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# HAPPY DAYS

Vol. XII.]

TORONTO, JULY 21, 1897.

[No. 15]

## THE USELESS KETTLE.

Some one has thrown away this rusty old kettle, probably because it has a hole in its side and is no more use for holding water. There it lies in the long grass almost hidden from sight, and it will certainly never hold boiling water again, or be of any more use in the kitchen. But, as the time passes by and the spring comes round, and the birds begin to look out for cosy and sheltered spots to build their nests in, one little bird with sharper eyes than the rest, spies out this old kettle lying half out of sight in the grass and weeds; and it thinks to itself, "Ah! What a nice warm place the inside of that kettle would be for my little ones when they come out of the eggs and have no feathers on their little bodies to protect them against the cold winds; I will call my mate and we will build a nest inside as quick as ever we can."

So the nest was built, and in the picture we can see the soft feathers inside and the mother-bird looking on and thinking to herself, with pleasure, how cosy and safe her little ones will be in so quiet and sheltered a spot.

## A BIRD CURE.

I want to tell you of the strange cure of a little girl who had been sick a long time, and whose friends had almost despaired of her being any better. A strange cure, I say, because her only medicine was her love for birds and their sweet music, her only doctor the birds themselves.

It was thought that she had overtaxed her mind and body at school in her efforts to obtain all the prizes, and when my little story begins she just lay all the bright summer days on a couch near the window; a pale, fragile little creature,

looking out so listlessly, and seeming to care nothing for the fair world about her.

But one day a canary bird, which had possibly escaped from the bars of its prison, came near, and poured forth a perfect flood of song. Nellie did not move. She was almost afraid to breathe lest her charming visitor would take flight.

Every day now she scattered crumbs, not only near the window, but on the lawn outside, at the feet of the beeches, in the shade of the lindens and larches.

And, oh, so many birds flocked to the lawn for the dainty morsels! She was wakened every morning by a concert of the sweetest bird music, too, and that made her jump up, dress quickly, and hurry out to watch her new friends. The morning air, fragrant with field flowers and new-mown hay, proved a fine tonic for the sick child, and before autumn's rainbow glory touched the stately trees, and the leaves of the silver poplar began to quiver like snowflakes in the frosty air, Nellie's cheeks were like a wild rose's heart.

And the lawn became the bird's paradise. They came in such numbers, of every name and colour, that she had a new one to study and admire every day. She dreaded the swift-coming, icy winter, that would banish all her dear bird friends, and still all their gay songs.

But what do you think? When the world was white with snow, and the trees glittered with icicles, and the north wind blew its coldest, and she could only look out of her window, she joyously counted, hopping gaily about, swallows, robin red-breasts, larks, orioles, and blue-birds.

And now, Nellie herself, as well as those who loved her, almost forgot how listless, sad and pale a child she had lately been. She had so many birds to feed and care for this cold winter! When asked "if the country cured her," she always gave the answer "No; it was not the country; it was the birds that made me well."

I have heard of some children who had a "missionary box," and sold all the eggs she laid, putting the money in their mite-boxes.



THE USELESS KETTLE.

While she lay listening and smiling, a mocking-bird set up the quaintest mimicry of various familiar sounds she had ever heard. Then he went off into a rollicking roundelay of sweet notes; he whistled, he chirped, he trilled, and "quavered." He even put the vain little canary in a tantrum by mocking him.

Nellie laughed outright, and begged her mother to live in the country always.

## DARLING LITTLE GIRL.

Who's the darling little girl  
Everybody loves to see?  
She it is whose sunny face  
Is as sweet as sweet can be.

Who's the darling little girl  
Everybody loves to hear?  
She it is whose pleasant voice  
Falls like music on the ear.

Who's the darling little girl  
Everybody loves to know?  
She it is whose acts and thoughts  
All are pure as whitest snow.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 24, 1897.

## OVER THE FENCE.

Ever since little Eva could remember, and for a long time before, there had been a high board fence between her father's cottage and the house on the right.

