

few grasshoppers were whirring about, a swallow darted through the damp air, but no such servants as his mother had told him of were to be seen.

When he went in again he was in a better humor because of his run in the open air. And what do you think his mother had meant by the open door? Why, she meant Phil's own lips, and his cross words were the naughty servants. One of them had made Mildred cry, another had put the cook in a bad humour, and all of them had made mother herself uncomfortable.

Phil did not know whether to laugh or cry when he heard the end of mother's little parable about the open door. He took it pretty soberly.

"But what made you send me down to the meadow, then?" he asked.

"Because fresh air and plenty of it sometimes changes those naughty servants into good ones," answered mother, gaily.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1906.

KEEP A CLEAN MOUTH, BOYS.

A distinguished author says: "I resolved when I was a child never to use a word I could not pronounce before my mother." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honoured gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation.

Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar expressions, which are never heard in respectable circles. The utmost care of the parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, no one thinks of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words which would not utter before her father and mother.

Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," "the next thing to swearing," and "not so wicked," but it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts. It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many of the gross and fearful sins which now corrupt society.—*The Christian.*

FREDDY AND THE FLOWER.

A little boy named Freddy was very fond of flowers. He came in from the garden one morning before breakfast to show his mother a beautiful violet. It was the first that had come out that season.

"It is so beautiful, mother," said Freddy, "and smells so sweet, that I am going to put it into my buttonhole, and carry it with me all day."

"I think you might do something better with it than that," said his mother.

This set Freddy to thinking while he was getting his breakfast. Pretty soon he guessed what his mother meant. So he looked up and said, "Mother, did you mean that I should take the violet to little Nellie Reynolds?"

"I did, my son," she said.

As soon as breakfast was over, Freddy ran down the lane to Mrs. Reynold's cottage. She was a widow, and supported herself and her daughter by going out to do washing. This made it necessary for her often to be away from home all day. Nellie was a little girl about eleven years old. She had been a cripple since she was a baby. Her mother had taught her to read and knit, and as she had to be so much alone, her books and her knitting were a great comfort to her. Their cottage was very neat and clean, and their little garden before it was kept free from weeds.

Freddy opened the gate and walked through the garden. The path to the cottage door was white with cockle-shells, for it was near the seaside.

Nellie was sitting at the window, longing to be out, when Freddy came in with his bright, rosy face, which to look upon was enough of itself to do one good.

"Good morning, Nellie," said he. "See what I have brought you. This is the first violet that has bloomed in our garden this spring."

You should have seen Nellie's face, how it brightened up when she saw that beautiful flower, and thought of Freddy's kindness in bringing it to her.

"Oh, thank you, thank you, Master Freddy!" she cried. "I do love violets so much. Now I shall look at it and smell it and talk to it till mother comes home."

"Why, Nellie," asked little Freddy in astonishment, "how can you talk to a flower?"

"Oh, I can," said Nellie. "It will tell me how good God is to me to make me so happy, and when mother comes home she will be glad to see it!"

"Well, good-bye, Nellie; I must go to my lessons now," said Freddy; and off he ran, feeling very happy.

Now you see how truly that little flower was a missionary. And it did its work well. It made three people happy that day. Nellie was made happy by the sight of the flower and the kindness which had brought it to her. Freddy was made happy by trying to do good; that always makes us happy. And Freddy's mother was made happy by seeing her dear boy trying to overcome his selfishness.

A LITTLE BROWN GIRL.

Silvo is a little brown girl who lives in South America. Her father is a rubber-gatherer, and has a rude hut built on stilts. It stands in the water, and is very different from our houses. Silvo is awakened early in the morning by the chattering of the monkeys. She likes to go with her father to the rubber grove, where he taps the trees with a hatchet, and places a little cup underneath to catch the sap as it runs out. Silvo's father tells her to keep close to him, because if she strayed away she might get bitten by a big snake or some wild animal. They stay all day in the forest, making their dinner of coconuts and dates. At night the sap from all the trees is put into one large jug and carried home, where it is changed, over a fire of palm nuts, into thick rubber.

Then it goes down the river in canoes to the English traders, who send it to our country, and it is made into balls, dolls, overshoes, and all sorts of nice things for us.

Once Silvo went with her father when he carried the rubber to Para; she saw a great many new things, and heard about the little girls in this country. Don't you think she must have had a lovely time?

GOOD NIGHT.

The busy day is ended,
Sweet flowers bend their heads,
Soft shadows crown the hillside,
The children's prayers are said.

The wind sings through the tree tops
The birds' low lullaby,
While wrapped in solemn mystery
The dreamy meadows lie.

At last to tallest steeple
The day has said good night—
God's gift to all the weary—
Sweet rest till morning light.

—Onward.

The first commandment with promise is, "Children, obey your parents."