

WHAT THE BIRDS SAID TO WALTER.

Walter in the window,
Have you wings like ours?
How, then, did you fly so far
To the land of flowers?

In the north we knew you,
And we built our nest
In the spreading oak tree
That you love the best.

We were there and saw you
On that summer day
When you fell beneath it
And were borne away.

We will come each morning
While you're weak and ill,
And we thank you for the crumbs
On the window-sill.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 20, 1901.

FRANK'S VERSE.

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another." This was the Camp children's text that Saturday morning, and they read it from the family Bible that always lay on the parlour table. Carl, Bessie and Kate could read nicely, and even Frank, just three years old, knew the big letters, and was able to spell out the words of the verse for himself. After mamma had made it plain by telling a beautiful story, she said: "Now, children, I hope you will all try to live up to your text to-day. If anything goes wrong and you are tempted to speak unkindly, run in here, and take down this book, and read your verse over; then kneel down and ask Jesus to help you keep it. See, I leave a mark in the place."

For some time all went well, and then Carl chanced to upset Frank's play-house. "You mean thing!" cried the little fellow.

"What about your text?" asked Bessie. For a moment the baby stood still, then he hurried into the house. Pushing the parlour door open, he went to the table, and, standing on tiptoe, lifted the Bible to the floor. Kneeling beside it, he spelled out the text, and then repeated the little prayer his mother had taught him that morning.

When noon came Frank was missing, and a peep into every place where a little boy could lose himself failed to find him. The children knew nothing about him since he had slipped in at the side door too angry to play. This made mamma think of the morning's lesson; and going to the parlour, she found the little truant sound asleep, with his head upon the open Bible.

MOTHER NATURE'S TALK.

One bright morning in autumn I was sitting in one of Mother Nature's big rooms. There was a soft, mossy carpet on the floor. Many lovely pictures could be seen on all the walls. What do you think they were? The daintiest of perfume and the sweetest of music filled the air.

This "big room" was a beautiful wood, where many kinds of trees were to be found. The maples had put on their dresses of red and gold; the oaks wore rich browns and reds; the elms donned pretty brown dresses trimmed with dainty yellow. Mother Nature, busy and happy, was joyfully singing and chattering with her many children as she prepared them for bed and their long winter sleep and rest. It seemed to me as I listened that she spoke thus:

"Little mosses, tiny grasses, and dainty flower roots, cuddle yourselves carefully into the soft, brown earth and go to sleep. Soon the trees will send a covering of bright leaves to keep you warm. When Jack Frost comes and you need warmer covering, he will send you a shining blanket of pure white. Dear little birdlings, sing me a sweet song, and then away to the southland ere Jack Frost comes to harm you.

"Mamma Turtle and your little ones, where will you hide to keep from the cold? In a sheltered place at the root of a tree?"

"No, mother dear, we will go into the sand at the bottom of the brook; there we will be nice and warm."

"Mr. Frog, will you go with the turtles?"

"We will rest in the mud of the pond."

"Here is one of my big, strong children, with a nice, warm fur coat on. You, Mr. Bear, will not fear Jack Frost."

"O, no; but there is no work for me to do, so I will find a nice hollow log,

and, using it for a cradle, will sleep there all winter."

"Here are the beautiful dragon-flies, the crickets, the mosquitoes, the gnats, the flies, the grasshoppers, and the katy-dids—all the tiny insects. What will you do?"

"Dear Mother Nature," said the grasshopper, "we have done nothing but play all the summer, and now when Jack Frost comes we must die, because we have stored no food."

"Good-bye, dears. I love you all, but cannot help those who have not helped themselves."—*Normal Instructor.*

WHAT IS IT?

The twins, Frank and Fannie, were all alone in the nursery. Nurse was out that afternoon, and mamma had been called downstairs a few moments.

"What's that thing on the floor a-crawling?" asked Fannie of Frank.

"I think it is a fairy," said Fanny.

"Humph, 'tain't neither. Fairies are little bits of girls with wings on."

"Well, then, what is it, if it isn't a fairy?"

"I guess it's a biter. Let's kill it. Here's the tongs and poker."

Frankie tried to catch it, but it crawled away too fast. At last it raised its wings and flew across the room.

"O Frankie, it is a fairy! It is! it is! I saw its wings. It's a fairy in a waterproof."

Just then mamma came in, and the excited twins told her all about it. When she saw the fairy in a waterproof, she laughed and laughed.

"It's only a beetle," she said, and the twins were dreadfully disappointed.

WRITTEN.

"Don't write there," said a father to his son, who was writing with a diamond on his window.

"Why not?"

"Because you can't rub it out. And did it ever occur to you, my child, that you are daily writing that which you cannot rub out? You made a cruel speech to your mother the other day. It wrote itself on her loving heart, and gave her great pain. It is there now, and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out.

"All your thoughts, all your words, all your acts are written in the book of God, and you can't rub them out. What you write on the minds of others will stay there, but what is written in God's book may and can be blotted out.

"You can't rub it out, but the precious blood of Jesus can blot it out if you are sorry and ask him. Go then, my child, and ask Jesus to blot out the bad things you have written in the book of God."

—*Golden Censer.*