

HEAR THY CHILDREN, GENTLE JESUS.

Hear thy children, gentle Jesus,

While we breathe our evening prayer;

Save us from all harm and danger,

Take us 'neath thy sheltering care.

Shield us from the wiles of Satan,

From the perils of this night;

Safely may thy guardian angels

Keep us in their watchful sight.

Gentle Jesus! look in pity

From thy glorious throne above;

Though we sleep, thy heart is wakeful

Still for us it beats with love.

Shades of evening fast are falling,

Day is falling into gloom!

When our earthly life is ended,

Lead thy ransomed children home.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

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

	Yearly	Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 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, 65 pp., 8vo, monthly	0 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly under 5 copies	0 60	
5 copies at 4 over	0 50	
Pleasant Hours, 1 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0 25	
Less than 20 copies	0 24	
Over 20 copies	0 15	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12	
10 copies and upwards	0 15	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12	
10 copies and upwards	0 15	
Bew Dross, 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, 24 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2156 St. Catherine Street,
Montreal, Que. S. F. HUESTIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 25, 1905.

LOST WILLIE.

A poor boy, employed in Scotland to keep sheep, was overtaken in the hills by a severe snow-storm. Long and bravely he kept up, and tried to drive his flock toward home by taking note of the landmarks he knew. All in vain; the snow fell, and before night all traces of roads and paths were lost, and poor Willie found himself alone in the hills with his sheep.

As the night wore on, the fatal drowsiness began to creep over him beyond his power to resist, and without a scrap of shelter he laid himself down among his sheep to sleep and die, for he was sure he would never more wake on earth. With a

smothered prayer for help he fell asleep, and, as he lay there, more sheep came and huddled around him. Strange indeed as it may seem, the warmth from their bodies kept him from being frozen to death. A party from home went in search of him, and they found him surrounded by a dozen old sheep, whose instinct saved his life. In keeping themselves warm they had kept warmth and life in him. And he lived many years to tell this anecdote of his boyhood's peril.

INSTINCT OF AN OLD RAT.

On a very warm day in early summer, I happened to be standing near a chicken-coop in a back yard, when I noticed the head of a very gray and grizzled rat thrust from a neighboring rat-hole, and concluded to watch the movements of the veteran. After a careful survey of the surroundings, our old rodent seemed to be satisfied that all was right, and made a cautious exit from the home retreat. A fresh pan of water had been recently placed before the chicken-coop, and the water looked a friendly invitation to the thirsty old rat, who immediately started towards it.

The rat had not reached the pan before five half-grown young ones rushed ahead, and tried to be the first at the water. The old rat thereupon immediately made a leap like a kangaroo, and was at the edge of the dish in advance of the foremost of her litter. Then ensued a most remarkable occurrence. The mother raised herself on her haunches, and bit and scratched her offspring so severely whenever they attempted to reach the water that they all finally scudded away, evidently very much astonished and frightened at the strange and unaccountable behaviour of their mother. When the little ones were at a safe distance, the reasons for her extraordinary behaviour began to be revealed at once in the intelligent action of the old mother rat. She first wetted her whiskers in the water, looked suspiciously about her, then very cautiously and carefully took a dainty little sip of the liquid. She tasted it as tentatively and critically as a professional tea-taster, and when she was satisfied that it contained no poisonous or other deleterious matter, she gave a couple of squeaks, which quickly brought her young and thirsty brood to her side, and all fearlessly drank their fill. Doc: not this look very like reason?

THE GRANDMOTHER.

A letter to one of her friends from a lady who spent some time among the peasants of the Tyrol, says:

The morning after our arrival we were awakened by the sound of a violin and flutes under the window, and hurrying down found the little house adorned as for a feast—garlands over the door, and

wreathing a high chair which was set in state.

The table was already covered with gifts, brought by the young people whose music we had heard. The whole neighborhood were kinsfolk, and these gifts came from uncles and cousins in every far-off degree. They were very simple, for the donors are poor—knitted gloves, a shawl, baskets of flowers, jars of fruit, loaves of bread; but upon all some little message of love was pinned.

"Is there a bride in the house?" I asked of my landlord.

"Ach Nein!" he said. "We do not make such a bother about our young people. It is the grandmother's birthday!"

The grandmother in her spectacles, white apron, and high velvet cap, was a heroine all day, sitting in state to receive visits, and dealing out slices from a sweet loaf to each one who came. I could not but remember certain grandmothers at home, just as much loved as she, probably, but whose dull, sad lives were never brightened by any such gust of pleasure as this; and I thought we could learn much from these poor mountaineers.

ONE OF GOD'S LITTLE MINISTERS.

One night when a family were all gathered around the fire a little girl looked up and asked: "Papa, why does everybody like Eva, our neighbor's little girl? She has got a weak back, and can't play like the rest of us, and isn't often at school, and yet everybody likes her. How's that?"

"Why," said her father, "look at that lamp; it is a very frail thing, and doesn't make any noise, yet it makes this room very bright and pleasant, does it not? The lamp gives light, and little Eva gives love; and that is why people love her."

Yes, that was it; Eva was always "ministering before the Lord," for they who love do always that. Won't you try, each of you, to be one of God's little ministers?

ABOUT FAITH.

I heard a young lady trying to teach a very little boy geography, the other day. She said, "How do you know the world is round?"

"Oh, because I've been told so."

"But how do you know you have been told right?"

"My Aunt Maggie told me, and she always tells the truth."

This is just the way we know anything about heaven, or the way to get there; we have been told so. God has told us, and he always tells the truth.

Keeping God's commandments is better and more pleasing to him than building churches.