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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 22, 1887.

THE BLIND MAN.

THE blind man sits by the highway-side;
His faithful dog, securely tied,
Holds the petition-basket up
For pennies passers-by may drop.

"Poor man!" says Sadie, "'tis too bad;
I have a penny, I'm so glad!"
But Annie didn't say a word;
She looked and looked, but never stirred.

A thought came to her loving mind
Of Jesus, who once cured the blind;
"If he would only come this way!"
The poor man heard the sweet voice say.

"Who? Could he help me?" quick he
cried.

"Jesus the Lord," the child replied;
"Once he made two poor blind men see."
"Oh would he come," he asked, "to me?"

"I'll tell you," said the little maid,
Who now seemed not a bit afraid:
"He'll come and make your heart-eyes see,
Poor man, and then you'll happy be.

"For he will be your faithful friend,
And all the good you need he'll send;
And then he'll take you, by-and-by,
Up to his blessed home on high."

Sadie was kind to give her mite
To buy the poor man bread at night;
But the sweet words that Annie said
Did him more good than meat or bread.

"My boy," said a father to his son, "treat
everybody with politeness, even those who
are rude to you. For remember that you
show courtesy to others not because they
are gentlemen, but because you are one."

NELLIE'S CHICKENS.

NELLIE has fed her little chickens
so often that they know her very
well. Even the old mother, though
she made a great fuss at first when
she came near, has learned that she
does not want to hurt them, and
seems glad to see her come.

I wonder if Nellie ever thinks
about that One who wants little chil-
dren to run to him, just as these little
chickens will run to her; or rather
just as they run to their mother. He
came to the people in Jerusalem, and
wanted to save them. He said, "How
often would I have gathered you
under my wings, as a hen gathereth
her chickens." He meant that he
wanted to save them from the great
destroyer, Satan; to save them from
the wrath due for their sins; to keep
them from all evil, and to give them
great good. But they hated him;
they would not come to him that they
might have life; they even put him
to death on the cross.

Do you feel sorry when you see a little
chicken or a little lamb suffering? Don't
you want to help it right away?

Jesus is sorry to see us living in sin, and
he wants to save us from it. Will you not
come to him every day, that he may do this
for you?

"BUT I WANT TO."

THAT is what Alice Beldon always says
when she is told not to do anything. She
is a sweet, pretty little girl, but she is an
only child and is badly spoiled. When her
mamma says, "Come now, Alice, and learn
your lessons—do not swing any longer this
morning," Alice whines out, "But I want
to," and then her weak mother does not
say any more.

One day her nurse was with her by the
river-side, and Alice got into a little row-
boat that was there. "O Miss Alice!" said
the nurse, "you must not do that; I am
sure your mamma would not like it."

"But I want to," said Alice in a pet;
and she lifted one of the big oars and tried
to put it into the water. How frightened
she was when the little boat turned over,
and she felt herself going down into the
deep river! The foolish child would have
been drowned had not some men in the
field heard the cries of her nurse and
plunged into the water to save her.

I hope Alice will learn before long that
"But I want to" is not a good reason for
doing anything that it is not best to do.—
Our Lambs.



LITTLE GRANDMOTHER.

MISSIONARY GIRLS.

O, WHAT can little hands do
To please the King of heaven?
The little hands some work may try,
To help the poor in misery;
Such grace to mine be given.

O, what can little lips do
To please the King of heaven?
The little lips can praise and pray,
And gentle words of kindness say;
Such grace to mine be given.

—The Little Missionary.

I'LL KEEP MY EYES SHUT.

LITTLE Henry had been very sick. When
he was slowly recovering, and just able to
be up and about the room, he was left alone
for a short time, when his sister came in
eating a piece of cake. Henry's mother
had told him he must eat nothing but what
she gave him, and that it would not be
safe for him to have what the other chil-
dren had, till he was stronger.

His appetite was coming back; the cake
looked inviting; he wanted very much to
take a bite of it, and his kind sister would
gladly have given it to him. What did he
do?

"Jennie," said he, "you must run right
out of the room away from me with that
cake, and I'll keep my eyes shut while you
go, so that I shan't want it."

Wasn't that a good way for a boy of
seven years to get out of temptation? I
think so. And when I heard of it, I
thought that there are a great many times,
when children, and grown-up people, too,
if they would remember little Henry's way,
would escape from sin and trouble.