

merely undertake. Our glory is not in that, but what we accomplish. Nobody in the world cares for what we mean to do; but everybody will open their eyes by and by to see what we have done.—*Children's Friend.*

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.
PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 10 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, 11 pp., weekly.....	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp. 8vo.....	0 60
Quarterly Harlow Service, by the year, 21c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 60c. per 100.	
Home and School, 2 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies.....	0 3
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 17
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 17
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 50

Address: **WILLIAM BRIGGS,**
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
78 & 8, King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 3 Liberty Street, Montreal.
S. F. HURDIA, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 11, 1887.

REBUKING A KING.

THE timidity which hesitates to rebuke profanity was once shamed by a king who had been himself rebuked. Riding along the highway in disguise, and seeing a soldier at an inn, he stopped and asked him to drink ale with him. On an oath which the king uttered while they were drinking, the soldier remarked:

"I am sorry to hear young gentlemen swear."

His Majesty took no notice of it, but swore again. The soldier immediately said:

"I'll pay part of the ale, if you please, and go; for I so hate swearing that, if you were the king himself, I should tell you of it."

"Should you, indeed?" asked the king.

"I should," was the emphatic reply of his subject.

Not long after, the king gave him an opportunity to be "as good as his word." Having invited some lords to dine with him, he sent for the soldier, and bade him to stand near him, in order to serve him if he was needed. Presently, the king, not now in disguise, uttered an oath. And deferentially the soldier immediately said:

"Should not my lord and king fear an oath?"

Looking at the heroic soldier and then at his company of obsequious noblemen, the king severely remarked:

"There, my lords, is an honest man. He can respectfully remind me of the great sin

of swearing; but you can sit here and let me stain my soul by swearing, and not so much as tell me of it!"—*E. Coventry.*

A GOOD CHILD.

"A GOOD child! a good child!" said Mr. Edgar, as he left the room. "What should I do with her?"

Mary Edgar was a gay, careless, fun-loving little girl. She did not like school and lessons, and when she was required to study at home she groaned over her hard lot not a little.

Mary loved her father very tenderly. He was a kind gentleman, who often suffered from severe pain in his head. One night, when he was suffering in this way, Mary saw him trying to straighten out his account-book.

It was hard work to sum up the long lines of figures with the blood throbbing in his head, and Mary said: "Please, papa, don't try to do it when you are in such pain."

"But it must be done to-night, little daughter," said Mr. Edgar.

"How I wish I could do it!" said the little girl; and just then a good angel put a thought into her pretty head.

From that day Mary began to study. "To help papa" became her great ambition, and as she worked with a purpose she improved very fast. It was not long before she was able to help him with the long lines of figures, and now that she is no longer a child, and her father has grown more and more feeble as age comes on, she is his trusted helper in all the details of his business. She is very happy in this work, for love moves her hand and heart, and makes the labour light, and, as you know, her father is happy in having so good a child.—*Sunday-School Advocate.*

TOO MUCH TOP.

A FARMER once planted some potatoes on a piece of ground not properly prepared. The tops grew thickly, with branches long and green, spreading around and covering the ground. But when one of the farmer's sons went one day with his hoe to dig potatoes for dinner, he found that the plants had "run to top." The potatoes were about the size of marbles, and "few in a hill."

When we see a young person making a great outward show and conceited exhibition of himself, smoking, talking largely, dressing vulgarly, reading trash, working little, and trifling much, we may be quite sure that such a person is "running to top," and will not be apt to add much to the world's store of goodness, wealth, wit, or wisdom. He will ever remain a "small potato."

"SUBJECT UNTO THEM."

DEAR little children, reading
The Scripture's sacred page,
Think, once the blessed Jesus
Was just a child, your ago;
And in the home with Mary,
His mother sweet and fair,
He did her bidding gladly,
And lighten'd all her care.

I'm sure he never loitered,
But at her softest word
He heeded and he hastened—
No errand was deterred.
And in the little household
The sunbeams used to shine
So merrily and blithely
Around the Child divine.

I fear you sometimes trouble
Your patient mother's heart,
Forgetful that in home-life,
The children's happy part
Is but, like little soldiers,
Their duty quick to do;
To mind commands when given,
What easy work for you.

Within St. Luke's evangel
This gleams, a precious gem,
That Christ when with his parents
Was "subject unto them."
Consider, little children;
Be like him day by day,
So gentle, meek and loving,
And ready to obey.

ALWAYS WITH GOD.

AN old man was passing along the road one day where some children were playing. He stopped and called them to him. They came running, for they knew him to be their friend. Mary said to him:

"Grandpa are you tired?"

"No," answered the old man. "Christ is to me as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

"You always seem to think of God," said little Joe.

"My thoughts upon my bed are sweet, and when I wake I am still with him."

"Grandpa," said Robert, "when did you begin to love Christ?"

"He said to me in my youth, 'Remember thy Creator.' I heeded his command, and now that I am old he does not forsake me."

Ah! children, if you would have a golden sunset in life, look well to the morning. Begin life with God, and each day will be brighter than the last, until finally God calls us into the perfect light of heaven.