

ROOM FOR THE CHILDREN.

Let the little children come
To a Saviour's breast!
Little souls feel weariness,
Little hearts need rest.

Jesus wants a tiny hand
In the harvest field;
To the touch of fingers small,
G hearts may yield.

Jesus wants a baby voice,
Praises sweet to sing;
Earth's discordant choruses
Shaming, silencing.

Heaven is full of little ones,
God's great nursery,
Where the fairest flowers of earth
Bloom eternally.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 12, 1889.

KEEPING ACCOUNTS.

THERE is a story told of a little boy who began keeping accounts when he was seven years old. A little blank book was given him. On one page he wrote, "What is mine;" on the opposite, "What is God's." Then he kept a careful account. He gave one-fifth to God. He did not do it for a little while only, but kept it up faithfully.

That little boy will grow into a Christian giver, without doubt. He did this because he thought it was right, not because he was told to do it, and so he found it a pleasure. We always find those things pleasant in the end which we do to please God.

A young girl began many years ago to keep an account, much in the same way. She had no home. She was obliged to earn all the money she had. But she gave one-tenth of it all to the Lord. She, too,

had a little book, and kept her accounts faithfully. Said she: "I would not dare use the Lord's money for myself; no, not if I were starving." This young girl was greatly prospered in her life. A great deal of money was given her to use, and she used it faithfully.

Are any of our readers too young to begin to keep accounts? Think: how many of your pennies do you want to give to God? May be you do not have many. Never mind; it is the willing heart God loves to see, rather than a large gift. Only if you say you will give him one-fifth, or one-tenth, do not forget, or take it back.

A BAD HABIT.

LITTLE Mattie was always getting into mischief because she would not heed what older and wiser people told her. She always wanted to see for herself if things were just as they were said to be.

One day she told her sister Amy, who was much younger, that she was going to get some honey out of the beehives.

"The bees will sting you," said Amy.

"I am going to see if they will," said Mattie; and she ran to the hive and overturned it.

Out swarmed the bees in great numbers. They were very angry at being disturbed, and lighted on Mattie's face, neck, and hands, stinging her so badly that she fell to the ground screaming with pain.

The cook ran out of the kitchen and picked her up. She was sick in bed for several days, and you may be sure she never went near the beehives again.

But she was not cured of meddling. One day she leaned over the well-curb to see how deep the well was.

"Take care! you'll fall in," said Amy.

"No, I won't fall in," said Mattie; but just as she spoke over she went.

The well was not very deep, and Mattie did not get hurt at all; but she had time to get very wet, and cry almost a teacupful of tears before her papa came and drew her up in the well bucket. She caught cold, too, and had to stay in the house for a week, and take very bitter medicine.

But she was just as meddlesome as ever, and it took a very severe lesson to cure her of her bad habit.

One day her brother Joe left his gun in the hall while he went into the kitchen for a drink of water.

"Don't touch that gun, Mattie," he said; "it is loaded."

Mattie was playing with her dolls by the hall door; but as soon as Joe went away, she ran to the gun and stroked it with her hands.

She took hold of the gun and tried lift it, but it was too heavy. It fell to the floor, and went off with a loud noise. As Mattie fell, too, shot through the knee.

It was many weeks before she could play outdoors again, and then she had to walk with a crutch. But she had learned to let things alone. She was cured of her bad habit.

WHAT LIZZIE THOUGHT.

"Oh, dear!" said Lizzie, twisting a piece of string around her small fingers. Jennie was busy with a story-book, and did not look up.

"Oh, dear! I wish I could make a cat's-cradle!" said little Lizzie again. "I wish somebody would help me."

Jennie did want to finish that story, but in a minute she laid her book down, and said, pleasantly, "Well, bring the string here, then."

It seemed a little thing to do, and no one looking at the two children would have known that Jennie was not as much interested in the game of cat's-cradle as was her little sister. But Lizzie herself guessed for that evening, when mamma asked what she remembered the morning's verse, Lizzie said, softly: "'Even Christ pleased himself.' But, mamma, I don't believe I have remembered if Jennie had not made me think of it when she gave up her story to play cat's-cradle with me."

Was not that a good thought to give to little sister?

OUT IN THE MEADOW.

ONE beautiful morning Nellie and Ruth drew their little baby brother out into the meadow.

The sun was shining and the birds were singing. Daisies and butter-cups grew in green grass, and the darling little fellow clapped his hands with delight.

Pretty soon his pretty blue eyes closed and he went so sleep. Nellie and Ruth went a little way off to pick flowers.

After a while baby opened his eyes again. What do you think he saw? Three calves—one red calf and two white ones.

Baby screamed, and Nellie and Ruth heard him, and ran to him and laughed.

"Why, you little dear, they won't hurt you," said Ruthie.

"I guess they are wondering what kind of a cunning little thing has come to see them," said Nellie.

"When they are older they will be cows," said Ruthie.

"And then they will give us sweet milk every day," said Nellie.