

## SUMMER BIRDS.

The lark he loves the early morn,  
The thrush he loves the noon,  
The blackbird at the close of day  
Pours forth his mellow tune.

And when the stars of night peep out,  
And shine on hill and dale,  
Then in the darkness of the grove  
Is heard the nightingale.

All the birds sing in their time and place,  
Yet every note they raise  
Is but to show their gratitude  
And sing their Maker's praise.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1887.

## AN EVENING PRAYER.

ALMIGHTY GOD, thou art my Creator;  
my body, so wonderfully made, is the work  
of thy hand, and my soul, which shall never  
die, comes from thee. I belong to thee, my  
heavenly Father. My spirit must go back  
to thee when my poor body returns to dust.

Oh, let me never forget that I must give  
an account to thee of my life in this world  
—of all my thoughts and words and acts!

I thank thee, O God, for the multitude of  
thy mercies to me here, but above all other  
things, I long to have my name written in  
heaven, in the book of life.

O Lord, thou dost know me by my name;  
I am not too young for thy gracious notice.  
Thou hast known my coming in and going  
out this day, and every moment of my life  
has been spent in thy sight. I pray thee to  
forgive my many sins and to give me grace  
to live to thy praise.

O Lord, may Jesus be my Saviour, and  
may my prayer be accepted for his sake!  
Amen.

## HOW LONG IT TAKES.

"Oh, I'm so hungry!" cried Johnny,  
running in from play "Give me some  
bread and butter, quick!"

"The bread is baking; you must be  
patient," said his mother.

Johnny waited two minutes, and then  
asked if it was done.

"No," answered his mother, "not quite  
yet."

"It seems to take a long while to make a  
slice of bread," said Johnny.

"Perhaps you don't know, Johnny, how  
long it does take," said his mother.

"How long?" asked the little boy.

"The loaf was begun in the spring,"—

Johnny opened his eyes wide—"it was  
doing all summer; it could not be finished  
till the autumn."

Johnny was glad if it was autumn, if it  
took all that while, for so long a time to a  
hungry little boy was discouraging.

"Why?" he cried, drawing a long breath.

"Because God is never in a hurry," said  
mother. "The farmer dropped his seed in  
the ground in April," she went on to say,  
partly to make waiting time shorter, and  
more, perhaps, to drop good seed by the  
wayside; "but the farmer could not make  
them grow. All the men in the world could  
not make a grain of wheat, much less could  
all the men in the world make a stalk of  
wheat grow. An ingenious man could make  
something that looked like wheat. Indeed,  
you often see ladies' bonnets trimmed with  
sprays of wheat made by milliners, and at  
first sight you can hardly tell the difference."

"Put them in the ground and see," said  
Johnny.

"That would certainly decide. The  
make-believe wheat would lie as still as  
bits of iron. The real grain would soon  
make a stir, because the real seeds have life  
within them, and God only gives life. The  
farmer, then, neither makes the corn nor  
the corn grow; but he drops it into the  
ground, and covers it up (that is his part),  
and then leaves it to God. God takes care  
of it. It is He who sets Mother Earth  
nourishing it with her warm juices. He  
sends the rain, He makes the sun to shine,  
He makes it spring up, first the tender  
shoot, and then the blades, and He makes  
May and June and July and August, with  
all their fair and foul weather, to set up  
the stalks, throw out the leaves and ripen  
the ear. If little boys are starving the corn  
grows no faster. God does not hurry His  
work; He does all things well."

By this time Johnny had lost all his im-  
patience. He was thinking.

"Well," he said at last, "that's why we

pray to God, 'Give us this day our daily  
bread.' Before now I thought it was your  
mother, that gave us our daily bread, and  
now I see it was God. We should not have  
a slice if it weren't for God; would you  
mother?"

## "MILKING SONG."

CUSHA! cusha! cusha!—calling—  
For the dews will soon be falling,  
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,  
Mellow, mellow.

Quit your cowslips—cowslips yellow;  
Come up, Lightfoot; come up Whitefoot;  
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,  
Hollow, hollow.

Come up, Jetty; rise, and follow;  
From the clovers lift your head;  
Come up, Netty; rise, and follow  
Jetty, to the milking-shed.

JEAN INGELON

## WHAT HAPPENED TO BABY-BEAR?

"THIS is very nice," said a baby-bear  
as he floated down the river on a log he had  
found by the water's edge. "What  
mistake my mother made when she told me  
not to get on it! It's the nicest time I ever  
had, and so I shall tell her when I get  
back."

And the log floated down the river.

"I wonder when it will go the other  
way?" cried the little bear, after a time  
as the current bore him farther and farther  
from home. "I'm getting hungry." But  
the log floated on.

"I want to go back!" cried the little  
bear again; "I've been quite far enough,  
and I'm stiff and cramped." But the log  
floated on.

"O dear!" cried the little bear; "I  
believe she was right, after all, and when  
I get home I think I'll tell her so."

But, alas, the poor little bear never had  
a chance of telling her so, for he never saw  
his mother or his home again. He was  
seen and captured by some fur-traders, and  
many a time in his captivity did he mourn  
over the disobedience that cost him his  
liberty.

## THEY ARE SAFE.

Six little children got into a boat, and  
were swept away to sea. All who could  
put out in search of them. Great anxiety  
filled the place. All night the children  
were drifting on the cruel sea. Next day  
a fisherman discovered and rescued them.  
The cry, "They are safe!" ran through the  
town. The work of the Sunday-school  
to rescue, not six, but millions of children  
who are drifting to ruin.