When it was a new strong fence, Eva's folks, the Cartwells, had carefully white-washed their side every spring; but it was so old and splintered now, and so upgrown with honeysuckle and trumpet flower, that it would have been almost impossible to renew its youth in any such way.

The fence had been built, Eva had often heard, when there was a quarrel between the Cartwells and Ayers; the quarrel was forgotten now, nobody knew what it had been about; but there was the ugly old fence to remind people of what a pity it is to do things in anger.

For it was not only an ugly thing; it really kept up a secret ill-will between the families. I have said that the quarrel was forgotten, and so it was, or at least the cause of it was, but it had become so much the habit of the Ayers to say that the Cartwells were mean and stingy, and

so much the habit of the Cartwells to say that the Ayers were cross and proud, that they thought there was no doubt about it.

Meantime the high fence rose between, with no gate in its side, no friendly gap through which to pass compliments and exchange nosegays, and little Eva Cartwell had passed ten summers on one side of its weather-stained boards, and Lucy Ayers twelve years on the other side, without hearing or thinking that they must love their neighbours as themselves.

Now, it came to pass, one hot summer day, as Eva was sitting on the shady side of the house with her doll baby, and Lucy across the fence was training up her sweet pea vines, that a dark cloud came quite suddenly over the sky and got bigger and blacker until it was almost like bedtime.

The air seemed to be holding its breath; the very trees and bushes shivered as if in fear, and the dogs fled whining into the house. The little girls fled too, close to their mothers, their quiet mothers, who never seemed to them to be afraid of anything.

They were housed none too soon, for a great wind-storm burst upon the hushed earth, and raved and tore like a giant lunatic. Trees seemed to bend double as if in pain, boughs were snapped off and hurled against windows, the lightning came in blinding flashes, followed by roars and bellows of thunder, and great hail-stones rattled angrily down.

Such fury soon wears itself out, and it was not long before the sun was shining, in a faint and watery way, down on all this disorder of broken boughs and riddled leaves and bruised flowers.

Two little girls tripped half timidly out to two wet and smeared porches, and faced each other, for—the fence was down!

Yes, the hoary old sinner of a fence that had stood for so long in the interests of bad temper and ill-will, was as flat as the idol in the house of Dagon!

And there were two half-scared little girls gazing at each other across the wreck of boards and vines and twisted spikes.

"Don't the old fence look queer?" said Lucy, smiling, and showing a gleaming edge of white teeth.

"Oho!" said little Eva to herself, "I thought Lucy was cross and proud, but she is real nice and smiling." Then she said aloud, across the tumble-down fence, "I'm real sorry it fell on your side, 'cause it has spoiled all your sweet peas."

"Yes," said Lucy, mournfully, "I thought I was going to have so many for mamma's breakfast table all summer; and she loves 'em so much."

"I have got a lot in my garden," said Eva, shyly. "I wish you would come and get some every day."

"O, thank you, so much!" cried Lucy; "you are very kind." And to herself she said, "Dear me! I thought the Cartwells were all mean and stingy, but Eva is just lovely to offer me her sweet peas."

"It will be easy for you to come over," laughed Eva, "because the fence is down." And so another fence began to come

down, that thing that we call prejudice, which had been so many years standing between those neighbours; it did not fall all at once, like the old board fence, but little by little it crumbled away.

When the two families set to work to clear away the rubbish, the Ayers proved to be polite and friendly, and the Cartwells were generous and kind; they got on so well together, and liked one another so well, that when it was time to talk about putting up a new fence, they said, no more close boards for them! So it was a light, low paling this time, with a little gate between, through which Eva and Lucy ran back and forth all day long.

"To think what good neighbours have been living on the other side of the fence all this time, without my finding it out!" said Eva's mother.

"The next time I hear you call anybody hard names," said Mr. Cartwell, "I am going to say, 'Wait, wife, till you see on the other side of the fence!'"

