

LITTLE LIPS.

LITTLE lips that dimple
With a joyous smile,
Which with words so simple,
Oft my heart beguile.

May those sweet lips never
Speak the thing that's wrong;
Be their love notes ever
Truth's most lovely song.

Sing it, darling, sing it,
Through thy life's long day;
Never for a minute,
Let fear thy warblings stay.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 90 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp. 8vo.	0 60
Quarterly Review Service By the year, 25c. a dozen; \$2	
per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 20
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 20
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	6 00

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal. S. F. HUSTON, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N. S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1887.

NELLIE'S DAILY BREAD.

"MAMMA," said little Nellie one day at breakfast, suddenly, "every morning I pray to God to give me my daily bread, but really it is you who gives it to me—isn't it?"

"Let us think a moment about that, Nellie," replied her mother. "Where do I get the bread I give you?"

"From the baker, mamma."

"And he gets the flour out of which he makes it from the miller, and the miller gets the grain out of which he made the flour from the farmer, and the farmer gets the grain—where does the farmer get the grain, my little girl?"

"Why, out of the ground," said Nellie. "Don't you remember uncle George was cutting wheat and oats when we were at the farm?"

"Well, now, suppose that uncle George put grain in the ground, and God sent no sunshine, and no dew, and no rain, would uncle George have any harvest?"

"Why, no," said Nellie, looking sober.

"Then, you see, it is God, after all, who gives us each day our daily bread; and when we have fruitful seasons and plenty to eat, we ought to be very thankful to our kind Father in heaven, who never forgets to give us what we need."—*Our Lambs.*

MOTHER'S BEEN PRAYING.

In February, 1861, a terrible gale raged along the coast of England. In one bay (Hartlepool) it wrecked eighty-one vessels. While the storm was at its height the *Rising Sun*, a stout brig, struck on Longrear Rock, a reef extending one mile from one side of the bay. She sank, leaving only her two topmasts above the foaming waves.

The life-boats were away, rescuing wrecked crews. The only means of saving the men clinging to the swaying masts was the rocket apparatus. Before it could be adjusted one mast fell. Just as the rocket bearing the life-line went booming out of the mortar, the other mast toppled over.

Sadly the rocket men began to draw in their line, when suddenly they felt that something was attached to it, and in a few minutes hauled on to the beach the apparently lifeless body of a sailor-boy. Trained and tender hands worked, and in a short time he became conscious.

With amazement he gazed around on the crowd of kind and sympathizing friends. They raised him to his feet. He looked up into the weather-beaten face of the old fishermen near him and asked:

"Where am I?"

"Thou art safe, my lad."

"Where's the cap'n?"

"Drowned, my lad."

"The mate, then?"

"He's drowned, too."

"The crew?"

"They are all lost, my lad; thou art the only one saved."

The boy stood overwhelmed for a few moments; then he raised both his hand and cried, in a loud voice:

"My mother's been praying for me! my mother's been praying for me!" and then he dropped on his knees on the wet sand and hid his sobbing face in his hands.

Hundreds heard that day this tribute to a mother's love, and to God's faithfulness in listening to a mother's prayers.

A LITTLE fellow asked his parents to take him to church with them. They said he must wait until he was older. "Well," was his shrewd suggestion in response, "you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go."

MISS LAUGH AND MISS FRET.

CRUIES little Miss Fret,
In a very great pet;
"I hate this warm weather: it's horrid
tan,
It scorches my nose,
And blisters my toes,
And wherever I go I must carry a fan."

Chirps little Miss Laugh
"Why I couldn't tell half
The fun I am having this bright sum-
day.
I sing through the hours,
I cull pretty flowers,
And ride like a queen on the sweet smell-
hay."

AT MOTHER'S KNEE.

ONE day a group of children were playing out-of-doors, having some fine fun in their games, when suddenly the school-bell rung. Most of them dropped their hoops and marbles and balls, but a few of the boys did not seem ready to go in.

"Come on," said one, "let's play true to-day, nobody will know it."

Some of them consented; but one little fellow stood up like a hero, and said, "I mustn't."

"Why not?" asked the others.

"Because," said he, "if I do, I shall be to pray it all out to God at my mother's knee to-night."

BETTER TO SUFFER THAN LIE.

A LITTLE orphan lad, having loitered on an errand, recollected himself, and ran back to his uncle's store with all speed.

"What are you running yourself out of breath for?" asked one of the men. "I thought your uncle that the people kept waiting."

"Why, that would be a lie!"

"To be sure it would; but what's the odds?"

"I a liar! I tell a lie!" cried the little fellow indignantly. "No, not to escape a beating every day. My mother always told me lying was the first step to ruin."

GOD'S CHILD.

"Do you feel that you are one of God's children?" asked a lady of a Sabbath-school scholar.

"I do not know," he answered; "I don't know that once my Saviour was a great way off, and I could not see him. Now he is near, and I love to do things, and I don't want to do things, for his sake, like as you say for my father's or my mother's sake."

Here, indeed, was that sweet spirit of obedience which is the root of all true piety in the heart.