

THE SONG OF THE NIGHT.

A LITTLE bird sang in the dead of the night,
When the moon peeped out through a
cloud;

He sang for his heart was so full of delight,
It seemed almost throbbing aloud.

"Hush! hush!" cried the old birds; "you
foolish young thing,

To wake up and sing for the moon!
Come, tuck your silly head under your wing;
You'll rouse our good neighbours too soon."

But the little bird flew to the top of the tree,
And looked up into the sky;

"Our time for singing is short," quoth he,
"And sing in the night will I."

—Selected.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MAY 26, 1888.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

MR. HAY, in his work on Western Barbary, tells the following anecdote:

"On one occasion, travelling in the Barbary States with a companion who had some knowledge of medicine, we had arrived at a door near which we were about to pitch our tents, when a crowd of Arabs surrounded us, cursing and swearing at the 'rebellers against God.' My friend, who spoke a little Arabic turning round to an elderly person, whose garb bespoke him a priest, said, 'Who taught you that we were disbelievers? Hear my daily prayer and judge for yourselves.' He then repeated the Lord's Prayer. All stood amazed and silent, till the priest exclaimed, 'May God curse me if ever I curse again those who hold such belief! Nay, more; that prayer shall be my prayer till my hour be come. I pray thee, O Nazarene, repeat the prayer, that it may be remembered and written among us in letters of gold.'"

TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

WITH a hop, skip and jump, Harry was dancing home from school. Susie was on the walk before him, and as he came up behind her he could not help giving her a little poke. What a cross face she turned toward him!

"Stop that!" she said snappishly. "You're a bad boy, and I'll tell mamma of you."

"Why," said Harry very much surprised, "I was only in fun."

"I don't care. You let me alone!" "You're as crabbed and hateful as forty cats," retorted Harry, with a face as cloudy as her own. "No, I don't want to say anything so mean of the cats, for I don't believe there ever was one as cross as you; and I won't give you a bite of my apple."

He hurried on, leaving Susie feeling quite as cross as he had said she was. She walked slowly along, thinking that everybody was cross and unkind to her. The very bees seemed to have a snarl in their hum as they flew about among the flowers, and she felt sure they were all ready to sting her if she should give them a chance.

She thought she would like a piece of frosted cake when she got home; but she knew very well that if she asked for it her mamma would tell her that if a little girl was really hungry she could always enjoy bread and butter, and that if she was not hungry she ought not to eat anything. And she knew it was going to rain to-morrow just because it was Saturday.

Susie made up her mind that she was a very badly abused child.

Harry ran on until he came up with Jessie. He gave her a poke too—rather a rougher one, perhaps, than he gave Susie, for he seemed to have caught a little of her crossness. But Jessie turned to him with such a merry little face that he burst into a laugh, and they laughed together till the very air rang, and the birds seemed to twitter a "What is it? what is it?" while even the sun smiled brighter than he had smiled before.

"I didn't hurt you, did I?" said Harry, feeling very sorry that he had not been gentler.

"Oh no. Let's see who can hippety-hop the longest."

Harry stumbled the first, and they stopped for a few moments to take breath. His apple was all gone, but he felt in his pockets under the top-string and the shingle-nails and three cents and a slate-pencil and a knife-blade and some marble and half a cracker till he found two peanuts. He gave them to her and said, "Come into my house with me and see my kitties. There's four,

and I'll give you whichever one you like the best."

They trotted along till Jessie stopped to pick a flower.

"Take care," said Harry, "or the bees'll sting you."

"Oh no, they won't," said Jessie; "they're kind bees. They hum in the sunshine all day while they're making honey for us, and they never sting unless they think somebody is going to hurt them."

Jessie thought all Harry's kittens were very cunning, but chose a little white one with a gray spot on its head. She said "Thank you" to Harry, and skipped home singing,

"The birdies sing and the flowers gay
Blossom all through the summer day
While little children laugh and play."

Harry looked after her, saying to himself, "It always makes me feel pleasant, somehow, to be with Jessie."

Why did he think so? and which of these girls would you rather be?

If we go through the world with bright faces and cheery smiles and pleasant words, we shall find that we can make other faces sunshiny and other voices sweet. But if we carry only scowls and growls, we shall find plenty more to meet us wherever we go.

—Sydney Dayre.

DOING THINGS FOR JESUS.

It was for His name Paul said he was willing to give up everything; or, as we say, "for Jesus' sake." Papa says he stopped smoking for Jesus' sake, and gives the money for missionaries. Mamma goes early every Sabbath morning to teach a class in the Sabbath-school, though she has so much work to do and so many children to dress, she hardly know how to spare the time; but she says: "I won't give my class up; I will try to keep it for Jesus' sake."

Then Molly wanted a new sack this winter, and had a nice one picked out; but when the news came of the poor starving people who could not get work or enough to eat, and papa asked, "What can you give them, Molly?" she thought hard about it, and then the next day said, "I'll give up my new sack and wear the old one."

"What!" said Nell; "wear that old one?"

"Yes," said Molly "for Jesus' sake."

Now what can you do "for the name of Jesus?" If you drop some of your candy pennies into the missionary-box, won't that be for him? If you leave the play you like so well to mind baby for mother when he is cross, isn't that for the name of Jesus? —Our Children.