

buy food, for they are hungry. He himself, weary and thirsty, sits down on the edge of a well. A woman comes with her waterpot to draw water. She gets into conversation with the stranger. He tells her things that excite her wonder and then compel her faith. He reveals himself to her as the promised Messiah, the Saviour of the world, of Samaritans as well as of the Jews. Jacob had dug the well whose waters had satisfied the thirst of men and flocks during many generations, until the day when Jesus talked with the woman at its brink. Jacob's well is at last dry and can no longer quench thirst. But the words of Jesus still live. They have lost none of their life-giving power. He still gives living water to all who ask him, and this water shall be in them "a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

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

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly	\$2 00
Guardian and Magazine together	\$4 00
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Banner, monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	5 50
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	
Quarterly Review Service, By the year, 24 copies a dozen, \$7 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; per 100	0 60

Address—**WILLIAM BRIGGS,**
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 32 Temperance St.,
TORONTO

C. W. COATES, 3 Beaufort Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUESTIS, Meth. Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 22, 1892.

A CHINESE GAMBLER TURNS PREACHER.

ONE day, in passing along the streets of Amoy, a Chinaman who had often lost every penny at the gaming-table saw a large crowd and drew near to see what was the matter. It was a missionary preaching the Gospel to the people. He listened, and so on felt spell-bound by what was said. He went home to his lodging, and found, to his delight, that his neighbour was a Christian. Next Lord's day he went with him to church. He went back once and again, when he came to the resolution to leave idolatry and become a Christian. The new life had begun. "The passion for gambling," he said long after, "had died out of my heart as though it had never existed. It was only by a miracle I was saved, and the grace of God accomplished this."

The new life also appeared in his return to work, and new thoughts about his home. At the end of a month he returned home

with goods for his family that he had bought with his wages. Such a home coming had not been seen for twenty years.

His regular earnings changed his home, and his behaviour also. The vile words that had been learned at the gaming-table were never heard again. He spoke of his evil life and the wrong he had done to his family, and of God and his wondrous mercy in saving him. His household idols were cast away.

Wherever he went he spoke about his new faith. He suffered much persecution, but nothing daunted him. He became so zealous and fearless that he gave up his business and devoted himself entirely and with success in preaching the Gospel to his countrymen.

THE RED APPLE

OUR Thomas dropped a fine red apple out of the front window, which rolled very near the iron railing between the grass-plat and the street. Thomas forgot to pick it up. Shortly after two boys came along.

"Oh, my!" cried one. "See that bouncing apple! Let's hook it out!"

The other boy nudged him with a whisper, "Oh, don't! there's somebody looking." And on they went.

A little girl next passed. She spied the apple, and stopped, looking very hard at it: then put her hand through the rails, and tried to reach it. Her fingers just touched it. She looked around; a man was coming down the street. The girl withdrew her hand, and went away.

A ragged-looking little fellow came by soon after. "That boy will grab the apple," I said to myself, peeping through the blinds. His bright eyes soon caught sight of it, and he stopped. After looking at it a moment, he ran across the street and picked up a stick. He poked it through the rails, and drew the apple near enough to pick it up. Turning it over in his grimy hands, I could not help see how he longed to eat it. Did he pocket it and run? No. He came up the steps, and rang the door-bell. I went to the door.

"I found this big apple in your front garden," said the boy, "and I thought maybe you had dropped it out, and didn't know it was there, so I picked it up, and have brought it to you."

"Why did you not eat it?"

"Oh!" said he, "it is not mine."

"It was almost in the street," said I, "where it would have been hard to find its owner."

"Almost is not quite" replied the boy, "which, Mr. Curtis says, makes all the difference in the world."

"Who is Mr. Curtis?"

"My Sabbath-school teacher. He has explained the eighth commandment to me, and I know it, what is better, I mean to stick to it. What's the use of knowing, unless you act up to it!" Here he handed me the apple.

"Will you accept the apple?" said I. "I am glad you brought it in, for I like to know honest boys. What is your

name?" He told me. I need not tell you, however; only I think you will agree with me, that he is the right sort of school scholar. He squares his conduct to the faithful Christian instruction he gets there.

OCTOBER.

Blow, blow your horn, my little man,
October suns are shining,
And troops of boys and girls who cheer
Are autumn garlands twining
Of "farewell blossoms" by the way,
And leaves of red and amber—
Garlands to keep for many a day,
Way into drear December.

The ferns that grow in shady spots,
The pretty "waxwork" berry,
We'll gather up in dainty knots
To make our Christmas merry,
And nuts we'll store for winter fun,
Nor rob the busy squirrel;
Sure there's enough for every one
Without the slightest quarrel.

And while we laugh and romp and play,
Oh, let us all remember
Who makes the world so bright and gay,
From spring-time till December—
Who makes the blossoms come and go,
Each in its fitting season.
And why, O children? God is love,
This is his only reason.

THAT LAST CRY!

It is said that the last cry heard on board the ill-fated *S. M. S. "The wrecked, was that of a little child in the cabin! While the ship was being dashed upon the relentless rocks, and three hundred and fifty human beings went to a watery entombment, the piteous cry of the little one was heard.*

Alas! for our humanity, the bit of children comes to our ear on the hand—children more horribly than on the *Schiller!* Yes, some child is in peril! It may be that the grasp of the rum-vendor is upon the deep-laid scheme of the tempter, threatens him—or the dark-souled tinsmith for his blood. Who will that child, the son of many prayers, may be? Who will break the shackles of the adversary? Who will launch the boat, and, pulling at the oar right fully, amid the angry waves, bring safe to land, and give him to his mother? Who?

A child was in the street, helplessly posed, well-nigh under the wheel of a vehicle. A woman sprang out from an adjoining house, and snatched a precious one from the jaws of destruction. "Is that your son?" was the inquirer's question. "No," replied the noble woman, "but it is somebody's son!" Ah! every thoroughfare—on every somebody's son—is nigh unto death. Rescue, Christians, to the rescue!