

AT SET OF SUN.

If we sit down at set of sun
 And count the things that we have done,
 And counting, find
 One self-denying act, one word
 That eased the heart of him who heard,
 One glance, most kind,
 That fell like sunshine where it went—
 That may we count this day well spent.

But if through all the live-long day
 We've eased no heart by yea or nay;
 If through it all
 We've done nothing that we can trace,
 That brought the sunshine to a face;
 No act, most small,
 That helped some soul, and nothing cost—
 Then count that day as worse than lost.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 16, 1859.

MUSIC AS A DAILY HELP.

THE sound of the piano, flute, violin, or banjo is essentially a cheerful home sound, indicating the absence of illness or affliction. In seasons of bereavement the voice of music is hushed. Whether or not the daughter shall ever play so skilfully that her performances can satisfy artistic critics, it is worth while for her to practise, if she plays well enough only to please her father and mother. The household group in the evening, with Ell. at the piano and the big brother by her side, singing and turning her leaves, the younger ones joining in the chorus, papa supplying a deep bass like the rumble of a wave, is pleasant to the eye as to the ear. Music is a daily help over hard places, a sweetener of toil, a soothing influence when there are signs of rough weather in the domestic sky.

On the Sabbath evening, when the little ones are allowed to sit up a half hour later

than on other days, how charming it is to sing over the dear hymns familiar to us through many and varied experiences, linked in thought with stories of other days and with memories of dear ones whose voices now join in the chorus beside the crystal sea. These home concerts on Sabbath evening are full of tender sweetness, and do much to hallow the home and make the home life blessed.

"REALLY IN EARNEST."

THERE was a little girl in Vermont, who had been taught to have faith that God would answer her prayers. One night, when her sister was sick and not expected to live, she went to her room, and prayed long and earnestly that God would spare her and make her well: Then she came out and asked her mother if her sister was better.

"No, dear," replied her mother, "she is no better, but worse."

"Then," said the little girl, "I guess the Lord wants to know if I am really in earnest."

So she went back and prayed until midnight, when a change came and her sister began to recover. The Lord heard her prayer, because she was really in earnest.

When we ask God for anything we must be in earnest.

He regards only those who diligently seek him. Elijah was in earnest when he prayed seven times for rain, and God heard him. 1. Kings 18. 41-45. The blind men were in earnest when they wanted their eyes opened, and Jesus heard and answered their prayers. Dear young friends, the Lord is just as willing to hear your prayers when you ask him to help you to overcome your wicked ways, to forgive your sins, and help you to do right. Only you must be really in earnest.

THE TRUE TEST.

I STOPPED on my way down stairs last evening to speak to Jennie Barnes, who had just gone to bed in her little cosy room. I bent over to kiss her.

"Jennie," said I, "do you love Jesus?"

"Oh, yes," she answered.

"Are you sure? How do you know?"

"Why, of course I know," said she.

"Don't I feel it all over inside?"

"That's good," thought I. "I wish every one had that same consciousness of love; there wouldn't be so many fearful, trembling Christians."

"Do you think that Jesus knows that you love Him, Jennie?"

"Why, of course," she answered again.

"Don't he know everything? Don't he

look right down into my heart, and see it there?"

"Well Jennie," I continued, "how shall I know it? I can't look into your heart?"

Jennie sprang instantly to her feet.

On the wall at the side of her bed hung a large picture sheet, containing twelve scenes in the life of Christ, and a number of short texts, his own dear words were printed here and there around the gaily coloured border. Putting her tiny fingers on one of these, without speaking, she turned around and looked triumphantly up into my face. I put up the gas, and read the words, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

IN SICKNESS.

ALMIGHTY God, I'm very ill,
 But cure me if it be thy will;
 For thou canst take away my pain,
 And make me strong and well again,

Let me be patient every day,
 And mind what those who nurse me say;
 And grant that all I have to take
 May do me good for Jesus' sake.

FIRST LOVE CONTINUED.

Now here is something that Aunt Bertha likes: "Judge Gary, who presided over the trial of the Anarchists, is considered the sternest man on the Chicago bench. But there is a soft side to his heart; the side that ought to be soft. Those who know them best say that he and Mrs. Gary are as fond of each other as when they were first married, though the heads of both are white with age. She bids him good-bye at the door when he starts down town in the morning, and watches him till he turns the corner, when he invariably looks back and waves a final good-bye, and his return at evening is greeted with as much joy as in the brave and bonny days of old." That is the way in which the early romance of love should be kept through the struggles of life.

CHILDREN'S PRAYERS.

IN the great battle of the right against the wrong, childhood's faith and earnestness, childhood's prayers and entreaties, have often led the way to victory. When the Reformation seemed almost defeated, and even Melancthon was cast down and disheartened, we read that, taking an evening walk, he heard voices of children praying for the Reformation, and was cheered at once, and said to his friends: "Brethren, take courage: the children are praying for us." The children's prayer-meeting changed seeming defeat into victory.