

THE DARK.

WHERE do the little chickens run
When they are made afraid?
Out of the light, out of the sun,
Into the dark—the shade.
Under the mother's downy wing,
They fear nor care for anything.

Where do the little violets creep
When comes the time of snow?
Into the dark to rest and sleep
And wait for spring; they go
Under the ground where storms can't reach,
And God takes tenderest care of each.

Are you afraid, dear girl or boy,
Afraid of the dark of death?
Jesus will raise you full of joy
To the world of light, he saith;
And where the little violets sleep,
Your body safe the Lord will keep.

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HAPPY DAYS

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1889.

TRUE, OR NOT TRUE.

"AND the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up."

What a beautiful promise this would be, if it were true! You say you are astonished to hear me talk that way. Who is there that doubts the promises of God? But I ask, who is there now really does believe the promise I have quoted? To thousands who profess to be the followers of Christ it remains a dead letter. If the Bible was written by holy men of old who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, then it is the Word of God. Back of each promise is God's eternal power and holiness. What then about this promise I have quoted—this promise concerning the prayer of faith? If these words of the

apostle are true, I would be sorry to have them put under a bushel, or tucked away in the garret with the old trumpery. I think Christianity, as taught to-day, lacks just this one thing to make it what the world needs; and I am the biggest sinner of all. I am ashamed that I have so little faith. But now I charge you to tell me what you will do with the text. Some will say, "Explain it away. Skip over it. It does not apply to us." Oh, yes. It applies to some people who are dead, but to us it is nothing. The Bible must not carry it along as old lumber, to the end of time. Rivers of ink will be wasted in printing this dead letter. This is the way some talk.

If the promise is not now true to us, why do we have it in the Bible? I ask these questions because I want to know. If it is true, I want to be up to it. If the divine battery is charged, and only needs the touch of faith to bring down the power, then I want to know it.—*W. O. Cushing.*

NIP'S THANKS.

"A TRUE story about a dog? Is that what you want, children?"

"Yes, auntie; we like true ones ever so much the best."

"Well, then, what do you think happened to me last week? I was visiting a friend of mine, and we had some afternoon tea in the drawing-room. My friend had a few crumbs on her dress, and got up to throw them into the fire.

"On the hearthrug Nip reposed lazily, and as his mistress passed him he looked up at her and wagged his tail. We suppose one of the crumbs fell into his eye; but at any rate, in another moment he began rubbing it with his paw till I thought his poor eye would be scratched out."

"What did you do, auntie?" asked some one.

"I knelt down by him, and asked him to let me see what it was. Nip seemed to understand, for he lay quite still—in fact, almost like a dead dog, and allowed me to examine his eye, and even to remove the crumb with the corner of my handkerchief.

"But the end of my story is the part that pleases me.

"When the crumb was out, and Nip really found himself relieved, he followed me about everywhere, and when I got up, he got up, making much of me all the time.

"At last he settled himself down at my feet, and laid his nose confidently on my shoe."

"What a nice old dog!" said some one.

"Yes—and all the week he has taught me a lesson."

"How, auntie?"

"A lesson of gratitude. I have so dozens of times to myself this week, 'He thanked the Giver for this—and this—and this?' till I have come to the conclusion that I am a great deal more ungrateful than I supposed I was!"

GRACIE'S DISCOVERY.

A LITTLE girl who always cried
When mamma combed her hair,
And washed her dimpled face and hands
To make her sweet and fair,
Was whining dreadfully one day;
But mamma worked away,
And told all sorts of curious things
To keep the frowns at bay.

She said the tangled, snarly curls
Were wilted little vines;
And comb and water freshened them,
And made them glow and shine;
The rosy cheeks, and violet eyes,
And lily brow were soiled
With road-side dust, and needed shoven
To keep from being spoiled.

A few days after clouds came up,
And rain came pattering down,
And scattered blessings everywhere,
In forest, field and town;
The drooping flowers showed brighter tint
The grass a deeper green,
And every thing looked fresh and glad,
Where'er the rain had been.

The rain-drops trembled on the trees,
And sparkled in the sun;
The birds sang loud and joyously,
Because the rain was done;
And then to mamma, in surprise,
Came wondering little Grace:
"O mamma, mamma, come and see!
The world has washed its face!"

IDLE KATE.

LITTLE Katy sits on the log, under the shadow of the great tree, dreaming. Ah! little Katy, you had better find something to do. Don't sit with your hands folded in your lap in that way; it would be better to find something to do to help mamma, or try to learn to sew. Remember that

"Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do."

It is all very pleasant sitting there, and imagining all sorts of nice things, but it is very selfish, to say the least; run and do something for somebody, and see how much happier you will feel.