

MARJORY'S AMEN.

BY AMANDA BHAU ELSEFFER.

QUAINT Marjory, hazel-eyed darling,
At nightfall, white-robed for repose,
Repeated her prayer to "Our Father,"
From "Hallowed thy name," to the close.

Each word with a reverent accent,
And slow, as if stringing a pearl;
"For thine is the power and glory,
Forever and ever—a girl."

"Oh! Marjory—what are you saying?
'Forever and ever. Amen!'"

"No, no, mamma—Marjory's praying;
A girl, I say—God will know then."

—Wide Awake.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly	3 00
Guardian and Magazine together	5 50
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Banner, monthly	1 50
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 50
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 21
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Beroan Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 5 cents a dozen; per 100	0 50

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 32 Temperance St.,
TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, 5 Biscuit Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HENSTIE, Meth. Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 15, 1894.

A LESSON IN OBEDIENCE

"JACK! Jack! here, sir! his on!" cried Charlie, flinging his stick far into the pond. Jack didn't want to go. It wasn't pleasant swimming in among the great lily leaves, that would flap against his nose and eyes, and get in the way of his feet. So he looked at the stick and then at his master, and sat down, wagging his tail as much as to say: "You are a very nice little boy; but there was no need of throwing the stick into the water, and I don't think I'll oblige you by going after it."

But Charlie was determined. He found another switch, and, by colding and whipping, forced Jack into the water, and made him fetch the stick. However, he dropped it on the bank, instead of bringing it to his master; so he had to go over the performance again and again, until he had learned that when Charlie told him to go for the stick he was to obey at once. Charlie was satisfied, at length, and with Jack at his heels went home to tell his mother about the afternoon's work. He seemed quite proud of it. "It was pretty

hard work, mother," he said. "Jack wouldn't mind at all until I made him, but now he knows that he has to do it, and there will be no more trouble with him, you see."

"What right have you to expect him to mind you?" asked his mother, quietly.

"Right, mother? Why, he is my dog! Uncle John gave him to me, and I do everything for him. Didn't I make his kennel my own self, and put nice hay in it? And don't I feed him three times every day? And I'm always kind to him. I call him 'nice old Jack,' and pat him, and let him lay his head on my knee. Indeed, I think I have the best right in the world to have him mind me!"

His mother was cutting out a jacket. She did not look up when Charles had finished; but going on steadily with her work, she said slowly: "I have a little boy. He is my own. He was given to me by my Heavenly Father. I do everything for him. I make his clothes, and prepare the food he eats. I teach him his lessons and nurse him tenderly when he is sick. Many a night have I sat up to watch by his side when fever was burning him and daily I pray to God for every blessing upon him. I love him; I call him 'my dear little son.' He sits on my lap, and goes to sleep with his head on my arm. I think I have the 'best right in the world' to expect this little boy to obey me; and yet he does not, unless I make him as I would a dog."

"O mother!" cried Charlie, tears starting to his eyes. "I knew it was wrong to disobey you; but I never thought before how mean it was. Indeed, I do love you, and I'll try—I really will try—to mind you as well as Jack minds me."

"Dear Charlie," said his mother, "there is a great difference between you and Jack. You have a soul. You know what is right, because you have been taught from the Word of God; and you know, too, that the devil and your wicked heart will be always persuading you to do wrong. That is a trouble which Jack cannot have; but neither has he the comfort you have; for you can pray to our dear Saviour for help, and he will teach you to turn away from Satan, and to love and obey him alone. When you learn to do this, you will not find it difficult to be obedient to me; and when we love, it is easy to obey."

A LITTLE THING.

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD boy was writing a letter. It was an important letter. He meant to write it very carefully. He hoped that it would secure him a situation in a great business house, and he believed that a start in such a house would lead to success in business.

Perhaps you wonder that a twelve-year-old boy should be planning for himself in this way. His father had died a few weeks before. A mother and two young sisters were left. A little home and a small amount of money in the bank were all they had to depend upon.

Howard said: "I must leave school and begin to work my way into some business. In two or three years I can surely support you." Mrs. Day smiled sadly, but she was pleased to have her boy so brave and hopeful.

When the letter was finished Howard read it over. He saw no mistake in it. It was a boyish letter asking for work. He carried it to his mother. She pointed out a misspelled word, and a misplaced comma. Howard carefully erased the extra letter from the word, and corrected his punctuation also.

"But it shows, after all," he said. However he sent the letter.

The next day the merchant sent for him.

"Did you write this letter?" said he.

"I did," answered Howard.

"Without help?"

"Yes, sir." After a moment's pause, the boy added: "Perhaps you saw that I scratched out a letter, and changed a comma. Mother told me of those mistakes."

"I will see you to-morrow," said the merchant.

Three things this employer always required in engaging a new hand—carefulness, strict truthfulness, and promptness.

"The boy is probably prompt," said he to himself, considering the case, "for he came at the very time I appointed. His letter is carefully written, though he did make two mistakes. And the fact that he told me that his mother pointed out the mistakes shows strict truthfulness. That decides the matter. I will take him."

The next day Howard was engaged, and twenty years later was made a partner in the great business house. It was a little thing to tell the exact truth in this matter, but it opened a door to Howard which meant comfort for his mother and sisters, and assured business success for himself.

DOLLY'S BATH.

EVA JANE heard her mamma say that little folks must have clean faces. Now dolly came in from a long walk. It was warm and dusty, and dolly perspired freely. Then the wind blew up the dust, and dolly's face was sadly soiled. So Eva Jane said dolly must have a bath. Then she bathed dolly in a basin of water. I am sorry to say that after the bath dolly had lost all her beauty. The rosy colour had left her face, her hair came off, and her dress was no longer fit to wear. Eva Jane wondered why it all came that way. Can you tell?

SUPERSTITION.

A GENTLEMAN who had been dining at a restaurant, and who often ordered a dozen oysters, counted them one day and found but eleven. Still another day he counted them, with the same result. Then he said to the waiter:

"Why do you give me only eleven oysters when I order a dozen?"

"Oh, sir," answered the waiter, "I didn't think you'd want to be settin' thirteen at table, sir!"