

when the bark is peeled off the work of the wood-cutters has the appearance of fanciful etchings. The insects especially fond of this kind of labor are called engraver beetles; others make holes not by their jaws, but by a long, drill-like apparatus.—*Ex.*

### "I'D BEEN BORN A SUNBEAM BRIGHT."

If I'd been born a sunbeam bright,  
I'll tell you what I'd do,  
I'd laugh and frolic all the day;  
And tell me, wouldn't you?

I'd kiss away the flowers' tears,  
And make the weak ones strong,  
I'd play cats' cradle with the showery,  
With rainbows short and long.

I'd peep into the hospital,  
And smile on beds of pain,  
Play "catch" with babies running in  
And out their hands again;

And when at last the sky grew dark,  
As little children do,  
I'd hurry to my soft, warm bed,  
Now, tell me, wouldn't you?

—Selected.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 27, 1904.

### THE STORY OF A LITTLE WASH-TUB.

Did you ever know a little girl who liked to begin things, and not finish them? I once knew a little girl like that, and her name was Hetty. Her basket was full of begun-and-not-finished things; her flower-bed was only half planted, and her

dolls lay about the house with only half their clothes on.

One day Hetty said she would wash all her dolls' clothes and make them nice and clean.

"Now, little daughter," said Hetty's mother, "I can't let you begin this task unless you will promise me to finish it. All the doll clothes that you bring down into the kitchen must be washed."

Yes, indeed, Hetty promised fast enough. So cook gave her a corner of the back yard to herself, and fastened a string from window to window for a clothesline, and poured out the water for her.

Hetty, meantime, had to hunt up her doll clothes, her tub, her wringer and her stove, and even by the time she got ready to wash she was sort of tired, and thought she would rather play having a tea party!

But she had promised, so she rubbed and rubbed, and rinsed and dried, until her little arms ached. Sometimes she would sigh very loud and look at cook; but cook was busy and took no notice. Hetty had to do her work by herself.

"I wish I hadn't brought so many things to wash," the little girl said to herself, with another big sigh.

At last the job was done and the little tub emptied. And what do you think Hetty had learned by that morning's work?

"Mother," she said, "I didn't fink washin' was so much trouble. I'm goin' to teep my d'sses t'leaner, so Mary Ann'll not have to work so hard washin' 'em!"—*Ex.*

### THE LOST BABY.

Oh, dear, dear! What a fright we all had! Baby was lost. Our sweet, wee Baby Belle, with her pretty yellow, short curls, her bright, brown eyes, and two rosy lips, so sweet to kiss.

We all ran as fast as we could to look for her. Mamma opened all the closets, looked under the beds and sofas, and even in the big trunks.

Nell ran to the barn, and peeped into every dark corner, and climbed the ladder up into the hay loft. As if our Baby could climb a ladder, when she could only just creep up-stairs! But Nell never thought of that.

Will looked into the cellar, down the well, up on the roof, and into the trees, as if she had wings, and had flown into the robin's nest. Nora looked under the sink, and in the big oven. Everybody seemed to have gone crazy. I went out to the garden, and looked behind the rose bushes, and in every spot that could hide a wee girlie. The gates were both shut, and Baby could not open them. By and by, I saw a loose board in the fence at the end of the garden. Could she have crept

through into the field? I saw something down in the tall grass. It moved. Yes, it was the lost baby! Naughty Belle!

When I caught her, she was standing a big bunch of daisies and clover, and the butterflies were flying around her. She called to me, "See, auntie, me catch pu fyaways." And I said, "I have caught a pretty runaway."

### WE LEARN BY DOING.

We learn by doing, little folks,

No matter what the work may be.  
Just try, with all your might, and find  
How one by one your giants flee.

Don't say, "I can't," before you try,  
But try and see what you can do,  
For if you're helped by others, why,  
'Tis others do the work, not you.

See happy bird in yonder tree,  
How soft and warm he builds his nest.  
He asks no help from you or me,  
But tries to do his very best.

And if like birdie, little ones,  
Your very best you try to do,  
You'll find how easy will become  
The tasks that seem so hard to you.

—Kindergarten News.

### WE ARE SAFE.

When I was in England, a lady told me a sweet story illustrative of what it is to have Christ between us and everything else.

She said she was wakened up by a strange noise of pecking, or something of the kind, and when she got up she saw a butterfly flying backward and forward inside the window pane in great fright and outside a sparrow pecking and trying to get in. The butterfly did not see the glass, and expected every minute to be caught; and the sparrow did not see the glass, and expected every minute to catch the butterfly; yet all the while that butch his fly was as safe as if it had been three miles away, because of the glass between it and the sparrow.

So it is with Christians who are abiding in Christ. His presence is between them and every danger.

I do not believe that Satan understands about this mighty and invisible power that protects us, or else he would not waste his efforts by trying to get at us.

### GERMAN CRADLE SONG.

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Thy father guards the sheep.  
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,  
And from it fall sweet dreams on thee.  
Sleep, baby, sleep!