

DOT AND THE NEW MOON.

BY ANNIE E. LANGDON

I have been told—do you think it is true?—
That when the new moon first comes into
view
The bright little moon, like a bent silver
bow,
If I see it just over my left shoulder—so,
Bad luck will follow me all the month
through;
But I don't believe much in signs. Do you?

But the new moon, last night, above the
elm-tree,
Over my right shoulder glanced down at
me,
The pretty new moon, and, you know,
that's a sign
That the best of good luck will surely be
mine.
I can't help believing that sign will come
true.
Signs may be silly—but, now, wouldn't
you?

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 90, 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
Sunday-school Banner, 32 pp., monthly	0 20
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 20
5 copies and over	0 20
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 25
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Dew Drops, weekly, per year	0 07
Per quarter	0 02
Hercan Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Hercan Leaf, quarterly	0 00
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50c per 100.	

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

C. W. COATES, 217 1/2 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HURSTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 26, 1897.

THE CHILDREN OF A KING.

One cold, wet day our city missionary climbed the steps of a house that he had not visited before. He had heard of some little ones up in the garret room, and his visit was for them. The steps were very steep and dark, and the missionary had to fumble about for the handle of the door. He knocked, but there was no answer; so he opened the creaking door, and walked in.

"O please don't make such a noise, sir," said a sweet little voice, "you'll wake the prince."

You may imagine how astonished the visitor was to hear of a prince in that half-lighted, bare room. Presently he saw

through the dim light a little wooden cradle, with a poor skin-and-bones baby in it, and at the foot of it a girl about six years old anxiously rocking it to and fro. "You see, the prince is very hungry," she said, "an' ef he wakes up, he'll holler orful."

"Are you hungry, too?" asked the missionary.

"Yes, of course, I'm big, you see, an' kin wait. The prince don't know 'bout mammy comin' home 'fore dark an' bringin' a loaf."

The gentleman brought out of his overcoat pocket a couple of sandwiches, and gave them to the brave little sister, and while she devoured one he asked her why she called the baby by such a strange name.

"O, that's a little play mamma taught me," said the child with a smile, "to keep me from thinking about being cold and hungry. She tells me stories at night 'bout kings and queens; and then, when she's away at work all day, I play that the queen's out drivin', an' that me an' baby are livin' in a big, warm house. It helps a lot."

"Well, my dear little princess," said the missionary, "you and baby are in truth children of a heavenly King, and he has sent me to-day to see about you. There is a nice, warm house not very far from here, just opened to-day, where you and the prince can stay all day while your mother is at work."

"Is it the palace?" asked the little girl. "They call it the nursery," answered the gentleman; "but it belongs to our Heavenly Father."

Just try to think what it was to these cold and hungry children to be sent to this place to be clothed, fed, and taken care of! The baby got fat and merry, and was called the "Prince"; but the brave little sister never forgot that the King had sent them all these beautiful times.

A FABLE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A little boy and girl were once sitting on a flowery bank and talking proudly about their dress.

"See," said the boy, "what a beautiful new hat I have got. What a fine new jacket and trousers, and what a nice pair of shoes! It's not everybody that's dressed so finely as I am."

"Indeed," said the girl, "I think I am dressed finer than you, for I have on a silk cape and a handsome feather in my bonnet. I know that my dress cost a great deal."

"Not so much as mine," said the boy, "I am sure."

"Hold your peace," said a caterpillar, crawling on the hedge. "You have neither of you any reason to be proud of your clothes, for they are only second-hand, and have all been worn by some creature or other, of which you think meanly, before they came into your possession. Why, that silk first wrapped up such a worm as I am."

"There, miss, what do you say to that?" said the boy.

"And that feather," exclaimed a bird perched upon a tree, "was stolen from or cast off by some of my race."

"What do you say to that, miss?" repeated the boy. "Well, my clothes were neither worn by birds nor worms."

"True," said a sheep that was grazing near by, "but they were worn on the back of some of my family before they were on yours; and as for your hat, I know that the beaver supplied the materials for making that article; and my friends, the calves and oxen, were killed, not only to furnish meat for your table, but also leather to make your shoes with."

"I LEFT HER TO GOD."

In West Africa a society in England has a school for the poor native children. One day in that school a little girl struck her schoolmate. The teacher found it out, and asked the child who was struck,

"Did you not strike her back again?"

"No, ma'am," said the child.

"What did you do?" asked the teacher.

"I left her to God," said she.

A beautiful and most efficient way to settle all difficulties, and prevent all fights among children and among men. We shall never be struck by others when they know we shall not return the blow, but "leave them to God." Then whatever our enemies do or threaten to do to us, let us leave them to him, praying that he would forgive them and make them our friends.

MISSIONARY SHIPS.

Let us learn the names of some of the missionary ships that have been built since Paul and Barnabas sailed in the first one.

In 1795 the London Missionary Society sent the ship "Duff" to the South Seas. Since then they have sent three ships called the "John Williams." One of these was built by the Sunday-school scholars of England.

The Presbyterian Churches of Scotland and Canada sent the ship "Day Spring" to the New Hebrides.

The Methodist Society sent the ship "John Wesley" to the Fiji and Friendly Islands.

The Presbyterian Mission in Siam have a ship called the "Kalamazoo."

In Africa are the ships "Livingstone," "Plymouth," "Peace," "Good News," and "Morning Star."

In 1856 the children of the United States raised forty-six thousand dollars to build the ship "Morning Star."

In 1875 the children of Australia raised twenty-five thousand dollars for the ship "Day Spring."

The children of the Presbyterian Church have lately built the ship "Nassau," to sail on the West Coast of Africa.

The converted people of the Savage Islands have also built a ship for missionary work in New Guinea.

Would you not like to help in the building of a gospel ship?