

FOUR LITTLE TRAVELLERS.

BY ELIZABETH L. GOULD.

Mary Alicia set forth for the east
To see where the sun comes up;
And Edward Delancy went straight toward
the north
To search for a polar pup.
Margaret Anna repaired to the south,
Where oranges flourish, you know;
And Thomas Augustus struck out for the
west,
Where gold mines and buffaloes grow.
'Tis a very strange thing that I have to
relate
Concerning these travelled young folk—
But the very next morning they all of
them found
They were safe in their beds when they
woke.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 8, 1890.

BETTIE'S BIT OF HELP.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Bettie Armitage had not been a Christian very long. From early childhood she had gone to church, and had read her Bible, and said her prayers; had been a dear little daughter, and then growing up a sweet and graceful elder sister and loveable young girl, all without consciously giving herself up to Christ, and fully resolving to take him for her Master and Friend.

But one day a new life dawned upon Bettie. Light flooded her soul. She learned what it means to belong to Christ, "to follow him whithersoever he goeth."

Then straightway she longed for opportunities to show her love. She felt an urgent impulse to become a missionary. She felt that there could not be a field so hard that she would shrink from it, a people so lonely and degraded that she

would not rejoice to go to them and tell them of her Saviour and his love.

Meanwhile the way to the mission field beyond her own home was hedged up. Her father said she could not be spared; her mother looked perplexed and pained and even bewildered as Betty unfolded her plans and dwelt upon her wishes. Betty, more and more anxious and in earnest, felt limited and caged. It seemed to her as if she were doing nothing for the Master, when she wished supremely to be doing some great thing. She felt discontented and unhappy.

"But, Betty," said her friend, Jane Page, "when our Lord wants us in any place he goes before us and opens the way. It may be there is some sphere of service right here which only you can fill, and until that is filled Christ will not send you elsewhere."

Betty went home carrying this simple thought. Jane Page had intuitions, perhaps, because she daily asked to be filled with the Spirit, and kept herself always ready to do the Lord's will, whatever it might be, not caring whether the errand on which he sent her was a lofty or a lowly one.

Bettie turned her latch-key and ran upstairs to her own beautiful room on the third floor. As she passed grandmother's door, at the top of the first landing, it stood ajar, and she glanced in.

Grandmother was sitting as usual, her dim eyes patiently closed, her thin hands folded in her lap. Her room was sunny and pleasant, with flowers in the windows, which grandmother, having cataract, could not see, but which diffused a delicate fragrance.

It suddenly struck Betty that grandmother must have many tedious hours. Necessarily, she had supposed, grandmother was often alone. How could it be helped? Mother had her housekeeper, and her clubs. The younger children went to school, father was at his office, and Betty herself had a dozen engagements for every day. They had all been kind, deferential, and amiable in their behaviour to grandmother, but she had been as it were left on a side-track, while their busy lives went whirling on.

All this passed through Betty's mind in a flash of clear insight, as she tapped on grandmother's door.

"Come in, dearie," said the sweet old voice. The face, so quiet a moment ago, stirred and lit up with a pleasant welcome.

"Is it you, Elizabeth?"

"Yes, dear grandmother," answered Betty. "May I come in and talk to you awhile?"

"Surely, dear; I am glad to have company."

Bettie sat down and talked to grandmother, charmingly, entertainingly, described a procession she had seen down town, gave grandmother the news of the cousins and aunts; finally read to her for awhile, and before either of them was aware the morning had slipped by, and the maid came to say that luncheon was ready.

"I have had a beautiful time, Elizabeth," said grandmother; "and I was just then thinking as if the Lord had forgotten that I was old, and blind, and weak, when he sent you in to cheer me and make me strong."

So Betty discovered that she did not need to look for distant service just yet. Here, in her own home, was an aged servant of Christ who was in special want of special ministry. Jesus meant his young disciple to be eyes and feet and hands for awhile to this dear older one.

"And I was ashamed, Jane," she said afterwards, "to have it revealed to me that I had never given grandmother a thought. She wasn't a pauper, she was just grandmother—so unobtrusive and sweet, and so little given to asking for attention, that I had forgotten how heavily the time must hang on her hands—she who used to be so active, and who must now be so often laid aside."

"Do not feel ashamed, my dear," said Jane Page. "You show your willingness to do what Christ desires by just taking hold of this little bit of helpfulness."

To every one of us, younger, and beginning to walk in the blessed way, or older, and far on the road, the lesson comes in endless repetition to do the next thing. That next thing may carry you to a hospital to nurse the sick; it may send you to a zenana in distant India; it may lead you into city slums; it may guide you into a room in your own house, where one of Christ's little ones needs you. But serve him with a loving heart and a willing mind, and a blessing will be yours as you sit at his feet.

LOVE WORKING.

"Oh, dear," said little Phoebe, "I wish papa were home." Then she listened to the wind and rain. "Somebody must go for him. He'll be drowned." "Oh, no, dear, there's no danger of that," said her mother; "he'll not go into the street while it rains so hard." But Phoebe's heart was not at rest. "I'll look out and see if he is coming," she said; and she went to the door, as she had often done before, to watch for her father. By-and-bye she started out into the night. Far down the street a light shone from a tavern window. "Maybe he's there," she said to herself; and off she ran as fast as she could go. At last she got to the tavern door, pushed it open and went in. A sight to startle a noisy crowd was that vision of a little child coming in so suddenly upon them. There was no fear in her face, but a searching, anxious look that ran eagerly through the group of men. "Oh, father," she cried, as one of the company started forward, and catching her in his arms, ran with her out into the street. "My poor baby!" he sobbed, as he laid her in her mother's arms; "my poor baby! it is the last time." And it was the last time. Phoebe's love had saved him. Oh, love is very strong! Let us ask God to fill our hearts with it, so that we can help in his work.