

CHERRY-TIME.

CHERRIES are ripe! Cherries are ripe!
And the robins gay
Busy in the tree-tops,
All the happy day;

Feasting on the juicy fruit,
Carrying the best
To the baby birds at home,
In the downy nest.

Cherries are ripe! Cherries are ripe!
Jolly days are those
For the merry frolickers
Underneath the trees.

There's enough for one and all,
Never, never fear!
Don't you think that cherry-time's
The best of all the year?

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 30, 1892.

BOYS AND MOTHERS.

OF all the love affairs in the world, none can surpass the true love of the big boy for his mother. It is a pure love and noble, honourable in the highest degree to both. I do not mean merely a dutiful affection; I mean a love which makes a boy gallant and courteous to his mother, saying to everybody plainly that he is fairly in love with her. Next to the love of a husband nothing so crowns a woman's life with honour as this second love, this devotion of her son to her; and I never yet knew a boy "turn out" bad who began by falling in love with his mother. Any man may fall in love with a fresh-faced girl, and the man who is gallant with the girl may cruelly neglect the worn and

weary wife. But the boy who is a lover to his mother in her middle age, is a true knight who will love his wife as much in the weary leaved autumn as he did in the daisied spring time.

A WISE CONCLUSION.

ONE summer evening, after Harry and his sister Helen had been put to bed, a severe thunder storm came up. Their cribs stood side by side; and their mother, in the next room, heard them as they sat up in bed and talked, in low voices, about the thunder and lightning. They told each other their fears. They were afraid the lightning would strike them. They wondered whether they would be killed right off, and whether the house would be burned up. They trembled afresh at each peal. But tired nature could not hold out as long as the storm. Harry became very sleepy, and at last, with renewed cheerfulness in his voice, he said, as he laid his head on the pillow, "Well, I'm going to trust in God." Little Helen sat a minute longer thinking it over, and then laid her own little head down, saying, "Well I think I will too." And they both went to sleep without more words.

GONE!

YES, Baby Rob is gone! We can never look into his honest blue eyes again in this world. Never again shall we hear his merry laugh or his petulant cry. The little toddling feet will never more follow us about the house. The busy little hands will not seek to detain us more.

Rob is gone!

Sometimes we have thought and said that he was a bother. We have wished that he would keep still a minute! We have wondered why he couldn't be satisfied with his pretty playthings, but must drop all to mix himself up with our things.

But what would we not give for our bothering boy to-day! How patient we would be with his many whims! How willingly we would tell "stories," and sing his favourite rhymes over and over again. And what a joy it would be to pick up his toys, and tidy up the room, so sadly put to confusion by our little rogue.

What lesson shall we learn from dear Rob's sudden flight?

For it is a lesson for you, Nellie, and Willie, and Bess, as well as for us older ones.

Shall it not teach an added lesson of love and patience?

These little ones will not be with us

always. Any day the death-angel may come to call youngest or oldest. And what pain there will be in our hearts we have to look back upon impatient, loving words and ways! Little children, "love one another" all the more, that the day is coming when the dear voice will be hushed, and we do not know but it may be to-day!

WHY HE GAVE UP THE BUSINESS.

"I HEAR that Smith has sold out his saloon," said one of a couple of middle-aged men, who sat sipping their beer and eating a bit of cheese in a Smithfield Street saloon the other night.

"Yes," responded the other, rather slowly.

"What was the reason? I thought it was just coining money there."

The other nibbled a cracker abstractedly for a moment, and then he said: "It's rather a funny story. Smith, you know, lives on Mount Washington, right near me, where he has an excellent wife, a nice home, and three as pretty children as ever played outdoors. All boys, you know, the oldest not over nine, and all about the same size. Smith is a pretty respectable sort of a citizen, never drinks or gambles, and thinks the world of his family.

"Well, he went home one afternoon last week, and found his wife out shopping or something of that sort. He went through the house into the back-yard, and there, under an apple-tree, were the little fellows playing. They had a bench and some bottles and tumblers, and were playing 'keep saloon.' He noticed they were drinking something out of a pail, and they acted tipsy. The youngest, who was behind the bar, had a towel tied around his waist, and was setting drinks pretty free. Smith walked over and looked into the pail. It was beer, and two of the boys were so drunk that they staggered. A neighbour's boy, a couple of years older, lay asleep behind the tree.

"We's playing s'loon, papa, an' I w-a-sellin' it just like you," said the little fellow. Smith poured out the beer, carried the drunken boy home, and then took his own boys in and put them to bed. When his wife came back she found him crying like a child. He came back down town that night, and sold out his business, as he says he will never sell or drink another drop of liquor. His wife told mine about it, and she broke out crying while she told it." This is a true story, but the name was not Smith.