

BRIGHT THINGS FOR JESUS.

Do speak bright words for Jesus,

Such loving words, unshamed,

As spring to glad and eager lips

When dearest friends are named.

O never friend was nearer,

With love more warm and true,

Than He who on the last great day

Shall speak glad words for you!

Do live bright lives for Jesus,

That through them unaware,

His light may shine with wider power

Than warmest words can bear.

Make every service loyal,

And daily you shall see

How bright in sunshine or in cloud,

A Christian's life may be.

Do keep bright hearts for Jesus,

Like fountains to the sun,

From whence the streams of outward life,

Unstained and free, may run;

And all the banks they water

Shall blossom in his sight.

O keep your hearts for Jesus,

And he will keep them bright.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly	Subs.
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1.00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 36 pp., monthly, illustrated	2.00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2.75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3.25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1.00	
Canadian Epworth Era	0.50	
Sunday-school Banner, 48 pp., 8vo., monthly	0.60	
Onward, 5 pp., 4to, weekly under 5 copies	0.50	
1 copy and over	0.30	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0.25	
Less than 20 copies	0.15	
Over 20 copies	0.12	
Supplement, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.15	
10 copies and upwards	0.12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.15	
10 copies and upwards	0.12	
Deo Drops, weekly	0.08	
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0.20	
Berean Leaf, monthly	0.05	
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0.05	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 25 cents a dozen; \$2.50 per 100. Per quarter, 5 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
20 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 20 to 30 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
2178 St. Catherine Street,
Montreal, Que.

R. F. HURDIE,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 9, 1904.

A SHEPHERD BOY'S PRAYER.

A little lad was keeping his sheep one Sunday morning. The bells were ringing for church, and the people were going over the fields, when the little fellow began to think that he, too, would like to pray to God. But what could he say? He had never learned a prayer. So he knelt down and commenced the alphabet—A, B, C, and so on to Z.

A gentleman happening to pass on the other side of the hedge heard the lad's voice, and, looking through the bushes, saw the little fellow kneeling with folded hands and closed eyes, saying, "A, B, C."

"What are you doing, my little man?" The lad looked up. "Please sir, I was praying."

"But what were you saying your letters for?"

"Why, I don't know any prayer, only I felt that I wanted God to take care of me and help me take care of the sheep; so I thought if I said all I knew, he would put it together and spell all I want."

"Bless your heart, my little man. He will. He will. He will. When the heart speaks right the lips can't say wrong."

PERIWINKLE'S POWDER.

BY KATHERINE RUSSELL.

Periwinkle Wilson was ill and little Mistress Mabel Wilson was worried. She decided to ask her father to cure Periwinkle. "That is the reason he is a doctor," she thought, "so that he can cure folks."

Dr. Wilson's office was in the house where he lived. Mabel waited until it was his office hour, and then took Periwinkle in her arms and went into the waiting-room. There were a number of people waiting to see the doctor, and Mabel sat down with them. When it came her turn to go into the office, she held Periwinkle tight and marched in.

"Mabel, why are you here?" asked her father in surprise. For Mabel was not allowed to come into the office when her father was busy.

"It is all right for me to come this time, father," she explained. "Periwinkle is ill and must have some medicine."

"Oh, I see," said her father; "you have brought a patient. Have you tried giving him catnip?"

"Yes," replied Mabel, "and the catnip does him no good."

Father looked serious and nodded his head thoughtfully. Then he took from his medicine-case a powder folded up in a white paper and handed it to Mabel.

"That is what he needs," he said. "Do you know how to give it to him?"

"Of course," replied Mabel. "Just the way I take powders, with a drink of water afterwards."

"I am afraid that Periwinkle could not take it that way," said father. "Ask Mary to give you some lard. Mix the powder with that and rub it on Periwinkle's fur, and he will have to lick it off to get clean again."

Mabel thought this a very funny way to give medicine, but she did as her father had advised, and sure enough Periwinkle licked it all off. The next day he was as well as ever.

THE WONDERFUL NIGHT AT THE STATION.

BY MAY G. MOORE.

Father had gone to New York on business, and they thought they would be so lonesome while he was away that they were going to grandfather's to spend Sunday—mother, Elsie, Doris, and Jack.

It was snowing quite hard when they started, but mother wrapped them up well and they took the electric-car to the station. The flakes came down so thick and fast that the car had to run slowly, and sometimes 'couldn't go at all, and when they got to the station the tracks were so covered with snow that the trains couldn't leave. The cars had stopped running and there were no cabs to be had, so there was nothing to do but stay in the station and see if, by and by, the train wouldn't start.

The children had a lovely time playing all sorts of games; and after a while a man came to the door and said it would be impossible to clear the tracks that night, and the passengers had better make themselves comfortable in the station.

The children were delighted when they heard this, but though mother didn't think it such a joke, she tried to make the best of it.

She bought some supper at the little luncheon counter and they had a merry time spreading it out on the settee.

There was only one other child among the waiting passengers—a little girl about Elsie's age. Elsie noticed how wistfully she watched them, and she whispered to mother. "Can't I ask that little girl to have supper with us? She looks lonesome."

Mother said yes, and Elsie skipped away and soon came back bringing the little stranger with her.

"Her name is Beth, mother, and she's going to her grandfather's, just like us."

Very soon after supper the little heads drooped, and mother gathered her children about her and told them a lovely good-night story, and then little Beth went back to her father.

Jack and Doris lay down on the big settee and mother covered them up carefully, but Elsie cuddled up close to mother—to keep her company, she said.

The station was warm, and in a few minutes all the little folks were asleep, and morning came very soon.

The first train that got through the drifts was one from New York, and there was father getting off it! He didn't have to stay over Sunday, as he expected, and oh, how glad they were to see him!

It wasn't long then before the street-cars could run, and they were able to go home again. And as nobody caught a bit of cold, even mother thinks it was fun.—Sunbeam.

There is no freedom outside of obedience to truth.