the others kind too. At any rate, you will be far happier than if you yielded to the impulse to quarrel. Perhaps your example will work through the whole family, just as leaven works through the dough when bread is being made. The experiment is

worth trying.

And that you may not fail, you need the strength that God only cangive. Ask him for that strength every day; yes, ask him for it whenever the temptation comes to be disobliging or quarrelsome or unloving.

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Dappy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 1, 1905.

LITTLE WHAT'LL-YOU-GIVE.

He was a little boy named Ernest. He had big brown eyes and curly hair and dimples in his cheeks.

Now this little boy with the curls and the big brown eyes had a very serious fault. He always said, "What'll you give?" whenever he was asked to do errands

His father and his mother were troubled. His father did not like to have his little boy form such a bad habit. He thought awhile, and then one night he told mother a way to cure Ernest of his fault.

The next morning mother heard Ernest say. "If I go an' get you some flowers,

what'll you give me?"
"I don't know, dear. What do you wish?" said grandmother.

Have you fi' cents, grandmother ? "

" No. dear."

" Have you any pennies ?"

Just then mother came into the room and said : "Grandmother, I'm looking for Ernest. Can you tell m: where he is?"
"I'se right here, mother!" eried Ernest.

"Oh, no! you are not Ernest. Your name is What'll-you-give!"

to the telephone and told father that little What'll-you-give had come to see them. When father heard that message, he forgot Ernest when he went out to visit his pagents.

At last, father came home one day after he had mother's message, and said, "It isn't possible that our little Ernest and What'llyou-give are the same boy

I don't like to think that," said mother. I would much rather have our Ernest.

And I've missed my little Ernest so much on my long drives," said father.

The little boy's cheeks grew very red, and the curly head drooped.

"I fink I'se Ernest, now, mother."

That was almost the last time that mother had to telephone to father that little What'll-you-give had come.

WHO FOUND THE HAT?

"I'll sew that rip in the crown tomorrow," said Jessie Hamilton, as she seized her big sunhat and rushed off to try the new swing that Robert, the gardener, had put up in the great oak at the foot of the garden. Soon she was squealing with delight as her head touched the green leaves, and the wind caught her hat and whirled it to the ground, and along the

Next day all the little people of the neighborhood were going berry-picking in

the great raspberry patch six miles away.

"Mother, where do you spose my big hat
is," called Jessie, excitedly, as the waggon that was to carry them all to the berrypatch drove up, and although mother and all the household, even to Robert, searched wildly, no broad-brimmed hat, with its gay blue scarf was to be seen, and Jessie had to go with a sailor hat of her brother's

After all it was Robert who found the missing hat, as he went to cut the long grass in the corner, near the swing. But he was not the first to find it, for, when he came on it, through the top of the crown peeped a furry white head, with black tipped ears, and three froliesome kittens were rolling over and over on its brim, while mother Snow-white sat proudly on

But when four kittens set out to have a morning's play with their little mistress's sunhat, it is an unlucky thing if there are any loose stitches in it.

The day after the berry-picking. Jessie and her mother had a quiet talk, as Jessie slowly and carefully sewed round and

round the crown of her hat. "I guess it's true, mother, about that stitch in time. If I'd fixed my hat when you told me, it wouldn't have taken me the whole morning to do it, and I would not have had my nose all sunburned wearing Harmon's little hat, and besides," and all over that you had a careless little girlbut mother, after this, I truly will try to Every time after that when the little remember about 'the stitch in time,' in boy said, "Wi at'll you give," mother went, more things than a sunhat."

A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

Curled up in a big chair, Teddy had actually been still for five whole minutes.

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Mamma," he said at last, "is my papa a gentleman?

"Of course he is, Teddy. Why do you

Well, is Jimmy Miller's papa a gentleman?" he went on without answering.

"I hope so, darling."

"But he doesn't wear nice clothes, and carry a cane, and he digs people's gardens for them," persisted Teddy, "and Allen Hay said that gentlemen always had good clothes and clean hands, and raised their hats to ladies.

Mamma felt like smiling at Allen's idea of a gentleman, but she said, "A gentleman may do those things, and should if he is able, but they do not make the gentleman. A true gentleman is gentle and thoughtful for the weaker ones, honest and pure-hearted, even if he wears rags, and I hope my little son will always be one.

Sounds of hammering at the side of the house brought mamma to the window half an hour later, and she smiled to see her boy doing his best to rail a board to the play-

"What are you doing, Teddy?"

Teddy looked rather ashamed as he answered, "just trying to fix Elsie's playhouse. I took this board off yesterday, so it would be fun to throw things in, and scare her. But I guess it wouldn't be much fun, and Elsie couldn't fix it herself."

"You're beginning to be a gentleman, I see." And Teddy went on with his hammering. "Say! Teddy," called a boy at the gate, "come and see these Indians selling baskets, we'll have some fun with them.

Down went the hammer, and off dashed Teddy, but before he reached the gate he

stopped short.

I haven't time Allen, and besides, I don't think Indians like being teased : I wouldn't, if I was one. Come and help me fix Elsie's play-house."

He didn't think that mamma heard him. but he felt very happy when she said,
"Some people can be gentlemen, even with
dirty hands, and one shoe unlaced, I see."

COME TO JESUS.

"Mamma, our teacher told us at Sunday-school that we must come to Jesus if we want him to save us; but how can I come to him when I cannot see

"Did you ask me to get you a drink of water last night?" asked mother. "Yes, mamma." "Did you see me when you asked me?" "No; but I knew that Jessie's voice sounded very much ashamed, y n would hear me, and get it for me," indeed, "I wouldn't have made you are, aid the little girl. "Well, that is just the way to come to Jesus. We cannot see him, but we know he is near us and hears every word, and will give us what we need."