

MOTHER'S FACE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

THREE little boys talked together
One sunny summer day,
And I leaned out of the window
To hear what they had to say.

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"
One of the little boys said,
"Was a bird in grandpa's garden,
All black and white and red."

"The prettiest thing I ever saw,"
Said the second little lad,
"Was a pony at my uncle's—
I wanted him very bad."

"I think," said the the third little fellow,
With a grave and gentle grace,
"That the prettiest thing in all the world
Is just my mother's face."

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 18, 1886.

THE SAFE GUIDE.

PERHAPS some of our little readers sometimes say, "What is the good of always telling us we must start on the road to heaven, we must follow the path to the kingdom. How can we find the way?" Well, I am come to tell you now of a Guide for the journey. You know when people travel up the Swiss mountains, or through the deserts in the East, they need a guide; they do not know the way or the dangers, so they hire a man who does, to show them the way; and the more they trust him, the more fully they follow him. He has been over the whole way before, and so he knows how to guide the people through. Now the Lord Jesus is a Guide. He says, "I will instruct thee, and teach thee in the way that thou shalt go. I will guide thee with mine eye." Follow him in the way.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

AN intelligent and sparkling-eyed boy of ten years sat upon the steps of his father's dwelling, deeply absorbed with a highly embellished but pernicious book, calculated to poison and deprave the young mind. His father, approaching, at a glance discovered the character of the book.

"George, what have you there?"

The little fellow looked up with a confused air, and promptly gave the name of the author. The father gently remonstrated, and pointing out to him the danger of reading such books, and left him with the book closed by his side.

In a few moments his father discovered a light, and on enquiring the cause, it was ascertained that the little fellow had consigned the pernicious book to the flames.

"My son, what have you done?"

"Burnt that book, papa."

"How came you to do that, George?"

"Because, papa, I believed you knew better than I what was for my good."

"But would it not have been better to have kept the leaves for other purposes, rather than destroy them?"

"Papa, might not others have read and been injured by them?"

Here is a "threefold act"—a trust in his father's word, evincing "love," and "obedience," and care for the good of others. If this child exercised such faith in his earthly parents, how much more should we, like little children, exercise a simple, true-hearted, implicit faith in God, whose word is always to be confided in.

DOING ERRANDS FOR CHRIST.

"MAMMA," said a little five-year old boy, "I wish Jesus lived on earth now."

"Why, my darling?"

"Because I should have liked so much to have done something for him."

"But what could such a little bit of a fellow as you are have done for the Saviour?"

The child hesitated a few moments, then looked up into his mother's face and said, "Why, mother, I could have run on all his errands for him."

"So you could, my child, and so you shall. Here is a glass of jelly and some oranges I was going to send to poor old sick Margaret by the servant, but I will let you take them, instead, and do an errand for the Saviour, for when upon earth he said, 'Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these ye did it unto me.'" So remember, children, whenever you do any kind act for anybody because you love Jesus, it is just the same as if the Saviour were now living on the earth and you were doing it for him.—*The Illustrator*.



A THIEF CAUGHT.

THE boy in the picture was engaged by some sportsmen to go with them and help run after the partridges and quail that they shot. I am sorry to say he was not an honest boy, and when one of the men, while at dinner, hung his coat on a tree, the boy snatched his purse out of the pocket and made off with it. He was rather a foolish boy, for he thought if he climbed into a tree he would not be seen; but he was soon found and the sportsmen determined to teach him a good lesson. Holding out a blanket by the four corners they told him he must drop into it, and when he refused one of them took an axe and began to cut down the tree. This soon made him fall, when the men caught him in the blanket and tossed him up in the air several times. He promised faithfully that he would never steal again, when they let him off. Boys, never touch what does not belong to you, no matter how small. Remember, "Honesty is the best policy" both for this world and for the world to come.

IS GOD HERE?

ONCE when a man was shaving, his razor slipped and made a slight wound on his face. He was an old swearer, and at once he pronounced the word "God," taking that holy name in vain.

His little daughter, who was watching him, said, "Is God here?"

"Why do you ask that?" said the man, much ashamed.

"'Cause I heard you speak to him."

O that every swearer would have some one to put him in mind that God is here, and hears every word!