

**OPEN THE DOOR.**

OPEN the door for the children.  
Tenderly gather them in;  
In from the highways and hedges,  
In from the places of sin.  
Some are so young and so helpless,  
Some are so hungry and cold;  
Open the door for the children;  
Gather them into the fold.

Open the door for the children;  
See! they are coming in throngs;  
Bid them sit down to the banquet,  
Teach them your beautiful songs!  
Pray you the Father to bless them,  
Pray you that grace may be given;  
Open the door for the children,  
"Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Open the door for the children,  
Take the dear lambs by the hand;  
Point them to truth and to goodness,  
Send them to Canaan's land.  
Some are so young and so helpless,  
Some are so hungry and cold;  
Open the door for the children;  
Gather them into the fold.

—Moravian.

**OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.**

PER YEAR POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 50 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan Herald, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Banner, 32 pp., 800, monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 800	0 60
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 50c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 60c. a dozen; 60c. per 100	
Home and School, 8 pp., 400, fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 25
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp., 400, fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 25
Sundays and Fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book & Publishing House,  
75 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COOPER, 3 Hilda Street, Montreal.  
S. F. HURST, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

**HAPPY DAYS.**

TORONTO, JULY 7, 1888.

**A MEDITATION.**

Do I take delight in the study of God's Word? Am I fond of searching out the fulfilment of prophecy? Let me see that my life tallies with these holy employments. I may be anxious out of curiosity to watch God's ways and judgments on the nations of the earth. I may even be far-seeing and taught by the Spirit of God in this matter; but what will the fate of kings and empires avail to me if I leave my own garden untilled, my own heart unwatched, my own conduct open to rebuke? It will

be of little use if I can repeat every prophecy concerning our lord, unless I conform my life to his life and dwell with his people. I may know the Bible by heart from beginning to end, and yet my heart and affections may be far away from God.

O God, I entreat thee to give me thy gift of holy strength that I may not only know Thy will but may be able to do it! Give me truth and earnestness, and with every fresh advance in knowledge give me a fresh advance in godliness, and a more thorough control over my passions and imagination!

**GOD SAYS WE MUSTN'T.**

As a mother sat reading to her three children, she came to a story of a naughty boy, who had stolen apples and pears from an orchard near his father's cottage. After reading part of the story, she made a pause to put a few questions. "William," she said, "why ought we not to do as this naughty boy did?" "Because God says we mustn't." "Right, love," said his mother; "that is the true reason, and the best reason that can be given. What God commands, we are bound to do; and what he forbids, we are bound to leave undone. 'Thou shalt not steal,' are his own words. If ever you are asked by any one you know, why you should not do what is wrong, let your answer be the same as you have given me—'because God says we mustn't.'"

**THE BOAT RACE.**

"MINE'S the biggest; mine will sail the best; now see!" said Henry Burt. "See, her sails fill with wind;" and Henry gave his pretty little boat a push which nearly capsized her. Annie, watching from the sand, sprang forward as if to catch it.

"Don't worry, Sis; it won't upset. Mind you don't tumble in yourself and get a ducking."

"I don't care, said Charley Dunn; "mine sails real nice. I tried it yesterday; there's no breeze to-day."

"Put them down side by side," said Paul, Henry's big brother, "and have a race."

"Oh, yes! a race! a race!" cried both the boys, and little Annie clapped her tiny hands.

The boys put their boats side by side, and gave them a chance. The wind was not very brisk, but they kept moving. As Henry's would go the fastest, Charles began to feel badly.

"Give her a push," said Henry.

"That would not be fair."

"Yes, 'twill, if I tell you to. I don't want to beat you, Charley," said Henry in a low voice.

Paul told the folks at home that evening about the race. "It was unlike any other I ever heard of," said he; "Henry didn't want to beat; in fact he tried not to."

"That's like Henry, he's so generous," said mamma; "I'm so glad of it."

When she went up to bed with her little boy she asked him about it.

"Why, you see, mother, Charley would have felt so bad if I had gone ahead! He'd have cried, I know, for he was almost crying once or twice. So I let him give his boat a push. You know he's ever so much younger than I am; and don't you think we ought to give the littlest ones the best chance?"

Mamma kissed her boy and thanked God in her heart that Henry was so generous and noble.

"Yes, dear," she said, "always give the littlest ones the best chance. You'll be all the happier for it."

**WHY SHE WAS DISSATISFIED.**

"I THINK the rain is very provoking," said Bessie, looking out of the window with an angry frown upon her brow. "It always rains when I don't want it. It is spoiling the slides, and there won't be an inch of ice left in an hour to skate on. Now, where's my fun this afternoon, I should like to know?"

"You can stay at home, and sew," said her aunt.

"I want to skate," said Bessie. "The rain is very provoking."

"The provoking is all in your own heart, Bessie," said her brother. "If you only had a blue sky inside, you would never mind the rain outside."

**"PART OF THE CONCERN."**

A MINISTER on his way to a missionary meeting, overtook a boy, and asked him about the road and where he was going.

"Oh," he said, "I am going to the meeting to hear about the missionaries."

"Missionaries!" said the minister; "what do you know about missionaries?"

"Why," said the boy, "I'm part of the concern. I've got a missionary box, and I always go to the missionary meeting. I belong."

Every child should feel that he is "part of the concern," and that his work is just as important as that of anyone else. Can you say, "I always go to the missionary meeting, I'm part of the concern."—Ez.

I HAVE always noticed that those who know the most are the best listeners, and the most anxious to know more.