

"Not werry. She licks us when we don't steal wood anywhere."

Ruth Roe coaxed the friendless boy to learn his letters. Every morning rain or shine, he come stealing in softly, with one hand clutching his cap, and the other trying to smooth down his yellow locks. At first Chip ran timidly away as soon as any of the scholars came; but little by little he grew accustomed to them, and they to him, and sometimes Ruth would have a quiet group of listeners around her as she taught her one scholar his lesson.

But there came a bright spring day when Chip did not make his appearance, and Ruth looked up street and down in vain. Another and another day went by, and then she felt so troubled and anxious that she asked her teacher's counsel. There seemed no clue by which to find him, and as the days went by, Ruth began to think that he had fallen off the dock. She missed her bright-eyed scholar and his funny stories, but a week passed without a sign of his appearance.

The next Sunday afternoon Ruth's father went to the hospital to see a fellow-workman who had been injured. After his return he was speaking of the varied painful sights of wounded and injured men, and pretty soon Ruth laid down her book, for she heard the name of "Chip."

"Queer name, wasn't it, Betsy?" he was saying to his wife—"that's all the name anybody knows."

"What happened to Chip, father?" and in a moment Ruth stood beside him.

"What do you know about Chip, daughter?" said her father. "He was only a poor little loafer from the docks who got cut on the head with a piece of timber; they were bringing him into a larger room as I passed out."

"O, father, why! he is my scholar;" and then she told of her effort to help the poor lad. "And I must go and see him, and you'll take me, won't you?"

"Why, Ruth, he won't know you; his talkin's all kinds of gibberish now. You can go with your teacher to-morrow and see your scholar."

The next day Ruth lost no time in finding Miss Stewart and inducing her to walk to the hospital with her.

Through the long lane of beds in the children's ward, they came at last to one where no name, only a number, was on a ticket at the foot of the bed, but the nurses had in some way found out from his ramblings and disjointed talk his queer name, and knew at once where to direct their steps.

Poor little Chip. The face that used to be so rosy was pinched and pale, the hands

that had never been thoroughly clean before were white and idle now, and the yellow curls had been cut off and the eyes were closed.

The quick tears came to Ruth's eyes as she looked at the bandage across the forehead, and she said very softly, "Chip."

He did not open his eyes, but smiled a poor ghastly smile, and presently began to mutter, as he had done the day before.

"Don't tell Liza. She'll beat me. I don't see what Liza's fur, only to beat me."

The next day Ruth took a big orange in her hand, and when she came up the child just opened his eyes a moment and closed them wearily. Miss Stewart had a lovely voice, and she sang "Shining Shore," very softly. Then Chip opened his eyes in earnest, and saw Ruth as if she had been a vision.

"You 'membered me, after all, didn't you?" and he held up the poor weak hand to Ruth's plump little brown one, "Who's that?" and he pointed to Miss Stewart, who had drawn back a little.

"Why, she's the nice teacher in the mission-school, and when you get well you are going to be in her father's store, and you're to be in her class and have a jacket and a new hat. Now all you've got to do is to get well as fast as you can."

And that was the way the merchant now going down to his big store began to learn to read. A kind-hearted little girl was willing to take a few minutes every day, before her own school began, to help him on his way. No patient inquiry could ever discover his real name, or find a friend, so he called himself "Mr. Wood," in memory of the little "Chip."

TALKING TO PAPA.

It is not often a boy learns so young to master what is being done around him, yet it should be the aim of every boy to make his fingers learn how to do, his eyes how to see, and his tongue how to tell familiar things. An exchange says:

"At Pittsville, the other day, a six-year-old boy entered the telegraph office, and in his childish manner said: 'I want to talk to papa.' The operator saw he was familiar with his surroundings and stepped aside from his instrument. The little fellow (his chin just touching the edge of the desk) reached out his right hand, and, standing on tiptoe, with his left-hand still grasped by his sister, flashed over the wire a neat message to his father, who has charge of a station some miles distant. After sending the message announcing the safe arrival of his sister and himself, the little fellow set the instrument aright, thanked the operator, and retired."

GO TO GOD IN TROUBLE.

WHEN in great and solemn sorrow,
When with sad heart almost breaking,
Wait not for a bright to-morrow,
When you to God your troubles bring.

He is ready, ever ready,
While the tears stand in his eyes,
He will carry, always carry
All your burdens to the skies.

Do not tarry, foolish sinner,
In the long and stony road;
It is narrow, but the winner
Ne'er regrets his toilsome journey.

At the gate he stands and beckons
To the toilers up the hill;
And the distance, as they reckon,
Does not seem one-half so far.

He is waiting, always waiting,
Do not tarry on the way;
As around him kneel the angels,
Praising God with music gay.

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, 50 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp. 8vo.....	0 60
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 21c. a dozen; \$2	
per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies....	0 31
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 31
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies.....	0 25
Less than 20 copies.....	0 22
Over 20 copies.....	0 15
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 12
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 c

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
73 & 81 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS,
3 Bleury Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Halifax, N. S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 16, 1889.

THE TWO VOICES.

EDWARD wrote grandma a letter. He said: "I want to tell you grandma, how Satan almost caught me the other day. Mamma wanted me to go out and buy some tea. I was busy playing, and was going to say, 'I can't go; send Mamie,' when God spoke. 'Don't say that,' he said. Then Satan—I knew it was Satan—spoke right up: 'Say it, say it; Mamie can go as well as not.' Then God said again, 'Edward, won't you please me?' And I jumped right up and said, 'Yes, I will.' I was speaking to God, you know, but mamma thought I was speaking to her, and she gave me the money, and off I trotted. Satan comes when you don't expect him; doesn't he, grandma?"