

to take care of the grapes, I remembered that the Lord Jesus had called himself a Vine, and said that his children were the branches, and the way for them to honor him was to bear fruit. Then I wondered how many of us were ready to grow fruit for him, and I thought of one kind that I should like to raise, and to have you help me. You all know little lame Letty, and you saw what joy she had in riding in the wheel chair. I wonder if we should like, all of us, to deny ourselves some candy, or toy, or story book and save the money to help buy a wheel chair for Letty to use every day. As many as should like to help raise such fruit as that, if their mothers are willing, may raise their hands."

Up went every little hand, each child there raising both hands.

"It is better," said Elizabeth, "than a hundred thousand grapes. O Uncle Fred, I know now why you did not want Letty to come to-day; it is to be a surprise to her; isn't it?"

Not a single little girl forgot her pledge; and not a mother but was glad to let her help. All the next week the money came rolling in,—ten-cent pieces, twenty-five-cent pieces, fifty-cent pieces, now and then a whole dollar, and once a five-dollar gold piece. What was lacking when all the gifts were in Uncle Fred made up, and three weeks from the day of the party Letty Wheeler came to Sunday-school in her own wheel chair, the happiest little girl in the world.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 15, 1905.

BETTIE'S BIT OF HELP.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Bettie Armitage had not been a Christian very long. From early childhood she had gone to church, and had read her Bible,

and said her prayers; had been a dear little daughter, and then growing up a sweet and graceful elder sister and lovable young girl, all without consciously giving herself up to Christ, and fully resolving to take him for her Master and Friend.

But one day a new life dawned upon Betty. Light flooded her soul. She learned what it means to belong to Christ, "to follow him whithersoever he goeth."

Then straightway she longed for opportunities to show her love. She felt an urgent impulse to become a missionary. She felt that there could not be a field so hard that she would shrink from it, a people so lonely and degraded that she would not rejoice to go to them and tell them of her Saviour and his love.

Meanwhile the way to the mission field beyond her own home was hedged up. Her father said she could not be spared; her mother looked perplexed and pained and even bewildered as Betty unfolded her plans and dwelt upon her wishes. Betty, more and more anxious and in earnest, felt limited and caged. It seemed to her as if she were doing nothing for the Master, when she wished supremely to be doing some great thing. She felt discontented and unhappy.

"But, Betty," said her friend, Jane Page, "when our Lord wants us in any place he goes before us and opens the way. It may be there is some sphere of service right here which only you can fill, and until that is filled Christ will not send you elsewhere."

Betty went home carrying this simple thought. Jane Page had intuitions, perhaps, because she daily asked to be filled with the Spirit, and kept herself always ready to do the Lord's will, whatever it might be, not caring whether the errand on which he sent her was a lofty or a lowly one.

Bettie turned her latch-key and ran upstairs to her own beautiful room on the third floor. As she passed grandmother's door, at the top of the first landing, it stood ajar, and she glanced in.

Grandmother was sitting as usual, her dim eyes patiently closed, her thin hands folded in her lap. Her room was sunny and pleasant, with flowers in the windows, which grandmother, having cataract, could not see, but which diffused a delicate fragrance.

It suddenly struck Betty that grandmother must have many tedious hours. Necessarily, she had supposed, grandmother was often alone. How could it be helped? Mother had her housekeeping and her clubs. The younger children went to school, father was at his office, and Betty herself had a dozen engagements for every day. They had all been kind, deferential, and amiable in their behaviour to grandmother, but she had been as it were left on a side-track, while their busy lives went whirling on.

All this passed through Betty's mind in a flash of clear insight, as she tapped on grandmother's door.

"Come in, dearie," said the sweet old voice. The face, so quiet a moment ago, stirred and lit up with a pleasant welcome.

"Is it you, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, dear grandmother," answered Betty. "May I come in and talk to you awhile?"

"Surely, dear; I am glad to have company."

Betty sat down and talked to grandmother, charmingly, entertainingly, described a procession she had seen down town, gave grandmother the news of the cousins and aunts; finally read to her for awhile, and before either of them was aware the morning had slipped by, and the maid came to say that luncheon was ready.

"I have had a beautiful time, Elizabeth," said grandmother; "and I was just then thinking as if the Lord had forgotten that I was old, and blind, and weak, when he sent you in to cheer me and make me strong."

So Betty discovered that she did not need to look for distant service just yet. Here, in her own home, was an aged servant of Christ who was in special want of special ministry. Jesus meant his young disciple to be eyes and feet and hands for awhile to this dear older one.

"And I was ashamed, Jane," she said afterwards, "to have it revealed to me that I had never given grandmother a thought. She wasn't a pauper, she was just grandmother—so unobtrusive and sweet, and so little given to asking for attention, that I had forgotten how heavily the time must hang on her hands—she who used to be so active, and who must now be so often laid aside."

"Do not feel ashamed, my dear," said Jane Page. "You show your willingness to do what Christ desires by just taking hold of this little bit of helplessness."

To every one of us, younger, and beginning to walk in the blessed way, or older, and far on the road, the lesson comes in endless repetition to do the next thing. That next thing may carry you to a hospital to nurse the sick; it may send you to a zenana in distant India; it may lead you into city slums; it may guide you into a room in your own house, where one of Christ's little ones needs you. But serve him with a loving heart and a willing mind, and a blessing will be yours as you sit at his feet.

WOOD NOTES.

Ah, the sunshine falls, and the winds are blowing

Through the sifted gold of the woodlands here,

And the gypsy autumn, in beauty glowing,

Is treading the courts of the royal year.

The brown hawk sails with the king-birds after,

And the hazels dream of their winter's gold;

The beech-nuts fall, and the children's laughter

Is mellow and sweet as in days of old.