

mother would whisper encouragingly, "Ah, my Margaret, what a happy time it will be when my little April day changes to a beautiful May day!"—*Presbyterian Banner*.

MISSIONARY PENNIES.

HEAR the pennies dropping,
Listen as they fall—
Every one for Jesus,
He will get them all.

Dropping, dropping ever,
From each little hand:
'Tis our gift to Jesus
From his little band.

Now, while we are little,
Pennies are our store;
But, when we are older,
Lord, we'll give thee more.

Though we have not money,
We can give him love.
He will own our offering,
Smiling from above.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MAY 29, 1886.

NOT OUR OWN.

DEAR little one, to whom do you belong, besides to dear mamma and those about you whom you love so much? You belong to the blessed Saviour who bought us with his own precious blood. You know that the blood in our bodies is our life. If the blood were lost, we could not live a moment. So when our dear Saviour gave his blood for us, he gave his very life. And why did he give his life? why did he leave his happy home in heaven to come and die for us? Because he loved us so much that he wanted us to be happy forever in heaven with him.

Satan tempts us so as to make us wicked like himself; but Jesus bought us for himself with his own precious blood, and he will keep us from sin and Satan, if we ask him.

Well, if we are not our own, but belong to Jesus, we must use every part of our bodies for him. We cannot do for him as Mary and Martha did; but for others we can do acts of kindness, and give little words of love, because we love Jesus, and so it will all be for him.

Did you ever think that your little hands could do something for Jesus, by working for others; and your little feet, by running readily on some message for one you love; and your tongue, by speaking kindly and gently, even when others speak unkindly to you? Your thoughts also, you can, by his help, keep pure and good for him. Whatever we do for Jesus, whose eye is always upon us, he will see and love. How sweet it is to think that we belong to such a loving Saviour!

NEVER HUNCH WHEN OTHERS CROWD.

ONE very warm afternoon in July, I visited a school in Boston. There were about sixty children from four to eight years old. The school-room was small, and the children looked much oppressed by the heat, especially the youngest.

I stood up before them and asked, "Children, can you tell me what peace children will do?"

One said, "Love your enemies;" another, "Forgive your enemies;" another, "When others strike one cheek, turn the other;" another, "Overcome evil with good."

All these were good answers. At length a little girl whom I had observed on the middle of a seat directly before me, looking very uncomfortable (being so crowded that she could not move her elbows,) looked up, and in a most piteous and plaintive tone, said—"Peace children don't hunch when others crowd."

That was the very thing! The little crowded, suffering child, gave the best definition to peace I ever heard. She gave a sure and certain antidote to all anger and fighting. "Never hunch when others crowd." And she drew it directly from her own personal experience. She said what she felt. That makes it all the better. There the little girl was crowded up—her arms squeezed down to her side—she could hardly move or breathe; yet there was no anger, no quarrelling, simply because she did not "hunch."



OUR PET IN A PET.

Is this not a sad sight? See little Annie King sulking and crying because her mamma will not let her go out to play in the damp. She is naughty, and will not play with the baby, or even with her lovely dollie. Because Annie is so bad, her mother will not give her any jam for tea. She is generally a very good little girl, and it grieves her mamma to see her in such a pet, and to have to punish her. Thus, children often—yes, and grown people, too—make not only themselves miserable, but also all who are around them.

WHAT RELIGION DID FOR A LITTLE GIRL.

RELIGION helps children to study better and do more faithful work. A little girl of twelve was telling, in a simple way, the evidence that she was a Christian. "I did not like to study, but to play. I was idle at school, and often missed my lessons. Now I learn every lesson well, to please God. I was mischievous at school when the teachers were not looking at me, making fun for the children to look at. Now I wish to please God by behaving well and keeping the school laws. I was selfish at home; didn't like to run errands, and was sulky when mother called me from play to help her in work. Now it is a real joy for me to help mother in any way, and to show that I love her."

A LITTLE girl under five, looking at an ugly face in a book, said, "I think the features are good if he was not making up a face."