

at night, my dear. Don't give room for a minute in your mind to the troublesome thoughts that you call scaresome. Let the white doves of sweet and happy thoughts come in and stay till you go to sleep. I'll tell you how to coax them. First, send up a little prayer to Jesus to give you thoughts about him; then say over some Bible verse or some little hymn that you know, and keep turning your mind to what is pleasant and good. Don't you see that if your heart, like a cage full of doves, has no room for troublesome things, like croaking ravens, that they can't crowd in. If you think of happy things when you go to sleep, you will wake with sweet thoughts, and this makes a good beginning for a new day."

Mamma's advice to Helen about night thoughts will do to pass on to other girls and boys, who can try the plan.—*Selected.*

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 2, 1902.

### LITTLE RED MEN.

An Indian baby's first year is spent strapped up in a tight little cradle, such as you have seen in pictures. When the little feet get out of the cradle they will soon learn to run about. Then the little red man will mount on a corn stock and take such rides as you take on a cane or broom. He would say that his horse is much better because it makes such a dust.

As soon as the little red woman is out of her cradle she begins to carry a doll or a puppy on her back, just as her mamma used to carry her. She makes cunning little wigwams, too, and plays "keep house," while her little brother plays at hunting and fishing.

But the little red boys and girls do not

play all the time. They learn to help their mothers, and a good Indian mother takes great pains to teach her children to be polite. She teaches them that they must never ask a person his name; they must never pass between an older person and the fire; and they must never, never speak to older people while they are talking.

When a little red man forgets these very good rules, and is rude, what do you suppose his mother says to him? I am sure you can never guess. She says, "Why, you act like a little white child!" Can it be that these little red men can teach us lessons in politeness?—*Selected.*

### JOAN'S FUN.

Joan and Marjorie were twins, but no one would have thought so. Joan was as lively as a cricket—never a moment still. With her black curls and dancing brown eyes and cunning ways, she was the life of the house. Marjorie was a cripple. With her golden-brown hair, her sad, blue eyes, and her gentle ways, she lay on her couch and made every one love her.

Joan was Marjorie's little slave, and a very devoted one she was, too. Her one thought was what she must do to make Marjorie happy.

One day Joan went with a picnic party of little friends to the seashore. Though Marjorie lay at home, Joan took her with her in her thoughts, and during the day her store of shells and seaweeds and bright pebbles gradually increased.

When she got home Marjorie was asleep for the night, and the gifts must wait. But directly the sun was up next morning so was Joan. She gleefully spread the wonderful treasures out on Marjorie's couch. "There, Margie, they're all your very own."

But Marjorie hesitated.

"And what is Joan going to have?"

"Oh, I had the picnic, and now I have the fun of giving."

Marjorie threw her arms about Joan's neck, and laughed and kissed her, looking as if it were even more fun for her than for Joan.

Don't you think, after all, there is *always* more fun in giving than in getting?

### ALASKAN BABIES.

Babies in Alaska have a hard life during the first year. The Alaskan mothers do not know how to treat their babies as tenderly as American mothers do, and so a great many go to heaven while they are babies.

How do they treat them? Why, they rub them with grease instead of giving them a bath, and then pack dried grass tightly around them and roll them up in a skin or a blanket and tie it so closely that the poor baby cannot move his limbs or do anything but cry. If he cries too loud

his mother puts his head under water to teach him to be quiet, poor little fellow!

Once a day he is packed in fresh grass, but if he lives to be a year old the wrappings are taken off, and he may crawl about and eat seal fat, dried meat, and dried fruit; but the country is cold and damp, and it is a hard place for little ones to live.

When a baby dies it is laid in a "burial" basket of bright colours, and that is placed in a little canoe, which they push out into the river, and the river carries it out to the great sea.

How beautiful it is that Alaskan mothers, who love their babies dearly, may now hear about the Lord Jesus, who takes little ones into his heavenly home. They do not go out to the cold sea. It is only their little earthly houses that do that.

### THE LAND OF "PRETTY-SOON."

I know of a land where the streets are paved

With the things which we meant to achieve;

It is walled with the money we meant to have saved

And the pleasures for which we grieve.

The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,

And many a coveted boon,

Are stowed away there in that land somewhere—

The land of "Pretty-Soon."

There are uncut jewels of possible fame

Lying about in the dust,

And many a noble and lofty aim

Covered with mould and rust.

And oh, this place, while it seems so near,

Is farther away than the moon;

Tho' our purpose is fair, yet we never get there—

To the land of "Pretty-Soon."

The road that leads to that mystic land

Is strewn with pitiful wrecks;

And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand

Bear skeletons on their decks.

It is farther at noon than it was at dawn,

And farther at night than at noon;

Oh, let us beware of that land down there,  
The land of "Pretty-Soon."

A child being asked to explain the expression, "Columbus went on foot from Italy to Spain," said she supposed he hopped, otherwise it would have said, "He went on feet."

Temp'rance boys make temp'rance men,

Growing each day stronger;

Able to endure more,

Able to work longer.