

KITTY'S PRAYERS.

SWEET little darling runs into my room,
Red lips parted and cheeks aglow,
Fresh and rare as the apple-bloom,
Brighter far than the roses blow.

"Oh, sister, come and see!" she cries,
As she smooths from her brow the
tangled hairs,
While wonder speaks through her violet
eyes—

"My little kitty is saying prayers!

"Come and look thro' the nursery door!
We won't frighten her where she lies,
In the streak of sunlight on the floor,
Folding her white paws over her eyes,

"I wonder,"—treading with light foot-fall,
And daintily lifting the frock she wears,
As she to s before me across the hall,—

"I wonder if God hears kitty's prayers?"

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 29, 1888.

THE PRAYING BOY.

A BOY who had been brought to the Lord Jesus at a mission Sunday-school was anxious that his father should know the Saviour too. His father was a wicked man who kept a drinking saloon, and thus not only got drunk himself but caused others to do so. The lad asked his Sunday-school teacher what he should do, for his father made him wait on the customers, handing out the poison to them; and if he had not better leave home. His teacher told him not to leave home, but to begin at once to pray for his father, and she would also pray for him, and for his father too; and they both commenced to pray for that father.

In a few weeks the father left off drinking, and soon after left off selling, and went to earn an honest living.

"For," said he, with tears running down his face, "something has been the matter with my dear boy for some time, and the other day I heard a noise in the room where he sleeps—it was a mournful noise—and I listened; and he was praying for me! He prayed that I would leave off selling—for I had given up drinking some little time before. I felt I was doing wrong, and I have quit it all; and the next time you have a meeting I am coming with the boy."

WAS BEN A HERO?

"BEN, can't you amuse Tommy for a little while? I do wish to get this baking done; and he is such a little fellow that he don't know any better than to run around in my way. Now if he only had a rocking-horse he would be contented to ride half his time," and the weary mother sighed as she thought of the money necessary to purchase such a plaything, well knowing that all their scanty means were needed to furnish clothing and food for the children.

"Come into my room," said their grandfather, as the children went toward the hall.

Little Tommy was delighted at the prospects of a play in "Ga'pa's 'oom," as he called it, and ran along by his side prattling about being "Ga'pa's 'ittle man."

"But 'Little men' don't wear girls' dresses," said grandpapa, looking sily at Tommy.

He scanned his frock for a moment and then said, "Me have new pants and toot with pottits in some day, then Tommy'll be big man.

As there was no controverting this fact, grandpapa laughed, and picked up his paper, and left them to amuse themselves.

They played "stage coach" for awhile, Ben being the horse, an inverted footstool the coach, while, with flourishing whip and many a toot, toot, of the tin horn, Tommy played the part of driver.

Then Ben transformed himself into a pony, and cantered all around the room with Tommy on his back, shouting at the top of his voice:

"Tommy 'ide a gay 'orse
To Ban'by C'oss!"

After grandpapa finished reading his paper, he called the children to him and told them the story of Samuel, found in the big Bible that lies upon the stand.

Just as the story was finished, their mother called them to tea, and the words of praise which Ben received, more than repaid him for the sacrifice he had made.

"What sacrifice?" I hear some little boy ask.

We'll tell you: His uncle had sent him

a big rubber ball from the city, and, as was Saturday, he know all the boys were playing ball on the common, but to please his mother, he had remained at home to amuse his baby brother. Was not Ben a hero?

A hero is one who distinguishes himself by some brave or daring deed for the good of others; in the true sense of the word, one who gives up his own pleasure for the pleasure of others. I am sure you will say that Ben did this.

In this he was like the blessed Jesus, whom it is said, "He pleased not himself." Will not all of you, as you may have opportunity, distinguish yourselves, as Ben did, by words of kindness and deeds of love?

A HAPPY CHILD.

BISHOP RYLE, of England says the happiest child he ever saw was a little girl, eight years old, who was quite blind.

She had never seen the sun, nor moon, nor stars, nor grass nor flowers, nor trees, nor birds nor any of those pleasant things which have gladdened your eyes all your life. More trying still, she had never seen her own father and mother, yet she was the happiest child of all the thousands the bishop had seen.

She was journeying on the railway the day I speak of. No one she knew was with her; yet though totally blind, she was quite happy and contented.

"Tell me," she said to some one near by, "how many people there are in this car? I am quite blind and can see nothing." Another was told.

"Are you not afraid to travel alone?" asked a gentleman.

"No," she replied, "I am not frightened. I have travelled before, and I trust God, as people are always very good to me.

"But tell me," said the bishop, "why are you so happy?"

"I love Jesus and he loves me; I sought Jesus and I found him," was the reply.

The bishop then began to talk to her about the Bible, and found she knew a great deal about it.

"And how did you learn so much of the Bible?" he asked.

"My teacher used to read to me, and I remembered all I could," she said.

"And what part of the Bible do you like best?" asked the bishop.

"I like the story of Christ's life in the Gospels," she said; "but what I like best of all are the last three chapters of Revelation."

Having a Bible with him, the bishop read to her, as the train dashed along. Rev. xxxi, xxii.