

CHILDREN'S PENNIES.

LITTLE children, give your pennies,
Think not it will prove a loss,
Send the Gospel to the heathen,
Send the story of the Cross.

Send the babes Christ's invitation,
"Little children, come to me,"
Soon their willing hearts will answer,
"Blessed Lord, we come to thee."

Heathen mothers in their blindness,
Of wooden gods salvation crave,
Give your pennies, send them teachers,
Tell them only Christ can save.

Bring your pennies, give them freely,
Treasures they will prove in heaven,
God will bless them, God will bless you,
For each little sum you've given.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 23, 1889.

HOW SHOULD LITTLE CHILDREN PRAY?

WE will answer this question in the language of some of your own age. A little boy, one of the Sunday-school children in Jamaica, called upon the missionary; and stated that he had lately been very ill, and in his sickness often wished his minister had been present to pray for him.

"But, Thomas," said the missionary, "I hope you prayed yourself?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"Well, but how did you pray?"

"Why, sir, I begged."

A child of six years old, in a Sunday-school, said: "When we kneel down in the school-room to pray, it seems as if my heart talked to God." A little girl about four years of age, being asked, "Why do you

pray to God?" replied, "Because I know he hears me, and I love to pray to him." "But how do you know he hears you?" Putting her little hand to her heart, she said: "I know he hears me, because there is something here that tells me so."

Ah, children, you may never fully know the power and the usefulness of prayer until you find yourselves in trouble and in sorrow; then you will love the mercy-seat better than any other place on earth. But see to it that you never approach God in prayer, even now, unless you are sincere and in earnest; for to ask for what you do not want would only be mocking the great Jehovah.

FILIAL HONOUR.

YOUNG people sometimes know so very much more than their elders! at least according to their own estimate of their knowledge. They pride themselves on advanced methods of thought, and freedom from "old foggy notions," but possibly they will find, on reaching middle age, that years do bring their own peculiar teachings, which youth is not yet capable of receiving. Said an overworked mother once, in a moment of bitterness:—

"I'm afraid I don't enjoy my children as much as I did when they were little. Then they were merely clinging, affectionate creatures; they never judged what I did, or doubted that I was the most remarkable woman in the world. Now they seem so much wiser than I, that it appears to be natural for them to find fault with me.

"Nothing I do is considered very praiseworthy. In fact, I am almost always in the wrong. If I try to join in their conversation, they evidently think 'mother's opinions aren't worth much; she hasn't had the latest advantages.'

"It's true I haven't. I've been too busy to become a very cultivated woman, but it seems to me affection, taken by itself, ought to count for something in this world."

Yet her children did love her; they only omitted to "honour" her in daily life. The next day after her death her son stood beside her coffin, looking at the worn, placid face, and said, through his tears,—

"I never could understand why mother wasn't happier. She had every comfort in her later years, but she always looked worn and discouraged."

Had he been of clearer vision, he need not have sought far for the reason. It is usually our own warmth or lack of tenderness which makes the faces about us bright or gloomy—a truth to be remembered before it is forever too late.—*Companion.*

THAT REGULAR BOY.

HE was not at all particular
To keep the perpendicular,
While walking, for he either skipped
jumped.

He stood upon his head awhile,
And, when he went to bed awhile,
He dove among the pillows, which
thumped.

He never could keep still a bit;
The lookers-on thought ill of it;
He balanced on his ear the kitchen broom
And did some neat trapezing,
Which was wonderfully pleasing,
On every peg in grandpa's harness room.

From absolute inanity,
The cat approached insanity
To see him slide the banisters so rash;
But once on that mahogany,
While trying to toboggan, he
Upset his calculations with a crash.

And since that sad disaster
He has gone about in plaster,
Not of Paris, like a nice Italian toy;
But the kind the doctor uses,
When the bumps and cuts and bruises
Overcome a little regular live boy!

—St. Nichols.

HE SEES.

A LITTLE girl of nine summers came to ask her pastor about joining the Church. She had been living a Christian for seven months, had been properly taught, and answered the usual questions promptly. At last the pastor said,—

"Nellie, does your father think you are a Christian?"

"Yes, sir."

"Have you told him?"

"No, sir."

"How then does he know?"

"He sees."

"Sees what?"

"Sees I am a Christian, sir."

"How does he see that?"

"Sees I am a better girl."

"What else does he see?"

"Sees I love to read my Bible and to pray."

"Then you think he sees you are a Christian?"

"I know he does; he can't help it; and with a modest, happy boldness she was sure her father knew she was a Christian because he could not help seeing it in her life. Is not such the privilege of all God's people, to be sure that others see they are following Christ.