

WHAT CAN I DO.

A little girl I am indeed,
And little do I know;
Much help and care I yet shall need,
That I may wiser grow—
If I may ever hope to do
Things good, and great, and useful too.

But even now I ought to try
To do what good I may;
God never meant that such as I
Should only live to play,
And talk and laugh, and eat and drink,
And sleep and wake, and never think.

One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind, loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a little seed;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing?

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 2, 1904.

WINNING THE PRIZE.

BY A LITTLE ONE.

Alta was nine years old, and very bright, and far advanced in her studies for a girl of that age, especially spelling. She was in the class with girls and boys of sixteen and seventeen.

At the beginning of the term the teacher offered a prize to the one getting the most headmarks, and Alta had resolved to win it. She took her speller home almost every night, and studied, too. She did not do as some children do, take the book home and not think of it again till school-time the next morning.

School usually commenced the first Monday of September, and lasted nine months.

The first week of November, one of the small boys went home with a high fever, and the next morning he was no better; the doctor was sent for, and he pronounced it a case of measles. As the weather was fine, he did not catch cold, and was able to be at school again the next Monday.

The next week was cold and stormy, and several of the children stayed at home on account of being exposed to the measles, and Alta's mamma wanted very much to keep her at home, but Alta was so afraid she would not get the prize, she begged to go, and her mamma, much against her good judgment, did not prevent her.

On Friday morning, Alta felt bad, but was too ambitious to give up, so she said nothing to her mother, but went to school as usual. At recess, her face was flushed and a few tiny red specks began to make their appearance. The teacher told her she had better home, but Alta said, "I'd rather wait till after we spell, for I'm head," and again she had her own way.

The little red marks kept coming, and the teacher, really alarmed now, heard the class recite before its regular time, then asked one of the large girls to go home with her, so she would know Alta reached home all right.

It was growing colder, and the wind was blowing hard, but it was only a short distance they had to go, about a quarter of a mile.

How surprised Alta's mother was, for strange to say, she had not noticed anything unusual about her little daughter that morning!

Alta was soon in bed, where she lay restlessly tossing and moaning.

No little red specks could be seen now, and Alta was a very sick child for nearly two weeks. Part of the time she was delirious, and in her delirium she would spell word after word.

When she was able to sit up, she was looking out of window, when the children were going home from school, and many of them nodded and waved to her—how pleased she was to even see her playmates from a distance!

After they had all passed, her mother found her softly crying to herself; when asked the reason, she replied, "Oh, I can never get the prize now, after being out of school so long."

Presently some one knocked on the door; it was Alta's teacher, and how pleased she was to see how much improved her little pupil was!

Of course, Alta asked, "Who has the most headmarks?" and was glad to know it was her dearest little friend Anna, who was one year older than herself.

Although Alta was behind in all her lessons, she did not give up, but studied harder than ever when she was well enough to go back to school.

Anna, no doubt, would have won the prize; but her Aunt Mary was going to Niagara Falls, and wanted Anna to accompany her. She was not as anxious to go as her parents were to have her go, for they knew what she saw while gone would be very interesting and instructive, for travel is a good teacher.

She was gone eight days, and in all she missed eleven days of school, and Alta was now again at the head of the class.

On the last day the prize was awarded to Alta, but she only had one headmark more than Anna. The prize was the book called "Paul and Virginia."

CHASED BY A PRESIDENT.

Mrs. McKinley is exceedingly fond of children. At Canton, before and after the election of 1896, the young boys and girls of the town, knowing the reception which they would find at the famous little house in Market Street, had a way of running in quite informally to see the wife of the future president. One day during a rainstorm a ragged little fellow walked up the yard to the porch and tried to get in at the door. In some way he had heard the Mrs. McKinley liked little boys, and he, too, wanted the honour of her caresses.

And perhaps he should see and speak with the President himself—who could tell? So he marched bravely up, all by himself. But he didn't know how to ring the bell, and his little knocking brought no response. No one happened to hear him, and he waited and waited, his head sinking lower and lower under his torn dingy jacket. After a time hope and courage failed him, and he started mournfully away, the tears gathering in his brown eyes. Some one in the house saw him as he walked sadly down to the gate, and called the attention of Mr. McKinley to him.

Quick as a flash the president-elect ran out of the house hatless in the rain, and brought the lad back with him, where Mrs. McKinley's kindness and a big plate of ice-cream rewarded him for all his trials.

It is not every poor boy that has had President of the United States chasing him bareheaded in a rainstorm.

A GOOD RULE.

Keep to the right, within and without,
With stranger and kindred and friend;
Keep to the right, and you need have no doubt

That all will be well in the end.