

length one of them rose and gave utterance to his feelings in these words: "Well, I think the sooner we sign the pledge and put our money in the savings-bank the better."

The men immediately left the house. Such was the effect of the two speeches of a boy only six years old.

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, 96 pp., non-illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 8c., monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf, Quarterly, 10 pp., 8c.	0 60
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24c. a dozen, \$2 per 10, per quarter, 6c. a dozen, per 10	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4c., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 4c., 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, 100 copies per month	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
73 & 53 King St. East, Toronto.

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

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 16, 1886.

OUR HAND IN CHRIST'S.

A LITTLE girl lay near death; she had been brought low by a sad and painful disease. Not long before, her steps had been as light, and her heart as joyous and gay, as any of her companions; but her body was racked with pain; the icy hand of death had touched her, and she was about to go into eternity.

"Does my little one feel sad at the thought of death?" asked her father, as he watched the look of pain on her face.

"No, dear papa," said she, smiling; "my hand is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and he will not let it go."

Precious faith! "Jesus will not let it go." He loveth his own, and will not leave them. No power can pluck them out of his hand. Dear reader, does Jesus hold you by the hand? If he does not, it is only because you refuse to trust him.

A dark hour is rapidly approaching you. I think I see your friends gathering round you. The doctor shakes his head, but says nothing. Great, silent tears roll down the cheeks of those who love you. Your glazed eyes are open, but you cannot see. The minister kneels down by your bedside and speaks of the mercy of God. He says, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." But your ears are dull and heavy. You cannot hear. You

are dying. A moment more and you are dead. There remains now for you in this world only the shroud, the coffin, and the grave. In the next world—the judgment.

O, say, dear reader! does Jesus hold you by the hand?—*Christian at Work.*

HOW TO SEE A SEED GROW.

MANY little folks wonder how a seed grows. Some boys and girls have taken up the seed after planting it in the ground, and thereby prevented it from taking root.

We may, however, see the roots shooting out from the hyacinths and other bulbs that we grow in glasses in our windows. And in this way we may see other seeds sprout and shoot.

A gentleman, to gratify his little sons, took a glass tumbler, around which he tied a bit of common lace, allowing the lace to hang or drop down in the centre of the glass. He then put enough water in the glass to cover the lower part of the lace, and in this hollow he dropped two sweet-peas. The little boys were told to look at them every day, and they would learn what was going on under the ground with similar seeds.

Next morning the boys hurried from the breakfast-room to look at the glass with the peas in the south window. They found that while they were fast asleep the little brown skins had burst, and a tiny white sprout was seen on the side of each pea. The little sprouts soon grew long enough to reach through the holes in the lace, and on the top of the peas two little green leaves were seen.

In time the boys saw the white, thread-like roots reach almost to the bottom of the glass, while the green leaves grew large, and gave way to a stalk or stem. In this way most seeds may be seen to grow.

WITH GRANDPA.

GRANDPA calls Nellie "his eyea." Everywhere that he goes she goes with him, for her "dear grandpa" is blind. He cannot see a thing.

Did you ever think what a blessing your eyes are? Do you thank God for them? I am afraid not. We are apt to think that our health and strength, sight and hearing, the free use of our limbs, besides the thousand daily blessings that are showered upon us by the Father, belong to us as a matter of course. Do they?

Grandpa never complains, but thanks God for his great blessing in giving him such a sweet little grand-daughter to lead him. Such nice walks and talks as they have together. Nellie tells him how the

trees, clouds, flowers, and birds look, and then he talks to her of them and of their Maker and his goodness.

One thing grandpa is especially glad of: that he studied God's Holy Book, and learned so many of his precious promises by heart, when he had his sight. They are such a comfort to him now.

Nellie is learning as fast as she can so as to read to her "dear grandpa," as she calls him. In helping and cheering him God will surely bring the sweet words home to her own heart and bless her.

Study that word with all your heart, and then when trouble comes you can say with the Psalmist: "This is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickened me."

A SONG OF THE SUMMER.

I WOULD sing you a song of the Summer,
Sweet Summer, the bride of the sun,
Pale, wasted and worn, she is dying,
Grown weary, the bride who was won.

All cold are the kisses he gave her,
One tender and sweet, and so warm,
What wonder she's dying, when loving
Can so change and so chill and so harm?

I would sing you a song of the Summer,
Sweet Summer, the bride of the sun,
From whose breath comes the lingering
scent of the roses,
Whose life, sweet-scented, is done.

What matter the Summer is going?
What matter the roses are done?
For Summer will leave us the fragrance,
When herself and the roses are gone.

WHY AM I NOT A CHRISTIAN?

1. Is it because I am afraid of ridicule, and of what others may say of me?

"Whosoever shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed."

2. Is it because of the inconsistencies of professing Christians?

"Every one of us shall give an account of himself to God."

3. Is it because I am not willing to give up all to Christ?

"What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

4. Is it because I am afraid that I shall not be accepted?

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."

5. Is it because I fear I am too great a sinner?

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleaueth us from all sin."—*Forward.*