

LITTLE SOLDIERS.

Are you fighting for the Master,
Little soldier, brave and true?
Are you working in the vineyard?
There is room and work for you.

There are many little soldiers
In the mighty ranks of right.
Many little ones are marching
Upward to the Land of Light.

They are happy in God's service,
Little ones so pure and fair,
Faithfully their hearts are keeping,
Lest the tempter enter there.

Tiny hands are often strongest
To perform their deeds of love;
Strong to draw the lost and straying
To the Shepherd's fold above.

—Selected.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 10, 1887.

NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

No room for Jesus! No room for the Babe of Bethlehem, for him who gave up the riches and glory of heaven, and became so poor he could not pay for a night's lodging, and so humble he must sleep in a stable, that we might be made rich! No room for him who died for us, that we might live in heaven and be happy forever! He stands outside just now, saying: "Let me in." Do you hear him? How hardhearted and wicked we are if we keep him out. How happy you would be if you would let him in. I suppose he never went back to that inn again. If you drive him away to-day, he may never come back to you again. If you do not let him into your heart, when you come up to the gate of heaven and ask to get in, Jesus will say to you, "No room." If you open your door to him, he will open

his door to you, and say, "Welcome! Come in!" and you will be safe and happy forever.—*Missionary Visitor.*

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

ONCE there was a king who had a little boy he loved. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a row-boat on a lake, and servants. He provided teachers who were to give him knowledge that would make him good and great. But for all this, the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have. At length, one day, a magician came to court. He saw the boy, and said to the king: "I can make your boy happy. But you must pay me my own price for telling the secret."

"Well," said the king, "what you ask I will give."

So the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it, and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away and asked no price at all.

The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters on the paper turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words: "*Do a kindness to some one every day.*"

The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

THE LITTLE CAPTIVE MAID.

I DO not know the little maid's name, but I do know that it seemed as if her heart would break when the soldiers came and spoiled her home and carried her off to be a slave in a strange land. I am sure that all during that long journey in the train of the army she was longing to hear her mother speak to her just once more. And at last, when the journey was over, I am sure she felt glad when the captain of the soldiers came and took her to be his wife's little serving-maid. I think the mistress must have been kind and gentle to the poor little captive, for the Bible-story reads as if the little girl's heart was very warm toward her.

She often wondered what she could do for her master and mistress. They had a beautiful home and were very rich and powerful. Even the king was her master's friend. But at last she heard something that made her heart give a great bound. The master had that dreadful disease called leprosy, and the servants shook their heads and

whispered that pretty soon he must die, and no one knew any cure for the disease.

Now, the little maid remembered that in her own country there was a good prophet named Elisha, who did many wonderful things. Perhaps she had played with a little boy whom he had raised from the dead. At any rate, she felt sure that the prophet could cure her master. The next time she went in to wait on her mistress she would tell her all about it. I dare say the little maid's voice trembled a little as she spoke to the great lady. The Bible tells us the very words she said: "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria; for he would recover him of his leprosy."

Oh how glad the servants ran with the news till it came to the captain's ears! And then the good news spread to the king's palace. If you want to know how the captain went to the prophet and was healed, last, you can find the whole story in the fifth chapter of the second book of Kings. But the lesson I want my little boys and girls to learn is in the part of the story I have told you. It is that no one can be a slave so low and mean that he cannot do something for others. If it is only to get where help can be found, do that just as the little maid did, and somebody will be better for your doing it.

RAIN FROM HEAVEN.

ONCE a little girl came to her clergyman with three dollars and fifty cents for missions.

"How did you collect so much? It all your own?" asked the clergyman.

"Yes, sir; I earned it."

"But how, Mary? You are so poor."

"Please, sir," answered the child, "I thought how Jesus had died for me, and I wanted to do something for him, and I heard how money was wanted to send good news out to the heathen; and as I had no money of my own, I earned this collecting rain-water and selling it to washer-women at a penny a bucketful; that is how I got the money for missions, sir."

"My dear child," said the clergyman, "I am very thankful that your love to your Saviour has led you to work so long and patiently for him. Now I shall put down your name as a missionary subscriber."

"O no, sir! please not my name."

"Why not, Mary?"

"Please, sir, I would rather no one knew but him: I should like it to be put down 'Rain from Heaven.'"—*Church Mission News.*