

THE CALL OF SAMUEL.

In Israel's fans by silent night
The lamp of God was burning bright;
And there, by viewless angels kept,
Samuel, the child, securely slept.

A voice unknown the stillness broke:
"Samuel!" it called, and thrice it spoke,
He rose; he asked, Whence came the word?
From Eli? No; it was the Lord!

Thus early called to serve his God,
In paths of righteousness he trod;
Prophetic visions fired his breast,
And all the chosen tribes were blest.

Speak, Lord, and from our earliest days
Incline our hearts to love thy ways;
Thy wakening voice hath reached our ear;
Speak, Lord, to us; thy servants hear.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 8, 1889.

HE REBUKED THEM.

THERE lives in Pennsylvania a little boy who has been a regular attendant of the Band of Hope. He went on an excursion not long since down the river, and was shocked to see sitting at a table near him a party of men drinking beer. The little fellow thought it was very wrong, and wondered that no one spoke to them about it. He is not five years old, but he did a very brave thing for a little boy. He left his mother's side, went up to the men, and said, in a very sweet tone, though wearing a very serious face: "You ought not to drink that beer; you had better join our Band of Hope." The men looked at him in surprise, but he was too serious for them to laugh. They did not know what to say to him, but finally one of the number, who had been very dissipated, arose and said: "I think, fellows, when a little chap like that sees we are on the wrong road, and is brave enough

to tell us of it, it is high time that we quit." The tears were in his eyes as he spoke, and he evidently was deeply moved. I do not know whether they quit drinking from that day or not, but it is certain that they drank no more beer on that excursion. Ah! little folks, you don't know how much good a kind word does. Try it, and leave results with God.—*Temperance Banner.*

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

"MOTHER, every night when I go to bed I say, 'Now I lay me,' and do you know, mamma, though saying it so often, I never thought what it meant, until Fanny Gray died. I asked nurse if Fanny died before she waked, and she said, 'Yes.' She went to bed well, and had a spasm in the night, and died before she knew anything at all. Now, mother," continued Rena, "I want you to tell me about 'Now I lay me,' so that when I say it I may think what it means."

"Well Rena," said her mother, "I shall be glad to tell you. What does it mean when you say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep?'"

"O! that means, mother, that I am just going to lie down in my bed, to go to sleep until morning."

"Well, then as you lie down to sleep, what prayer do you offer to God?"

"I pray the Lord my soul to keep.' I want the Lord to take care of me while I am asleep, and take care of me all over, mother. But, mother, if I should die before I wake would the Lord be taking care of me then? Now, it seems to me when Fanny died that God did not take care of her that night, and so she died."

"O no, Rena! God did take care of her. The little verse says, 'If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take;' so you see God took little Fanny's soul to himself, and when she awoke she was in the arms of the blessed Jesus. Now, Rena, when you say, 'Now I lay me,' I want you to think in this way: 'Now I am going to bed and to sleep, and I want the Lord to take care of me. If I am not a good child and do not pray to God, ought I to ask him or expect him to take care of me? Let me lie down feeling I am in the Lord's care; and if I should die before I wake, that I am still the Lord's child: and I pray that he may take my soul to dwell with him.'"

"O mother! I will try and remember. Why, I used to say it slow, and clasp my hands, and shut my eyes, and yet I did not think about it. Thank you, mother dear. Please hear me to-night when I go to say my prayers."

Ah, little children are there not a great many who, like Rena say their prayer without thinking what they mean—men words, with no meaning in them? God cannot listen to such prayers. They are not for him "unto whom all hearts are open all desires known, and from whom no secret are hid."

Think of what I have written about little Rena when you say, "Now I lay me," to night; and pray that God will watch over you, waking and sleeping.

THE BAREFOOTED GIRL.

THERE are many woes which sin has brought into the world; and those who have sinned least, sometimes suffer most. Especially is this the case with little children who often are doomed to suffer the sorest affliction through the faults and sins of their parents.

A man passing up State street, one chilly day, saw a little barefooted girl trothing along on the cold pavement.

"Where are your shoes, little girl?" said the gentleman.

"Don't dot any," said she.

"Don't dot any?" Why not?" said he

"My papa dets drunk," said the poor little wail.

That tells the whole story. Bare feet, ragged clothing, hunger, want, poverty, and misery, all come when "papa dets drunk." And tens of thousands are beginning to taste the deadly cup that brings all this misery at the end; and others are dealing out this dreadful, deadly poison to poor degraded men. How wonderful that God bears with such iniquities and crimes, which cause suffering to the young, the poor, and the helpless. But yet, though he suffers long, he does not forget the little ones. He who, long ago, took them in his arms to bless them, looks with pitying eye upon each poor drunkard's child, and hears the sighs and sobs of the suffering little ones. May we not hope that he will speedily arise and bring them deliverance?

GOD HAS NOT GONE AWAY.

ANNIE and Lily were going from school together one afternoon, and Annie was teasing Lily to go off somewhere and play with her.

"But mother told me to come right home from school," said Lily.

"Well, she has gone away, and would never know if you did go away for a little while," naughty Annie said.

"But God has not gone away; he would know," Lily replied; as she ran home fast.