

SO BIG.

"I'm so big, mamma," and the little hand
Marked where her brown hand reached
against the wall,
"Don't hold me, mamma, I don't need your
arm
Around me; such a large girl cannot fall."

The twilight shadows gathered o'er the
hills,
A childish figure nestled close to me:
"I'm such a little girl," she pleading said,
"Please, mamma, take your baby on your
knee."

Flushed warm with youthful hope and
strength and pride,
"The world is ours to have and hold,"
we cry;
"We'll conquer it alone; no help we need;
Courage like ours fails not of victory."

But when the shadows of declining years
Over our pathway fall, we humbly pray,
"Dear Father, take us in thy sheltering
arms,
We are such children, put us not away."

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Happy Days.

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THROW THE REINS TO CHRIST.

An interesting story is told of Professor
Drummond. He was staying with a lady
whose coachman had signed the pledge,
but afterwards gave way to drink again.
This lady said to the professor: "Now
this man will drive you to the station.
Say a word to him if you can. He is a
good man, and really wants to reform; but
he is weak."

While they were driving to the station,
the professor tried to think how he could
introduce the subject. Suddenly the
horses were frightened and tried to run
away. The driver held on to the reins,

and managed them well. The carriage
swayed about, and the professor expected
every moment to be upset, but after a
little the man got the better of the team,
and as he drew them up at the station,
streaming with perspiration, he exclaimed:
"That was a close shave, sir. Our trap
might have been smashed into matchwood,
and you wouldn't have given any more
addresses."

"Well," said Professor Drummond, "how
was it that it did not happen?"

"Why," was the reply, "because I knew
how to manage the horses."

"Now," said the professor, "look here,
my friend. I will give you a bit of advice.
Here's my train coming. I hear you have
been signing the pledge and breaking out
again. Now I want to give you a bit of
advice. Throw the reins of your life to
Jesus Christ." He jumped down and got
into the train.

The driver saw in a flash where he had
made the mistake, and from that day
ceased to try to live in his own strength.

UNDER THE STARS.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLEN.

"It isn't far from bedtime, Sam," said
his father, "don't it strike you so?"
Father and mother and Sam had been
sitting out on the grass, enjoying the cool
night breezes.

"Are you going up with me, farder?"
"Going up with you! Hallo, stranger,
who are you? I thought this was my big
boy, almost six years; but he goes to bed
by himself."

"I know, farder, but it's kind o' lone-
up there."

"You aren't afraid, Sam, are you?"
asked mother, softly.

"'Fraid? no'm," answered the little boy
in surprise; "course I ain't 'fraid, cause
there ain't no rattlesnakes nor nothin' like
that livin' here, but I get lonesome."

"Well, you can just open the shutter,"
said father, "and then I'll holler good-
night to you."

"Papa," said Sam, "you aren't afraid
for your little boy to sleep by himself, are
you?"

"Not a bit."
"You wouldn't be afraid for him to
sleep out-of-doors, even?"

"Out-of-doors, hey?"
"God would be certain to take care of
me, even out-of-doors, wouldn't he, papa?"

"Why, of course."
"Well, then," said the little boy, tri-
umphantly, "I want to sleep out here in
the hammock to-night!"

"Oh, Sammy, you'd get scared in the
night," cried his mother.

"What would make me scared?" he
asked, innocently, "there wouldn't be any-
body out here but God and me."

They could not refuse to let him put his
Heavenly Father to the proof; he went up-
stairs and put on his little gown, said his
prayers, and came down hugging a pillow
in his short arms. Mamma wrapped him
up in a big shawl, and before he had been

in his swinging bed fifteen minutes the
little boy was asleep.

The father and mother did not feel a bit
like leaving their only little boy out under
the trees all night, but after watching his
quiet sleep for a long time, they went to
bed themselves. And all through the
night, first papa and then mamma would
steal to the window and look out at the lit-
tle dark bundle rolled up in the hammock.

Once several dogs tore through the yard,
growling and fighting; this brought the
father and mother both to the window, but
there was no sound from the hammock.

"Did you hear the dogs, Sammy?" asked
mother in the morning.

"Yes, I heard 'em," answered the little
man of faith, "but course I knew God
wasn't 'fraid of dogs!"

REST.

A mother was talking to her sick and
dying child, trying to soothe the suffering
one. First she told the little one of the
music in heaven that she would hear, of
the harps and songs of joy.

"But, mamma," spoke the feeble child,
"I am so sick; it would give me pain to
hear that music."

The mother, grieved at the failure of
her words to comfort her darling, next
told her of the river of life gushing from
the throne of God and of the lovely scenes
of the New Jerusalem. She talked at
length and finally paused.

"Mamma, I'm too sick," lisped the dying
child, "too tired, to like those pretty
things."

Deeply pained, the mother tenderly
lifted the child, and pressed it to her
bosom, and the little one said: "Mamma,
this is what I want—rest; and if Christ
will take me to his breast and let me rest,
then I would like to go to heaven now."

A LITTLE BOY'S DOINGS.

Perhaps the very first gospel seeds were
sown, in Corea, by a converted Chinese
lad who had learned in a mission school
at Ningpo to love the Saviour.

When he was about nine years old his
father took him with him on one of his
trading expeditions to the Korean capital.
While there the boy was stolen and
sold to the governor, who gave him to his
wife as a present. He became her page,
and would often try to tell her of the
Saviour he loved and trusted, but she
would not listen.

One day this woman's dear little baby
girl died. She felt very sorrowful and
lonely. Then she remembered the words
her little page had said about the love of
Jesus. She called the boy to her, and
asked him to tell her the story again.
Day by day did this little Christian lad
talk of the Saviour until his mistress came
to believe in and love Jesus.

See what the little Chinese boy could
do, and how he taught the rich and noble
lady to love Jesus, and then ask yourself,
"What can I do for my Saviour?"