

A CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

The twinkling stars, with angel eyes,
Begin to peep from darkening skies;
The daisy hides her lowly head,
And drowns light the way to bed.
O Jesus, from thy throne of light,
Watch o'er thy little lamb to-night.

Forgive the sins that I have done
Since first arose the golden sun,
And make my spirit clean and white,
Like moonbeams shining pure and bright.
O Jesus, from thy throne of light,
Forgive thy little lamb to-night.

I thank thee on my bended knee
For those dear ones thou givest me;
But with my head on mother's breast,
O, let me ever love thee best!
O Jesus, from thy throne of light,
Watch over those I love to-night.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 6, 1889.

NOT AFRAID IN THE DARK.

THE little ones were playing happily in the nursery one evening all by themselves, but they were not afraid, for the room was brightly lighted. It looked just like daylight in there. By-and-by Albert wished for a toy he had left downstairs, but was afraid to go after it. There were those long stairs and a dark hall to go through, and he could not bring up his courage to run such a risk. It would have been hard to tell what he was afraid of in that quiet, orderly house, but I suppose it was just the dark. Did you ever hear of the dark hurting any one?

Albert would not go, but he kept on wishing for that toy more than all the other things he had. "I'll go," said three-year-old Freddie, bravely; "I'll get it, Albert."

So he stepped resolutely into the hall,

and the children listened at the door to the patter of his little feet as he trotted down the steps, and they heard him say softly, over and over again: "Lord, are you there? Lord, are you there?" He came back through the silent hall with the treasure, and said, sweetly: "I wasn't afraid, for the Lord was there." That was the way Freddie kept up his courage. If he had been sixty years old he could not have done better.—*Child's Paper.*

THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

THE reaping time is a very busy time for the farmer. Field after field of grain he must have cut and gathered into sheaves, then threshed, and finally taken to the mill and ground into flour. How patiently he has to wait from the time he sows the seed until it is stored in his granary. One of the most beautiful sights in nature, I think, is a field of waving grain. Did you ever stand and watch one as a gentle summer breeze swept over it?

The Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, or the Ingathering, was celebrated every year at the close of the harvest, and was a feast of thanksgiving to God for the blessing of the fruits and grain. During the time of the feast, which lasted a week, the people lived in booths or houses made of the branches of trees. We are told in the twenty-third chapter of Leviticus what kind of trees the booths were made of—"And ye shall take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook, and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days."

And in the tenth verse of the same chapter we read: "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, When ye be come into the land which I give unto you, and shall reap the harvest thereof, then shall ye bring a sheaf of wheat of the first fruits of your harvest unto the priest, and he shall wave the sheaf before the Lord to be accepted for you."

I would like you to read the whole of this twenty-third chapter, and you will then understand better than I can tell you the true meaning of this feast.

HOME COURTESIES.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

THE duties of sisters to sisters are even more close and tender than those of sisters to brothers. I hardly know if there be any salient fault in the usual behaviour of English sisters to one another which any moral system could set right. Perhaps the one

quality oftenest deficient in this, and other more distant family relationships, to which we need not further refer—uncles, aunts, cousins, and so on—is courtesy. "Too much familiarity," as the proverb says, "breeds contempt." The habit of treating one another without the little forms in use among other friends, and the horrid trick of speaking rudely of each other's defects or mishaps, is the underlying source of half the alienation of relatives. If we are bound to show special benevolence to those nearest us, why on earth do we give them pain at every turn, rub them the wrong way, irritate them by unflattering remarks or unkind references? For once we can do them a real service of any kind, we can (if we live with them) hurt or else please them fifty times a day. The individual who thinks she performs her duty to sister or niece or cousin while she waits to do her the exceptional services, and hourly frets and worries and humiliates her, is certainly exceedingly mistaken. Genuine benevolence—the "will to make happy"—will take a very different course.

THE NEW SONG.

A YOUNG lady who had refused many times to yield to the Lord, became greatly burdened because of her sins, and sought the Lord. She had ridiculed others for being so straight and plain, and for loving their Bible, but now the Lord forgave her. She felt he lifted the weight of sins from her, and forgave her freely. Immediately she began to sing his praise, and said to the minister, "Oh! now I want to tell it to my mother and sister. Now I want to go with my sister and help her in meetings." She was no longer ashamed of the narrow way, or those who walked in it. The psalmist said when the Lord saved him that he had put a new song in his mouth. So it is with every one who is born of God.

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

HANNAH was a little Jewish maiden seven years old. In school she read with the other children from the New Testament. One day the teacher asked each child in the class where she thought she would go when she died. Some were silent; some said they did not know; some said they hoped they would go to heaven; but when it came Hannah's turn, she answered without hesitation, "To heaven."

"What reason have you for thinking you will go there?" asked the teacher.

"I know it," answered the little girl, her eyes sparkling, "because Jesus died for me."