

CHRIST AND THE LITTLE ONES.

Out from among the crowd
Of listeners standing by—
From among the Pharisees, stern and proud,
And Rulers, learned and high—
An innocent babe did Jesus call,
And placed him there, in the midst of all.

And when the dear mothers pressed
Close to the Master's side—
Eager to have their children blessed
Though the multitude deride—
He said, as they gathered around his knee,
"Suffer them all to come to me.

O what a wondrous place
For the little ones to fill—
Type of the kingdom of his grace
In those who love his will.
Then come to Christ and be reconciled,
With the trusting faith of a little child.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1892.

THE CAMEL AND THE MILLER.

Did you ever hear the fable of the camel and the miller?

One night a miller was waked up by his camel trying to get its nose in the tent. "It's very cold out here," said the camel. "I only want to put my nose in." The miller made no objection. After a while the camel asked leave to have his neck in, and his forefeet; and so, little by little, it crowded in its whole body. This, as you may well think, was very disagreeable to the miller, and he bitterly complained to the forth putting beast. "If you don't like it, you may go," answered the camel. "As for me I have possession, and I shall stay. You can't get rid of me now."

Do you know what that camel is like? Bad habits; little sins. A young man is asked to drink. He takes one glass, only a glass. Then he takes two. By-and-bye he is out on a spree. Intemperance has got its fore-paws on him. He neglects to rouse up and shake them off. So, little by little, it gains ground, until it gets the mastery, and too late he finds he has lost place, power, character, everything.

Coveting puts its nose in the soul, breathing only wishes, little wishes. It is not thrust out. Desires for ill-gotten gain grow stronger and stronger. They get a footing; they fill the mind; they take possession; and at last lead to stealing, robbery, or murder.

Guard against the first approaches, the most plausible excuses, only the nose of sin. If you do not, you are in danger. It will surely edge itself slowly in, and you are overpowered before you know it. Be on your guard. Watch.

THE UNEXPECTED ANSWER.

SOMETHING stayed his feet. There was a fire in the grate within, for the night was chill, and it lit the little parlour, and brought out in startling effects the pictures on the wall. But these were as nothing to the pictures on the hearth. There, by the soft glow of the firelight, knelt his little child at its mother's feet, its small hands clasped in prayer, its fair head bowed, and its rosy lips uttering each word with childish distinctness. The father listened, spellbound to the spot—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

Sweet innocence! The man himself who stood there with bearded lips tightly shut together, had said that prayer once at his mother's knee. Where was that mother now? The sunset gates had long ago unbarred to let her pass through. But the child had not yet finished, he heard her "God bless mamma, papa and my own self." Then there was a pause, and she lifted her troubled blue eyes to her mother's face. "God bless papa," lisped the little one, "and please send him home sober." He could not hear the mother as she said this, but the child followed in a clear, inspiring tone. "God—bless papa—and please—send him—home—sober." Amen.

Mother and child sprang to their feet in alarm when the door opened suddenly, and

they saw who had returned so soon, that night, when little Mamie was tucked in bed after such a romp with papa, she said in the sleepest and contented of voices: "Mamma, God swears most as quick as the telephone doesn't he."

DRINKING A TEAR.

"Boys, I won't drink unless you do what I do," said old Josh Spilit, in reply to an invitation. He was a toper of old standing and abundant capacity, and boys looked at him with astonishment.

"The idea," one of them replied, "you should prescribe conditions, make laugh. Perhaps you want to force on your abominable mixtures down us. We are the chief of mixed drinkers, and won't agree to your conditions."

"He wants us to run in castor oil and brandy," said the Judge, who would have taken the oil to get the brandy.

"No, I'm square. Take my drink, I'm with you."

The boys agreed, and all stood along the bar. They turned to Spilit, and all looked at him with interest.

"Mr. Bartender," said he, "give me a glass of water."

"What! water?"

"Yes, water. It's a new drink to me. I'll admit, and it's a scarce article, I expect. Several days ago a party of us went fishing. We took a fine lot of whiskey along, and had a heap of fun. 'Toward evening I got powerful drunk, crawled off under a tree and went to sleep. The boys drank up all the whiskey, came back to town. They thought it was a good joke because they had left me there drunk, and told it around town as a mighty bluster. My son got hold of the report and told it at home. Well, I was under the tree all night, and when I woke in the morning my wife sat right there beside me. She said nothing when I woke up, but turned her head away, and I could see she was choking.

"I wish I had something to drink," said I. Then she took up a cup that she had brought with her, and went to the spring came up, and dipped up a cup and handed it to me. Just as she did she leaned over to hide her eyes. I saw a tear drop into the water. I took the cup and, raising my hands, I vowed that I would never drink my wife's tears, and had for the last twenty years, and that was going to stop. You boys know what was that left me. You were all in the game. Another glass of water, please."