visit her grandpa in the country. May saw many things she had never seen before. She had fine rides in grandpa's carriage, and walked by the side of the brook and saw the fish playing in the water. One evening grandpa and May went to church. Grandpa got down his lantern to take it along. May wondered what the lantern was for. When they started to go home from church grandpa lighted the lantern. When they walked along the way the light in the lantern showed them where to walk. May was much pleased, for she had never walked by the light of a lantern before. Then grandpa said, "The Lord's word is like this lantern." Then he told May what the Psalmist meant when he said, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

It is a dark world through which we are passing; there are dangers all about us, and to get through it safely we need a light to guide us. We may all have this same lamp the Psalmist talks about as a guide for our feet and a light for our path. We will find it in the Bible. Let us all try to walk by its light.—*Selected.*

ADVICE TO A BOY.

GET away from the crowd a little while every day, my dear boy. Stand to one side and let the world run by while you get acquainted with yourself, and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself, ascertain from original sources if you are really the manner of a man people say you are; find out if you are always honest; if you always tell the square, perfect truth in business dealing; if your life is as good and upright at eleven o'clock at night as it is at noon; if you are as sound a temperance man on a fishing excursion as you are at a Sunday-school picnic; if you are as good a boy when you go to Chicago as you are at home; if, in short, you really are the sort of a young man your father hopes you are, your mother says you are, and your sweetheart believes you are. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy, and believe me, every time you come out from these private interviews you will be a stronger, better, purer man. Don't forget this, Telemachus, and it will do you good.

GOD IN THE DARK.

THERE was trouble in Mother Frush's cottage. The goodman, August Frush, was away, and would be for two more nights, and Baby Lotta was very sick.

Her head and hands were burning hot, her breath came too fast, and every now and then she would start out of her stupor and scream loudly. The mother thought she would die unless she could have a doctor.

But the doctor was eight miles away and the Frushes had no neighbours. Their cottage was out in the wilds, where the German had got land cheap for his sheep-farm. Agatha, the eldest daughter, was too young to go for the doctor, for it was now almost midnight; neither could Cris go, and of course Earnie was too little.

The mother must go herself, and the little children must watch Lotta and bathe her head and coax her to take the cooling drink and try to quiet her cries. "She may die while I am away," thought the poor mother; "but the best I know how to do is to leave her in God's hands and go for the doctor."

Shouldn't you think Agatha and Cris and Earnie would be afraid to stay in that lonely

cottage all night by themselves? Ah, their young hearts were so full of trouble about the dear little baby that they did not think of themselves at all.

For hours after Mother Frush had walked away in the dark, Lotta lay and panted heavily, only rousing up to scream out as if in terror. But presently her breathing grew softer, her cries ceased, and she seemed really to sleep.

"Oh, if mother could see her now she would say that little dear was better," cried the sister. "Go, Earnie, peep out of the window and see if you can see her coming."

The sleepy little boy shaded his eyes with his chubby fingers and gazed through the window. "It is very dark," he said gravely; "nobody is out there except God."

The faces that Mother Frush saw at the window smiling above Agatha's plant when she drew near the cottage in the old doctor's gig gave her heart a great bound; indeed, before she got near enough to see the bright faces, Agatha's little spotted shawl waving in the dawning light gave her hope. And when she entered the cottage and the sweet baby smiled up at her, Mother Frush thanked God for his goodness.

ABOUT A FEAST.

JESUS told his disciples about a king who prepared a great feast, and invited many people to come. But they did not care about coming; they would rather go to their farms and their stores than to the feast. The king said they did not appreciate his kindness; so he called others to come in their places.

If your minister, or the richest man in the town where you live, was going to give a party, and invited you to come, would you not be very glad, and be pleased to go? You would say he was very kind to think about you, and would get ready to go and have a nice time.

But Jesus has invited us all to his beautiful home. Are you getting ready to go? Or, are you like the people who would rather do something else than go to the King's feast? If you are getting ready to go, you must love and serve him.

A BOY'S FAITH.

Two little boys were talking together about a lesson they had had on the subject of Elijah's going to heaven in the chariot of fire. "I say, Charlie," said George, "wouldn't you be afraid to ride in such a chariot?"

"Why, no," said Charlie, "I should not be afraid if I knew the Lord was driving."

And that was just the way David felt when he said, "What time I am afraid I will trust in thee."