## THE JAY AND THE THRUSH.

One summer day a little thrush  
Sat singing on a hazel bush  
In accents loud and clear;  
But presently it ceased its lay,  
And thuswise spoke unto a jay,  
Who sat and listened near:

"How lovely, friend, the dress you wear!  
When perched on bough or in the air,  
How gay your coat of blue!  
While I am clad in plainest brown,  
Let give the world, were it my own,  
To be arrayed like you."

"And gladly would I change my dress,"  
Replied the jay, "could I possess  
The gift you have for singing.  
I'd sing above the cotter's shed,  
Above the brook and grassy mead,  
And keep the woodland ringing."

Ere long, beside a blind man's door,  
The thrush sweet music did outpour.  
"Such strains I never heard!"  
The blind man said. Meanwhile the jay  
Met a deaf pilgrim on his way,  
Who cried, "Delightful bird!"

## JESUS DIED FOR ME.

Hannah was a little Jewish maiden seven years old. In school she read with the other children from the New Testament. One day the teacher asked each child in the class where she thought she would go when she died. Some were silent; some said they did not know; some said they hoped they would go to heaven; but when it came Hannah's turn, she answered without hesitation, "To heaven."

"What reason have you for thinking you will go there?" asked the teacher.

"I know it," answered the little maiden, her eyes sparkling, "because Jesus died for me."

**A STRANGE MISTAKE.**

BY SOPHIE E. EASTMAN.

Said the old speckled hen  
To her little ones ten—  
And there wasn't a happier mother in  
town—  
"Pray, be careful and look  
Should you go near the brook,  
For if you fall in you will certainly  
drown."  
Now, the very next day,  
As they trooped out to play,  
They caught in the distance a silvery  
gleam;  
And away they all went,  
As by common consent.  
Till the whole half-a-score had been  
plunged in the stream.  
Oh! the cackling and cries:  
Oh! the mother's surprise;  
Don't you think 'tis a pity she couldn't  
have known  
That the farmer's lad Jake  
Had made a mistake,  
And given her duck's eggs in place of her  
own?

**LESSON NOTES.**

**THIRD QUARTER.**

STUDIES IN THE ACTS AND EPISTLES.

**LESSON V. [Aug. 1.]**

PAUL'S MINISTRY IN CORINTH.

Acts 18. 1-11. Memory verses, 8-11

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

Other foundation can no man lay than  
than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.—  
1 Cor. 3. 11.

**OUTLINE.**

1. Not Slothful in Business, v. 1-3.
2. Fervent in Spirit, v. 4-6.
3. Serving the Lord, v. 7-11.

**THE LESSON STORY.**

Paul did not stay long among the mock-  
ing people of Athens. The Holy Spirit  
showed him that he could help people  
more in other places, and so he left Athens  
and went to Corinth. This was the capi-  
tal of Greece, and was a very gay city.  
The Athenians liked to talk and to hear  
of new things, but the Corinthians liked  
to feast and to dance, and to play games.

Paul found lodging with Aquila, a Jew,  
and his wife Priscilla, who were of the  
same trade as himself—tentmakers. As  
they sat and worked together Paul told  
the story of Jesus, his Saviour, and they  
soon learned to believe in him, too. Every  
Sabbath Paul went to the synagogue and  
preached, and soon he had the happiness  
to see his loving helpers, Silas and Timothy,  
who came from Macedonia. But, although  
Paul preached so earnestly, only a few  
Jews believed on Jesus, and the others  
were so angry that he stopped going to

the synagogue and began to preach in the  
house of a man named Justus. Many  
Gentiles became Christians, and the chief  
ruler of the synagogue, Crispus, and all  
his family believed and were baptized.  
Paul stayed in Corinth a year and a half,  
and the Lord kept him from all harm, as  
he had promised.

**LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.**

- Mon.* Read about Paul in Corinth. Acts  
18. 1-11.  
*Tues.* Learn how he worked for his daily  
bread. 2 Thess. 3. 7-10.  
*Wed.* Find how Paul treated his opposers.  
2 Tim. 2. 25.  
*Thur.* Learn the foundation of Paul's  
faith. Golden Text.  
*Fri.* Learn the danger of refusing to  
hear truth. Ezek. 33. 4.  
*Sat.* Find why we need not fear to speak  
for God. Jer. 1. 6-9.  
*Sun.* Read the eleventh Psalm.

**QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.**

Why did not Paul stay long in Athens?  
Where did he go from there? What kind  
of a city was Corinth? How was it un-  
like Athens? With whom did Paul stay?  
What was their trade? How did Paul  
know this trade? He was taught it when  
young. What was the Jewish custom?  
To teach trades to their children? What  
did Aquila and his wife learn from Paul?  
Where did Paul preach every Sabbath?  
Why did he stop preaching in the syna-  
gogue? In whose house did he preach?  
What helpers came from Macedonia?  
What noble family believed? How long  
did Paul stay in Corinth? What comfort-  
ing promise did God give him?

**PAUL WAS AN EXAMPLE—**

In loving, faithful service.  
In patient zeal and industry.  
In willingness to obey God.

**LESSON VI. [Aug. 8.]**

WORKING AND WAITING FOR CHRIST.

1 Thess. 4. 9 to 5. 2. Memory verses, 16-18.

**GOLDEN TEXT.**

If I go and prepare a place for you, I  
will come again, and receive you unto  
myself; that where I am, there ye may  
be also.—John 14. 3.

**OUTLINE.**

1. The Present Life, v. 9-12.
2. The Future Life, v. 13-2.

**THE LESSON STORY.**

It was a great joy to Paul to hear that  
the believers in Macedonia were faithful.  
Silas and Timothy went to Athens to be  
with Paul, but he sent them back to Mace-  
donia to teach the young Christians, for  
fear they might be tempted to go back to  
Satan.

One evening in Corinth Paul sat down  
and wrote a letter on parchment to the  
Church at Thessalonica. He had to send

this letter by a messenger, for there were  
no post-offices and postmen in those days.  
In the letter he urges the Christians to  
love one another more and more, and to be  
diligent and faithful in their work. And  
then he comforts the Thessalonians whose  
believing friends and relatives had died.  
Paul know that we cannot help being  
grieved when our dear friends leave us,  
but we must not grieve like those who  
have no hope. Jesus died, and rose from  
the dead, and so we believe that we shall  
be raised from the dead if we love and  
follow him. The Lord Jesus said before  
he went away that he should come back  
again, and although we do not know when  
he will come, we may be sure of it. Our  
part is to believe him, work for him, and  
wait for him.

**LESSON HELPS FOR EVERY DAY.**

- Mon.* Read the lesson verses. 1 Thess.  
4. 9 to 5. 2.  
*Tues.* Find what Jesus said about loving  
one another. John 15. 12-17.  
*Wed.* Learn why we should be willing to  
work. John 5. 17.  
*Thur.* Learn Christ's comforting promise.  
Golden Text.  
*Fri.* Learn what the angels said. Acts  
1. 11.  
*Sat.* Find to whom Jesus will come  
again. Heb. 9. 28.  
*Sun.* Read some of the sweetest verses  
in the Bible. John 14. 1-6.

**QUESTIONS ON THE LESSON STORY.**

What good news did Silas and Timothy  
bring to Paul? Why did they stay in  
Macedonia? To whom did Paul write a  
letter one evening? How were letters  
written in those days? How were they  
carried? What is this letter called in the  
Bible? Where was Paul when he wrote  
it? What did he urge the Thessalonians  
to do? To whom did he speak words of  
comfort? Why should not Christians  
mourn for the dead like others? Why do  
we believe in the resurrection? Can we  
know when Jesus will come again? What  
is our part to do?

**LESSONS FOR ME.**

To grow in the grace of loving.  
To be faithful and diligent.  
To work for Jesus and wait for him.

