

THE CHILD'S MISSION.

You've a mission, little one,
Though your life is just begun;
For there's work for all to do,
In the world we're passing through.

You may be like angels here,
Making sorrow disappear,
Winning crowns that shall be given
To the faithful ones in heaven.

From the cradle to the grave,
Every precious moment save;
Fill your life with deeds of love—
Treasure bright for you above.

—Selected.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR IN ADVANCE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 75
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Times, 52 pp. 8vo, monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf, Quarterly, 16 pp. 8vo	0 60
Quarterly Review Series: By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2	
per 100; per 500, 6c. a dozen; 60c. per 100.	
Homo and Sch. L., 4 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 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 10 copies per month	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 3 Hildrey Street, Montreal.
S. F. HURST, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 7, 1888.

JESUS WALKING ON THE SEA.

AFTER the wonderful supper described in the lesson for January, Jesus bade his disciples row along the lake, and sent the people away to their homes, while he, himself, went up into the mountain to pray. He must have prayed nearly all night, for the "fourth watch" is from three to six o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile a terrible tempest swept down upon the lake; and the disciples, rowing with all their might to reach the place where Jesus had probably agreed to meet them, saw someone coming right towards them over the great, black waves. How frightened they were! and how sweetly Jesus' voice must have sounded through the storm: "It is I; be not afraid." Peter, always hasty, begged to go and meet Jesus; but when he stepped out upon the roaring water, his faith failed and he began to sink. Immediately Jesus stretched out his hand to help Peter. Let us learn from this story that in every storm of trouble they who are Jesus' disciples may hear him saying, "Be of good

cheer", and when our faith fails, let us feel for Jesus' hand, knowing it is always outstretched to help his people.

USING PLAIN WORDS.

THE greatly beloved Rev. Dr. N. was asked to address the Sunday-school, and he complied, and he did—well—he did the best he could. Toward the close of his address he sweetly said: "And now, dear children, I will proceed to give you a summary." "Doctor," gently whispered a friend at his right elbow, "perhaps the children do not know what a summary is." "True, true," he ejaculated, in an undertone, and then aloud: "O children, perhaps you do not know what a summary is. It is an abbreviated synopsis."

It was a poor way to explain one hard word by using two others, and though the intention of the speaker was excellent, he failed of his purpose. Let those who teach the young avoid words with which they are not familiar. Be understood. Some words are peculiar to the arts and sciences, and children do not comprehend them. If you use a technical phrase, make it plain to others, and be sure you know what it is yourself. Use six words rather than one, if the six can be understood and the one cannot. A large number of the words in an unabridged English dictionary are not familiar to young people, or even to adults. Use the language of every-day life so far as you possibly can. The grandest truths, which like ancient manna came down from heaven to earth, can be put into words which the unlearned use and understand; and if any one is inclined to challenge this statement, let him read with the eye of a critic the Gospel of John and the "Pilgrim's Progress" of Bunyan, and then challenge—if he dares!—*Sunday School Journal*.

DOLLY'S LESSON.

"DOLLY, don't go near the fire."

"No, mamma," Dolly answered, looking up from her picture-book; and she meant to obey, but after she had been alone in the room for a few minutes her eyes fell upon a basket of chips standing near the fireplace, and she began to wish that she might throw some of them on the fire and make the blazing log blaze still higher.

"I don't believe mamma would mind very much if I threw just a few chips on the fire," she said to herself, though she knew very well that mamma would be grieved if her little girl should disobey her.

She filled her apron with chips, and, standing at some distance from the fireplace, tried to throw them on the log. Finding

she was too far away, she stepped nearer and nearer, forgetting the kettle which was boiling on the crane.

Dolly had often been warned not to go near a boiling-kettle, lest she should be burned with the steam; but in her eagerness to make a bright fire with the chips she forgot everything else, till suddenly she came so close that the steam from the spout of the kettle came full in her face.

She screamed with the pain and dropped her chips and ran away from the fire, holding her hands over her eyes, which were almost blinded with the scalding steam.

When mamma heard Dolly's scream she came quickly down stairs, and she was very sorry to find that her little girl had brought such suffering on herself by disobedience. It was a long time before Dolly's face was well again, for she had been badly burned, and she never forgot the lesson in obedience that she had learned through so much suffering.

LOOKING PRETTY IN HEAVEN.

LITTLE Harry was only four years old when his mamma died, and they told him she had gone to heaven. While they were preparing the body to be laid away they could not decide how to dress it. Harry heard them talking about it, and said: "O please put my mamma's blue dress on her. She always looked so pretty in her blue dress, and I am sure she will wish to look pretty in heaven."

Dear little ones, we all "wish to look pretty in heaven," don't we? and if we do kind deeds and speak loving words for Jesus' sake while we live, they will all be woven into a beautiful "robe of righteousness" for us to wear in heaven.

THREE BOYS WHO GREW TO BE GREAT.

A BOY used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white sides of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gaped at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." So he did, for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself, in a reflective mood: "Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So, here goes!" And he flung the book into the river. He was Fichte, the German philosopher.