

BAD WORDS.

HUSH! hush! my lad! Pray don't repeat
The bad words spoken in the street—
Wrong and unfit for you;
Perchance the lad those words who said,
'Mid crime and darkness born and bred,
Their meaning little know.

But you so much more highly blessed,
Of Christian home and friends possessed,
And Scripture knowledge, too—
To take God's holy name in vain,
Or utter any words profane,
Is surely guilt in you.

Then, O my boy, let every word
In future, from your lip that's heard,
Some worthy thought express;
Then, as to heaven those sounds ascend,
May God, the Father, Judge, and Friend,
Hear, and approve, and bless.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MAY 11, 1889.

MINA'S CHOICE.

MINA was reading the Beatitudes to her mother one day, as they are found in the fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. After she had finished, her mother said, "Mina, if you could have but one of these blessed tempers mentioned by our Lord, which would you choose?"

"I would choose to be pure in heart," replied Mina, after thinking several minutes.

"But why choose this before all the other blessings?" asked her mother.

"Because," said Mina, "if I had a pure heart I should have all the other graces too."

Wise little Mina! No learned doctor of divinity could have made a better choice, or defended it with a better reason. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

HOW WILLIE'S PRAYER WAS ANSWERED.

AFTER Willie had said, "Now I lay me down to sleep," he said, "O Lord, I want you to rub the bad words I said to-day out of your book; and all the wicked words papa has said in his life, and make him go to church with me and mamma."

The ground was covered with snow when Willie got up next morning, and he could hardly wait to pull on his long-legged boots before going out.

"What are you sitting there crying for?" he asked, seeing Jimmie Sanders on the next door-step.

"Guess you'd cry if you had been turned out doors in a snow storm," answered Ned Harwood, who stood near.

"My! was he turned out in the night?"

"Yes, and his mamma and the baby."

"What for?"

"Cause his father was drunk; and all their money has gone into your father's saloon to buy liquor to drink."

When Willie went into the house his father said, "Here is the new knife you wanted."

The little hand was quickly put out to take it, then dropped behind him, while great tears rolled down his cheek.

"Don't you like it?" his papa asked.

"Yes; and I want it awfully bad—but—I can't take it!"

"Why not? I bought it for you."

"Cause it's Jimmie's money that bought it, and he's turned out doors, and hain't got nothing to eat and no clothes. His father has sold all his money to you, and hain't got nothing; and Jimmie's feet are right out on the snow; and his mamma and their little baby was drove out too!" and Willie cried harder than ever.

Mr. Sherman wiped a tear from his eyes, as he left the room.

In a few minutes Mrs Sherman saw Willie crossing the street with something in his arms; when he came into the house, she asked, "What did you carry out, Willie?"

"My new clothes," he answered. "I wanted Jimmie to have them, and my boots too."

"What will you do for clothes?"

"Wear my old ones; they are better'n his."

"You shouldn't give away your things without asking me," his mamma said.

That night Mr. Sherman shut up the saloon, saying, "Boys, there'll be no more liquor sold here!"

The next Sunday Willie's papa sat with him in church, and the little fellow knew that his prayer had been answered.

THE SAND FORT.

THE children at the sea-shore
Were playing on the sand;
"Let's make a fort," cried Bertie,
"Broad and high and grand."
"I'll bring the sand," said Edna;
"Bertie'll pack it tight;"
And little May stood gazing
To see if all went right.

They heard the wild waves roaring,
Breaking on the shore;
The tide they never heeded,
Rising more and more.
They were so busy building,
Of course they would forget,
But quick enough they scampered
When their feet were wet.

"We'll run and get dry stockings,
And come again," they said;
"We'll have our castle bulged
Before we go to bed."
They were so sure, the children;
But when with setting sun
Back to the spot they hastened,
Behold! their fort was gone.

For oh, my dears, the water
Had washed it all away!
Sand-houses never tarry
Longer than a day.
Since all our earthly pleasures
Are houses built of sand,
We'll seek for something better—
Something that will stand.

"THOU GOD SEEST ME."

ONE day a lady came home from shopping. Her little boy did not run to meet her and throw his arms around her neck, as he was in the habit of doing to show how glad he was to have her come home again. Instead of this, he seemed to be afraid to look into his mother's face, and kept out of her way as much as he could all day. His mother thought it very strange, and wondered what was the matter.

At the close of the day she found out the reason. When she was about to undress to go to bed, he said, "Mother, can God see through the crack in the closet-door?"

"Yes," said his mother.

"And can he see when it is all dark there?"

"Yes," she said; "he can see us at all times and in all places."

"Then God saw me," said the little fellow; "and I may as well tell you all about it. When you were gone out I got into the closet and ate up the cake. I am sorry very sorry. Please forgive me;" and he laid his head on his mother's shoulder and cried bitterly.