

A CRUEL FRIEND.

In garments white and ribbons blue,
Our Bessie to the barnyard flew;
There pretty, downy chickens seven,
Their mother fed from morn till even

"I love O so!" the maiden cried
And hugged and kissed one till it died;
And so with many a hug and kiss,
She proved, alas, a cruel miss.

The hen quite wild and furious grow,
Of chicks alive she had but two;
"Cluck, cluck! cluck, cluck!" she cried
in vain,
"Of friends like these I must complain."

Now, when you wish your love to show,
Please stop a bit, until you know
What best will please the one you love,
And thus a true affection prove.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 23, 1887.

IN THE DARK.

MANY illustrations of faith have been given, but none seem to us bet'er than that given, not long ago, in a prayer-meeting.

A father said that his little girl, who was much afraid of the dark, slept at night in a crib beside his bed. Often had he been wakened during the night by a little voice saying, "Papa, it's dark! It's dark, papa! Take Nellie's hand." And when, in answer, he had taken hold of the lifted hand, she sank quietly to sleep, all her fears being taken away.

The remembrance of the pleading voice had often helped him to remember in the midst of troubles and distress that he, too, had a Father to whom he could lift his hand and say, "Father, it is dark! Take my hand." And is he not "nigh unto all them that call upon him?"

THE VALUE OF OBSERVATION.

I NEVER saw anybody do anything that I did not watch him and see how he did it, for there was no telling but that sometime I might have to do it myself. I was going across a prairie once; my horse began to limp. Luckily I came across a blacksmith's shop, but the smith was not at home. I asked the woman of the house if she would allow me to start a fire and make the shoe. She said I might if I knew how. So I started a fire and heated the shoe red-hot, and turned it to fit my horse's foot and pared the hoof, and turned the points of the nails out cunningly, as I had seen the blacksmith do, so that, in driving into the hoof, they should not go into the quick, and shod the horse. At the next place I went to, I went straight to a smith, and told him to put the shoe on properly. He looked at the horse's foot and paid me the greatest compliment I ever received in my life. He told me if I put on that shoe, I had better follow blacksmithing all my life. Now I never should have known how to do that if I had not looked on and seen others do it—*H. W. Beecher.*

AN AWKWARD SITUATION.

MINISTERS who mind little things in meeting are sure to have their hands full. In most cases of trifling annoyance, from children or from any innocent cause, some one in the congregation will notice and attend to it with less observation than a call from the pulpit would excite.

The Rev. Mr. C— was troubled with very excitable nerves. Being an incurable old bachelor, perhaps this was not so surprising. For example, he could not sit quiet and see a cat's back stroked the wrong way, while the sight of a spider disturbed his equanimity.

One Sunday, while absent on an exchange, he heard from a pew near the pulpit a boy snuffing, as if he were troubled with a severe cold, and did not have a handkerchief. His brother sat beside him. Mr. C— happened to know the boy's name.

He bore with this irritation as long as his nerves would permit, but it became so aggravated that he paused in the midst of a hymn which he was reading, and bending over the pulpit, said,—

"John, why don't you use your handkerchief?"

John, abashed by this unexpected address, and by the fact that the eyes of the congregation were fixed upon him, stammered out to the general amusement,—

"Please, sir, I haven't got none."

"Then why don't you borrow your brother's?" resumed the minister.

"Because, sir, he hasn't got any either," pursued the frightened boy.

The audience was convulsed.

"Will some charitably-disposed person remarked the clergyman, in a solemn tone, provide that boy with a handkerchief?"

This was done, and the services proceeded.

GIVING PLEASURE TO GOD.

IT will make a great difference in our lives when, instead of doing things to please ourselves or our companions, we do everything to please God.

I once read a poem by Mary Howitt, in which this good thought is put into the lips of a very little child. He was called Willie. One day Willie's mamma saw him sitting very silent in the sunlight, with the men and women and the beasts and birds of his Noah's ark set out in a row.

"What are you thinking about, Willie?" said his mamma.

Willie answering said:

"You know that God loves little children,

And likes them to love him the same;
So I've set out my Noah's ark creatures,
The great savage beasts and the tame.

I've set them all out in the sunshine,

Where I think they are pleasant to see.

Because I would give him some pleasure

Who gives so much pleasure to me."

It is true that it is only a very little child who would think of giving God pleasure in that way. But although the way of doing the good thing is a little child's way, the thing itself is good to

"JUMP."

On a dark stormy night, a few months since, a fire broke out in the lower story of a tenement house in one of our large cities. Every effort was at once bent in the direction of saving life, because property at that moment was not of so much consequence. All had been rescued save a little boy on the fourth story, who did not seem to realize the imminent danger he was in. The fire had made such progress that it was impossible to reach him; so, with outstretched arms, a fireman implored him to jump. "I can't see you," said the little fellow who now seemed to comprehend the danger. "It's too smoky." "Never mind that, I can see you," said the brave fireman. "Jump!" Hesitating no longer, the boy obeyed, and landed safely in his street arms.

This teaches us, dear readers, that whatever condition we may be, God always sees, and is ready to help us out of difficulty if we only believe.—*C. H. N.*