

LOVE LIVES.

THERE'S a sweet little maiden whose fortune
I know:

She has only hope for a dower;
And yet she wins love from the birds of
the air,
And cherishes one little flower.

And a happier maiden is not to be found,
Than Mary, the gentle and true;
Her riches are stores of the heart, which
will last
To bless her the whole of life through.

And when she must pass to the heavenly
home
The treasures she gathered below
Will be garnered, and kept in the store-
house above,
Where all sweet affections must grow.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 17, 1887.

THE RECITATION.

I HEARD of a Sunday-school concert at which a little child of eight was going to recite. Her mother had taught her, and when the night came, the little thing was trembling so she could scarcely speak. She commenced, "Jesus said," and completely broke down. Again she tried it: "Jesus said, suffer," but she stopped once more. A third attempt was made by her, "Suffer little children—and don't stop them, anybody, for he wants them all to come,"—and that is the truth. There is not a child of any age that he does not want; and if you but bring them in the arms of your faith, and ask the Son of God to bless them, and train them in the knowledge of God, and teach them as you walk your way, as you lie down at night, as you rise up in the morning, they will be blessed.

A QUIANT LITTLE SERMON.

MR HARVEY was riding slowly along the dusty road, looking in all directions for a stream, or even a house, where he might refresh his tired, thirsty horse with a good draught of water. While he was thinking and wondering, he turned an abrupt bend in the road, and saw before him a comfortable farm-house, and, at the same time, a boy, ten or twelve years old, came out into the road with a small pail, and stood directly before him.

"What do you wish, my boy?" said Mr. Harvey, stopping his horse.

"Would your horse like a drink, sir?" said the boy respectfully.

"Indeed he would, and I was wondering where I could obtain it."

Mr. Harvey thought little of it, supposing, of course, the boy earned a few pennies in this manner; and therefore he offered him a bit of silver, and was astonished to see him refuse it.

"I would like you to take it," he said, looking earnestly at the child, and observing for the first time that he limped slightly.

"Indeed, sir, I don't want it. It is little enough I can do for myself or any one. I am lame, and my back is bad, sir; and mother says no matter how small a favour may seem, if it is all we are capable of, God loves it as much as he does a very large favour. And this is the most I can do for others. You see, sir, the distance from Painesville is eight miles to this spot, and I happen to know there is no stream crossing the road in that distance; and so, sir, almost every one passing here from that place is sure to have a thirsty horse."

Mr. Harvey looked down into the gray eyes that were kindling and glowing with the thought of doing good to others, and a moisture gathered in his own, as, a moment later, he jogged off, pondering deeply upon the quaint little sermon that had been delivered so innocently and unexpectedly. —*Youth's Evangelist.*

A FRIEND IN NEED.

RATTLETY-BANG! rattlety-bang—down the street clattered an old tin can tied to the tail of a poor, friendless, and frightened dog! A crowd of boys followed at the runaway's heels, with cries and shouts, increasing alike his terror and his speed, until, at last, he had out-distanced his pursuers, but not, alas! that horrible, noisy thing that clattered and rattled at his heels.

Thoroughly tired, and quite as thoroughly terrified, the poor dog looked to right and left as he ran for help or shelter. At length

he spied, at the corner of a cross-street, far away, a large, friendly-looking, Newfoundland dog. With piteous cries and imploring look, the exhausted dog dragged himself and his noisy appendage to Newfoundland, and looked to him for help.

Nor was his appeal unheeded, for the Newfoundland seemed to appreciate the position and at once showed himself to be a generous dog. A patient gnawing at the string finally released the can; and the dog lifting it in the air, the Newfoundland flung it from him with a triumphant toss of the head, while the other dog joyously bounded up from his crouching position—thankful to be rid of his troublesome burden which his human tormentors had inflicted upon him.—*St. Nicholas.*

MACAULAY AND BOOKS.

IN one of Lord Macaulay's letters to his pet little niece he tells her that she will find that books are "better than all the tarts and cakes and toys and plays and sights in the world. If anybody would make me the greatest king ever lived, with all the palaces and gardens and fine dinners, and wine and coaches and beautiful clothes and hundreds of servants, on condition that I would not read books, I would not be king. I would rather be a poor man in a garret with plenty of books than a king who did not love reading."

"I AM COMING."

A LITTLE girl who was playing near the edge of a precipice suddenly felt the ground give way beneath her feet, and before she had time to spring back to a place where safety had slipped over the brow of the abyss. With the instinct of despair, she snatched at the grass and tall weeds within her reach. Her little fingers dug deep into the ground, and stayed her downward course. There she hung, suspended in the air. Moments seemed ages, until she heard a voice, which sounded very far off, saying in a firm, encouraging tone, "I am coming; keep looking up!" Instinctively she obeyed, she never glanced downward, she clung faster to her only chance of safety. Again the voice—this time nearer—spoke hopefully: "I am coming; keep looking up!" In another moment two strong hands had seized her own in a firm clasp and she felt herself drawn gently and cautiously upward. Then she was lifted into great, loving arms, and closed her eyes upon her father's breast.—*Christian Work.*