

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

FATHER, keep thy little one
Safe this night
Through dark hours, until the sun
Brings us light.

While the earth is fast asleep,
All at rest.
Thine almighty eye doth keep
Vigil blest.

And thine arm is strong to save;
We need fear
Neither darkness, storm, nor wave;
Thou art near.

In the morning may I wake
Fresh and strong;
Find now things to undertake
All day long.

In the rugged path of life
Guide thou me;
Bring me through its toil and strife
Safe to thee.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 20 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo, monthly	0 50
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp. 8vo	0 00
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 21c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 3 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 3 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
20 copies and upwards	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book & Publishing House,
78 & 81 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 3 Blouay Street, Montreal.
S. F. HICKEY, Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N. S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 1, 1888.

DARE TO DO RIGHT.

CHILDREN, did you ever know of a person who did right whom sensible people despised? If no one says, "You have done right," in words so we can hear it, the little voice we all carry within our minds will always say, "You did as you ought to."

When Athens was governed by thirty men, called "tyrants," they wanted a very rich man named Leon killed, so that they could have his riches. They wanted the great philosopher Socrates to help them; but he said, No; he would not engage in so great an "ill as to act unjustly." You see he did right with thirty rulers over him, and all cruel men, too.

Christ was a greater philosopher than Socrates, and he taught us to "do as we would be done by." If we follow that little rule, we shall always "dare to do right." How much more of joy and less of sorrow there would be if everybody loved these words of the Saviour!

FOR THE BOYS.

LET no boy think he is to be made a gentleman by the clothes he wears, the horses he rides, the stick he carries, the dog that trots after him, the house he lives in, or the money he spends. Not one or all of these things do it—and yet every boy may be a gentleman. He may wear an old hat, cheap clothes, live in a poor house, and spend but little money. But how? By being true, manly and honourable. By keeping himself neat and respectable. By being civil and courteous. By respecting himself and respecting others. And finally, and above all, by fearing God and keeping his commandments.—*Parish Visitor.*

PATIENCE.

A LITTLE boy when asked what patience meant, said, "O! it's waiting till your time comes." Little children, are you willing to wait until your time comes? or are you like some little boys and girls, always wanting to be attended to first? Are you gentle and patient with your younger brothers and sisters? patient in your every-day life at home, and among your school-mates? If your lessons at school are difficult, do you patiently study them? If the little wee brother is long in coming down stairs, do you patiently wait for him? or, do you speak hastily and give him a pull by the arm and hurry him down, so spoiling both his little pleasure of walking down the steps and your own disposition.

My dear children, you must learn to have patience. You are called upon to exercise it through the day as often as mamma or papa, but in a different way; and if you let go the reins and let impatience run away with you, it is not an easy thing to check it again, and it may get you into trouble. Make patience a study. Learn to be more patient in some way every day, and just notice how bright home and everybody seem, because you are patient. The lessons of patience learned in childhood are bright gems in the crown of old age that make its brow shine with greater lustre.

Be patient in little things, and you will soon have great command over yourself for large ones. Remember, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit, than he that taketh a city."

THE GOLDEN RULE.

Down the walk went Nelly Brown
On her way to school;
"Mamma says I always must
Keep the Golden Rule.
Do to others as I would
They should do to me;
So I'll give the birds my cake;
O, how glad they'll be!"
Nelly gave with willing heart;
'Twas the best she had,
And all day the loving act
Kept her sweet and glad.

A BEAUTIFUL FAITH.

A PIOUS woman, hunting up the child of want one cold day last winter, tried to open a door in the third story of a wretched house, when she heard a little voice say:
"Pull the string up high; pull the string up high."

She looked up and saw a string which on being pulled, lifted up a latch, and she opened the door upon two little half-naked children all alone. Very cold and pitiful they looked.

"Do you take care of yourselves, little ones?" asked the good woman.

"God takes care of us," said the oldest.

"And are you not cold? No fire on day like this?"

"Oh, when we are very cold we creep under the quilt and I put my arms around Tommy, and Tommy puts his arms round me, and we say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep;' and then we get warm."

"And what do you have to eat, pray?"

"When granny comes home she always fetches us something. Granny says God has got enough. Granny calls us God-sparrows; and we say, 'Our Father' and 'Give us this day our daily bread' every day. God is our Father."

Tears came into the poor woman's eyes. She had a mistrusting spirit herself; but those two little sparrows, perched in the cold, upper chamber, taught her a sweet lesson of faith and trust she will never forget.—*The Nation.*

IMPROVING THE TIME.

ONE of my Sabbath-school boys earned a new suit of clothes, shoes and all, by digging and selling dandelions. "When do you find time, Jemmy?" I asked, for he was a very punctual and constant scholar at the day-school. "There is almost always time for what we are bent on," said Jemmy. "You see, I pick up the minutes, and they are excellent picking air."