

BED-TIME.

Three little girls are weary,
Weary of books and of play;
Sad is the world, and dreary,
Slowly the time slips away.
Six little feet are aching,
Bowed is each little head;
Yet they are up and shaking
When there is mention of bed.

Bravely they laugh and chatter,
Just for a minute or two;
Then, when they end their clatter,
Sleep comes quickly to woo.
Slowly their eyes are closing,
Down again drops their head;
Three little maids are dozing,
Though they're not ready for bed.

That is their method ever;
Night after night they protest,
Claiming they're sleepy never,
Never in need of their rest.
Nodding and almost dreaming,
Drowsily each little head
Still is forever scheming,
Merely to keep out of bed.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 25, 1899.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

Ragged, dirty, ugly. He had fallen into the muddy gutter; his hands and face were black, his mouth wide open, and sending forth sounds not the most musical. A rough hand lifted him up, and placed him against the wall. There he stood, his tears making little gutters down his begrimed cheeks. Men as they passed laughed at him, not caring for a moment to stop and inquire if he were really hurt. Boys halted a moment to jeer, and loaded him with their insults. Poor boy, he hadn't a friend in the world that he knew of! Certainly he did not deserve one;

but if none but the deserving had friends, how many would be friendless!

A lady passed. Her kindness of heart prompted her to stay and say a word to the boys who were joking their companion and laughing at his sorrow. Then she looked fixedly at the dirty, crouching lad against the wall. "Why, John, is it you?" He removed one black fist from his eye, and looked up. He recognized her. She had taught him at the Sunday-school. "O ma'am, I'm so bad!" She had him examined, then taken to the hospital. Afterwards she visited him kindly and frequently.

A year passed. There was a fire one night. A dwelling-house was in flames. The engine had not yet arrived. The inmates would not be rescued. A boy looked on. Suddenly he shouted, "O, she lives here!" then he climbed up the heated, falling stairs. He fought against the suffocating smoke. He hunted about until he found what he sought. She had fainted, was dying, perhaps. No! he would save her. Five minutes of agonizing suspense, and she was safe in the cool air. The bystanders were struck with the intrepidity of the boy. He only walked away muttering: "She didn't turn away from me when I was hurt." O friends, the stone looks very rough, but it may be a diamond.

TRAMPLING DOWN TEMPER.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

"I'm so glad. Oh, I'm so glad!"
Herbert came to his mother at bedtime with a beaming face.

"What are you so glad about?" she asked.

"Oh, for something I did to-day. No, it was something I didn't do."

"Are you going to tell me about it?"

"Yes, of course I am, mamma. Don't I always tell you everything?"

"I hope so, dear."

"I do. But don't you know sometimes I have dreadful things to tell?"

"Yes, sometimes," she said with a smile.

"You don't know how it makes a fellow feel, mamma," Herbert went on very soberly, "to have to come and tell of something mean and wicked I've been doing. It makes me feel as though I wanted to creep away and hide and never show my face again. But I don't feel that way to-night, and it's because I've been trying to do just as you told me when I get angry."

"You find it a good way, do you?"

"Yes, your ways are always good. Well, this is how it was. Harvey Gray wanted me to play ball at school, and I just picked up his book to look at it for a minute. 'I'm coming,' I said, but he wouldn't wait, and snatched the book out of my hand and threw it out into the road in the dust. Then I laughed and said, 'It is your book.' He thought it was mine, and he was so mad he picked up my lunch basket and flung it after it, and everything rolled out in the dust. I tell you, mamma, I was as

mad as a hornet. I doubled up my fists and was just going at him. I was going to call him all the bad names I could. And just in time, mamma, I remembered what you told me about my bad temper."

"I'm glad!"

"But, mamma, I didn't want to remember a bit. I wanted more'n five dollars to give it to Harve like sixty. I wanted to wait to the next time to begin the tramping. But you said it would be harder and harder every time, and I just asked God, as you told me, to help me when I hated to stop being mad. And then I ran right by Harve, and ran and ran till I was clear away from the boys. And I stayed away till the school bell rang."

"That was very wise," said mamma, patting the small boy's head.

"Yes," said Herbert, "'cause, you see, I could not fight Harve if I wasn't there, and I couldn't fight him when school was called. And by noon I hardly felt mad at all, but I kept away from him. And after school this afternoon I felt all right to him and played with him just as I always did. And he came and told me he was sorry he was so mean, and gave me an apple, and now we are good friends. That's why I am so glad."

"It's enough to be glad for," said mamma, kissing him tenderly. "Try it again, dear. You will find it less hard every time you conquer your hasty temper, but I think you will find the same gladness in every victory."

GOD IS HERE, TOO.

Nurse came in and found Bessie wide awake, lying very still in her bed.

"All alone in the dark," said nurse, "and not afraid at all, Bessie, are you?"

"No indeed," answered Bessie, "for I ain't all alone. God is here; and I look out of the window and see the stars, and God seems to me looking down with all his eyes, nurse."

"To be sure," said the nurse; "but God up in the sky is a great way off."

"No," spoke little Bessie, "God is here too, because he seems sometimes hugging me to his heart; then I am so happy."

Oh, how sweet to feel God near—to be resting on his bosom, like a little child in its father's arms! This is the blessed privilege of a believing child.

FOREVER.

A little girl whom we know came in her night clothes very early to her mother one morning, saying: "Which is worst, mamma, to tell a lie or steal?"

The mother, taken by surprise, replied that both were so bad she couldn't tell which was the worst.

"Well," said the little one, I have been thinking a good deal about it, and I concluded that it's worse to lie than to steal. If you steal a thing, you can take it back, 'less you've eaten it; and if you've eaten it, you can pay for it. But [and there was a look of awe in the little face] a lie is forever."