

speaking loud enough for all in the car to hear, "if you persist in drinking whisky, you will be a ruined man at forty. It is the curse of the land. When I was a boy my mother died, and the last thing she did was to call me to her bedside, and say: 'John, promise me that you will never touch a drop of liquor.'"

"O, well, in that case," said the joker, "I must drink it myself;" whereupon, suiting the action to the words, he pulled out the cork and took a good drink. A moment later he dropped the bottle, with an exclamation which certainly did not sound like a blessing, and yelled: "Ugh, ugh! My mouth's all raw!"

Then it was that the old gentleman discovered his loss, and, to the amusement of the other passengers, said: "Ah, young man, you will be careful before you take another man's property again. I am Dr. —, and that bottle contained some quinine and iron for one of my patients."

The young man got out at the next station.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

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

	Yearly	Single
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 36 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, 65 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 10	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12	
10 copies and upwards	0 08	
Dew Drops, weekly	0 20	
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 50	
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 06	
Berean 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,
19 to 23 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 32 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
2176 St. Catherine Street,
Montreal, Que.

S. F. HENSTIE,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 2, 1906.

GIVING A GRANDMOTHER.

There was an orphan boy in one of the large city asylums who was greatly envied by the other boys because he had a grandmother who came to see him, and whom he visited occasionally. This grandmother was like the grandmother in story-books. She could do many things that no one else could do. She could cut marvellous things out of paper; make delicious small cakes, just the size for small boys; and she could tell stories. She not only could do these things, but she did them. Whenever this small boy came back from

his visits, he was the hero for days of all the little people who did not visit that big and wonderful world outside the fence of the asylum.

Perhaps the thing that made him the most popular boy was his ability to repeat the wonderful stories his grandmother told him. He would sit in the centre of a group and repeat these stories over and over again. No matter how interesting the story, the most interesting thing in the story was the grandmother who knew so much and could do so many things. One day the small boy sat with five little boys, telling his never-failing story of this grandmother, his wonderful possession. "I wish I had a grandmother," said the smallest boy.

"You can have part of mine," said the fortunate possessor. "All of mine can have a part. She likes boys."

A great wave of happiness moved each small boy nearer to this generous giver.

"How can we belong to her?" at last one small boy asked, despairingly.

"Why, some day we'll slip out and go to her," was the reply, with absolute trust in his ability to carry out his plan.

He did, too. No one knows how it was accomplished; but one day, on the top floor of a tall tenement, five small boys—very tired, but very happy—stood outside of the grandmother's door. Suddenly a whirlwind threw itself on grandmother, sewing by the window, saying: "These are all your boys! I brought them. Tell us a story! Here are your scissors, and— and—" looking about, "get that paper over there."

The grandmother kissed the tired boy who clung to her, looked at the other tired boys, and kissed each of them. They knew then that they belonged to her, and they clung to her every step she took while washing each face and combing each boy's hair.

"You like boys, don't you?" asked the grandmother's boy, puzzled by the expression in his grandmother's face.

"Very much, dear. I'm glad you all came right here," said the grandmother, patting his head.

When they all were clean and tidy, the grandmother told them to sit on the floor until she came back.

They saw her go to a brown teapot and take out some money.

The grandmother's boy gave a triumphant glance at the newly adopted boys, saying: "What did I tell you? Isn't she wonderful?"

Then the grandmother left them and came back with several parcels.

But if the grandmother was too poor to take care of one little boy whom she loved dearly, she could not take care of five. She knew how frightened the people at the asylum would be when the boys were missed, so she sent word to them where the boys were when she went out.

When she got back to the five boys, a supper of crackers, milk, and oranges came first; then followed the story-telling and the wonderful paper-cutting. Never had the grandmother been so successful, and never had five small boys been happier. The grandmother herself was startled, so happy was she, when a knock at the door called forth her "Come in," and one of the teachers from the asylum walked gently in.

Then five little boys awoke from a beautiful dream. They knew at once what must follow.

The toys were packed; each boy had an orange, and the little procession started back comforted and enriched far beyond their dreams by the grandmother's kisses, and her promise that each boy would be hers and all could call her "grandmother," and that she would tell a story when she came to the asylum on visiting days.

LITTLE FEET.

BY M. CARRIE HAYWARD.

They have travelled only such a little way
Upon this changeful, mystic scene of
life;

They know so little of its thorn-strown
paths,

Its by-ways, seeming fair, yet with evil
rife;

Such tender little feet, that scarce have
known,

As yet, the need of sandal or of shoon.

Small hesitating feet! How much they
need

Wise guidance and a tender, watchful
care;

For even for such guileless innocence

The tempter waits with many a pleas-
ing snare.

And those small feet follow ours so trust-
ingly—

O Father, may our every step lead up to
thee.

Dear, inexperienced feet! we cannot know
What lies before them in the untried
way;

But powers of good and evil will contend
O'er every step to gain the mastery.

They must move on; either upward to
their God,

Or else—sad thought—pursue the down-
ward road.

Oh, precious feet! Wisdom and love,
divine

We surely need, who have them in our
care,

To temper their sweet restlessness, and
their needs

Upon our hearts, in earnest pleading
bear

To Him who too was once a little child,
Whose grace alone can keep them unde-
filed.