

DON'T TELL.

When my big dolly gave a ball,
Of course I had to bake—
I know you'd never guess at all
Just how I made the cake!
Don't tell—I took the powder box
From mamma's dressing-case—
You know there's one that never locks
And has a frill of lace.

Into this flour I put cologne
For flavouring—don't tell!
Then took a button-hook—my own—
And mixed it very well.
I slipped it in the kitchen range,
And cook, she never saw;
But what to me seemed very strange,
The dough, when baked, was raw!

My dolly seemed to think it fine,
And so I gave her some
With an eggcupful of lovely wine—
My papa's best bay rum.
The supper-table, after all,
I think, looked very well,
And now I've told you 'bout the ball—
But don't you ever tell!

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1892.

WHAT GOD THINKS OF CHILDREN.

You remember what Jesus said about the children. "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not." It was as much as to say, "Don't make them wait until they are older, I want them now."

He wants you to feel towards him just as you feel towards your own dear father or mother. If you have any trouble, run right away with it to him. If you com-

mit any sin, away to your dear Father in heaven and tell him of it. If you are in any difficulty and don't know what to do, run right to that same loving Father and he will make all plain. This is what God wants you to do. Remember that he is with you every moment. He does not go and come as people do. He is always here, ready to help and bless you.

BE COURTEOUS, BOYS.

"Why, I treat him as he treats me," said Hall. His mother had just reproached him because he did not attempt to amuse or entertain a boy friend who had just gone home.

"I often go in there and he doesn't notice me," said Hall again.

"Do you enjoy that?"

"Oh, I don't mind! I don't stay long."

"I should call myself a very selfish person if friends came to see me and I should pay no attention to them."

"Well, that's different. You're grown up."

"Then you really think that politeness and courtesy are not needed among boys?"

Hal, thus pressed, said he didn't exactly mean that; but his father, who had listened, now spoke:

"A boy or man who measures his treatment of others by their treatment of him, has no character of his own. He will never be kind or generous or Christian. If he is ever to be a gentleman he will be so in spite of the boorishness of others. If he is to be noble, no other boy's meanness will change his nature." And very earnestly the father added. "Remember this, my boy, you lower your own self every time you are guilty of an unworthy action because some one else is. Be true to your best self and no boy can drag you down."

THE RIGHT STATION.

The whistle gave two short howls, and all the wheels seemed to move more and more slowly, until the long train came to a full stop, opposite a pretty little station house.

"Lowmoor," called out the brakeman, putting his head in the door, but he didn't say it very plainly.

"Oh," cried a young woman sitting near the door. She seemed to think the brakeman had called her, and gathering up a baby, a little boy, and a big bundle, she hurried out. By the time she got all these things safely out to the platform, the whistle had shrieked again, the wheels had begun to fly round, and the long train was gone.

Ah, poor thing! She had gotten off at the wrong station. She meant to get at Glasgow, where she had heard there was much work to do, and now here she was at Lowmoor, where there were only a few houses and no work to be had. What could she do? Night was coming on; the air was full of fine drifting snow; no one had opened to take her in. What could she do but set out on the road to Glasgow, miles away.

Six miles! On and on she went through the blinding snow; one arm occupied with carrying baby, the other with pulling along the tired little boy.

Six miles! Long before half of it had been travelled, mother and children came down at a cottage door, and prayed to be taken in.

Lo, what a change! There was a fire to warm them, with bread and meat to feed them, and kind words to cheer them. More than that, there was work. In the house there was a delicate young mother with more babies than she could well care for, and here the poor widow and child found a home, where they could help and be helped.

So you see it was the right station after all. That Heavenly Father who said, "Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive; and let thy widow trust in me," had caused them to get off at the right station, but what was in his providence the blessedly right station.

ARE YOU SAFE?

Two little girls were playing with their dolls in the corner of the nursery, and singing as they played:

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,
Safe on his gentle breast;
There by his love o'ershadowed,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

Mother was busy writing, only stopping now and then to listen to the little girls talk, unobserved by them. "Sister, how do you know you are safe?" said Nellie, the younger of the two. "Because I am holding Jesus with both my hands tight!" promptly replied sister. "Ah! that's safe!" said the other child. "Suppose Satan came along and cut your two hands off!" Little sister looked very troubled for a few moments, dropped poor dolly, and thought seriously. Suddenly her face shone with joy, and she cried out. "O I forgot! Jesus is holding me with both hands, and Satan can't cut his hands off; so I am safe!"