

THE YOUNG MUSICIAN.

SAFELY seated in his chair,
 Baby in his whistle blowing
 Wonders how the sound gets there—
 Looks at mother, wondrous knowing,
 Mother thinks her pet is now
 Quite a taste for music showing;
 Sees already on his brow
 Fancy's wreath of honour glowing.
 And should years as on they roll
 Prove indeed her young musician
 Has such music in his soul
 As shall win a proud position,
 Never audience of the fair
 With such rapt delight will listen
 As the doting mother there,
 Dreaming dreams of high ambition.

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HAPPY DAYS

TORONTO, OCTOBER 26, 1889.

THE EYES OF THE LORD.

ONE day the children each took a pail and went to pick blackberries. They told their mother that they would bring her enough to make "bushels of jam."

"Here are splendid ones," said Harry as they were passing through Mr. Copley's meadow. So they began to eat and to fill their pails.

"Hush!" said Sam. "Don't make a noise, and keep behind the bushes, so that nobody will see us."

Pretty soon Kitty stopped picking, and said, "I'm 'fraid somebody sees us."

"Why," said Sam in great alarm, "do you see the hired man about?"

"No," said Kitty, "but I'm 'fraid God sees us, for you know the Bible says, 'The eyes of the Lord are in every place.'"

The children looked at each other perfectly shocked. They had forgotten that they were breaking God's commandment

by taking what did not belong to them. They got out of the meadow quickly.

"What shall we do?" said Mary.

"We must pick enough from our own lot to make up for what we've eaten, and take them all to Mr. Copley and tell him about it," said Sam.

It was hard to do, but they did it. Then they had only time to pick one small pailful before going home to dinner.

Their mother said she would rather have done without berries altogether than have stolen ones. She said they did right in telling Mr. Copley all about it, and they must not forget to confess their wrong-doing to God and ask his forgiveness.

HOW NITA SOUGHT NOT HER OWN.

"Ah, goo-oo-oo!" said baby Fred. This meant, "Please come and play with me. I am tired of chewing the toe of my shoe."

But Nita, his little sister, was putting together her sliced animals, and did not choose to understand.

"Gee-ee-ee," said baby with a little fret at the end which I don't know how to spell. But before the fret grew into a cry Nita remembered the words, "Seeketh not her own." That had been the lesson her mamma had taught them the day before in their little home Sunday-school.

She ran quickly and got the red ball tied to a string which was baby's favourite plaything. Soon they were having a merry game.

A LITTLE ERRAND FOR GOD.

HELEN stood on the door step with a very tiny basket in her hand, when her father drove up and said: "I am glad you are all ready to go out, dear: I came to take you to Mrs. Lee's park to see the new deer."

"Oh, thank you, papa; but I can't go just this time. The deer will keep, and we can go to-morrow. I have a very particular errand to do now," said the little girl.

"What is it, dear?" asked the father.

"Oh, it is to carry this somewhere;" and she held up the small basket.

Her father smiled and asked: "Who is the errand for, dear?"

"For my own self, papa; but—oh, no; I guess not—it's a little errand for God, papa."

"Well, I will not hinder you, my little dear," said the good father, tenderly. "Can I help you any?"

"No, sir. I was going to carry my big orange, that I saved from the dessert, to old Peter."

"Is old Pete sick?"

"No, I hope not, but he never has a thing nice, and he's good and thankful. Big folks give him only cold meat and broken bread; and I thought an orange would look so beautiful and make him happy! "Don't you think poor well folks ought to be comforted sometimes, as well as the poor sick folks, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, and I think we too ought to forget them until sickness or starvation comes. You are right; this is a little errand for God. Get into the buggy and I will drive you to old Peter's and wait till you have done the errand, and then show it to the dear. Have you a pin, Helen?"

"Well, here is a five-dollar bill for you to fix on the skin of the orange. This will pay old Peter's rent for four weeks, and perhaps this will be a little errand for God too," said the gentleman.

Little Helen, who had taught a woman a wise lesson, looked very happy. Her fingers fixed the fresh bill on the orange.

BABY'S DINNER PARTY.

It was a very small dinner-party, and the guest was not invited. Baby Charlie sat in his high chair with his bowl of bread-and-milk before him, when Kitty came and jumped up beside him.

"No, no!" said Charlie, shaking his spoon and his curly head at the intruder.

"Mew!" answered Kitty, very lovingly. "No; Charlie's dinner," said the little fellow earnestly.

"Mew!" said Kitty, again, creeping so near, until her nose almost touched the bowl.

Charlie put one little dimpled hand on her back to push her away, and then suddenly stopped and looked at her with his serious baby eyes.

"Charlie like milk; Kitty like milk," said slowly, as if trying to think what to do about it. "Kitty hungry!—poor Kitty! Then in a moment he called out gleefully, "Charlie eat! Kitty eat?"

And they did both eat until Charlie's little sister May, running into the room, found what she called a queer dinner-party. Mamma came too. She did not think that the two quite belonged to one table, but she smiled at the baby's readiness to divide his bread and milk with puss.

"For I guess that's his way of being kind and not selfish," said little May thoughtfully, "though he isn't big enough to tell about it. Mamma, shouldn't you think it was a pretty good way of getting ready to be good folks when he's older?"

S. S. Visitor.