

THE LITTLE HELPERS.

Only a band of children
Sitting at Jesus' feet,
Fitting ourselves to enter
Into his service sweet.

Softly his voice is calling,
"Little one, come unto me!
Stay not, though weak and helpless;
Child, I have need of thee."

Take us, dear Shepherd take us
Into thy heavenly fold;
Keep our young feet from straying,
Out in the dark and cold.

Call us thy "Little Helpers,"
Glad in thy work to share;
Make us thine own dear children,
Worthy thy name to bear.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 18, 1904.

THE WAY TO GROW.

"No more frost," said my father cheerily, as he passed through the garden to his business that bright morning.

"Then I can set out my house-plants," cried I, joyfully; and I went about it.

As I transferred a fine geranium to the flower-bed, one tall branch dropped to the ground. That branch, having been shaded and propped, was but self-supporting. Turning to a pile of dry brush, gathered in the walk to be burned, I broke a stick, trimmed it to suit my purpose, and set it deep in the rich moist soil to hold up the tender branch.

Visiting my garden after an absence of three or four weeks, I noticed with

pleasure that the drooping branch of my geranium had quite outgrown its support, standing self-reliant in the sunshine, covered with flower-buds. Bending down to pluck away the dry brush which had done its duty, I saw, with wonder, that it had life, and was putting forth one or two tender shoots.

"Look here, father," I exclaimed, "only see how this dry stick is growing."
"So it is; it has taken root. Where did you get it?"

"From that heap of dry brush which lay in the walk the day I set out my plants."

"Those were the rare shrubs we thought quite winter-killed. Was there anything that might have been a root to your stick?"

"Yes, there was a kind of dry hook at the end which I set in the ground."

"You have saved a rare plant which I thought was lost; we were too hasty in thinking it quite dead. I hope, my son, you will learn a valuable spiritual lesson from that dry stick, now changed into a tender budding branch."

"What lesson, father?"

"Help others and you will help yourself. I once knew a man who feared he was so spiritually dead that he had no reason to hope he had a spark of life. After drooping and despairing for months, his pastor induced him to forget himself, while trying to bring others into the kingdom of heaven. He went to work, and the first thing he knew, he was rejoicing in the sunshine of God's love. Ever since he has been trying to grow himself by lifting others up to blossom in the sunshine."

That lesson, sweeter than the fragrance of my geranium blossoms, was a lesson for life.

HOW CARRIE AMUSED HERSELF.

"Anna, I have just received a note that compels me to go to town at once. I shall have to leave you and Carrie alone a little while. I am sorry I let nurse and Mary go out, but it can't be helped now," said Mrs. Blair.

"Oh, mamma, please take us with you," begged Anna.

"No, dear. Carrie is croupy. I dare not take her out. Be a good girl, and don't let Carrie get into mischief."

After mamma left, Anna began to read "Alice in Wonderland." She read very well for a little girl only eight years old.

Presently, Carrie came to her, and said: "Please 'muse me, Anna."

"Oh, amuse yourself. I want to read."
"May I 'muse myself how I like?"

"Yes, yes! Don't bother me."

Carrie ran to the parlor with her horse and cart, and took down from the cabinet the whole set of lovely china figures Aunt Mildred had sent Anna at Christmas.

Just as mamma returned a crash hurried her into the parlor.

"Oh, Anna!" she called. "Your beautiful figures! Why did you let Carrie come in here?"

When Anna saw the ruin, she burst into tears, and exclaimed:

"You naughty, naughty girl!"
"Ain't naughty," declared little Carrie. "You said I might 'muse myself how I liked. Me gave the little dollies and doggies a ride. Old waggion tipped over; that's all."

"That is so, mamma," said Anna honestly. "I was reading, and wouldn't even look at her. I'll never tell Carrie to amuse herself again; nor read when I ought to look after her."

"AS JESUS DOES."

Percy was a little blind boy. He had never seen his mother's face, but her footsteps were easily distinguished by him; and her voice was as music in his ear. He never saw the birds or flowers, but yet he learned to love and delight in them far more than most children who have perfect eyesight. Nor is this unusual. For almost always it is found that when one door of knowledge is shut the other senses become more keen and heedful.

Deprived of eyesight, Percy had great delight in listening to others. His mother treasured up many little incidents from her reading and observation, and in leisure moments told them to her dear blind son. One day she saw a strange lamb brought home, for they were then living in the country, and on inquiring she learned all its history. The foolish little thing had got through a hole in the fence where its big mother could not follow it; had wandered away into dangerous rough roads; been torn by brambles and frightened by strange dogs; and, at last, when almost dead by fear and cold, had been found by the shepherd and carried back to its sorrowing mother. All this she told to Percy. He immediately exclaimed, "Oh mother, isn't that exactly as Jesus does. When we wander into sin he goes out to seek and to save us; and when he finds us he takes us up in his arms, and brings us home rejoicing."

Little Percy, although he was blind had got, you see, spiritual vision or soul sight.

Myra is a sincere little Christian; there is no doubt of that. But still she does push the balls just a little bit at croquet. She doesn't really know she is doing it in her eagerness, but the boys notice it. Now our boys think so much of Myra that they usually say nothing about this little habit of hers, but the other day I overheard one of them say, "Myra cheats. I guess all girls do." Now, dear girl, never let the boys say that of you.