

MY HEAVENLY FATHER.

I CRY: my mother hears my voice
And runs to my relief;
She makes my little heart rejoice
And soothes my childish grief.

I cry: my heavenly Father hears,
So mother-like he is;
He quickly wipes away my tears
And draws my heart to his.

Oh, never, never let me doubt
That he will hear my prayer,
Nor ever try to walk without
His guidance and his care.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 16, 1887.

THE WAY TO JESUS.

THERE are some little girls, and boys, too, who go to Sunday-school and Church every week, and yet who do not know the way to Jesus. They say their prayers and study their lessons, but they act all the time as though Christian life belonged to their parents and friends, and the grown people generally, while they had nothing to do with it. Now this is a great mistake. If all the children could learn the way to Jesus, and could become Christians in earnest, what a wonderful thing it would be! We should never hear a cross word, or see an angry face, and all the little folks would do their best to make each other and all the world happy. They would learn their lessons faithfully, and sew their seams, and help their mothers, and in everything they would grow brighter, sweeter, purer day by day. The love of Jesus and the habit of trusting him may be as strong and sincere in a child's heart as in a man's. Learn the way to Jesus. He says, "Come unto me." —*Christian at Work.*

THE DROWNING BOY AND HIS BIBLE.

At a meeting of the Aberdeen Auxiliary Bible Society, some years since, the following pleasing anecdote was related by an eye-witness of the scene. "Last year," said he, "a vessel from Stockholm was driven upon our coast in a tremendous gale, and became a total wreck. Her condition was such that no human aid could possibly preserve the crew. In a short while after the vessel struck she went to pieces. The persons on shore beheld with grief the awful state of those on board, but could render them no aid. They all perished except one lad; and he was driven by the waves upon a piece of the wreck, entwined among the ropes attached to the mast. Half naked and half drowned, he reached the shore. As soon as they rescued him, they saw a small parcel tied firmly round his waist with a handkerchief. Some thought it was his money; others the ship's papers; and others said it was his watch. The handkerchief was unloosed, and to their surprise it was his Bible—a Bible given to the lad's father by the British and Foreign Bible Society. Upon the blank leaf was a prayer written, that the Lord might make the present gift the means of saving his son's soul. Upon the other blank leaf was an account of how the Bible came into the father's hands, with expressions of gratitude to the society from which he received it.

A TRUE STORY.

A LITTLE girl, six years old, was one evening gently reproved by her pious mother for some of her faults during the day. She seemed very sorry; and shortly afterward, when she was alone, some one passed by and heard her talking, but in too low a tone for any one to understand what she said.

The next evening, after repeating her usual prayer at her mother's knee, the little girl asked earnestly, "Have I behaved better to-day?" Her mother answered that she was much pleased with the day's improvement, and hoped that her little daughter would always behave as well. "Then," replied the child, "I must go and talk with God again. I told him yesterday that I wanted to be good, and I begged him to help me, and he has helped me all day long, so that I could not be naughty, even if I felt it in me."

Yes, dear children, the evil is in us all the time, and it is only by God's grace that we can overcome it. Go and talk to him about it, and he will help you to avoid every evil way, and to obey the precepts of his holy law all the days of your life.



RUM DID IT.

WHAT did rum do? It made that woman a cruel mother. Do you see her big brawn arm uplifted in wrath to strike her little girl? Do you see the angry fires burn in her flashing eyes? She is cruel. Rum made her so.

She was a loving mother once. When Ruth, the little girl she is now striking, was a babe, that woman loved her very fondly. Ruth used to nestle in her arm and look up into her face, and feel very happy. But now the child is afraid of the mother. She sees no love in that angry face. Where is the old love gone, this you? Rum washed it out of her heart. Rum always quenches the fire of love.

GOD USES LITTLE THINGS.

A NUT once saved the life of a German count. A plot had been laid to murder him, and the murderer lay hidden in the castle through the day. Before going to bed the count drew some things from his pocket, and a nut fell on the floor which he did not notice. That night the murderer, entering the bed-room, stepped on the nut which in breaking cracked loud enough to awaken the count, and the murderer fled.

Who would say that all this was by mere accident. In God's providence the murderer might have stepped just beside the nut, the count might have picked it up, or he might not have let it fall, or a dozen other things might have been; but we know what was, and this was not by chance. All things are in God's hands.