

A CHILD'S HYMN.

God, make my life a little light
Within the world to glow,
A little flame that burneth bright
Wherever I may go.

God, make my life a little flower,
That giveth joy to all,
Content to bloom in native bower,
Although its place be small.

God, make my life a little song,
That comforteth the sad;
That helpeth others to be strong,
And makes the sinner glad.

God, make my life a little staff
Whereon the weak may rest,
That so what health and strength I have
May serve my neighbours best

God, make my life a little hymn
Of tenderness and praise,
Of faith, that never waxeth dim,
In all his wondrous ways.

—Good Words.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 5, 1887.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I SHALL give *that* to the missionaries," said Billy, and he put his fat hand on a little gold dollar, as he counted the contents of his money-box. "Why," Susie asked. "'Cause it's *gold*. Don't you know the wise men brought Jesus gifts of gold, and the missionaries work for Jesus?" Stillness for a little, then Susie said, "The gold all belongs to him anyhow. Don't you think it would be better to go right to him and give him just what he asks for?" "What's that?" Billy asked; and Susie repeated softly, "My son, give me thine heart."

ABOVE HIS BUSINESS.

"I WOULDN'T do that," said one clerk to another, whom he saw doing a disagreeable piece of work.

"It must be done, and why shouldn't I do it?" was the excellent reply.

In a few minutes the wouldn't-do-it clerk, ashamed of his remark, was assisting the clerk who was not above his business.

In Scotland there is a branch of the legal profession known as "Writers to the Signet." A young gentleman was apprenticed to one of these writers. The youth thought himself a very fine sort of person, much above ordinary apprentices.

One evening the master desired him to carry a bundle of papers to a lawyer whose residence was not very far off. The packet was received in silence, and in a few minutes the master saw a porter run in the outer office. In a few minutes the youth walked out, followed by the porter carrying the parcels.

Seizing his hat, the master followed, overtook the porter, relieved him of the packet, and walked in rear of the apprentice. The lawyer's house being reached, and the door bell rung, the youth called out,—

"Here, fellow, give me the parcel!" and slipped a sixpence in his hand without looking around.

"Here it is for you!" exclaimed a voice which caused the youth to turn around. His confusion, as he beheld his master, made him speechless. Never after that was he above his business.

GOD SAYS WE MUST NOT.

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, according to her usual practice, she made a pause to ask a few questions. "William," she said, "why ought we not to do as this naughty boy did? Why ought we not to steal apples and pears?" "Oh!" replied William, "because they do not belong to us." "And what do you say, Robert?" "I say, because if they caught us, they would be sure to send us to prison." "And now, Mary, it is your turn to give a reason. Say, dear, why ought we not to steal apples or pears, or anything else?" "Because," looking meekly up at her mother, "because God says we mustn't." "Right, love," said her



WAITING ON MAMMA.

mother; "that is true and the best reason that can be given. What God forbids we are bound to leave undone. 'Thou shalt not steal' are his own words. If ever you should be asked by anyone you know what you should not do what is wrong let your answer be the same as the one you have given me—'Because God says we mustn't'."

WAITING ON MAMMA.

EMILY'S mamma is sick. She lies in her room upstairs, and suffers from pain and fever. Emily waits kindly on mamma. She takes her food to her every day, and helps her to the things while she eats. She loves her dear mamma very tenderly. Her mamma says she would not know what she should do without such a dear little daughter.

WHERE DO THE BIRDIES GO?

MAMMA, where do the birdies go in the winter? I will tell you, Effie. In autumn when the winds begin to blow cold, many of them go far away to the South where never gets cold. You know there are countries where it never snows, where there is no winter, and no ice. There the trees are green all the year. The birdies go to those lands, and when we have winter here they are singing there among the green leaves of the trees. God teaches them when to go, and which way to fly.

THE Church of God hath for its port the Cross—its suburbs Calvary—its baptism the tear of Penitence.