

see it is too early for them; but I found two or three upon a high rock, where it was warm and sunny. Will you put them upon her coffin?

And the little fellow reached out the half-blown wild flowers that had cost him such a long, weary tramp.

"Yes," the mother answered in a broken voice.

"Could I see Annie, just a moment?" the boy asked, almost pleadingly.

"Yes, come in, little boy," the mother again answered, as she led the way to the little dead girl.

The boy looked at the sweet face very earnestly, and then he took from his torn coat pocket another half-blown flower.

"Will you let it be there?" he asked, in a sobbing voice.

"Yes," was the only answer.

He went out softly, and the sweet spring violet remained just where his trembling hand had left it. The others were placed upon the coffin. Surely the ragged Irish boy could not have expressed his gratitude to his little friend in any better way.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 21, 1897.

WHAT IS THE SWEETEST WORD?

A little girl lay ill with fever. One evening she asked the nurse which was the sweetest word in the world, and the answer was "Mother." The child seemed unsatisfied, so the nurse said "Home," and then "Heaven." But the little one shook her head. Then the nurse thought of a name she was sure the child would think the sweetest, and the little face did brighten and seemed to hold a bit of heaven at the sound of the name of Jesus, and she said: "Yes, I am glad I know Jesus; he loves little children." Still she had an unsatisfactory questioning look, and the nurse

asked: "Dear, what do you think is the sweetest word?" "I think," she answered, "that 'whosoever' is the very sweetest word; for don't you see that takes them all in—mother, home, heaven, Jesus, and all?" Then came a quiver of the lips and a tender shadow over the face as she said: "I know lots of folks have no mother, but you see, Jesus will be a mother to them. O! I am so glad to know about 'whosoever.'"

LITTLE THINGS.

Just a little dewdrop brightens up the flower,
Growing by the wayside or in shady bower;
Just one little songster, singing in the tree,
Makes the place around him ring with melody;
Just a little candle, shining in the dark,
Drives away the shadows with each tiny spark.

So each little effort, though 'tis small and weak,
Will be blessed of Jesus if his aid we seek;
Just one cup of water given in his name,
Just a song of praises, just a little flame,
Shown to those about you in some word or deed,
To the great Light-giver will some other lead.

A WINDY DAY.

Off to school are James and Jennie Moss. No matter what the state of the weather, these two little ones in the Infant School were never absent. They were at school through rain, or sleet, or snow, or frost, or wind. To-day it blew a hurricane. Little Jennie, with the care of a little girl, held her hat on her head; but James, like the boy that he was, generally forgot to hold on to his hat until he had come to grief with it. So it was this day. Off trudged Jennie, happy as a lark. No sooner was James fairly on the highway, than off went his hat, and before he knew where he was, his hat was whirled into the horsepond, to the amazement of the geese, who commenced to hiss, and the old gander to screech. To the dismay of James, this flock of geese were a greater terror than the loss of the hat. What could he do, but put his thumb to his eye and cry? Jennie came to the rescue; but for the old gander, who was a terror to the village children, she would have recovered the hat, as it was blown to the side of the pond. While James stood crying she ran on and shouted to Tom Wilkes, the cowboy, and told him her brother's distress, and asked him to go back and help him out of his trouble. Tom was soon at the pond, and the cowardly old geese took to flight; and James dried his tears—but like a good many brothers, forgot to thank his sister, though he did thank Tom Wilkes. But little Jennie deserved the warmest thanks, for she brought the relief.

ANDY AND UNCLE HENRY.

BY SALLY CAMPBELL.

"Andy, do you like to go to school?" asked Uncle Henry, after he had been in the house about half a day.

"No, sir," said Andy, speaking very promptly for himself.

"Why, that is a pity!" said his uncle. "But I hope you try to do your best at your books, in spite of not liking them."

This time Andy was not so quick to answer.

"Andy forgets," put in his mother, "that by-and-bye he will need to know a great many things in order to be a useful man."

"By-and-bye is so long away," muttered Andy, half under his breath.

To his surprise his Uncle Henry agreed with him.

"By-and-bye is a long way off. Suppose, if it is too far ahead for you to remember, that you try not to forget how much you need to learn your lessons right now, in order to be a useful boy."

Andy looked at his uncle with a question in his eyes.

"It is like this, Andy," said Uncle Henry. "This big, working world, where you and I have been put to help, very much needs useful men of forty, and I am trying to be one of them. But it needs every bit as much useful boys of six, and you ought to try to be one of them. And the best way for both of us to be useful, is to keep doing the next thing God gives us to do, with all our might, whether we like it or not. If he sets you at learning a spelling lesson, go ahead and learn it well, and don't be a baby about it. There are a terrible lot of babies abroad, Andy, that are trying to get out of their share of God's work."

And then, being a wise uncle, Uncle Henry began to tell about an exciting baseball game that he had seen the day before.

Two months later, in a letter written to Uncle Henry by Andy's mother, she said: "Andy wishes me to tell you that he is trying to remember about being a useful boy of six, and that he likes the spelling-book part of it better than he did."

"CAN'T GOD COUNT?"

Two children were carrying a basket of cakes to their grandmother. They were curious to know what was in the basket, so they carefully raised the cover and looked in. When they saw the cakes, their mouths fairly watered. After counting them several times, they almost made up their minds to eat just one. "Nobody would know it," and it would "taste so good."

While gazing at the cakes, and just ready to take one, the little girl looked up into her brother's face and asked the matter-of-fact question: "Can't God count?"

This settled the matter, and all the cakes were carried to their grandmother.