**THE WEST WIND.**

"See, mamma, I'm the wind!" said  
Charlie, as he puffed out his cheeks and  
blew his little boat across the great Sea of  
Dishpan.

"Well," said busy mamma, "if you are  
going to be a wind, I hope you will be the  
clear, bright west wind, blowing away the  
clouds and fogs. Never be a chilly, rainy  
east wind."

Charlie liked the fancy; and now when  
the east wind is blowing out of doors, and  
people are dull and a little cross, he tries to  
make sunshine indoors. He likes to hear  
mamma say, "What bright weather my dear  
West Wind is making here in the house!"

### THE LEGEND OF THE SCARLET LILY.

Have you ever heard the story  
How the lily, for her pride  
Wears that robe of scarlet glory,  
Growing on the dark hillside,  
Where the olives, old and hoary,  
Spread their branches far and wide?

Came the Master, ere his ending,  
To that lowly garden glade  
When they heard his footsteps, wending  
Down the paths in midnight shade,  
Every tree and blossom, bending,  
Duo and lowly reverence made.

But the lily murmured proudly  
"In my spotless purity  
I may lift my head, the Master  
Will be cheered to look on me!"  
While the night breeze whispered loudly,  
"Better is humility!"

Onward came he, sadly musing,  
Till he paused before the place  
Where the lily stood, not choosing  
To abase her stately grace,  
And, humility refusing,  
Dared to look upon his face.

Downward, downward, drooping lowly,  
Fell the lily's stubborn head:  
'Neath that gaze, supremely holy,  
With the flush of shame grew red,  
From each petal, driven slowly,  
All her boasted whiteness fled!

### GOD'S LITTLE MESSENGER.

Dorothy sat curled up in the big arm-chair thinking. She was thinking of father, who had looked so sad and lonely and troubled lately.

Since mother died there was no one to make the wrinkles go and the smiles come as she did. She was only a girl and could not comfort him. She could not talk to him as mother did.

Presently she rose, went into the garden, and gathered the loveliest rosebud she could find—a large tea-rose that mother loved—and putting the long, slender stem into a delicate vase, placed it on father's dressing-table.

Mother used to say that flowers were little, comforting, loving messages from God.

Father was late coming to supper, and very thoughtful. Had he noticed the flower?

After the meal was over he followed her to the sitting-room, instead of going to his study as usual, and putting his arm about her said, lovingly:

"That was a very sweet message you had for me to-night, dear."

"It wasn't my message, father, it was God's."

"You were God's messenger, then: Would you like to know what the message was?"

"Yes, father."

He took a seat on the sofa and drew her down beside him.

"It told me I was a very foolish creature to be brooding over my troubles and loneliness when there was a young, fresh heart full of love and sympathy right by my side."

"But, father, I am only a girl. I can't really do anything."

"My dear, you have done a great deal already. Just as the petals of the rose will fall now it has delivered its message, so the troubles and the loneliness began to disappear when I realized what the message meant. It will be a great comfort to me now to feel that there will be a dear face to welcome me, that will say, without words, 'Father, I love you, and would do more if I could;' and there will be more, never fear. Think how long I have been blind to it all, how much I have missed already."

"O father," said Dorothy, with tears in her eyes; "I am so happy."

"And so am I, dear; happier than I have been for a long, long time. I wish there were more such thoughtful little messengers."

### THE MAGIC APPLE.

"Such a rainy day!" said little Amy dolefully. "I wish that I knew something new to do."

