

ONLY.

ONLY's a little word,
So is a tiny seed,
Resulting in a blessing,
Or growing up a weed.

Only to work for gain,
Children, cannot be right;
Only to work for Christ
Is to be in the "Light."

Only try, dear children,
To do your little best,
And, however weary,
Your efforts will be blest.

Only to follow Christ,
Though rough the road may be,
Is to be safely guided
Over the shoreless sea.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 13, 1888.

GOD IS THERE.

GEORGE would like to go with the fishermen who go far out on the bay; and, perhaps, when he is older, he will do so. He says when he is a man he is going to be the captain of a great ocean steamer, and go to all parts of the world. If he does, I hope he will be a good captain, and kind to his men.

It looks to be very dangerous out in the ocean, with only the waves and the clouds and the winds, but God can take care of his children wherever they are. If George loves Jesus, he will not be afraid on the ocean; for he will know that God is there.

A little boy was once asked if he would be afraid in a storm at sea. He said: "No; for 'God holdeth the sea in the hollow of his hand,' and if I should sink, I would only fall into God's hand." Is not that a beautiful faith? We are safe anywhere if we love God; for God loves and cares for us very much.

WILL'S CHOICE.

LITTLE Will had had the hardest kind of a day. When he first made his appearance in the morning, Auntie Nan insisted that he had gotten out of bed wrong, and had better go back and see if he couldn't make a new start in the right way.

But Will didn't care to get right, so he kept on fretting and scolding about everything, till everybody but his mother grew tired of him, and her patience was sorely tried.

When papa came home to dinner, it was with a grand announcement that he had hired Captain Gray's horse and carriage, and that at five o'clock four people could go to drive. "But they must be a pleasant set," he said, looking at Will, who still was far enough from being the good-tempered boy he had a right to expect.

Will started up at once. "Can I go, papa?"

"If you choose to be pleasant, which means from now till five o'clock."

"I choose to go," said Will; "course I do."

"All right," said papa, "only don't forget the conditions."

But Will did forget. He had let his ill temper get such control of him that it was not easy to conquer it. So when five o'clock came there was an empty seat in the carriage, because Master Will had to stay at home.

When Will's mamma put him to bed that night, he said, while the big tears rolled down his face: "I've been just naughty and hateful all day, mamma, and I don't think I shall stand it unless I get 'scused."

You may imagine his mamma quickly forgave him, teaching him as well to pray for pardon from the Father above.

LOST TIME.

"O, MISS JENNIE," cried a little girl to her Sunday-school teacher, "I am so sorry, but I have lost a whole morning."

"Lost a whole morning?" repeated Miss Jennie, with a grave look upon her sweet face. "How was that Clara?"

"Why, mother was so busy, and she left Harry in my room, and really, Miss Jennie, the little fellow was so full of fun that I have done nothing but play with him."

Just then Harry put up his dimpled arms to "love" Clara, as he called it in his baby talk. He pressed his lips upon her cheek, saying, "Me love oo' C'ara."

"You have not lost your morning, Clara," said her teacher. "You have helped your mother, and you have bound your little brother closer to you by your kindness.

Such a morning may have been well spent my dear."

A few days after this Mrs. Palmer was seized with a severe illness. She could not bear the least noise or confusion, and Harry's noisy play distressed her very much. So Clara took the little fellow to her own room, rocked him to sleep at night, and cared for him almost as well as his mother could until Mrs. Palmer recovered.

"My dear child," said the physician, as he placed his hand upon the little girl's head, "if your mother had not had so kind and thoughtful a daughter, I fear that she would not have recovered so soon, if at all."

Thus little Clara had her reward. Never call that hour lost which is spent making others happy.

SUN ON THE NORTH SIDE.

WE went, one cold, windy day last spring, to see a poor, young girl, kept at home by a lame hip. The room was on the north side of a bleak house. It was not a pleasant prospect without, nor was there much that was pleasant or cheerful within.

"Poor girl! what a cheerless life she has of it," I thought, as we went to see how she was situated; what a pity it was that her room was on the north side of the house.

"You never have any sun," I said; "nor a ray comes in at these windows. That call a misfortune. Sunshine is everything I love the sun."

"Oh," she answered, with the sweetest smile I ever saw, "my sun pours in at every window, and even through the cracks. I am sure I looked surprised."

"The Sun of Righteousness," she said softly—"Jesus. He shines in here and makes everything bright to me."

I could not doubt her. She looked happier than anyone I had seen for many a day.

Yes, Jesus shining in at the windows can make any spot beautiful and every home happy.—*Guide to Holiness.*

WHAT A LITTLE WORM DID.

"PAPA," said a six-year-old boy one morning, as he and his papa walked through an orchard, "what made the leaves of that tree all turn yellow?" "True enough," said papa, "they are turning very fast; there must be a worm at work somewhere." So he went and examined about the roots, and he found that one worm had dug its way into the heart of the tree and had killed it. "See," he said, after he found it out, "what one worm in the heart will do. How much we need the Holy Spirit to take away all sin from the soul!"