

MORNING.

O God, who, when the night was deep,
Hast kept me safe and lent me sleep;
Now with thy sun thou bidst me rise,
And look around with older eyes.

Each blessed morning thou dost give
I have one morning less to live;
O help me so this day to spend,
To make me fitter for the end.

Make my first wish and thought to be
For others sooner than for me;
And let me pardon them, as I
Hope for God's pardon when I die.

Be with me when I work and play,
Be with me now and every day,
Be near me; when I pray thee, hear;
And when I pray not, Lord, be near.
—*Early Days.*

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 30, 1902.

ALFRED'S PRAYER.

"Mamma," said Alfred one night, as he was going to bed, "I prayed that God would keep us children from quarrelling; but he has not answered that as yet, for sister Daisy and I quarrelled dreadfully to-day."

"Ah, my son, you will have to help the Lord to answer that."

"Help the Lord, mamma? Can't he do everything?"

"He won't make you good against your will. If you choose to be a naughty boy, God will be sorry for you; and when Satan tempts you to quarrel, if you turn right to God for strength to resist him, and then fight like a good little soldier to keep down the naughty tempter, God will give you the

victory. But he won't do the work for you."

"O, I didn't understand," said the little boy.

"Yes, my dear," continued mamma, "you have something to do yourself, when you pray such a prayer, to help God to answer it. You must watch and pray, and fight against temptation; and if you do this, you will be able by and by to come and tell me that God has answered all your prayers."—*Kind Words.*

"UNWRITING" PENCIL MARKS.

Nina was told never to make pencil marks in books, and, trusting her to obey, father often lent her a pencil. But one day some naughty spirit must have told her that it would be nicer to write, as she called her scribbling, on the blank page of one of father's books than on the paper that he had given her. When she saw the mark, though, she remembered what father had said; then she thought that just the other day she had seen father make marks, and then rub them out with something on the other end of the pencil. "I'll unwrite it again, as father did; then no one will know it." So she rubbed and rubbed with the eraser; but while some of the pencil marks disappeared, great dirty stains were left; and when she had rubbed almost through the paper, still it did not look as it had before it was written on. She learned that "unwriting" was not so easy to do. So it is with naughty actions or words; you can never rub them out so perfectly that they will not leave some mark on the character.—*Selected.*

THE FOX AND THE HARE.

In a snug little grotto, beneath a high bank covered with foxglove and ferns, lived a sly old gray fox. He was so very old that he could not go far to search for his food, so he was obliged to play all sorts of tricks to get it. One night as he sat at the mouth of his hiding-place, feeling very hungry from having had nothing to eat for a long time, he observed a fine, fat young hare lazily feeding on the juicy turnip-tops.

"O dear!" sighed the fox; "if I were only a little younger, what a rare supper I could make of that young thing! But I can't catch her." Then an idea struck him. "Hem! hem! hem!" said he in a loud voice.

The hare was startled and looked around.

"Sweet miss," said the fox, coaxingly, "I'm old and feeble, and I can't fetch my supper; will you get it for me?"

"O yes," said the hare, who was a giddy, thoughtless thing, but very good-natured. "What would you like? Some fresh, dewy clover?"

"Dear me, no," said the fox, "that would not suit me at all."

"O, it is delicious," said the hare, "but what would you like?"

"Just walk into my house," answered the fox, "and I will show you the sort of things I like."

Now, his den was strewn all over with the bones of rabbits, and ducks, and pheasants, and chickens.

"Wait a minute," said the hare, "till I finish this turnip-top." Then she skipped gaily up to the fox. "Now I am ready," said she.

And so was the fox. He just gave her backbone one nip, and she was as dead as dead could be.

Do not listen to the fine words of strangers, whoever they may be, and do not choose your friends until you know something about them.—*Children's Friend.*

A BAD BARGAIN.

Ben's father told him to weed the onion bed. Ben did not like this work, and so hired Milton to do it, promising to give him his two squirrels. At the supper table Ben's father asked: "Well, my son, did you finish those onions?"

"They are all done, sir," was the quick reply.

"Did you get the job done before night?"

"It took the greater part of the day."

In the evening his father, missing the squirrel-cage, asked: "What have you done with Trip and Trixy?"

"Milt took them over to his house for a little while," was the answer.

When Mr. Adams went over to Jones's, he found Milton busy building a platform upon which to set the cage.

"Guess I made a pretty good bargain this time, Mr. Adams."

"What bargain?"

"Why, when I agreed to clean out the onion bed for these squirrels."

"Did Ben give you these squirrels for weeding the onions?"

"Course he did."

"They are very pretty. I hope that you'll enjoy them, Milton," said Mr. Adams.

When he called the family into the library for evening prayers, he said: "Ben, will you bring the dictionary?"

"What does father want with the dictionary at prayer time?" thought Ben.

"Turn to the word 'lie' and read the definition aloud, please."

Slowly Ben read: "'To say or do that which deceives another when he has a right to know the truth.'"

"Now, open the Bible, my boy, to the twenty-second chapter of Revelation. Read the fourteenth and fifteenth verses."

Ben's voice broke when he came to the words: "And whosoever loveth and maketh a lie." "O father, father!" he sobbed: "I didn't think that it was so bad as that! I will try to remember; I will, indeed!"—*Selected.*