

## THE BEST BEAUTY.

I know a little fellow  
Whose face is fair to see,  
But still there's nothing pleasant  
About that face to me;  
For he's rude and cross and selfish,  
If he cannot have his way;  
And he's always making trouble,  
I've heard his mother say.

I know a little fellow  
Whose face is plain to see,  
But that we never think of—  
So kind and brave is he.  
He carries sunshine with him,  
And everybody's glad  
To hear the cheery whistle  
Of the pleasant little lad.

You see it's not the features  
That others judge us by,  
But what we do, I tell you,  
And that you can't deny.  
The plainest face has beauty  
If the owner's kind and true;  
And that's the kind of beauty,  
My girl and boy, for you.

## OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly	Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1.60	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2.00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2.75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3.25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1.00	
Canadian Epworth Era	0.50	
Sunday-school Banner, 45 pp., 8vo., monthly	0.60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly under 5 copies	0.50	
5 copies and over	0.30	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0.25	
Less than 20 copies	0.24	
Over 20 copies	0.15	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.12	
10 copies and upwards	0.12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0.08	
10 copies and upwards	0.20	
Deaf Drops, weekly	0.04	
Herean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0.04	
Herean Leaf, monthly	0.06	
Herean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0.06	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,  
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIA,  
2175 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,  
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

## Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1906.

## ONE OF THE WONDERS.

Do you know how the Laplanders got the Bible? It is a strange story. A young rioter named Lars Heatta was imprisoned for life for murder. His youth made his keeper lenient, and the orison chaplain taught the lad to read and write.

The Bible interested him greatly; he pored over it day after day, and finally formed the high purpose of translating it into his native tongue. Think of the

weariness of labor. Lars was a poor scholar, and the Lapp language not an easy one to handle. But the work was accomplished; the Bible was printed in the Lapp language, and Lars was given his freedom.

As late as 1870 the old man was still living, supporting himself by acting as a guide for travellers.

## HOW LUCY CAME TO CHRIST.

"Lucy, Lucy, wait!" cried Lillie Watson, running very fast to catch up with her friend on the way home from school.

"I want to ask you something."

"Well," said Lucy, as the two met, "what is it?"

"Will you come for me to go to meeting to-night?"

"Me? Oh, no!" answered Lucy, with a toss of her curly pate. "I'm not going to meeting myself."

"Oh, why not, Lucy? You know Mr. Sutton was anxious to have every one of his class attend the revival services."

"Oh, yes, he's always preaching. But I had rather have a good time than go to a poky old meeting. When I get older I may join the church, but at present—no, thank you. I'm going out sleigh-riding to-night."

"Oh, Lucy, put it off just this one night, and go to church. Won't you?" pleaded Lillie.

"Indeed I won't. I'd go sleighing to-night if it took the roof off the old church. I'm in for fun and a good time, I tell you. Come, go with us, Lil."

But Lillie shook her head sadly, and seeing it was no use to urge the wilful girl, said no more, and left her at the corner where her road turned.

That night at church Mr. Sutton offered an earnest prayer that every member of his Sabbath-school class might be brought to Christ before the series of meetings closed.

While he prayed, Lucy Somerville, with a gay party, was flying along the road behind two mettlesome young horses, taking the ride she had vowed she would have in spite of anything. The road crossed the railroad at a short distance from the village and the shrieking engine dashed by just as they reached the spot; the wild little beasts took fright and ran away, throwing the entire party from the sleigh. Some were slightly hurt, some not at all, but poor Lucy was taken up dead, and sadly borne back to the home she had left so gaily only an hour ago.

By morning the news had gone all over the town that Lucy would live, but might never walk alone again as a result of that sleigh-ride. Among the friends who called at her home, Mr. Sutton went often, and with kindest words tried to lead the poor child to the Lamb of God. But still Lucy turned a deaf ear.

"No, no! it was cruel in God to let me be hurt so. I cannot love him when I must always be a prisoner in the house, and see other girls run about as I used to. Oh, I can never be happy again!"

"Dear Lucy, I fear you can never be really happy unless you give your heart to Jesus," said Mr. Sutton.

"I can't; I don't love him," was her only reply.

Her mother and grandmother tried to lead her into peace, but it seemed as if there was no peace for her.

But one morning she awoke with a strange light in her face, and called her mother to her bedside.

"Oh, mamma, it is all right now!" she said sweetly. "I am willing to bear everything the Saviour sends upon me, for I do love him because he forgives my wickedness. Won't you send for Mr. Sutton? I want to tell him too."

The joyful mother was only too glad to send for the good teacher; and when he came, Lucy raised herself in her chair and cried out: "Oh, be glad with me; for I have found Jesus at last!"

And Mr. Sutton, coming to her side, dropped upon his knees, and fervently said: "Let us thank God, for our lamb which was lost is found."

## MINDING BABY.

Now, baby dear, you need not fear,  
Though mother is not nigh;  
I mean to nestle very near,  
So do not cry.

I've left my doll, I left my book,  
I've left my sewing too;  
For mother said that I must look,  
Well after you.

I'm glad my mother trusts me so,  
Her bidding I'll obey;  
I'm getting on for seven, you know—  
I'm seven in May.

I ought to help, I ought to try  
How useful I can be;  
Now, baby, close each little eye!  
I'll sing to thee.

I'll sing the hymn dear mother sang  
When I was tiny too;  
Time after time the sweet words rang  
Till all I knew.

"Now, hush thee, hush thee, do not weep,  
My little lamb, my dove;  
The little children safely sleep,  
Whom Christ doth love!"

A muddy stream, flowing into one clear and sparkling, for a time rolls along by itself. A little further down they unite, and the whole is impure. So youth, untouched by sin, may for a short time keep its purity in foul company; but a little later and they mingle.