

LITTLE THINGS.

LITTLE beams of brightness,
Little gems of love,
Make the blissful Eden
Of the realms above.

And the little angels,
Singing as they roam,
Make that land delightful
For a heavenly home.

So may little children,
As a little band,
Brighten every footstep
To that heavenly land.

Little prayers devoted,
Little songs of praise,
To our blessed Father,
Brighten all our days.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 2, 1889.

DUTIES OF CHILDREN TO THEIR PARENTS.

"CHILDREN, obey your parents in the Lord; for this is right. Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise; that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth." Eph. 6. 1-3.

Children who are dutiful to their parents enjoy the approbation of God and of all who witness or know this part of their conduct. On the other hand, such children as treat their parents with disobedience and disrespect are commonly punished in some way or other by the frown of Divine Providence in this life, as well as by the disapprobation and inward contempt of all who know them, both good and bad.

They that disregard their parents or treat them with disrespect, are guilty of the gross-

est ingratitude to their best earthly benefactors, who befriended them in that helpless period when they were unable to protect themselves, or relieve their own wants. A consciousness of guilt in this respect must trouble their repose on a dying bed and accompany them as a miserable inmate into the world of spirit. Beware, children, how you treat your parents. Remember with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.

OUR FATHER'S CARE.

"Did you say your prayers this morning, daughter?"

"No, mother," said little Griselda; "I forgot to do it."

"Suppose God should forget to take care of you to-day?" said the mother.

Griselda was ready to go down to the ice-pond, and was in a hurry to be off. "Oh, never mind," she said, impatiently; "I don't need any care to-day."

"Very well," said her mother, "I will not make you kneel down, for our Father is not pleased with unwilling prayers, but I shall ask God's protection for you." She kneeled down at her chair, and while pouting little Griselda stood waiting at the door, the mother asked the heavenly Father's protection upon them during the day.

Then in warm wraps and caps, with skates strapped at their waists, Griselda and her mother set out for the pond, followed by Gypsy, the little white dog. For several hours they skated up and down in the bright morning sunshine, Gyp enjoying the sport as much as the others.

"Come, mother," said the little girl, "let's take one last stretch out beyond the tree before we go home."

"I don't know about that," answered the mother; "the ice is evidently getting rotten, and I don't see any skaters in that direction."

"Oh, come, mother! the water is shallow there; it wouldn't hurt us if we did fall in." And with her mother's consent, Griselda tossed her rubber ball far away over the shining ice for Gyp to run after, while she and her mother followed rapidly.

But before Gyp had reached the ball the ice gave way and down he went with a yelp into the cold water.

This brought the skaters to a sudden stop, and then a gentleman called to them to turn back, as there was a deep hole just beyond.

Little Gyp struggled back, shivering and whining, to the top of the ice, and Griselda walked home very slowly, thinking how good God was to take such tender care of a careless and unmindful little girl.

BOYS AND GIRLS PLAYING.

I SEE children playing "tug-of-war." They are very happy and their merry shouts can be heard at a great distance.

I think 'two things as I look upon them.

I was reading yesterday of a village school in Turkey where the people do not know of Jesus and his love, and the missionaries have gone to teach them. The teacher says it would make us weep to see their children—not one smile on all those little faces; a merry childish laugh is never heard among them when they first come to school. But a new light comes into their life when they begin to read the New Testament. When they are in the yard you can always tell the difference between the new scholars and those who have been in school long enough to learn to read, for these laugh and play.

The other thing the scene makes me think of is the verse in the Bible: "The city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof." This city was old Jerusalem; and I think the verse refers also to the new Jerusalem—heaven. It shows us that God loves the boys and girls, and loves to have them play. It is not a sin to run about and skip and jump. Only be loving, pure, and kind and try to do just as Jesus would do if he were in your place.

A SWEARING FATHER.

A FATHER was swearing awfully one day; he had often been rebuked for it, but never felt the rebuke; but on that occasion using a most horrible expression to his wife, his little daughter, in fright, ran behind the door and began to cry. She sobbed aloud until her father heard her. He said to her, "What are you crying for?" "Please, father," she said, and kept on crying. He cried out roughly, "I will know what you are crying about;" and the child replied, "Dear father, I was crying because I am so afraid you will go to hell, for teacher says that swearers must go there." "There," said the man, "dry your eyes, child—I will never swear any more." He kept his word, and soon he went to see where his daughter had learned her holy lesson.

A VAIN LITTLE GIRL.

BESSIE is a vain little girl. She loves fine dress, and spends hours looking at herself in the glass. She thinks her face is pretty, and sometimes she takes a hand-glass with her to bed, so that she may admire herself after she lies down. I am sorry to say that she does not love her books, and that sometimes she does not obey her mamma and papa.