

He was next engaged by the Lick Observatory. With the aid of that magnificent thirty-six-inch refracting telescope, he discovered eight comets, and astonished the world by discovering the fifth satellite of Jupiter. He invented a method of photographing the nebulae in the Milky Way, and has shown an originality approaching genius in star photography.

That boy is now the famous astronomer, Prof. E. E. Barnard, of the Lick Observatory.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 5, 1904.

A NOBLE BOY.

I saw a boy do something the other day that made me feel happy for a week. Indeed, it makes my heart fill with tenderness and good feeling even now as I write about it. But let me tell you what it is.

As I was walking along the street of a large city, I saw an old man who seemed to be blind walking along without any one to lead him. He went very slowly, feeling with his cane.

"He's walking straight to the highest part of the curbstone," said I to myself. "And it's very high, too; I wonder if some one won't tell him and start him in the right direction."

Just then a boy about fourteen years old, who was playing near the corner, left his playmates, ran up to the old man, put his hand through the man's arm, and said: "Let me lead you across the street." By this time there were three or four others watching the boy. He not only helped him over one crossing, but led him over

another to the lower side of the street. Then he ran back to his play.

Now, this boy thought he had only done the man a kindness, while I knew that he had made three other persons feel happy and better, and more careful to do little kindnesses to those about them. The three or four persons who had stopped to watch the boy turned away with a tender smile on their faces, ready to follow the noble example he had set them. I know that I felt very gentle and forgiving towards every one for many days afterwards.

Another one that was made happy was the boy himself. For it is impossible for us to do a kind act or to make any one else happy, without being better or happier ourselves. To be good, and to do good, is to be happy.

If any of you boys and girls who may chance to read this little account doubt that it makes one happy to do a kind deed, suppose you try it for yourselves. I am sure you will prove it true, and that you will be so well pleased with that method that you will keep on at it.

A CHILD'S MORNING PRAYER.

About ten years ago there was a little girl, about six or seven years old, sojourning for a time in a city apart from her parents. She was a regular attendant at the Sabbath-school, and one day she told her teacher she wished to have a conversation with the minister. He was informed of the fact and called upon the child, when she told him to find her a short and appropriate morning prayer. She said that the prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., did for the evening, but she wanted one like it for the morning.

The minister promised to gratify her request and took his leave. A few days after, and before he had fulfilled his promise, the little one was stricken with the scarlet fever, and although the minister called upon her, she died without seeing him. He then set about the task, and decided to publish the facts and call for an original prayer suitable for the morning. The case was published in one or two leading papers, and taken up by others, spread all over the country and parts of England. In response hundreds of prayers were sent in, and it was the intention of the minister to publish a little book containing a full account of the case and all the prayers, but it has never been done, or had not been when the writer met him. The best one of the collection is given below, and may fill a want that has been felt by many parents and children.

"And now I rise and see the light,  
I pray the Lord to lead me right;  
In all I do and think and say,  
I pray the Lord to guide my way."

THE NEW UMBRELLA.

BY AGNES LEE.

Oh, Ella!  
With her first umbrella!  
She walked abroad like any queen.  
She held it proudly for display,  
Admired its handle, stroked its sheen,  
And never little girl more gay.

Dear Ella!  
Such a wee umbrella!  
One day upon the market-place  
I met her; dripping were her curls,  
She looked, despite her sunny face,  
The most forlorn of little girls.

"Why, Ella!  
Where's your new umbrella?"  
Said I: "The storm has drenched your hair!  
Just see your frock! just see your  
And what is this you lug with care?  
A broom, a fiddle, or a cat?"

Oh, Ella!  
With her first umbrella!  
She looked at me and shyly spoke,  
The raindrops pelted on her yet;  
"I have it here beneath my cloak,  
P'wance, you see, it might get wet!"

YOUR EVENINGS.

Joseph Clark was as fine looking healthy a lad as ever left the country into a city warehouse. His checkered with health, his arm strong, and step quick. His master liked his lad and said, "That boy will get on."

He had been a clerk about six months when Mr. Abbott observed a change in Joseph. His check grew pale, his hollow, and he always seemed sleepy. Mr. Abbott said nothing for awhile, length, finding Joseph alone in the counting-house one day, he asked him what was well.

"Pretty well, sir," answered Joseph. "You have looked sickly of late," Mr. Abbott.

"I have the headache sometimes," young man replied.

"What gives you the headache?" asked the merchant.

"I don't know, sir."

"Do you go to bed in good time?" Joseph blushed. "As early as most the young men, sir," he said.

"And how do you spend your evenings, Joseph?"

"Not as my pious mother would prove," answered the young man, standing in his eyes.

"Joseph," said the old merchant, "character and all your future usefulness and prosperity depend upon the way you pass your evenings. Take my word for it; it is a young man's evenings make him or break him."