

THREE LITTLE MAIDS.

THREE little maids
By the great salt sea—
Merry and happy
As maids should be

Diving and splashing
Where the surf comes dashing—
Floating on the waves
Of the great salt sea!

Three little maids
In the dusty town,
Very much freckled
And ever so brown.

Summer is done,
And so is their fun—
Sorry little maids
To come back to town!

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 6, 1894.

DOES JESUS COME HERE?

How wonderfully God works through the weakest agencies to bring about his purposes of mercy, is shown by the following incident related by a Christian worker in Brooklyn. A dressmaker had occasion to wait on a wealthy lady, and took with her her little girl, just over five years of age. The lady took a great interest in the child, and showed her the whole of the house, with all its comforts and adornments. The little thing did not cease to wonder at all she saw, but a very handsome carpet attracted her attention most. When she saw that, she could no longer keep quiet. "Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful!" she exclaimed, adding, "I should think Jesus must come to this house very often, doesn't he? He must like to come to such a nice house, with such a beautiful carpet. Jesus comes to our house, and we have not got any carpet. Doesn't he come here very often?" Getting no answer, she repeated the question, when, with a good deal of emotion,

the lady replied, "I am afraid not." The reply troubled the child very much, and running to her mother, she begged to be taken home, "Because," as she told her mother, "I am afraid to stay in this house, for Jesus doesn't come here." That night the lady related the incident to her husband, and in God's providence it so affected his heart, and his wife's too, that they resolved no longer to live without Jesus, and now he who made the home at Bethany so happy, dwells with them, and to their many temporal comforts adds the brightest and best enjoyment of all—the sunshine of his presence.—*Good Words.*

THE FACE OF AN ANGEL.

THERE are many different types of beauty. There is the beauty of youth, which all enjoy for a season; there is the beauty of form and colour, which is the most attractive form of beauty; there is beauty of intellect, which sharpens and refines the most rugged features, and re-deems them from the charge of plainness; and lastly, there is the highest beauty of all, the beauty of holiness, which comes from close and frequent intercourse with God, and is the reflection of his glory. This is the beauty spoken of in the Acts of the Apostles, when it is said that all that sat in the council, looking steadfastly at Stephen, a man full of faith and of power and of the Holy Ghost, "saw his face as it had been the face of an angel."

The beauty of youth is fleeting. Beautiful features are rare, and the most brilliant complexions fade. The beauty of intellect is rarer still, but the beauty of holiness is within reach of all; all may acquire that if they choose; and there is a beauty that never fades, but daily increases, though the outer man may wither and decay.

We see it sometimes illuminating the faces of the poorest and the oldest, even of the deformed and afflicted, as well as of the young whose natural beauty it heightens and adorns; and whenever we see it, we may be sure that he or she who possess it is in the habit of holding intercourse with God—a child of prayer, for it is prayer and meditation on holy things, which make the face, as it were, "the face of an angel."

DISAPPOINTED.

A DEAR old lady who was taken to see the sights, not long ago, in the city where her children live, was one night passing with her daughter a huge building full of electric light "plant." They paused by a basement window, and looked down among the swiftly-whirling bands and moving wheels.

"Is this a factory?" asked the mother.
"No; it's where they make electricity for the electric light. I don't know just how they do it, but John will explain it to us when we get home."

"What turns the machinery, Malviny?"
"Steam, I suppose. 'There's an engine

on the other side of the room. I've often seen it from the back windows.

"And does this all have to go on, night after night, for the city to be lighted?"

"Yes, mother."

"Well, I don't want to hear another word about electric lights," said the old lady emphatically. "I thought electricity was a gift of natur', free to all, but accordin' to this, you've got to work as hard for it as if 'twas common gas or kerosene."

HIS REFERENCE.

A BOY, whose mother washed for a living, went to a gentleman's office to ask for a place as errand-boy. A great many other boys wanted the place, and some of them had letters from friends whom the gentleman knew. The widow's son had no letters, but he got the place, and the gentleman afterward said, "You had the best recommendations.

Do you know what they were? He closed the door quietly after him. He took off his cap and held it in his hand. His hair was combed and his face was clean. He came and stood before the desk when he was called, and spoke in a clear tone. He looked the gentleman in the eye and said, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir."

Some of the other boys relied on the letters in their pockets, and lounged on the sofa, not even getting up when they were spoken to. Do you wonder Frank got the place?—*Selected.*

PHILOSOPHY.

IN active business life, the world over, men learn to take their ups and downs with calmness. The rich man of to-day may be the poor man of to-morrow, with no course open but to pay his debts and toil upward again.

A financier of Paris who had been at the "top of the heap" saw his wealth swept away. His friends came in to condole with him. They found him cheerful.

"Ah, well," he said, "I am living along, and disturbing just as few of my habits as possible. I get up at nine o'clock just the same as I always used to, and ring the bell for my valet de chambre—"

"What!" his friends exclaimed, "are you still able to keep a valet?"

"Oh no," said the ruined man, sighing a little, "but I keep the bell!"

EMMA GRAY, on her way to school, passed a little boy whose hand was through the railings of a front garden, trying to pick a flower. "Oh, little boy!" said Emma, kindly, "are you not taking that without leave?" "Nobody sees me," answered the little boy. "Somebody sees you from the blue sky," answered Emma. "God says we must not take what does not belong to us without leave; and you will grieve him if you do so." "Shall I?" said he: "then I won't." He drew back his hand, and went away. One way of doing good is to prevent others from doing wrong.—*The Dayspring.*