

THE CHILD'S CREED.

I believe in God the Father,
Who made us every one,
Who made the earth and heaven,
The moon and stars and sun.
All that we have each day
To us by him is given;
We call him when we pray,
"Our Father who art in heaven."

I believe in Jesus Christ,
The Father's only Son,
Who came to us from heaven,
And loved us every one.
He taught us to be holy
Till on the cross he died,
And now we call him Saviour,
And Christ the crucified.

I believe God's Holy Spirit
Is with us every day,
And if we do not grieve him
He will never go away
From heaven upon Jesus
He descended like a dove,
And he dwelleth ever with us,
To fill our hearts with love.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 18, 1897.

EFFECT OF A HYMN.

A Hong Kong correspondent of the Boston News tells an interesting incident. He had been entrusted with packages for a young man from his friends in the United States, and after inquiry learned that he might probably be found in a gambling-house. He went thither, but not seeing him, determined to wait, in the expectation that he might come in. The place was a bedlam of noises—men getting angry over their cards and frequently coming to blows. Near him sat two men—one young, the other forty years of age. They were betting and drinking in a terrible way, the

older one continually giving utterance to the foulest profanity. Two games had been finished, the young man losing each time. The third game, with fresh bottles of brandy, had just begun, and the young man sat lazily back in his chair, while the elder shuffled the cards. The man was a long time dealing the cards, and the young man looking carelessly about the room, began to hum a tune. He began to sing that beautiful one of Phoebe Cary's:

"One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
I'm nearer to my Father's House,
Than I've ever been before.

"Nearer the bounds of life,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving my cross,
Nearer wearing my crown."

At first, says the writer, these words in such a vile place made me shudder. A Sabbath-school hymn in a gambling-den! But while the young man sang, the elder stopped dealing the cards, staring at the singer a moment, and throwing the cards on the floor, exclaimed: "Harry, where did you learn that tune?"

"What tune?"

"Why, the one you have been singing."

The young man said he did not know what he was singing, when the elder repeated the words, with tears in his eyes, and the man said, he had learned them in a Sunday-school in America.

"Come," said the elder, getting up; "Come, Harry; here's what I've won from you; go and use it for some good purpose. As for me, as God sees me, I have played my last game and drank my last bottle. I have misused you, Harry, and I'm sorry. Give me your hand, my boy, and say that for old America's sake, if for no other, you will quite this infernal business."

The writer says, those two men left the gambling-house together and walked away arm in arm; and as he went away himself, he thought, "Verily, God moves in a mysterious way."

NO DIFFERENCE.

BY JULIA A. TIRRELL.

Will came in from school in a half-ashamed way, hiding his report card under the corner of his jacket. Mamma held out her hand, and Will reluctantly gave it up. "What! poor marks again this month? O Will, why don't you study?"

"It makes no difference about the marks now, mother. There's plenty of time. By-and-bye I'll show you what I can do."

"No difference! Suppose a man intending to build a house thought the foundation of no consequence. What would you think of him? Don't you know it's the foundation you are laying, my boy? Your future success depends largely upon your knowledge of arithmetic and grammar and—"

Will silenced any further "preaching,"

as he called it, by an emphatic hug and kiss.

"O, yes, ma; I know it all. You'll be proud of your boy yet, just wait and see." With a rush and a whoop he was off for the pantry, from which he soon emerged with bulging pockets.

Mrs. Welles watched him fondly as he ran down the street to join his friends; but I think a little more care on his part would have smoothed the wrinkles gathering on her forehead.

At the end of the school year Will found he was not to be promoted with his class. Another year as senior in the grammar school enabled him to "squeeze through," as he said, and with glowing plans for the future he became a high-school student.

"Welles, you must give more time to your Latin," said the master one day. "You haven't had a fair recitation this week. You have good abilities. With study there's no reason why you shouldn't excel. Haven't you any ambition?"

"Why, yes, sir, but there are so many things to attend to now, and I can't see that my standing here makes much difference. When I go to college I expect to lead my class."

The master's reply was all unheeded, for though Will appeared to attend, and said, "Yes, sir," now and then, he was really planning for the ball match of the morrow.

Four years of high-school, and Will was admitted to college. I cannot say that he was prepared for college, but he was admitted.

"Now you'll see what I can do," he told his mother at parting. "I've been foolish long enough. Now I shall begin study in earnest."

To his surprise he found that his record was known at college. The best students avoided or treated him indifferently. "We always find out the previous standing of a new man," some one told him.

He set to work determined to win for himself a name; but aside from his poor record he found his former habits were like chains to bind him down. In vain he sighed for neglected opportunities.

Near the close of his second year Mrs. Welles died, the property took to itself wings, and Will found himself thrown on his own resources. He looked for employment in his native town. "We need a new assistant," said the high-school master, shaking his head; "I wish your Greek and Latin had been more satisfactory." Another friend spoke of a position in the bank, but the old grammar-school teacher would not recommend him as quick or accurate in accounts. The minister spoke of him as honest. "But we need trained minds as well as honest purposes in our offices," said the business men of the place. At last he accepted a position as porter in a furniture shop. The work was hard, the pay small, but it was employment.

"Don't tell me it makes no difference," he often says to careless boys who are neglecting their studies. "I tell you it does make a vast difference."