

A CHILD'S LONGINGS.

I'm but a child yet Jesus died
From sin to set me free.
Suffer the little ones," he said
"And let them come to me."

I need the love which he bestows.
So tender and so true.
His blessing everywhere I go,
My whole life-journey through.

I know there's work for childish hands,
But I am very weak,
I cannot see, I do not know.
Unless his help I seek.

I must go to him, as he said,
And he will smile and say,
"Come close within my arms, dear child,
I'll lead thee all the way."

Then shall I know that I am his
And he my Friend and Guide;
Though I can little do for him,
I shall be near his side

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 28, 1894.

MY LESSON.

I WAS sent to the store for some salt, and Sister May told me not to stop. I said I would run all the way, and so I did. But just as I came to the store I met John Dole. He was on his way to the creek, with a pole and line and a box of bait. He said, "Come on, Roy, you can fish part of the time."

Then I forgot all about the salt and went with John. We were gone a long time, and I only caught one fish. Then all at once I thought of the salt.

I ran all the way back to the store, but May had got the salt; so I went home. May wouldn't speak to me. I told mother I forgot, and was sorry, but she made me go upstairs and stay till the next morning. All I had for supper was bread and milk, and the rest had cake and preserves. I'll not forget next time.

THE COVERING OF BIRDS.

How little we realize, dear boys and girls, what a great variety of covering God has given his creatures! And some are so splendidly brilliant, too! Even the small insects, that most people scarcely notice, are very beautiful when examined under the microscope.

If you have a pocket-glass you might see for yourself the creatures we are discussing. You would doubtless find in the butterflies the greatest variety of colour, and arranged in a wonderful way, too. Even on the bottom of the sea, as well as upon land, the Creator has strewed attractive things, showing to us his abounding goodness.

The variety of beauty in the covering of birds is very great. We find all shades of covering, from the most brilliant to the most delicate. Usually the finest display in the plumage of birds is in the downy feathers of the breast. Some, however, have their chief beauty in the crest they wear as a coronet. Others, like the peacock, in the long and beautiful tail, which they lift in the air and spread like a fan, and exhibit, as they strut about very proud of its beauty.

The bird of paradise is more modest, though it has even more to be vain of, with its downy feathers of soft, pretty yellow, and a throat of a golden green. This superb bird is very careful to prevent a speck of dirt from spoiling his plumage, and when sitting on a tree, it is always careful to face the wind that it may not be ruffled.

Among the birds, the tiny humming birds, perhaps, have more variety of colour than any other. They are very brilliant, and beautifully shaded.

The furs of animals have much beauty, though not the variety of colour. Yet every fibre in the fur is a wonder in itself. Many creatures that we are apt to dislike have a great display of colour—worms of all kinds, and caterpillars, too.

But why does God give such beauty to these creatures? You ask, of what use can it possibly be? He knows. It is just as easy for him to make a thing beautiful as homely, and he has a good use for everything he makes.

Take all the creatures that live in shells—like the oyster. The outside of these queer coverings may be very plain, but the insides are often splendid in their colourings, and even the outsides, when we take the shell from the water, may sometimes, by rubbing, or by the use of acid, be made to show beautiful layers of gorgeous hues. All of this is of no use to the little animals within, for they cannot see it. What, then, is it for? Only to gratify us? There is no end to God's power in the creation of beauty, and perhaps he wants to teach us this lesson.

ONLY A PIG.

Bob and Dick one night slept out in a tent, near the old apple-tree. Some time in the night Bob awoke. There was some

creature running about the tent. "Oh dear! Is it a bear?" He quickly awoke Dick. Nearer and nearer came the tramping. Crunch! crunch! as the apples were eaten. Bob and Dick clung to each other in terror, then peeped out from beneath the tent. There it was, a great black creature, and it snuffled its nose over the ground for more apples. Out scrambled the boys: then up and away across the field, with the black thing running on behind. The boys screamed. Papa and mamma came out, just as black Jerry scooted through the broken fence of his pen and went out of sight. It was only the black pig, who had got out of his pen, and had gone straight off to the sweet apple-tree for a good lunch.

GOD WANTS THE BOYS AND GIRLS.

God wants the boys, the merry boys,
The noisy boys, the funny boys,
The thoughtless boys,

God wants the boys, with all their joys—
That he as gold may make them pure,
And teach them trials to endure.
His heroes brave he'd have them be,
Fighting for truth and purity;
God wants the boys.

God wants the happy-hearted girls,
The loving girls, the best of girls,

The worst of girls;
God wants to make the girls his pearls—
And so reflect his holy face,
And bring to mind his wondrous grace:
That beautiful the world may be,
And filled with love and purity;
God wants the girls.

LITTLE SNOWDROP.

THE very day that she was given to us the first snowdrops blossomed under the dining room windows. Aunt Jessie came into mamma's room holding up a beautiful spray of buds and blossoms, and said, "See my snowdrops," and mamma replied, "See my snowdrop, my wee spring flower." And there, under the blankets, lay the tiniest baby girl you ever saw.

How Aunt Jessie did jump! For she was so surprised.

"We must call her Snowdrop," declared Aunt Jessie, and so Snowdrop she was to all of us; although papa wrote her name in the big Bible, Mary Eleanor Gray.

One morning early in the spring, when she was just two years old, she crept down stairs, and out of the open door. Nobody was near so she stood up and looked around. Just beyond the walk, in the soft wet earth, the snowdrops were unfolding their pure white blossoms.

With a crow of delight, she toddled over to them, clutched a handful, and turned back to the house.

Up the stairs she climbed, and called, "Mamma, see pitties."

"Bless her heart, she has found her own name-flowers," exclaimed mamma, kissing her. "Mary Eleanor may do for a grown up lady, but my wee blossom shall be Snowdrop to us as long as she is little and white and sweet."