

AWAKE AT NIGHT.

In the dark and silent night,
Little child, you need not fear;
Just as much as in the light
God is near you—God is near!

Though the room be dark and lone,
Though no moon be shining clear,
You may say in truthful tone,
"God is near me—God is near!"

If you feel afraid, or start
At some sudden sound you hear,
Keep this thought within your heart,
"God is near me—God is near!"

He will guard you with his arm,
He is your own Father dear;
He will keep you safe from harm—
God is near you—God is near!

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 11, 1905.

SOPHIA'S SWEEPING.

Everybody in the great Treasury Building at Washington knows "good old Sophia," the janitress. She has been there thirty-four years, respected and loved by the officials and clerks.

She was the first woman ever appointed officially in the government service. For her honesty, in saving Uncle Sam one hundred and eighty thousand dollars in one night, long ago, President Lincoln gave her a life appointment in the Treasury, where she has seen nine administrations come and go.

Among the ninety scrub-women at the Treasury, Sophia was one. One day, after a hard evening's work, when the great building was emptied of its workers,

Sophia, as usual, swept and cleaned the rooms, where (with shears in those days) the bank notes were cut and trimmed. Under the shavings she found a box packed with notes all ready for the safe. It had been forgotten.

"Now," thought Sophia, "what can I do? So I keeps on thinkin' and sweepin' fast, and thinkin'. The watchman stops at the door, and says: 'Sophia, you're mighty particular this evenin' with your cleanin'.'

"I says, when I had covered the box with shavin's: 'Yes, I likes to be nice.'

"Up an' down, up an' down, the watchman walks, an' I sweeps an' thinks: 'S'pose he steal, an' 'cuse a poor woman like me.'"

The long, dark evening she kept her watch. It was midnight. It was so still and lonely; only the steps of the watchman to and fro, on the marble floors. "One," "two," the big clock struck, with a ring. Sophia prayed the dear Lord to help her, to take care of her little children at home, to protect her and this great amount of money for the government.

At last, General Spinner, the United States Treasurer, came past her door. He cried out: "Why, Sophia, good woman, what are you doing here this time of night?"

It didn't take long for Sophia's story to be told; and the precious box hidden in General Spinner's room, all the officials were brought from their beds, and Sophia kept prisoner until, in their presence, the money was counted.

General Spinner had dreamed that something was wrong in the Treasury, dressed and gone to his office. Sophia was sent home in his carriage.

The Secretary said next day: "Sophia, don't you know you have saved this big government a quarter of a million of dollars?"

"I see glad, sir; it's a great deal of money to lose."

Visitors often ask: "Sophia, were you a bit tempted to take a few notes that time?"

"Sophia's mild eyes flash, and she stands very straight, and always replies: 'No, no! It never entered my mind, honey! All the gold and notes in the United States Treasury ain't nothin' to leavin' my little black children the legacy of a white soul!'"

HOW ROBBIE DISOBEYED.

Robbie was getting to be a pretty big boy; and Robbie thought himself even bigger than he was, for he thought he was big enough to know better than father or mother—which is a very foolish idea, indeed, for either a little boy or a big boy to have.

One day, when Robbie was going over the bridge on an errand for his mother, he saw two boys in a boat by the side of the bank, having a very good time. They

were eating bread and molasses; and though one of them had very ragged clothes on, he did not seem to mind that at all. Robbie knew who they were. They were two boys from the flats, whom his father had told he must not play with; but, you see, Robbie thought he knew better than his father. So, when they called to him and asked him to take a row with them, Robbie forgot his mother's errand and got into their boat with them.

Robbie found it great fun to row, and the boat went along so easily and fast that he did not see how far he was getting away from home. He did not like the boys very much, though, for their talk was rough and ill-tempered. He began to wish, after a while, that he was back on the bridge; and then he looked at the shore and found that he was far away from home. He told the boys he wanted to row back again, but they said it was their boat, and they were going down to Bushy Point to stay all the afternoon.

Robbie pleaded with the boys to put him ashore, and at last one of the boys took his side; but still the other boy would not give in. Then they got to quarrelling, and in their excitement forgot to watch the oars, which soon slipped overboard.

That stopped the dispute; but as they were reaching after them in the water, the boat suddenly went over a little too far to one side, and they were all upset into the river together.

The boat turned bottom side up, and the three boys caught hold of it and climbed up; so they were safe enough, but they were wet through; and when the boat drifted to land, Robbie had to walk several miles to get home.

Robbie thinks now that his father knows more than he does about the boys at the flats, and his father is glad that Robbie had his lesson without hurting himself worse than he did. Father always knows best, anyway.

DON'T CRY, TOMMY.

Tommy is in sad trouble. His book is all torn, and he can't keep back the tears. It is only a few days since his teacher gave him a new book, telling him to take good care of it, and now, though how it happened Tommy can hardly tell, his nice new book is in pieces and Tommy does not know what to do.

Tommy's little sister Emily feels very sorry for him, and is trying to comfort him as best she can. She is telling him not to mind, for he did not mean to tear the book, and she is sure the teacher will excuse him this time.

I think Emily is right, for Tommy means to be a good boy, and I am sure that, after this, he will be more careful with his new books, so that they will not get torn.