

## AN UNWORDED PRAYER.

By Alpino lake, 'neath shady rock,  
The herd-boy knelt beside his flock,  
And softly told with pious air  
His A B C as evening prayer.

Unseen, the pastor lingered near:  
"My child, what means the sound I hear?"  
"Where'er the hills and valleys blend,  
The sounds of prayer and praise ascend."  
"Must I not in the worship share,  
And raise to heaven my evening prayer?"  
"My child, a prayer that ne'er can be;  
You have but said your A B C."

"I have no better way to pray,  
But all I know to God I say:  
I tell the letters on my knees,  
And he'll make words himself to please."

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1897.

## GOD IS GOOD.

LITTLE Susie is very busily employed. "Why, how can that be?" do you ask when she is sitting with her head resting on her hand and she is doing nothing at all. You would say she might be sewing, or rocking the cradle, or learning her lessons, or at least playing merrily, being, as she is, a bright-eyed girl of seven. Well, though she is doing none of these things she is busy—busy with her thoughts.

She has been looking at the roses in bloom, at the birds who are building their nests in the apple-trees and at the blue sky over which the clouds are sailing like white boats. She is full of joy, for the day is lovely and her heart is glad. She thinks and thinks, and at last utters these words, "God is good."

The Bible says "God is love." If God were not love, he would not be so good and

kind. The poor heathen worship idols and they are afraid of their idol-gods. They are always taking gifts to keep them from being angry with them, and they cut and beat themselves and go through great suffering that the angry gods may not hurt them.

Our God is not like their false ones which people ignorantly worship. He is tender as a father and he is always taking care of us, forgiving our sins and giving us fresh mercies every day. Let us, like Susie, often say, "Yes, God is good."

## MOTHER NOT TO BLAME.

TOM had been an idle, careless, mischievous boy in school. He did not mean to be a bad boy, but he wanted to do about as he liked, without seeming to care how much he troubled others by it. He had a seat-mate who was quite unlike him, in that he was careful to try to please his teachers.

One day Tom heard the teachers talking about some of their pupils; he heard his own name mentioned, and then that of his seat-mate.

"Jamie must have a lovely mother, I think," said one; "for he is always so polite and agreeable, and tries very hard to please all who are around him."

"I have heard that Tom Dunn's mother is a good woman," said another; but I don't see how it is that she has such an unpleasant boy. I think he has a generous nature, and when he likes can show fine manners. It is my opinion his mother tries to teach him just what is right, but he will not listen to her teaching. You know there is many a boy that will go on to destruction in spite of his mother."

Tom had heard enough to make him a miserable boy for the rest of the day; and he had not put conscience away so far but that he could hear a whisper: "You've been a mean boy, and they've laid it all to your mother!"

Now he did really love his mother, and could not bear the thought that he had brought discredit upon her name. After school that night he lingered until the others had passed out, and, going up to his teacher, he said slowly, and as if he hardly knew how to say it: "I want to tell you—that—that mother isn't a bit to blame. Don't lay it to my mother—all my bad ways, I mean."

I don't think Tom thought at all what a brave thing he was doing; he did not think of anything but the wish to defend his mother; but when the teacher took his hand and said, "Your mother must be a brave lady, Tom, for her boy has shown

himself brave to-night, and I shall expect good things from him in the future," thought, "I wonder if the other boys know that, good or bad, all they do is but to please their mothers."—*Careful Builders.*

## HE MEANT WHAT HIS PRAYER SAID.

"MAMMA, can't Fred stop talking and go to sleep? I've said my prayer six times now, and I don't want to talk any more, and have to say it again."

"Can't you talk without having to say your prayer over again?" replied Eddie's mamma.

"No, mamma; doesn't the prayer say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep? If we don't sleep we don't talk, do we?'"

"No, Eddie; you are right, and quite a philosopher for a six-year-old boy. Now, Fred, you must let Eddie go to sleep, you do the same."

Such was the conversation between Eddie Morgan and his mother, one night. Fred and Eddie had been some time in bed. This was but one instance of Eddie's conscientiousness. Some would have called him over-scrupulous, but I marked the character of the boy, and said to myself, "If that boy lives to grow up, he will be a trustworthy man."

If grown-up Christians, as well as children, meant just what they said at all times, there would be more men of whom the Lord could say, as he said of King David, "He is a man after mine own heart."

Little children, let your words speak just what you mean in your heart. Alas! how many people pray without meaning what they say; but God says, "I desire truth in the inward parts," and by this means truth in the heart. He looks into our hearts, and sees whether they are there or not.—*The Lily.*

## DON'T TELL ABOUT THE BRIERS.

A MAN met a little fellow on a road carrying a basket of blackberries, and said to him: "Sammy, where did you get such berries?"

"Over there, sir, in the briers."

"Won't your mother be glad to see you come home with a basketful of such ripe fruit?"

"Yes, sir," said Sammy; "she always seems glad when I hold up the berries, but I don't tell anything about the briers in my feet."

The man rode on, resolving that he would forth he would hold up the berries only, and say nothing about the briers.