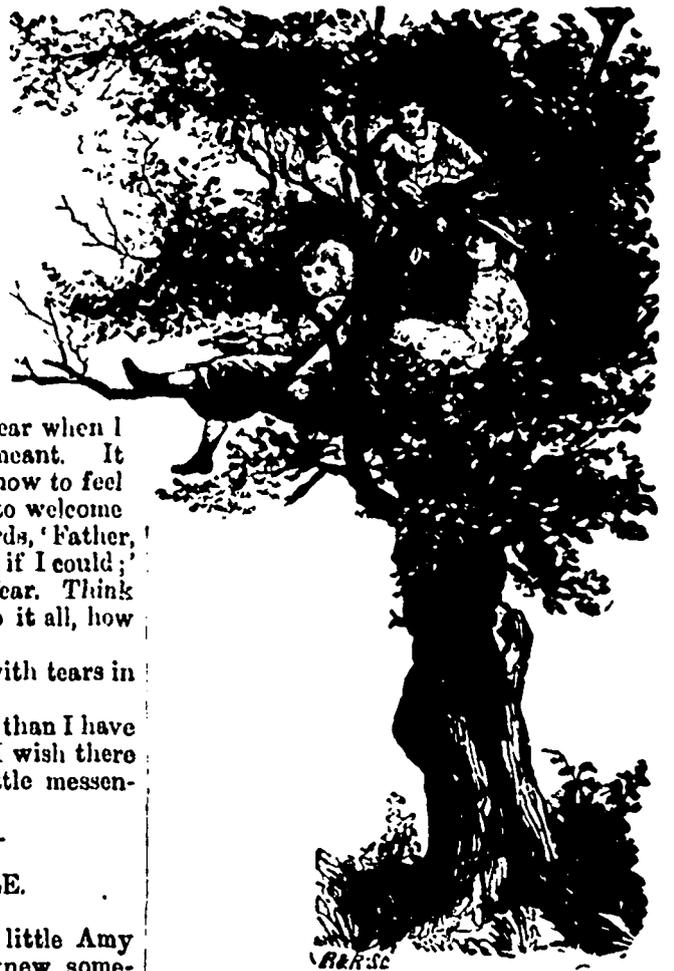
"When I was a little girl," said her mamma, "I used to think it great fun to make a magic apple, and surprise my papa. How would you like to make one for your papa?"

Amy was delighted with the idea, and brought a large, fair apple. Her mamma gave her a long needle and strong thread, and showed her how to take a long stitch in the apple close under the skin. Amy drew the thread, leaving about two inches hanging out of the apple; then she put the needle into the very hole that it came out of, and took another long stitch, and so on all around the apple, at the end bringing the needle and thread out of the very first hole; then she took hold of both ends of the thread and pulled hard, but carefully, and all the thread came out of the first hole. Amy rubbed the apple, which was a fine red one, until it shone like glass. The needle-holes did not show.

When her papa came home, Amy gave him the apple, and he sat down by the fire to eat it. He began to peel it with his sharp knife. O how surprised he looked when the apple suddenly fell in two pieces when he had it a little more than half peeled!

Amy was pleased and surprised, too, for she did not realize that she had cut the apple in two under the skin when she pulled the thread out; but she had.

Any child, with a little care, can make a magic apple just as Amy did, and surprise somebody very much.—*Youth's Companion.*



### A HYMN FOR SUMMER.

We hail the gladsome sunshine,  
The flow'rets bright and gay,  
The streams that leap and sparkle,  
Rejoicing on their way.  
We bless the gracious Giver  
Of all things bright and fair,  
Who decks the earth around us  
With beauty everywhere.

We hail the rich abundance  
Of cornfields far and near,  
Of crops which soon will ripen,  
The hearts of men to cheer.  
We bless our great Provider  
Jehovah-Jireh still,  
Who thus his ancient promise  
To men doth now fulfil.

We hail the silver moonbeams  
Which shine through peaceful night  
The stars which deck the heavens  
In silent splendour bright;  
We bless their great Creator,  
The Lord of earth and sky,  
Who reigns enthroned above them  
Eternal up on high.

We hail the name of Jesus,  
The name that speaks of peace;  
Of sin no more remembered,  
Of joys which ne'er shall cease.  
We bless our great Redeemer,  
Our Prophet, Priest and King,  
And with the holy angels  
His endless praise we sing.