

was an alarm of fire, it was best for us to sit still in our seats and wait for the teachers to tell us what to do. My father is a fireman, and he knows best."

Ah, here was faith—faith in the father, and by this faith Mary was enabled to remain tranquil while others were dismayed. Just so, children, faith in God will enable us to face danger without fear.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 25, 1888.

A MISSIONARY CHICKEN.

AN old colored woman once wanted to help send the gospel to the heathen, to tell them of the dear Saviour who had died for sinners. But she was very, very poor.

"What can me do?" she said to herself as she hobbled along to her old cabin. Just as she was going in at the door, she happened to see the chickens scratching around for their living. "Why, them's my chicks," said she; "they'll do."

She took one of the fattest of them and tied a red string around its leg, and gave it to the Lord.

"Now, sissy," she said to the chicken, "dis is de missionary mark; you're de missionary chick; 'member dat. All of your eggs, dey's missionary; all of your pullets, dey's missionary too. Now, go 'bout your business."

Have any of our little boys and girls that live in the country a chicken to give to the Lord? Once there was a little boy who gave a lamb to the Lord; and another gave a current-bush; and another a patch of potatoes. What have you to give?

WHETHER the memory shall be a beautiful chamber of peace or a torture-chamber of despair will depend upon the soul's obedience or disobedience to the admonition, "Remember thy Creator."



CHRISTMAS PARTY.

A CHRISTMAS PARTY.

"COME, join our game of blind-man's buff!!
Come, girls and boys: we'll not be rough.
The bandage round my eyes tie tight,
Be sure the blind man has no sight:
Now turn him with a one, two, three!"—
"Ah, blind man, now you try to see!"

"Indeed I cannot see at all:
Don't let me run against the wall.
Who's this I've caught here by the shoulder?"

"Tell truly, or you must not hold her."
"Tis Amy Summer."—"There you're wrong:
So let her go; 'tis Lucy Long."

"Who's this I have here by the arm?—
Keep still, sir, or you'll come to harm,—
'Tis Charley Bateman."—"Yes 'tis he.
Now, Charley you must blinded be.
The bandage round your head we tie:
We're ready, sir! now mind your eye."

"Oh, ho, what curly head is this?
Do I not know the little miss?
Why, I could tell her 'mid a dozen:
'Tis Daisy Dale, my little cousin.
These hands, this ribbon, tell the tale:
Yes, I am sure 'tis Daisy Dale."

So little Daisy has to yield,
And, as the blind man, take the field.
Whom does she catch? Now guess your best:

'Tis one much taller than the rest,
Taller and fairer too, by far,—
So Daisy thinks,—'tis dear mamma!

TEACH me to do thy will, O Lord;
Help me to love thy holy word,
All thy commandments to obey,
That I may please thee every day.
Take my feet, and let them be
Swift and beautiful for thee;
Take my hands, and let them move
At the impulse of thy love.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

BY REV. DR. NEWTON.

A MOTHER one morning gave her two little ones books and toys to amuse them while she went upstairs to attend to something. A half-hour passed quietly away, when one of the little ones went to the foot of the stairs and in a timid voice cried out:

"Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child, and the play went on. After a little time the voice again cried:

"Mamma, are you there?"

"Yes, darling."

"All right," said the child again, and once more went on with her play.

And this is just the way we should feel toward Jesus. He has gone upstairs to the right hand of God to attend to some things for us. He has left us down in this lower room of the world to be occupied here for a while. But, to keep us from being worried by fear or care, he speaks to us from his word as that mother spoke to her little ones. He says to us, "Fear not; I am with thee." "Jehovah-jireh—the Lord will provide."

COURAGE IN EVERY-DAY LIFE.

HAVE the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much your eyes may covet it.

Have the courage to show your respect for honesty, in whatever guise it appears, and your contempt for dishonest duplicity, by whomsoever exhibited.

Have the courage to wear your old clothes until you can pay for new.

Have the courage to obey your Maker, at the risk of being ridiculed by man.

Have the courage to prefer comfort and propriety to fashion in all things,