

## CHILDREN'S SONG.

In the vineyard of our Father,  
Daily work we find to do;  
Scattered gleanings we may gather,  
Though we are so young and fow;  
Little handfuls  
Help to fill the garner, too.

Toiling in the early morning,  
Catching moments through the day;  
Nothing small or lowly scorning,  
As along our path we stray;  
Giving gladly  
Free-will offerings by the way.

Not for selfish praise or glory,  
Not for objects nothing worth,  
But to send the blessed story  
Of the gospel o'er the earth,  
Tell the heathen  
Of the Lord, and Saviour's birth.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 9, 1889.

## THE PRAYING SUPERINTENDENT.

WE know of superintendents who feel the burden of their office resting upon them so heavily that they daily pray for divine aid, to help them in their work. You may be sure that these are not the men who seek the office, but rather who are sought by the office. They are not the men who so delight in place and notoriety that they yearn after the position because it gives them authority and prominence before their fellows; such men, it is to be feared, do not pray much, unless it be in public. The praying superintendent is the man who asks God for the help which no human aid can give. There is a limit to the help afforded by assemblies and institutes and commentaries. There are wants which

these cannot supply. The praying superintendent knows where these needs can be met. Yet not for himself alone does he pray. He remembers his fellow-labourers and prays for them. As a faithful superintendent, he knows somewhat of the peculiarities of every teacher, as well as of the scholars; and he asks God for the special grace needed by each one. His prayers make him sympathetic in his school; they help him to form charitable judgments of persons and events; they prompt him to greater faithfulness; and they give to all the services of the school that wondrous charm of spirituality which distinguishes the mere intellectual process of teaching from the warm, yearning, heartfelt interest in religious life which ought to be manifested in every Sunday-school.

## SIX LITTLE PIGS.

BY ERNEST GILMORE.

THERE was a new servant-girl in the kitchen of the Belmont mansion. She was a very green girl, and deplorably careless. She was always blundering; but I have only time to tell you of the funniest blunder she ever made.

One day Mrs. Belmont was told by a dear friend of hers a story that made her heart quake with fear. The lady's son, a beloved and finely educated young man, had become thoroughly dissipated. With tears in her eyes, she told Mrs. Belmont that she traced her son's downfall back to the brandy-peaches which had been eaten at his own mother's table.

"And my own little boy, only ten, is too fond of brandy-peaches, I verily believe. I should not wonder at all if that is what has caused his headache. We have so much company that the peaches have been on the table frequently of late; but they'll never be on my table again," Mrs. Belmont said, decidedly.

So she began her work of reform by emptying all the brandy-peaches she owned into a pail for refuse.

"I'll not give them away, because then they might get some other mother's boy's feet slipping; but I will throw them away, and then they will do no harm to any one," she said mentally; then aloud to Ann, she said:

"Now, Ann, remember to empty this pail into the ash-barrel, and not into the swill-barrel."

"Yessum," Ann said, paying no attention, as was her habit.

So when Ann was ready to empty the peaches, she did what she was told not to do; she emptied them into the swill-barrel,

and went back to work, unconscious that any harm was done. Very soon afterward, Jerry, the hired man, fed Dick Belmont's six little pigs with the contents of the swill-barrel.

An hour later little Dick ran into his mother, sobbing as if his heart would break.

"Mamma, O mamma!" he cried, "my six little pigs are dead—my six precious little pigs!"

There was a grand rush for the pail. Yet there lay the six little pigs on their backs. What a disappointment!

Suddenly a bright thought entered Mrs. Belmont's mind. She ran to the barrel and stirred it at the bottom, where she found some slices of peaches.

"O! that stupid, provoking Ann," she said, laughing in spite of herself.

"Was it that horrid Ann that killed my six little pigs, mamma? Was it?" Dick asked with clenched hands.

"The pigs are not dead, Dick, they are drunk, became drunk on brandy-peaches," she answered soberly, for little ten-year-old Ernest came up just then and stood watching and listening. The pigs finally recovered, but lay stupid for a long time.

## WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN?

ONCE it was a good custom for parents and children to walk "to the house of God in company," to sit there side by side, and to join both hearts and voices in song and worship. To some extent this custom seems to have become obsolete. Children go to Sunday-school, parents to church, and it is often the case that families are not gathered together in the house of prayer. The Sunday-school teaching is supposed to take the place of the public worship of the Lord; and the children, having attended the Sunday-school, are supposed to have done all that is expected of them.

There are, however, objections to this method, and one is that the children, attending the Sunday-school, are left unconverted, and are liable to drift away from religious service. He who "setteth himself solitary in families" is pleased to have them keep together as they pursue their heavenly way. It is not well to scatter and divide those whom God has joined together.

Lord, how delightful 'tis to see

A whole assembly worship thee;

At once they sing, at once they pray,

And hear of heaven and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go;

'Tis like a little heaven below;

Not all that careless sinners say

Shall tempt me to forget this day.