

DO YOUR BEST.

Do your best, your very best,
And do it every day,
Little boys and little girls,
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,
At home, or at your school,
Do your best with right good will;
It is the golden rule.

For he who always does his best,
His best will better grow;
But he who shirks or slights his task,
Lets all the better go.

What if your lessons should be hard?
You need not yield to sorrow,
For he who bravely works to-day,
His tasks grow light to-morrow.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 21, 1888.

OUR HAND IN CHRIST'S.

A LITTLE girl lay on her dying bed. She had been suffering from a sad and painful disease. The doctors had tried all they could to cure her, but in vain. They had given her up. They could do no more for her. Not long before, this dear child's step had been as light, her face as bright, and her heart as joyous as those of any of her companions. But now her body was racked with pain, death was laying his cold hand upon her, and she was soon to enter into eternity.

Her loving father sat by her bedside, watching the look of pain on the pale face of his suffering child.

"Nannie, dear," he said, with quivering lip, and his eyes filled with tears, "do you feel sad at the thought of dying?"

"No, dear papa," she replied, as a sweet smile lighted up her dying face; "my hand

is all the while in the hand of Jesus, and he will not let it go."

How beautiful this was! And how tender and loving it was in Jesus to come near in this way to the dear child when she was dying, and take all her fear away by making her feel as if he was holding her hand in his, and would not let it go.

And thus we have spoken of the three things in Jesus which make him such a wonderful Saviour. He has great power, great willingness, and great tenderness. And it was because the angel Gabriel knew he had these great things that he said to Joseph, his reputed father, before he was born, "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."

LET ME HELP YOU.

"I SHALL never do my sum," sighed little Nellie; and tears fell fast on her slate. "I am sure I never shall; I do not know the way."

"What is the matter, Nellie?" said her school-fellow Emma, kissing her. "Don't cry; let me help you."

Nellie soon saw how the sum was to be done, and began working in earnest. In a few minutes the slate presented quite a different appearance; as did also Nellie's face, which was now covered with smiles.

This was not much for Emma to do, and yet she felt an inward pleasure, for she had made a heart glad. If we wish to be happy, we must try to make others happy also, and, as the Apostle Paul says, "be kind to one another."

DAISY'S TALKING DOLLS.

"DING-A-LING-A-LING; school has begun, and any doll who doesn't sit up without tumbling down will be put to bed at once."

So said Miss Daisy, as she sat with her five dolls ranged along the back of the sofa.

"Now," she continued, "this is a primer, and a beautiful one with pictures, too. Old Susanna, please spell cat."

"D-o-g, cat," replied a voice. Daisy looked astonished. She looked all around the room, but no one was in sight.

"Old Susanna, did you just speak, really and truly?" said Daisy, with her blue eyes getting pretty big.

"Yes, marm," said a low voice.

"Miss Hop-o-my-Thumb, you please spell dog."

"C-a-t, dog," said a very small voice in a very high key, and then all the dolls began talking at the same time and dancing up and down on the sofa until they all tumbled over on their heads and began to groan very sadly.

"O, what is the matter with my dolls?" cried Daisy, really alarmed.

"We want candy—all you've got," said a very small voice.

"I've only a little bit of cough candy," said Daisy.

"All right; just put it under the sofa, and old Susanna will reach over the back and get it."

So Daisy put her hand under the sofa and the candy was taken out; but old Susanna didn't stir a finger, yet the candy was gone, and somebody said:

"That's good candy?"

It was Daisy's brother Jim under the sofa all the time. He had made believe that the dolls spoke, when he did it all himself, and he kicked the bottom of the sofa to make them tumble over; and then he did the groaning, too. Nasty brother Jim.—*Christian at Work.*

JOY OVER THE SAVED.

A GENTLEMAN was once travelling down the Ohio river in a steamboat. He was acquainted with the captain of the boat. As they were talking together one day, the captain pointed to the pilot, who was standing by the wheel.

"That pilot," said the captain, "is a remarkably brave, good fellow. Some weeks ago, he asked me to take the helm. I did so, and he jumped overboard to save the life of a boy, whom he saw struggling in the water. He did it at the risk of his own life. But he saved the boy."

"I went up to the brave man," said this gentleman, "to have a little talk with him."

"Do you ever see the boy whom you saved?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, sir; every trip that we make he comes down to see me."

"And how do you feel towards him when you see him?"

"More than I can tell you," cried he. "I feel a deeper interest in that boy than even in any of my own seven children at home, for whom I never ran such risk."

This gives us a beautiful illustration of what Jesus meant, when he said that there is more joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety-and-nine just persons, like the angels, that need no repentance. And so, wonderful as it appears, it is yet true that when we are trying to serve Jesus, and take him as our Saviour, he feels a more tender interest in us than he does in any of the angels of heaven. And the reason is that he died for us; but he never died for the angels.