

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lamb to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near me;
Watch my sleep till morning light

All this day thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care:
Thou hast clothed me, warmed and fed me.
Listen to my evening prayer.

Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take me, when I die, to heaven,
Happy there with thee to dwell.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 11, 1899.

AN ODD EARTHQUAKE.

BY MARION E. PICKERING.

After Hiram scowed the field of rye he left the big wooden roller standing in the lane. It was a big roller, almost five feet high.

One sunny forenoon and Roy Dorothy raced up the lane with little black Trip and white Snowball at their heels. Dorothy was a gay, prancing horse; and Roy was a coachman, armed with a long whip. They paused for breath beside the old roller. Roy clambered up to the high seat, and flourished his whip. Dorothy drummed on the hollow sounding sides with her chubby fingers. Suddenly a loose board rattled to the ground. Dorothy thrust her curly head inside the roller. "Oh, what a nice playhouse!" she cried.

Roy got down and peeped in. "So it is," he said. "We can live here when it rains, for there's a really roof and a truly floor."

"We'll call it Clover Cottage," said Dorothy; "for see how thick the clover is all round it."

In about an hour Clover Cottage was in

perfect order. Pictures and cards were tacked up, and the dolls and the furniture and the dishes all in place. Snowball was purring on a little bed of pine-needles, and Trip lay beside her fast asleep. Tired by her work, Dorothy too cuddled down a minute. Roy put back the loose board to shut out the blazing sun; then he cuddled down beside his sister, and it was all dark and quiet.

At twelve o'clock Nora came to the kitchen door and blew the great tin dinner-horn.

Hiram promptly unhitched Old Dolly from the hay-rake, and started for the house. "I may as well haul the roller along and put it under cover," he said to himself as he passed the lane. He backed patient Dolly into the thills, and mounted the high seat. Clover Cottage gave a sudden lurch forward. Dorothy awoke with a scream; Trip was thrown violently into her lap, yelping loudly; Snowball clawed madly at the slowly turning roof; Roy tried to shield his sister with his short arms as dolls, dishes, and themselves rolled together in confusion. Old Dolly pricked up her ears and stopped short. Hiram sprang down, and tried to peer through the cracks of the roller. With Roy's help inside, the loose board was soon pushed away, and the unhappy little inmates of Clover Cottage crawled out one by one; frightened Trip shot down the lane; Snowball scrambled up the nearest tree-trunk. "Well," said Hiram, "I call this quite an earthquake!"

WHY TOM AND MAISIE DIDN'T GO.

BY DAISY RHODES CAMPBELL.

"There, now! didn't I tell you to go away, and yet you keep on standing right there!"

The speaker was a boy who stood near the gate leading out of a large yard. In the path before him was a little girl. But she never moved, although the boy came nearer, as if to push her away.

"Why don't you say something?" he cried, in an angry tone.

"Tom," said the little girl, "you know you'll be sorry if you go: you know father don't 'low us to go off to picnics and fishing without asking. And then there's Ben Arden: he's not a nice boy. Don't you know how wet you were and how you hurt your foot when you went wading with him, and how he threw big stones at you?"

"Girls don't know about boys," Tom said crossly. "Father is away off in the country. Of course I can't ask him. Maisie, I don't believe you want to go, one bit."

"Yes, I do," said his sister, the tears springing to her eyes; "but father said he trusted us. Just think how he would look when he came home and didn't find us!"

Tom growled: "Oh, bother! I never saw such a girl! I'm going, anyhow, so you'd better let me get to that gate."

But Maisie stood there. "Now, Tom, stay with me," she said; "you know, with Biddy gone, how 'fraid I'll be!"

Tom turned away. "You're the biggest trouble!" he said; but he stayed.

When father came home he said the minute he saw them: "I met a crowd of people going to a picnic, but I felt sure my boy and girl wouldn't go without leave."

"It was Maisie that was all right," Tom said: for Tom was honest. And he told his father the whole thing.

"Never mind," his father said: "I've brought home a whole picnic in my pocket; Biddy isn't going to get supper—she's off—but I am, and you're going to help." Tom and Maisie laughed. And out to the kitchen they all went and at once set merriy to work. What fun they had together! And such a fine supper you never saw in all your life!

A LITTLE FISHERMAN.

BY MARGARET RAEBURN.

Jack's mother had taken him to the country for the first time in all his life, They stayed with a farmer and his jolly wife, Mr. and Mrs. Fry.

Jack's mother made her boy some blue overalls and took from her trunk a big hat. The farmer's wife gave him a shining tin pail. The farmer cut him a stout stick from the elm tree, for a fishing-rod. Then Jack dug some bait and was ready to start for the little brook not far from the house, to fish.

Now Jack was a dear little boy, but he had one fault which troubled his mother very much. He couldn't bear to give anything away; he wanted everything himself. He had no brothers and sisters to share his things, you see.

Jack could not believe he was really going to fish like a big man. And when he caught five little fish, he danced up and down, he was so happy.

He carried them in his little pail to the kitchen.

"Mrs. Fry, will you cook my fish for dinner?" he asked in a deep voice.

Mrs. Fry smiled. "Yes, indeed, I will," she said.

The fish were called minnows, and were not very big. But then Jack wasn't big, either.

Now there were five persons for dinner that day, for Mrs. Fry had company. Jack sat very still, looking first at the people, then at his little fish in the dish before him. How could he give away every single one? But then if he didn't, he would be a selfish, stingy boy; and he asked every day when he prayed that God would keep him from that. He waited and waited. Then, very red in the face, Jack slipped down, took the dish, and handed it to every one. His mamma took the last minnow. "I'll divide with you," she said. And Jack smiled as he ate half of his fish. It tasted very good indeed to him.

He felt happier than if he had kept the whole five. Do you know why?