

THE VOICE OF THE HEAVENS.

I love to see the sky so blue,
So beautiful and bright
It seems to speak of heaven to me—
A land without a night.

I love to see the glorious sun,
So dazzling to my sight:
It seems to speak of God's great power,
His majesty and might.

I love to see the silvery moon,
That makes the darkness light:
It seems to speak of rest and peace
To him who does the right.

I love to see the radiant stars,
Those lesser worlds of light:
They seem to speak of Bethlehem's babe;
Oh, wondrous was the sight!

How truly did the Psalmist write
In God's own holy word,
"The heavens declare the glory—
The glory of the Lord!"

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 2, 1897.

A GRAIN OF SAND.

"Mother, mother, there's something in my eye; please take it out quick!" Flossy came hurrying to her mother's room. Her blue eyes were bloodshot, her eyelids swollen, and tears were running down her cheeks.

"Why, what is it?" asked her mother, as she put her arm around the child.

"I don't know. It's an awful big thing. The wind blew it into my eye a minute ago."

The mother examined the afflicted eye carefully, but she could find nothing except tears. "I don't see anything in it, dearie."

"But it is there, mother. Please do get it out; it makes me so uncomfortable."

The mother looked again. Then she bathed the hurt eye with warm water, and told Flossy to keep it closed for a time, but the poor eye did not get any better. Something surely was in it—something as big as a marble, Flossy thought.

"Well, Flossy, I think we had better go to Dr. Wright, and see what he can do," said her mother, after trying everything that she could think of for the relief of her little daughter.

Dr. Wright was the good doctor Flossy loved, and she stood very quietly with her face in the light as she kept her eyelids open.

"Ah," said the doctor, and in an instant he held his instrument toward her, "here it is."

"Where?" asked the mother. "I don't see anything."

"I don't, either," said Flossy; "but my eye does not hurt any longer."

"It is just a tiny speck of sand," replied the doctor, "too small to see unless you know where to look for it."

Some days after this Flossy was fidgeting about the room where her mother was sewing. It was rainy weather out of doors, and Flossy was in a bad humour; nothing pleased her.

"Please don't, Flossy," asked her mother, over and over again. "You make me very uncomfortable. If you do not stop worrying, you must go away by yourself."

Flossy sat down by the window, pouting. In a little while her face brightened, and she came to her mother and put a little soft kiss on her cheek. "I'm like that little grain of sand, mother. Don't you think so?" she said.

"What do you mean?"

"I'm not very big, but I make people very uncomfortable when my bad temper gets in the wrong place. I love you, mother; I love you truly, and I wouldn't hurt you as that sand hurt me for anything. The sand couldn't help itself; but I can, and I will, right away."

TEACHING THE WORSHIP OF IDOLS.

In China you see the mothers in their own houses and in the temples showing their children how to light the candles, burn the incense and spirit money, and present their offerings, and then, with hands clasped or laid together flat, palm to palm, bow and worship. They teach them to join their hands and worship any idol carried past in its chair.

One day, along with a native pastor, I was preaching outside the west gate of Chang-poo, when an idol, preceded by a man beating a gong, was carried past to visit a sick man. Several women were sitting listening to our preaching, but when the idol appeared they all rose up to their feet, put their hands together, and waved them several times toward the passing idol. Among them was a mother with a child just beginning to walk. After pay-

ing her own respects she took the child's hands in her own, laid them palm to palm, and waved them several times, just as she had done her own. In this way they are trained from their infancy to worship false gods.

TIM'S DOVE.

One day when little Tim Ray was picking berries in a field, he found a dove with a broken wing. He carried it home, and bound the wing close to the dove's side with a linen band. Soon the wing was as well as ever, and the dove could fly again; but it did not want to fly away from Tim, for it had grown very tame. Tim was glad to have it stay, for he had no toys or pets.

When he went to pick berries the dove would go too, perched on his shoulder. Tim named it Fairy, and taught it to come at his call and to eat from his hand. At night the dove would roost on the head of Tim's bed.

Tim's mother was taken very sick. There was no one to nurse her but Tim; and when she could not eat, and began to grow worse, Tim went for a doctor.

"She will get well if she has good food," said the doctor. "She must have chicken or meat broth."

Tim had no money to buy meat; but all at once he thought of his dove. He knew it would make good broth, but he could not bear to kill it.

He saw a neighbour going by the house and he went out and put the dove in her hand. "Please kill my dove and make my mother some broth," he said, "she is so sick."

Then he ran in the house, and tried not to think of his poor little dove. He did not want his mother to see him cry, for she would have said that the dove should not be killed.

In about an hour the neighbour brought some good hot broth; and when Tim's mother ate it she said she felt almost well again.

"You shall have some more to-morrow," said the woman. "I will make broth for you every day until you are well again."

Tim followed the woman to the door as she went out, and said, so that his mother should not hear, that he had no more doves and did not know how to get meat for more broth.

Before the neighbour could speak, there was a little rustle of wings, and fairy flew in and perched on Tim's shoulder.

"Coo! coo!" she said, pecking at his cheek.

"You see, I did not kill your dove," said the woman. "I made the broth from a chicken, and I have plenty more at home. You were a good boy to be willing to have your pet dove killed to make broth for your mother."

How happy Tim was! He loved his dove better than ever, now that he had it back again. His mother did not know until she was quite well how near she had come to eating poor little Fairy.