

A GOOD-NIGHT PRAYER.

My Father, hear my prayer,
Before I go to rest;
It is thy little child
Who cometh to be blest.

Forgive me all my sin,
That I may sleep this night
In safety and in peace
Until the morning light.

Lord, help me every day
To love thee more and more,
To strive to do thy will,
To worship and adore.

Then look upon me, Lord,
Ere I lie down to rest;
It is thy little child
Who cometh to be blest.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 7, 1897.

CAN'T AFFORD IT.

"Don't keep turning her head so much, Ruthie."

"Why not?"

"Because mamma says that it might break."

"Ho! I don't believe that it will. It feels as strong. I want to see how far around it will go."

So she twisted Marianna's head to the right, now to the left, until the poor thing looked helplessly over first one shoulder and then the other. Bessie was fixing the lunch-table, and once in a while gave an uneasy glance at Ruth.

"Don't," said Bessie, as Ruth still tried to turn the head.

Marianna was a doll that could do almost anything but walk and talk. Her eyes would open and shut, and her joints turn. Her head turned so that she could look either way in a manner which Ruth thought very cute and cunning. But as she kept on Ruth all at once heard a

little snap. As she turned the head back again an ugly crack came in the pretty neck. When she tried again the crack grew wider.

"O dear!" she said, as Bessie came to look. "What is the matter?"

"See, it's broken! I don't believe that it will ever turn again." Tears came into her eyes. It was so hard not to say something angry to Ruth that she wisely followed a bit of advice often given by her mamma: "When you find yourself tempted to say something unkind get out of the way for a while." She went out of the room, leaving Ruth feeling very miserable indeed. Here was Marianna, Bessie's very best doll, the most beautiful one that Ruth had ever seen, broken. Ruth placed her in her own little chair; and there she sat, gazing in a most uncomfortable fashion over her left shoulder.

After a while Bessie came back into the room. She laid Marianna in her bed, saying: "There, dearie, you've got a bad crook in your neck, so you must go to bed." Then, going to Ruth, she said: "Come, Ruthie; we'll play with the other dolls."

"But," said Ruth, with a little sniff, "I feel so bad about it; it's dreadful."

"Yes, 'tis so. It's so dreadful that we can't afford to feel bad about it."

"What?" said Ruth in surprise.

"That's just the way 'tis. Here you've come to spend the day with me, and have a splendid time. Marianna's broken, and that's dreadful enough without making things worse. Don't you see that we can't afford to spoil our nice day for it?"

"Well, you're queer," said Ruth. "Who told you all that?"

"Cousin Bertha. One day I was feeding her canary. She didn't tell me that I might. I let it out, and oh, the cat caught it, and that was an end of that poor little bird. Cousin Bertha cried a little at first. I went to my room, and was going to cry all day, I felt so badly. But pretty soon she came to me, so sweet and bright, and said: 'Come, Bessie; when a thing is very bad, we can't afford to fret about it.' Didn't you, Cousin Bertha?" cried Bessie, raising her voice as a pretty young lady was passing the door.

She came in, expressing sympathy for the poor crooked-neck doll, adding: "Yes, that's right, little girlies. It is a bad business; but how much worse it would be if you let it take all the sunshine out of your day and the smiles off your faces!"

UNCLE PHIL'S STORY.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Phil," said Rob and Archie, running to him.

"What about?" said Uncle Phil, as Rob climbed on his right knee and Archie on his left.

"Oh, about something that happened to you," said Rob.

"Something when you were a little boy," said Archie.

"Once when I was a little boy," said

Uncle Phil, "I asked my mother to let Roy and myself go out and play by the river."

"Was Roy your brother?" asked Rob.

"No, but he was very fond of playing with me. My mother said yes, so we went and had a great deal of sport. After a while I took a shingle for a boat and sailed it along the bank. At last it began to get into deep water, where I couldn't reach it with a stick. Then I told Roy to go and bring it to me. He almost always did what I told him, but this time he did not. I began scolding him, and he ran toward home.

"Then I was angry. I picked up a stone and threw it at him as hard as I could."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" cried Archie.

"Just then Roy turned his head and struck him."

"Oh, Uncle Phil!" cried Rob.

"Yes, he gave a little cry and lay down on the ground.

"But I was still angry with him. I did not go to him, but waded in the water for my boat.

"But it was deeper than I thought. Before I knew it I was in a strong current. I screamed as it carried me down stream, but no men were at hand to help me.

"But as I went down under the water something took hold of me and dragged me toward shore. It was Roy. He saved my life."

"Good fellow! Was he your cousin?" asked Rob.

"No," replied Uncle Phil.

"What did you say to him?" asked Archie.

"I put my arms around the dear fellow's neck and cried and asked him to forgive me."

"What did he say?" asked Bob.

"He said, 'Bow, wow, wow!'"

"Why, who was Roy anyway?" asked Archie, in great astonishment.

"He was my dog," said Uncle Phil. "the best dog I ever saw. I have never been unkind to a dog or to any other animal since, and I hope you will never be."

ON THE WRONG TRACK.

Tommy is only twelve years old, and tremble when I look at him, not because I think he will hurt me,—oh, no!—but because I know he is hurting himself. An engine got loose one day and ran off on the wrong track. It ran into a train of cars that was coming, and did a great deal of harm. Tommy is on the wrong track; and he is going to run into other trains which are out on their life-track, and harm them and very likely get smashed up himself. He is out on the street all day, and sometimes until late at night. He has learned to smoke and knows how beer tastes. He says he is too big to go to Sunday-school, and so he plays in the fields and streets on Sunday. He does not like to go to school and never wants to read anything. What can be done for him? Boys, look out that you do not get on the wrong track.