

LITTLE THINGS.

ONLY a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give,
But as pennies make the dollars,
It will help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon,
Some toys—they were not now—
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy too

A wor now and then of comfort,
That cost me nothing to say,
But the poor, old man died happy,
And it helped him on the way

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Canadian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly	2 00
Guardian and Magazine together	2 50
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Banner, monthly	0 50
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 50
6 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Succor, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Boreen Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 25 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; per 100	0 50

A. CROSS—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
102 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 32 Temperance St.,
TORONTO.

O. W. COATES, 3 Miloury Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HURST, Meth. Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1892.

THE BEST GOD COULD DO.

It had been a sad, hard winter for Mrs. Throp and little Benny. Whooping cough and bronchitis had seized the little fellow like two cruel gaolers, and held on to him all winter. These gaolers could not let him rest by day, they would not let him sleep at night, they would not let him eat his breakfast in peace, they often made him lose his dinner; they shook him, they racked him, they made him sad and tired, oh, it was a hard time for Benny, and a harder time for Benny's mother.

One day a postman, in a big overcoat, with a cape to it, came pounding at their little door, and left a letter for "Mrs. Amelia Throp, No 9 East Front Street." What do you suppose that letter held? Bushels and bushels of sunshine, white and yellow daisies, butterflies and birds!

How could one little letter carry so much? Why, there was money in it from Cousin James, to bring mother and Benny down to Georgia, where spring-time had come

already, though we were walking on snow and ice.

When Cousin Susie first carried Benny, in her strong young arms, out to the sunny Georgia field, and he felt the sweet soft air, heard the mocking bird singing like a choir, and saw the yellow jessamine running mad over everything, he laughed aloud with delight, then, drawing his thin white little face into soberness, "Cousin Susie," he said, "I don't believe God can make any place prettier than this, do you?"

But Benny will know some day, when his time comes to cross the river of death, that God has made our heavenly home more sweet and beautiful than we can ever think or imagine here.

ADELE'S FAIRY.

ONCE upon a time a little French girl, whose name was Adele, sat upon a hassock waiting to put on her shoes, and wishing some one would come and dress her. The breakfast bell had rung, but still she did not move.

Suddenly a funny little woman came along and stopped right before her. She had bright, shining eyes, rosy cheeks and pretty white hair, and carried a basket on her arm.

Adele was afraid of the stranger at first, but the pretty woman smiled and said: "My dear, I am Mrs. Always B. Content, and live in Sunshine Terrace; sometimes I'm called Always Busy, or the good fairy that multiplies things. How can I help you smooth out the frowns and puckers that are spoiling your pretty face?"

The little girl found courage to tell her friend that she was just wishing that she didn't have to go to school and study those tiresome lessons; she wanted to take long walks and play in the fields where the flowers grow.

"I never have anything like other girls; Estelle has a lovely string of beads," she continued. This prompted the fairy to lift the cover of her basket and say.

"You will have six times as many strings as Estelle; so pick them out, my dear."

Oh! how beautiful; there lay on pink cotton ever so many strings of lovely pearl beads, just what she wanted.

The little girl reached out her hand, hesitated and then began to cry because she did not know how many to take. She must take six times as many, no more, no less.

This made the good fairy feel pity for Adele, so she said and closed the lid of the basket: "Since you do not know how many you want, I will go away and come again in Springtime, and perhaps your good friends yonder (pointing to the books in the bag) will help you to become one of my family. Then you will know how to count your trials.

"By forgetting ourselves we increase our own happiness and that of every one around us."

Don't loiter by the way to and from school. Don't dawdle in the morning

when you are dressing. Learn to do everything quickly and well. I know somebody who sits on the floor with a shoe in her hand, dreaming away—consequently has to be called many times for breakfast."

While Mrs. Always Busy talked, Adele's face turned crimson.

"How did this fairy know she did that?"

The truth is there are many little ma like Adele. Are you?

THE RIGHT SPIRIT.

JANE and Mary started out for a walk one Saturday afternoon. They were schoolmates and were often together, their parents were old friends. The children were very different in disposition in spite of their intimacy, for Jane was inclined to be very haughty, while Mary was sweet and gentle.

The two little girls were walking along wondering what they would buy with their pocket money, of which they had generous allowance, as their fathers could afford to give it to them.

While they were walking they came to a poor little girl sitting upon the curbstone trying to sell dolls. Mary stopped to speak to her, she looked so pale and tired.

"Oh! come on, Mary," said Jane. "Don't waste your time over beggars;" but Mary would not go until she had found out where the little girl lived and something about her. Then she took her allowance from her pocket and gave it to her. The poor child could hardly thank her, she wanted her to take her doll, but Mary said: "No, I do not want the dolls, take them and buy something for yourself with the money I gave you."

"Well," said Jane, walking haughtily off, "you are very silly, Mary, to believe the story of every beggar you see, besides you needn't have given all your money."

"I couldn't help it, Jane, she is so poor and needy," said Mary.

When Mary went home, she told her parents about the little girl and where she lived. Mamma went to see her and made her more comfortable.

Whom do you think was the happier, Jane, who bought something to please herself, or Mary?

GIVE A KIND WORD.

A FRIEND of the Lord Jesus once met a lame man. When he saw the man stretching out his hand to him he said and said, "I have neither gold nor silver, but what I have I give unto thee."

"What did he give him?"

He healed him. No one now can help to a poor person; but there is something which everyone can give.

"What is it?"

A kind word. Even little children can give that. The poor and unhappy are pleased when anyone speaks kindly to them.