

A BED-TIME SONG.

Sway to and fro in the twilight gray,
This is the ferry for Shadow-town;
It always sails at the end of the day,
Just as the darkness is closing down.

Rest, little head, on my shoulder, so;
A sleepy kiss is the only fare;
Drifting away from the world we go,
You and I in the rocking-chair.

See, when the fire-logs glow and spark,
Glitter the lights of the shadowland;
The winter rain on the window—hark!
Are ripples lapping upon its strand.

There, where the mirror is glancing dim,
A lake lies shimmering, cool and still;
Blossoms are waving above its brim—
Those over there on the window-sill.

Rock slow, more slow, in the dusky light,
Silently lower the anchor down.
Dear little passenger, say "Good-night,"
We've reached the harbor of Shadow-town.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1.00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 20 pp., monthly, illustrated	2.00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2.75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	2.25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1.00
Canadian Epworth Era	0.50
Sunday School Banner, 62 pp., 8c. monthly	0.50
Onward, 5 pp., 4c., weekly under 5 copies	0.20
5 copies at 1 over	0.20
Pleasant Hours, 1 pp., 4c., weekly, single copies	0.25
Less than 20 copies	0.25
Over 20 copies	0.24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.12
10 copies and upwards	0.12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.12
10 copies and upwards	0.12
New Drops, weekly	0.05
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0.20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0.05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0.05
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; 22 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	0.05

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
20 to 22 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 32 Temperance St., Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
2175 St. Catherine Street,
Montreal, Que.

S. F. HURSTIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 22, 1904.

HOW TO KNOW A GOOD BOOK.

Books, like friends, either help to make us better or worse. We must read very carelessly, indeed, if what we read leaves no impression upon us. That is reading without receiving anything in return for the time we spend on it. To read a bad book is worse than not to read at all, because it leads us to bad thoughts and bad acts. A good book, like a good friend, helps us to think, speak, and act more nobly and with more edification and bene-

fit. We advise you to apply the following test to your reading.

A good book is one that leaves you further on than when you took it up. If, when you drop it, it drops you down in the same old spot with no finer outlook, no clearer vision, no stimulated desire for that which is better, it is in no sense a good book.

A PRETTY IDEA.

Ray was four years old, and her mamma said she could give a party to all her little friends. She was a bright little girl, and after she and her little friends had played ring and eaten the party, and were thinking of playing ring again, she got them all quiet and said:

"There's a nice, 'little old lady in zis town and she's awful sick. My mamma took me visitin' yestay and I seen her my own sef. 'Taint far where she lives. Zis lady wants to see some'n awful putty, and she might get well zen. Ray glanced around and tossed back her yellow curls and added: "I wish she tould see some'n awful putty. I wish she tould see some'n putty on my budday, 'deed I do."

"Cake is awful putty," said a little girl guest.

"Tandy is awful putty, too," said a little boy.

Ray shook her head. "She don't like zings to eat very much," she explained.

"I dot a putty dolly," said Dodo.

"I dot a putty 'basket," said Janie.

"My toat is awful putty," said little Willie Jones.

"I dot awful putty ribbon at my neck," said Mamie.

"Mamma put my putty kilt suit on me to-day," said Robbie.

Then Ray glanced at her dainty feet.

"My slippers is awful putty, too," she said, ecstatically. "Taint far from here where she lives. Let's ask mamma if we can't run down and show zat old lady all ze putty zings we got, sure 'nough. Then maybe she might get well."

"I dot my putty red ball wis me," said Fred.

"I dot my monkey man," screamed Tommy.

"Everybody has dot some'n putty, I dess," said Janie.

Mamma gave her permission for all the little girls and boys to go to see the old lady who was sick, provided they entered her room very quietly. This the little girls and boys promised to do, and mamma and nurse went along to take care of everybody.

The little old lady who was sick was just as pleased as she could be when the reason of the children's coming was explained to her; and she looked at each "awful putty" thing that was held out to her in little baby hands, admiring them

all, the slippers and the toat and the bowful ribbons and the basket and the doll and everything. And she sank back among her pillows after examining the last of the "awful putty things," and gave a little laugh, and this is what she said: "Well, well, well, I have seen a pretty sight 'this day."

Just as she spoke the words the little old lady was not thinking of the slippers or the doll or the ball or the basket or the ribbons or even of the toat; she was thinking of the pretty faces of the dear little children who wanted her to get well. Janie was right when she said, "Everybody has dot some'n putty, I dess."

ASHAMED TO BE GOOD.

Little May Burnet was a very little girl. But though she was "such a mite," as they all called her, she was old enough to know the difference between right and wrong. "Mamma," she asked one day, "why is it to be a Christian?"

Mamma answered her as another mother told her little girl, "It is to live as Jesus would live, and behave as Jesus would behave, if he were a little child and lived at our house."

But May was not a Christian. What had not been told what it meant, for her good mother often talked with her, and tried to teach her the right way, and often prayed with her. But May had a wicked little heart; she was a very contrary and wayward child. Her teacher had much trouble with her at school, and her parents were often grieved by her behavior at home; her little cousins could not get along with her, and she was avoided by all the children in the neighborhood.

Once she was very sick for a long time and when she was getting better she said one day, "Mamma, I've half a mind to begin school again good, only I'm kind of ashamed to. They'll all laugh at me and say how I've changed, and I don't want 'em to notice it."

"Why, May," said mamma, "I am surprised! Ashamed to be good, when you have never thought of such a thing as being ashamed of your naughty ways!"

It was no wonder that mother was surprised. What do you think of it, little reader? Which are you ashamed of doing, wrong or right?

We heard of a young man the other day who became a Christian, and right away went to all his friends to tell them the good news that he had begun to love Jesus. He was ashamed of his sin, but not ashamed of doing right.

"Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of heaven depend No; when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more revere his name."