

## CHILD'S EVENING HYMN

WEARY now I go to rest,  
Fold my hands upon my breast  
Father, let thy loving eyes  
Look upon me from the skies

Have I not been good to-day?  
Lord forgive me now I pray!  
Jesus' blood and thy rich grace  
Cleanse from me each sinful trace.

Every near and absent friend  
To thy care I now commend;  
May all people, great and small,  
Follow thee, O Lord of all!

Show the sick and sad thy love;  
Send them comfort from above  
Take us all at last to thee,  
Happy angels then to be.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 18, 1888.

## CHILDREN AND MISSIONS.

EVERY missionary and every Bible you help to send makes joy in Heaven and on earth over such wicked boys and men who are saved from sin and sorrow.

Perhaps some of you will go to far-off lands as missionaries by and by. but even now you can send missionaries. I have some missionaries hidden under this handkerchief. You know Chinamen are yellow, and Malays are brown, and we are white. Some of these missionaries are yellow, and some are brown, and some are white. You see I am holding up yellow gold-pieces, white silver money, and brown pennies. Every one of us can send some of these missionaries to carry Bibles and tracts and preachers to heathen lands. Let me tell you how much good was done by even one of these little brown missionaries. It is said that a lady was filling a box for India, when a child

brought her a cent, with which she bought a tract and put it in the box. It was at length given to a Burman chief, and led him to Christ. The chief told the story of his new God and great happiness to his friends. They also believed and cast away their idols. A church was built there, a missionary was sent; and fifteen hundred converted from heathenism was the result of that child sending that little brown missionary.

"Who will send or go,  
To teach the heathen  
Jesus' love to know."

## STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

MAMMA was having her afternoon chat with the little ones, and each one was telling what they were going to be when they grew up. Charley said he was going to be a farmer, and have fine horses and cattle, and a plough that he could drive.

John said he would be a lawyer. He didn't want the sweat to be running down his back, and the dirt to be getting into his boots; he would have nice rooms and sit in the shade.

"Well, May?" said mamma, as the sweet blue eyes sought hers. "I will be a teacher, mamma, and I won't never, never, pull little girls' ears. I'll help them to get the multiplication table, and let them make pictures on their slates."

"And what will Bertie be?" said mamma. Now Bertie was the four-year old boy, and that very morning he had walked down town with papa, and stood awhile in front of the blacksmith's shop. He had seen the flaming forge, and the big bellows, and the red-hot iron beat into many shapes. So, walking up to his mother, and looking rather down on the farmer, the lawyer, and the school-teacher, he said, "I'se a-goin to be a blacksmif shop."—*Evangelist.*

## JEWELS GIVEN TO CHRIST.

CHRIST suffered for us. He laid aside the glory of heaven, and assumed the difficulties and privations of a servant of our race. He did more. He gave himself a sacrifice for our sins. He, the Just One, died for the unjust. His blood became the emancipation price of our souls; for through his blood we have redemption; even the forgiveness of all our sins. Such a salvation, purchased at such a price, is not only worthy our admiration, but demands the fullest and most hearty reciprocation of which we are capable.

"Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands our souls, our lives, our all."

And yet how reluctant we are to give to Christ the homage of our hearts, and the service of our hands. Do not our lives often indicate that the feeling of our minds, that we are afraid that Christ will receive too much from us? When we profess to love him, we are not as much interested in the support of his cause, and extension of his kingdom, as we ought to be. His self denial on our behalf should stimulate us to the exemplification of the same virtue. Indeed, Christ has said the without it we cannot be his disciples.

The Bible and the history of the church afford many beautiful illustrations of self denial for the sake of Christ. But many of such noble acts are never recorded by any earthly historian, but their record is high. We have the pleasure of presenting to our young readers, one manifestation of love to Christ which is worthy of their remembrance and imitation:

"At an out-station connected with the Arabkir station in Turkey, at a missionary meeting, one of the female members of the church took off her silver ornaments, such as are sometimes worn around the neck and gave them as her offering. It was a contribution of more than twice the value of that of the rest of the congregation. Three others, though poor, encouraged by what she had done, brought each one a small gold piece, to cast into the Lord's treasury. How powerful is example!"—*Ensign.*

## THE RUNAWAY KNOCK.

"TEACHER," said a bright earnest-faced boy, "why is it that so many prayers are unanswered? I do not understand. The Bible says, 'Ask, and ye shall receive, seek and ye shall find, knock, and it shall be opened unto you,' but it seems to me a great many knock and are not admitted."

"Did you ever sit by your cheerful parlour fire," said the teacher, "on some dark evening, and hear a knocking at the door. Going to answer the summons, have you not sometimes looked out in the darkness seeing nothing, but hearing the pattering feet of some mischievous boy, who knocked but did not wish to enter, and therefore ran away? Thus it is often with us. We ask for blessings, but we do not really expect them; we knock, but we do not wish to enter, we fear that Jesus will not hear us, will not admit us, and so we go away."

"Ah, I see," said the earnest-faced boy, his eyes shining with the new light dawned in his soul, "Jesus cannot be expected to answer runaway knocks. I mean to keep knocking until he cannot help opening the door."—*Exchange.*