

CHILD-MINISTRY.

"AND a little child shall lead them"—
Oh the sweetness of the word!—
In the grand millennial glory
Ere the coming of the Lord.

Little children at all be helpers,
Sharers, too, in all the joy;
Gracious words their lips shall utter,
Gracious deeds their hands employ.

In those latter days of splendour,
As of old in Galilee,
Christ, the Lord, will welcome children
Love's sweet ministers to be.

Work there is for old disciples;
"Feed my lambs," Christ says to them;
But the little ones he'll cherish,
Childish love he'll ne'er condemn.

Welcome, then, dear little workers,
Bringing Christ your youth's rich dew;
If till death you're true and faithful,
Crowns unfading wait for you.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 23, 1889.

THE MISSIONARY LADY'S STORY.

THIS lady had been teaching in India where, several years ago, there was a very dreadful famine. Very many people could get nothing to eat, and actually died of starvation. Many children lost father and mother, and then were gathered into homes called orphanages by the missionaries. In one of these, there were at one time some six hundred children; and, while the missionaries fed and clothed them, they also taught them of Jesus, of whom many of them had never heard before.

Two of these little children became very sick; and, as it was plain that one of them

could live but a short time, the kind teacher said to her, "You will soon be with Jesus."

The other child, who lay in a bed near her, said, "Teacher, will she go to Jesus before I do?"

"I think she will," was the reply.

Then the child reached out in her little hand three pennies which had been given her, and, calling the other child by name, she said, "Carry these to Jesus, and tell him I send them, because I love him."

So this dear little child, though born a heathen, did the best she knew to express her love to Jesus.—*Little Helpers.*

EVERY-DAY BLESSINGS.

EMILY was walking by the garden wall when she heard some one say, "Oh, Emily!"

She looked up and saw a very sorry little face peeping over the wall.

"What makes you look so sober, Nannie?" said Emily.

"Oh," said Nannie, "Uncle George was going to take me riding this morning, and he couldn't go."

"That's too bad," said Emily. "But as you have to stay at home, hadn't you better think of the pleasant things at home?"

"I don't think there are many pleasant things," said Nannie, shaking her head.

"Don't you hear the birds sing?"

"Yes."

"And can't you see the flowers?"

"Yes."

"And don't you see the sun shine? Our little Faith sometimes says it must be God smiling at us, it is so bright and sweet,"

"But I see all these things every day," said Nannie.

"Yes," said Emily, "and] mamma says that is why we forget to be thankful for them. She says there are many, many poor little boys and girls shut up in hot, close places where there are no birds and sunshine and flowers."

"I wish we could give them some of ours," said Nannie.

"So do I. Perhaps we can some day. But till then don't you think we ought to thank God for giving them to us?"

"Yes, I do," said Nannie.

TAUGHT BY THE CHILDREN.

A LITTLE boy one night was suddenly seized with croup. He became so ill that he thought he was likely to die. Then, however, he remembered that Jesus had died for sinners—that his blood can cleanse from all sin—and that he who cometh to God in Christ shall not be cast out.

He got on his knees, and prayed most

earnestly. "O God!" he cried, "wash from all my sins in my Saviour's blood and then I shall be whiter than snow. Almost immediately after this his anxiety fled.

"Mother," said he, "I need not fear to die, for I am washed in my Saviour's blood." He believed the promise that we ask we shall receive, and that "who ever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

A girl was weeping at the door of a minister of the congregation with which her parents were connected. The good pastor found her there and invited her to enter his study. Kindly inquiring the reason of her grief, the child replied—

"Oh, sir, I have been a great sinner in my life. I have lived seven years without God and without Christ. Do you think such a sinner as I can be forgiven?"

Then the minister explained to her the gospel—that God so loved the world as to give his dear Son to die so that he might be able to pardon us, and that whosoever accepts Christ as his Saviour from wrath and sin is forgiven at once and becomes a child of God. The young inquirer welcomed the good tidings with all her heart. She was filled with joy and peace in believing, and lived to prove, by the training up of a family of her own for God, that she had as a little child received the grace of God in truth.

GOOD AND BAD CHILDREN.

CHILDREN, you are very little,
And your bones are very brittle;
If you would grow great and stately,
You must try to walk sedately.

You must still be bright and quiet,
And content with simple diet;
And remain, through all bewildering,
Innocent and honest children.

Happy hearts and happy faces,
Happy play in grassy places—
That was how, in ancient ages,
Children grew to kings and sages.

But the unkind and the unruly
And the sort who eat unduly,
They must never hope for glory—
Theirs is quite a different story.

Cruel children, crying babies,
All grow up as geese and gabies,
Hated, as their age increases,
By their nephews and their nieces.

As God's light shines into your hearts,
You will see more and more of your depravity,
and of your absolute need of Christ