

EACH CAN DO SOMETHING.

WHAT if the little rain should say,
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh those thirsty fields;
I'll tarry in the sky."

What if the shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its single light alone
Cannot create a day.

Does not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower?
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

Then let each child its influence give,
O Lord! to truth and thee;
So shall its power by all be felt,
However small it be.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 3, 1888.

CONSCIENCE.

A LITTLE girl once went into a room intending to speak to her mamma, but found no one there. She looked around. She spied a large basket of cakes standing on the table. "O!" she exclaimed to herself, "I must just have one piece."

Now, what was it that kept saying to her, "Don't touch it?" It was *conscience*. Again; after Helen had eaten the tempting cake, who was it that kept accusing her? Not her mother, for her mother had not seen her do it. It was *conscience*.

What was it that made Helen look so guilty at the tea-table that her mother had to ask her, "Helen, are you ill?" It was the whisper of conscience.

Now what is conscience? It is that within us which judges of right or wrong; that voice within which accuses or excuses an action; the voice which approves or disapproves of the conduct of ourselves or of others.

THE MISSIONARY DOLL.

BY HANNAH SHEPPARD.

Now, mamma, take me on your lap, and hold me tight, just so,
And I'll tell you all about it—how I let my darling go,

For I didn't know 'twas naughty until you said to-day

That I must not give my playthings, without your leave, away.

Oh, but it was so dressful hard to let Angelina go!

For she is my oldest child, and my dearest one, you know.

"Why didn't I send Nellie, or my new wax doll so tall?"

Because I loved my precious one the very best of all!

Don't you 'member all about it—how papa said that night,

That when we gave to Jesus it must be our dearest quite?

And I saw the mission boxes being packed so full downstairs,

For the little heathen children who've not been taught their prayers.

So I hugged and kissed my Angelina—now, mamma, don't you cry—

I'd have let you say good-bye to her, but I knew you'd ask me why;

And papa in his sermon said, "Don't tell 'bout what you do,

But help a little if you can," so I thought that meant me too.

And I hope that ragged, heathen girl 'way out in Timbuctoo

Will love my sweetest Angelina, and treat her well, don't you?

Though I'm afraid she'll be so lonely, just at first, you see,

For she is not used to strangers, 'cause she's always been with me.

So please don't tell the boys, they'd tease me 'bout my "missionary child!"

And I couldn't bear it very well if even papa smiled—

For I tucked her softly in the box when no one saw, you know,

Though it broke my heart in pieces to let my darling go.

Yet in his sermon papa said, that very Tuesday night,

That when we gave with all our hearts it must be a hard fight,

But that Jesus knew about it all, and would help us to be glad,

If we only gave, for love of him, the dearest that we had.

PRAYING INSTEAD OF STEALING.

SOME poor families lived near a wood-wharf. In one of the cabins was a man who, when he was sober, took pretty good care of his family; but the public house would get his earnings, and then they suffered. In consequence of a drunken frolic, he fell sick. The cold crept into his cabin, and but one stick of wood was left in the cellar.

One night he called his eldest boy, John, to the bedside, and whispered something in his ear.

"Can't do it, father," spoke John, aloud.

"Can't? Why not?" said his father, angrily.

"Because I learned at Sabbath-school, 'Thou shalt not steal,'" answered John.

"And did you not learn, 'Mind your parents, too?'"

"Yes, father," replied the boy.

"Well, then, mind you do what I tell you."

The boy did not know how to argue with his father, for his father wanted him to go in the night and steal some sticks from the wood-wharf; so John said to his father:

"I can pray to-night for some wood; it's better than stealing, I know."

And when he crept up into the loft where his straw bed was, he did go to God in prayer. He prayed the Lord's Prayer, which his Sabbath-school teacher had taught him, only putting in something about the wood, for he knew God would give wood as well as "daily bread."

The next noon, when he came home from school, what do you think he caught sight of, the first thing after turning the corner? A load of wood before the door—his door. Yes, there it was. His mother told him the overseers of the poor had sent it; but he believed it was God, and so it was.

"MAKE MY HEART WELL."

NOT long since I was watching a group of little boys holding a prayer-meeting; and while they were on their knees engaged in prayer, one of the little ones was leading, I observed one of the larger ones laughing. I called him away and asked him why he laughed while the others were praying. "O!" said he, "he prayed so strange: he said, 'Lord, make my heart well.'" I thought how appropriate is that prayer for all, for those of maturer age as well as for the young. How much do many poor hearts, faint and sick, need the healing balm of the Great Physician, who is abundantly able and perfectly willing to heal. Oh, the dreadful condition and fearful consequences of a diseased heart!