

BABY.

Now what shall we do for the baby,

To make her a birthday sweet?

She came in the wintry weather,

In blustering wind and sleet.

There is not a flower in the garden,

There is not a bird to sing,

And all in a row on the leafless vine

The sharp white icicles cling.

Oh, what does it matter to baby!

Her world is warm as a nest;

The song that her mother sings her

Is the music she loves best.

She laughs to hear in the twilight

The bleak winds whistle and blow,

And the small white icicles swing and ring

Like crystal bells in a row.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 25, 1887.

IT SHINES ALL THROUGH.

LOUIE is a dear little child, always quiet and attentive at the Sunday-school. Though she cannot read, she brings her little Testament with her, and sits with it open in her hand while the other children are reading their Bible lessons. Her mother told me, about a week ago, that Louie often sits looking at her Testament at home, and that one day while doing so, she said, as if to herself: "There are no pictures in this book because it is God's book, and shines all through!"

What a sweet thought, dear children, was is not? Can you say it shines all through? Can you see brightness in God's book? If it is as yet all dark and mysterious to you, may God open your eyes by His Spirit that you may see how his word shines, and take it as the lamp that will light your feet through this dark world to the unclouded brightness of his presence!

JOHNNY'S TEARS.

JOHNNY had a great trial. He was sitting on the floor, looking over his pictures, and baby toddled up and tore one right across, one of the very prettiest. Johnny called out, "O mamma, see:" and began to cry.

"Johnny," said mamma, as she took baby away, "did you know tears are salt water?"

Johnny checked a sob and looked up.

"No," he said, with great interest; "are they? How did you find out, mamma?"

"Oh, somebody told me so when I was a little girl, and I tried a tear and found it was true."

"Real salt water," asked Johnny.

"Yes, try and see."

Johnny would very gladly have tried if he could only have found a tear. But by that time there was not one left, and his eyes were so clear and bright it was no use hoping for any more that time. He looked at the torn picture, but it did not make him feel bad any more. All he could think of was whether tears tasted like salt water.

"Next time I cry I will find out!" he determined.

That very afternoon while climbing over the top of the rocking chair he fell and got a great bump. It was too much for any little boy, and too much for Johnny, and he was just beginning to cry loudly when he happened to think what a good chance this was going to be to catch some tears. He put up his finger too quick in fact, for there had not a tear come yet worth mentioning, and now that his thoughts had wandered from the bump, he could not seem to cry about it any more. So that chance was lost.

"I can't get a single tear to taste of, mamma!" he said ruefully.

WHAT WILL YOU BE?

WE see two boys standing side by side—both are intelligent-looking and kind-looking; but one becomes an idle, shiftless fellow, and the other an influential and useful man. Perhaps when they were both boys no one could have seen much difference between them; when they were men the contrast was marked. One became dissolute step by step; as one went up the other went down. It is a question of great moment—What will you be? One determines he will do right and improve his powers and opportunities to the utmost. He is industrious, learns his business, becomes a partner or proprietor, and is known as a man of influence and power. Another does not determine to be bad, but is lazy, and neglects to improve his opportunities. He shirks work; he fools

around; next he is seen with tobacco, and probably beer and whiskey follow; his appearance shows he is unhealthy; he does not do his work well, he loses his position, and becomes intemperate and probably criminal. There are many to-day who are standing at the parting-place. You can take one path and you will go down as sure as the sun rises. If you prefer to hang around a saloon to reading good books at home, then you are on the road to ruin. You do not obey your parents, if you run away from school, if you lie, if you swear you will surely go down in life. If a boy steadily improves his time, tries to learn his business, obey his father and mother, truthful and industrious, is respectful and pleasing toward others, he will succeed. No one can stop his doing well in life. He has determined that he will be a noble specimen of a man and every good person will help him.—*Scholar's Companion.*

RETURN GOOD FOR EVIL.

"I'll pay him back, see if I don't!" exclaimed Tommy as he came running into the house with a flushed and angry face.

"Who are you going to pay back?" asked his mother.

"Walter Jones. He took my marbles and ran away," said Tommy.

"I hope you will pay him in a good way," said his mother.

Tommy hung his head and said nothing for he was ashamed to tell just how mean he was going to treat Walter.

"I am afraid you intend to act just as badly as Walter has done. Think better of it, my son, and return good for evil. If you do not forgive, you cannot ask to be forgiven."

That night when Tommy came to bed he placed where it says, "Forgive our debtors—we forgive our debtors," he stopped.

"Why don't you go on?" asked his mother.

"I can't: I haven't forgiven Walter," said Tommy.

"Then you had better ask Jesus to help you forgive him right now."

Tommy did so, and when he had finished his prayer he went to bed with a happy heart.

Dear children, how can you ask God to forgive you while you carry a bitter and unforgiving spirit within you. Forgive and return good for evil, and then when you pray to be forgiven you can feel that God hears and answers your prayer.—*Selected.*

THE Bible is a book worth all other books which were ever printed.