

• A LAST WORD.

Of absent ones you should not speak
Unkindly, if in turn you seek
To be remembered afterward
By many a gently spoken word

Uphold the name that men deride,
Nor let reproach go undenied,
And you yourself shall ever win
The justice that you prided in.

Abandon not the tasks begun,
Though difficult, till they be done,
And you shall never fail to earn
The end you strive for in return.

Waste not your days in futile toil,
But cultivate an easy soil,
For life is short and man is weak;
There's time to do, but not to seek.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 27, 1889.

TRUST AND OBEY.

MISS HAVERGAL tells a story in verse of a young girl named Alice, whose music-master insists upon her practising very difficult music. To Alice it seems cruel, that she may not play easy pieces like other girls. The chords are difficult, and the melody is subtle. Her hand wearies, her cheek flushes, and with clouded brow she makes a protest. The master will not yield, and she writes home to her father, who answers kindly, but firmly, that her teacher knows what is best. "Trust and obey," is her father's advice. Persuaded to try again, she at length masters Beethoven's masterpiece. Years afterwards, at a brilliant assembly of musical artists, when the gentle twilight fills all the hearts with the thoughts of peace, Alice is invited to play some suitable strains. She selects the very piece that was once so difficult, but which,

thoroughly learned, has never been forgotten. She plays it with pure and varied expression, secures the rich approval of one of the masters of song who confesses that even to him Beethoven's music had never seemed so beautiful and so suggestive as in her rendering.

Many a hard task may yet come to both boys and girls. Let them also "trust and obey" and little by little they likewise may become interpreters of life's holiest music.

HOW WILLIE WAS ANSWERED.

NELLIE and Willie Post could hardly sympathize with the boys and girls who think Sunday a long, tiresome day, and who are glad to have Monday morning come. Dull and tiresome? No, indeed, but the shortest, happiest day of all the week.

Although their parents were missionaries and spent a great deal of time doing good, they did not neglect their children. Sunday evenings their mother used to stay at home from church and give up all the time to them; and nothing suited them better, when all ready for bed, than to climb into her lap and ply her with all sorts of questions or to listen to her Bible-stories.

Their bedroom opened out of the cozy sitting-room with its glowing grate-fire, and when mamma said it was past sleepy-time and they must not sit up any longer, with one or two long bounds they could land in bed, and there for a few moments more call to each other and keep up their chattering with mamma.

It was often quite surprising to see how long a time it took for the children to get thoroughly warm. Willie always had just one big toe that was still cold when his mother gently reminded him of the time.

One evening, when Willie had lain quiet a moment, until mamma thought he was nearly asleep, he called, "Mamma! mamma!"

"Yes, dear; what is it?"

"Mamma, is it right to ask God for everything?"

"I think it is—only we must remember that sometimes God does not give us just the thing we ask for, because he sees it wouldn't be the best thing for us to have. But if we are willing to go without what we want, provided he doesn't wish us to have it, it is right to ask him for everything we want."

The room was very quiet for a moment and then Willie asked again, "Mamma, I want a ball very much. Would it be right to ask God for that?"

"Yes, Willie," replied his mother. "But

suppose God shouldn't give you one, do you think you could be happy just the same without it? Can you say, 'Thy will, O God, be done?'"

Willie's face was very thoughtful for an instant as he tried to decide this question; then he looked over to his mother brightly and said, "Yes, mamma, I think I can." After that he lay very still, asking God for his favour, and in two minutes more he was sound asleep, and never knew another thing till daylight.

Perhaps his mother was a little late next morning, or else Willie's mind was so full of his desire for a ball that he awoke earlier than usual, at any rate, she had hardly left her room before Willie came running in with his face all aglow, exclaiming, "Mamma! mamma! God did answer my prayer. See, he gave me a ball, and one for Nell too."

His mother expected to see a ball, but instead Willie held up for her inspection a shining ten-cent piece—just enough to buy two balls. To her question as to where he got it, he said he went out early after the milk, and just as he was bringing it in he found the little piece of money. Neither he nor his mother could tell how it came to be there, but Willie thought that did not matter; he was sure God had sent it on purpose for him. He had asked for just what he wanted, and yet he had been willing to do without it if God did not think it best to let him have it. But God provided it for him.

Suppose God had not thought it best for Willie to have a ball that day, would Willie have been satisfied? I trust he would have been, for he said that he would be. In prayer we can ask for what we desire, but we must leave it to God, who is so wise, to decide whether it is best we should have it.

"THE EASIER TO CARRY ME."

In a Chinese Christian family at Amoy a little boy, the youngest of three children on asking his father to allow him to be baptized, was told that he was too young—that he might fall back, if he made a profession, when he was only a little boy. To this he made the touching reply:

"Jesus has promised to carry the lambs in his arms. As I am only a little boy, it will be easier for Jesus to carry me."

This logic of the heart was too much for the father. He took him with him, and the dear child was ere long baptized. The whole family—of which this child is the youngest member—the father, mother, and three sons, are members of the Mission Church at Amoy.