

A MORNING PRAYER.

BY EMILY BRYANT LORD.

Thou by whom the birds are fed,
Give to me my daily bread;
And thy Holy Spirit give,
Without which I cannot live.

Make me, Lord, obedient, mild,
As becomes a little child;
All day long, in every way,
Teach me what to do and say.

Make me, Lord, in work and play,
Thine more truly every day;
And when thou at last shall come,
Take me to thy heavenly home.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1901.

ON MAY'S INVITATION.

Pretty soon after Delia Cope came to town to live the minister called on the family. He invited them all to Church and Sunday-school. Delia's mother thanked him, and asked him to come again, and he did often. Then, besides, whenever he saw Delia on the street he shook hands with her and said: "We haven't had you at Sunday-school yet. When are you coming?" And Delia would hang her head and say: "I don't know, sir; pretty soon, I guess." But she did not go.

A nice old lady, who lived at the end of the street, went over one day to the Cope house. "I see this little girl go to day school," she said, "with all the other children, but I don't see her go to Sunday-school with them. How is that?"

"Well, I haven't got her started yet," said Mrs. Cope. "She ought to go, I know."

But the weeks passed by, and still Delia spent her Sundays at home.

The pretty young lady who taught a class of small girls at Sunday-school tried two or three times to coax Delia to come; and every time Delia thought that she really would start, but she didn't. When the superintendent invited her she acted the same way.

One Sunday afternoon, when May Hobart was on her way home, she saw Delia swinging on the gate. "I wonder," said May to herself, "why she doesn't come to Sunday-school. I just believe I'll go and ask her."

"Why don't you come to our Sunday-school on Sunday?" she asked Delia. "It's lovely there; you'd like it."

"I'm going some time," said Delia, just as she always said.

"When?"

"O, pretty soon."

But May was not satisfied. "We sing beautiful hymns," she said; and we learn verses, and our teacher tells us the nicest stories you ever heard."

Delia was beginning to be interested.

"All of us girls just love her," May went on. "Wouldn't you like to come?"

"I guess so."

"Couldn't you come next Sunday if you want to?"

"I suppose I could."

"Well, then, I'll stop for you at two o'clock, and you must be sure to be ready."

Delia was ready, and now she never misses a Sunday when she can possibly help it.

The minister could not do it, nor the Sunday-school teacher, nor the superintendent, nor the dear old lady neighbour; but it was done by a very little girl.

MARGERY'S CUSHION.

"I'm like a pin-cushion," said Margery the other day.

"Indeed, I think you are like some kind of cushion," laughed mother, looking at the roly-poly little figure.

"Oh, I don't mean that!" said Margery. "But when I showed grandmother the new cushion I made for father I asked her for pins to put in it—bright, straight, good pins that he could use, I told her. She said she hoped I'd be careful of my life as I was of my cushion, and put good, useful things into it, and nothing spoiled or crooked."

MOTHER BUNNY'S NEST.

Did you ever see an old coat and hat hung up on a pole in a cornfield? The farmers call such things "scarecrows," and put them up to keep the crows away from the corn.

Once in the springtime a farmer went out to a field where he had left one standing, and what do you think he found? The body of the scarecrow was an old bag filled with straw, and inside were five tiny rabbits. Some old mother bunny thought she had found a beautiful nest for her babies.

PATTY AND FIDO.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

Grandfather was sitting in his big chair. Fido came up to him and grandfather patted him.

Patty came, too, but with an angry little face. "I want you to whip Fido, grandfather," she said. "Here is your cane. Whip him hard."

"Why do you want Fido whipped, dear?" asked grandfather.

"He's been digging a great hole in my garden. My garden's been so beautiful, you know, and now Fido's scratched and scratched, and spoiled my pansies."

"Poor Fido," said grandfather, stroking his head again, "he doesn't know any better. Can't you forgive him, Patty?"

"Not till he's whipped for it," said Patty, stoutly. "That will teach him better."

"Fido loves you, and I thought you loved him."

"Well, so I do," said Patty, slowly. "He always wags his tail and jumps about when I come, and looks at me just as if he wanted to say, 'I'm glad to see you.'"

"A long time ago," said grandfather, "as much as three or four years, I think, there was a wee baby girl playing about here. Fido was very fond of her, and when she took hold of his long hair and toddled at his side, he walked slowly, so that her little feet should not slip. She used to play with him as he lay asleep, and he never got angry when she pulled his ears or his tail."

"One day she was down by the river with Aunt Amy. She took a swift little run and before her aunt could catch her she fell off the bank into the water. Aunt Amy screamed, but there was no one near to help. Then Fido came with a rush and jumped into the water. He took hold of the little one's dress and brought her ashore. If it hadn't been for him the dear baby would have been drowned."

"Oh, what a dear doggie!" said Patty. "Who was the baby, grandfather?"

"It was a little girl we call Patty."

Patty put her arms round Fido's shaggy neck. "You shan't be whipped, Fido. Not if you should dig up all my garden."

"No," said grandfather, patting both curly heads. "God has not made Fido so that he knows when he does a little mischief. But he knows enough to love us and to help us when he can. Now, if you want him whipped you must do it yourself, for I cannot forget that he saved a life very precious to me."

"Oh," said Patty, putting away the cane. "I wouldn't do it for the world, grandfather."

"That is right," said grandfather. "After this, when he scratches up your posies, you must remember that he doesn't know when he is doing a naughty thing, as my Patty does, and that if it had not been for Fido grandfather would have no little curly-haired girl."