

SEND THEM TO BED WITH A KISS.

O mothers, so weary, discouraged
Worn out with the cares of the day,
You often grow cross and impatient,
Complain of the noise and the play;
For the day brings so many vexations,
So many things going amiss;
But mothers, whatever may vex you,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

The dear little feet wander often,
Perhaps, from the pathway of right,
The dear little hands find new mischief
To try you from morn till night,
But think of the desolate mothers
Who'd give all the world for your bliss,
And, as thanks for your infinite blessings,
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

For some day their noise may not vex you;
The silence will hurt you far more;
You will long for the sweet children's
voices,
For a sweet, childish face at the door;
And to press a child's face to your bosom.
You'd give all the world for just this;
For the comfort 'twill bring you in sorrow!
Send the children to bed with a kiss!

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 30, 1899.

WOOL-GATHERING.

BY MRS. S. J. BRIGHAM.

Jamie and Bessie Baldwin had the promise of going with their brother Paul to the meadows to spend the day. Paul was his father's shepherd and had learned to love his work, as well as the sheep, and brook, and birds, and pleasant fields. Jamie was too small to wade the brook, which they must cross to reach the meadows. But Bessie thought it great fun, so she took off her shoes and stockings, and put them into Paul's pocket, and

her hand within his, and followed the sheep through the cool water of the brook. It was a fine June day, and the sweet meadow lands were blooming with white clover. The bees were shaking the blossoms and gathering honey. The birds were darting in and out of the tree-tops, and among the alders along the brookside, searching for suitable places to build their nests.

The sheep ran here and everywhere through the clover, bothering the bees, and nipping the tender leaves, for it was their breakfast time. Bessie made daisy chains and trimmed her brothers' hats and put one upon her pet Nanny's neck.

It was the month of roses, and pink wild roses crowded along the walls and fences, and when daisy chains became common Bessie and Jamie strolled along the walls and filled hat and apron with the fragrant blossoms.

Paul was resting under the shadow of his favourite tree on the hillside where he had spent much of his boyhood in faithfully watching his flocks, and at the same time studying the habits of flowers, birds, and bees.

He blew his horn when it was time for lunch, and Bessie and Jamie hurried to the spot gay with blossoms and with a very wonderful thing to tell to brother Paul.

"Paul, Paul," said Bessie, "we have seen such a funny sight: some birdies came down and took a ride upon the backs of the sheep while they were feeding."

"And what do you think they were there for?" said Paul.

"Why, for a ride," said Bessie, "and all the time they were stretching up their little necks and pulling out wool, and—"

"And they flew away with it," said Jamie.

"No," said Paul, "they were wool-gathering. I have often seen them pull as much as they could carry and fly away; and with it they line their little nests, and thus prepare a soft and warm home for their little birdies."

This fact amused the children very much and they resolved to watch the birdies some time and learn how to build a nest. After lunch they rested in the shade as did the sheep, and when evening came they returned with their flock, and three happier children never gathered about the hearthstone.

WHY THE KING CHANGED HIS MIND.

One of the strongest opposers of Christianity in South Africa was the King of Pondoland, which country was lately attached to Cape Colony. He has recently been much impressed, and has gone so far as to say, "Up to this time I have not believed in the existence of a God, but now I must admit there is one."

The reason of the king's change of mind was the conversion of his chief officer, whose duties would be something the same as the Prime Minister in other countries.

The officer was a drunkard and a wretched man in every way. He had been truly led to Christ. On returning to his home he destroyed a large and varied collection of beer-pots, and taking all his wives but one apart, he made provision for them and sent them back to their homes. It was this news which caused the King to believe in God—he felt that none other could have so changed the man.

We hope that before long the King, too, will find salvation.

THE CARELESS NURSE.

Faithfulness in little matters is a great virtue. A girl was sent out with her little sister to watch her and take care of her while the mother was busy. Instead of doing so she took along a story book, and became so interested in it that her little sister was likely to fall into the creek for want of watching. Unless this girl changes her habits very much, she will grow into a careless, selfish woman, who will make everybody about her unpleasant by her neglect of her little duties.

THE LITTLE HEART FOR JESUS.

A little boy, who, during a long illness, contemplated his departure from the world, conceived the odd idea of disposing among his friends, by way of legacy, of the several parts of his body. All seemed to be bequeathed, when the mother remarked that he had omitted "the dear little heart." But no, the little patient felt that he could make no further bequest, and promptly replied that the little heart must be kept for Jesus; a surprising, beautiful, almost sublime, turn in the strange colloquy.

DIDN'T WANT A PONY.

"Papa," says the small boy, "Willie Winkers has got a pony."

"Has he?" says papa.
"Yes, and it's the bee-utafulist pony I ever saw."

"You don't say?"
"Just as gentle as can be. I rode on it and didn't fall off once. A boy couldn't get hurt on that pony."

"I suppose not."
"It eats hardly anything, too, and doesn't cost much to keep."

"It doesn't?"
"Not anything hardly. Willie said his papa bought it real cheap."

"No doubt!"
"And he said there were plenty more where that came from."

"Humph! Do you want me to buy you a pony?"

"N-o. I was only thinking what a nice pony Willie Winkers has."

"Oh!"
"Yes. Willie has got a nice papa, too, hasn't he?"—*Farm and Fireside.*

Here is a verse for you to learn by heart: "What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee."