



MORNING PRAYER.

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DEAR little May Maykin has met with the greatest loss any little girl can meet in this world. She has lost her loving mother. But her mother taught her to pray, and as she lay upon her dying bed said, "Darling, do not forget to pray to God every day." And in her utter loneliness and sorrow the child loved to kneel by her little bed, and pour out her soul to God. And in that holy hour she seems to hold communion once more with her dear dead mother. I hope none of the young readers of the HAPPY DAYS ever forget to pray. Ask God's blessing on your young lives every day. It will make your days happier and your sleep more sweet to feel that God ever cares for you and watches over you, and if you should die, would take you to himself. I hope you will learn the following sweet morning prayer from the new Hymn Book:—

The morning bright with rosy light  
Has waked me from my sleep;  
Father, I own thy love alone  
Thy little one doth keep.

All through the day, I humbly pray,  
Be thou my guard and guide;  
My sins forgive, and let me live,  
Lord Jesus, near thy side.

O make thy rest within my breast,  
Great Spirit of all graces!  
Make me like thee, then shall I be  
Prepared to see thy face.

Is there a word in the English language that contains all the vowels? There is, unquestionably.

## CARED FOR IN THE STORMS.

"HURRY, Kitty! hurry, May!" said Janet to her little sister and her cousin.

"But it snows so hard!" said May, peeping out of the schoolhouse door.

"Never mind; we will hurry along, and soon be home."

The three little girls gathered close under the umbrella and set out on their long walk over the prairie.

Oh how the wind roared and beat against them! and how the snow blew into their faces! And before long it grew dark, so that they could not see which way to go.

"I don't believe we shall ever get home," sighed May. And poor little Kitty cried bitterly as she became cold and tired.

But Janet was a brave little girl: she knew they were in real danger, for she had heard many sad stories of little ones being lost in the snow.

"Don't cry, dears," she said cheerily; "God will take care of us. We shall see the light in the window soon. Mother is watching for us, and what a good supper she will give us!"

But even Janet's heart was almost failing when Kitty stopped and cried, "What's that?"

Through the noise of the storm they could hear a voice calling, "Janet! May! Kitty!"

"It's father! Father!" they cried in joy. "And there he comes with his lantern." And in a few minutes the poor little things were by the warm fire.

When we are in trouble and sorrow let us listen to the voice of our loving Father, who calls us to our heavenly home and will guide us through all the storms and darkness of the way.

## GOD IS IN HEAVEN.

God is in heaven! Can he hear  
A little prayer like mine?  
Yes, thoughtful child, thou need'st not fear  
He listens unto thine.

God is in heaven! Can he see  
When I am doing wrong?  
Yes, that he can; he looks at thee  
All day and all night long.

God is in heaven! Would he know  
If I should tell a lie?  
Yes, though thou saidst it very low,  
He'd hear it in the sky.

God is in heaven! Does he care,  
Or is he good to me?  
Yes, all thou hast to eat or wear  
'Tis God that gives it thee.

God is in heaven! Can I go  
To thank him for his care?  
Not yet, but love him here below,  
And he will see it there.

God is in heaven! May I pray  
To go there when I die?  
Yes, seek his grace, and then one day  
He'll call thee to the sky.

## THE CHINAMAN.

HERE is a story of peace-making. One day a Chinaman had set down his basket to rest himself at the corner of a street in San Francisco. While he was waiting there, three well-dressed boys, aged from twelve to fifteen years, came along on their way to school. They each stole some tomatoes from the Chinaman's basket. They then ran off a short distance, and then turned round and pecked the poor fellow with the vegetables they had stolen, besmearing his nice, clean dress.

A gentleman was passing, and saw what had taken place. He went up to the Chinaman and said: "Why do you stand still and allow those rascally boys to treat you so shamefully? Why don't you throw some stones at them, and punish them as they deserve?"

And notice the reply of what we should have called that "heathen Chinaman." It was this: "Me no punishee them now. Bym by we alee go up there (pointing to heaven). God punishee them for me, alee same."

The gentleman was astonished. "Where did you learn that, my friend?" he asked.

"Oh, me go to Sunday-school and mission school. Good teacherman show me how I makes good man." That Chinaman was helping to spread peace on earth by his acts.