

DARLING LITTLE GIRL.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to see?
She it is whose sunny face
Is as sweet as sweet can be.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to hear?
She it is whose pleasant voice
Falls like music on the ear.

Who's the darling little girl
Everybody loves to know?
She it is whose acts and thoughts
All are pure as whitest snow.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 24, 1897.

OVER THE FENCE.

Ever since little Eva could remember, and for a long time before, there had been a high board fence between her father's cottage and the house on the right.

When it was a new strong fence, Eva's folks, the Cartwells, had carefully white-washed their side every spring; but it was so old and splintered now, and so upgrown with honeysuckle and trumpet flower, that it would have been almost impossible to renew its youth in any such way.

The fence had been built, Eva had often heard, when there was a quarrel between the Cartwells and Ayers; the quarrel was forgotten now, nobody knew what it had been about; but there was the ugly old fence to remind people of what a pity it is to do things in anger.

For it was not only an ugly thing; it really kept up a secret ill-will between the families. I have said that the quarrel was forgotten, and so it was, or at least the cause of it was, but it had become so much the habit of the Ayers to say that the Cartwells were mean and stingy, and

so much the habit of the Cartwells to say that the Ayers were cross and proud, that they thought there was no doubt about it.

Meantime the high fence rose between, with no gate in its side, no friendly gap through which to pass compliments and exchange nosegays, and little Eva Cartwell had passed ten summers on one side of its weather-stained boards, and Lucy Ayers twelve years on the other side, without hearing or thinking that they must love their neighbours as themselves.

Now, it came to pass, one hot summer day, as Eva was sitting on the shady side of the house with her doll baby, and Lucy across the fence was training up her sweet pea vines, that a dark cloud came quite suddenly over the sky and got bigger and blacker until it was almost like bedtime.

The air seemed to be holding its breath; the very trees and bushes shivered as if in fear, and the dogs fled whining into the house. The little girls fled too, close to their mothers, their quiet mothers, who never seemed to them to be afraid of anything.

They were housed none too soon, for a great wind-storm burst upon the hushed earth, and raved and tore like a giant lunatic. Trees seemed to bend double as if in pain, boughs were snapped off and hurled against windows, the lightning came in blinding flashes, followed by roars and bellows of thunder, and great hail-stones rattled angrily down.

Such fury soon wears itself out, and it was not long before the sun was shining, in a faint and watery way, down on all this disorder of broken boughs and riddled leaves and bruised flowers.

Two little girls tripped half timidly out to two wet and smeared porches, and faced each other, for—the fence was down!

Yes, the hoary old sinner of a fence that had stood for so long in the interests of bad temper and ill-will, was as flat as the idol in the house of Dagon!

And there were two half-scared little girls gazing at each other across the wreck of boards and vines and twisted spikes.

"Don't the old fence look queer?" said Lucy, smiling, and showing a gleaming edge of white teeth.

"Oho!" said little Eva to herself, "I thought Lucy was cross and proud, but she is real nice and smiling." Then she said aloud, across the tumble-down fence, "I'm real sorry it fell on your side, 'cause it has spoiled all your sweet peas."

"Yes," said Lucy, mournfully, "I thought I was going to have so many for mamma's breakfast table all summer; and she loves 'em so much."

"I have got a lot in my garden," said Eva, shyly. "I wish you would come and get some every day."

"O, thank you, so much!" cried Lucy; "you are very kind." And to herself she said, "Dear me! I thought the Cartwells were all mean and stingy, but Eva is just lovely to offer me her sweet peas."

"It will be easy for you to come over," laughed Eva, "because the fence is down." And so another fence began to come

down, that thing that we call prejudice, which had been so many years standing between those neighbours; it did not fall all at once, like the old board fence, but little by little it crumbled away.

When the two families set to work to clear away the rubbish, the Ayers proved to be polite and friendly, and the Cartwells were generous and kind; they got on so well together, and liked one another so well, that when it was time to talk about putting up a new fence, they said, no more close boards for them! So it was a light, low paling this time, with a little gate between, through which Eva and Lucy ran back and forth all day long.

"To think what good neighbours have been living on the other side of the fence all this time, without my finding it out!" said Eva's mother.

"The next time I hear you call anybody hard names," said Mr. Cartwell, "I am going to say, 'Wait, wife, till you see on the other side of the fence!'"

THE JAY AND THE THRUSH.

One summer day a little thrush
Sat singing on a hazel bush
In accents loud and clear;
But presently it ceased its lay,
And thuswise spoke unto a jay,
Who sat and listened near:

"How lovely, friend, the dress you wear!
When perched on bough or in the air,
How gay your coat of blue!
While I am clad in plainest brown,
Let give the world, were it my own,
To be arrayed like you."

"And gladly would I change my dress,"
Replied the jay, "could I possess
The gift you have for singing.
I'd sing above the cotter's shed,
Above the brook and grassy mead,
And keep the woodland ringing."

Ere long, beside a blind man's door,
The thrush sweet music did outpour.
"Such strains I never heard!"
The blind man said. Meanwhile the jay
Met a deaf pilgrim on his way,
Who cried, "Delightful bird!"

JESUS DIED FOR ME.

Hannah was a little Jewish maiden seven years old. In school she read with the other children from the New Testament. One day the teacher asked each child in the class where she thought she would go when she died. Some were silent; some said they did not know; some said they hoped they would go to heaven; but when it came Hannah's turn, she answered without hesitation, "To heaven."

"What reason have you for thinking you will go there?" asked the teacher.

"I know it," answered the little maiden, her eyes sparkling, "because Jesus died for me."