

A LITTLE GIRL.

A little girl
A little curl
A little dress of blue,
Ever so neat,
Ever so sweet,
Ever so kindly too.

Ever so wise
For one her size,
She seldom makes mistakes;
Ever so gay
With little to say,
Warm friends she ever makes.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

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

	Yearly	Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$1 00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 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	
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.....	0 60	
5 copies and over.....	0 40	
Thousand Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies.....	0 30	
Less than 30 copies.....	0 25	
Over 30 copies.....	0 24	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies.....	0 15	
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies.....	0 15	
10 copies and upwards.....	0 12	
New Drops, weekly (2 cents per quarter).....	0 07	
Heroan Senior Quarterly (quarterly).....	0 20	
Heroan Leaf, monthly.....	0 05	
Heroan 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,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COOPER, 2176 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.
H. F. HURSTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 10, 1899.

A QUEER AUDIENCE.

It would seem very strange, children, to see a lot of monkeys coming into church to listen to the preaching, would it not? Rev. Jacob Chamberlain, a missionary in India, in his book entitled "In the Tiger Jungle," gives this novel account in one of his services. He was preaching in the street of a village in India. This is what he tells of his queer audience:

Behind the houses on the opposite side of the street there was a long row of trees growing in their back yards, the branches of which stretched out over the flat roofs.

Chancing to raise my eyes, I noticed many branches of these trees beginning to bend downward toward the roofs, and saw the faces of some old jack monkeys peering out through the foliage. Soon some of them jumped down and came forward to see what their "big brothers" in the street were about as they stood gazing so intently at these white men standing on the platform. Springing upon the parapet, they seated themselves with their hind feet hanging over in front, and gazing with fixedness at the preacher as they saw the people in the street doing.

Other monkeys followed, until there was a long row of them seated on the parapet. I could see the late comers walking along behind the parapet, looking for a place wide enough to get a seat. Failing to find a place wide enough between two already seated monkeys, they put up their hands and pushing each one sidewise, would seem to be saying, "Sit along a little, please, and give a fellow a seat," until the "bench" was crowded.

I noticed that many mother monkeys had brought their babies to church with them. These little baby monkeys sat upon the thigh of the mother, while her hand was placed around them in a very human fashion; but the sermon was evidently too high for these little folks to comprehend. Glancing up, I saw one of the little monkeys cautiously reach his hand around and, catching hold of another baby monkey's tail, give it a pull. The other little monkey struck back, but each mother monkey evidently disapproved of this levity in church, and each gave its own baby a box on the ear, as though saying: "Sit still! Don't you know how to behave in church?"

With the exception of a monkey now and then trying to catch a flea that was biting him, they thus sat demurely until the preacher finished his sermon and until we had distributed gospels and tracts among the audience, and bidding them a polite farewell, had started for our tents.

ARCHIE'S MISTAKE.

"A stormy Saturday! O dear!"

Archie's face was as doleful as the gloomy sky outside, as he fretted about in a way which made the weather in the house seem as dreary as that out of doors. I wonder how many children stop to think how much they have to do with the home weather.

"I must write in my diary," said Elsie.

"I did not do it last night."

"I think you ought to play with me," whimpered Archie.

"I will, afterwards."

"Then will you show me what you write?"

"No," said Elsie, laughing, "I never show it to anybody."

It was an old grievance. The only reason for Archie wishing very much to see his sister's diary was that she did not wish him to. It must have now been that the weather had affected him badly; for, almost without thinking, Archie did a very rude thing. He came behind Elsie and peeped over her shoulder.

"There, there!" he cried. "No wonder you don't want me to see your old diary!"

"What is the trouble, Archie?" asked his mother.

"She's writing mean things about me. She wrote: 'I do not like my brother!'"

With a merry little laugh, Elsie showed her diary to her mother, who laughed, too, and said: "Come here, Archie, and see what comes after the words you do not like."

Archie came and read: "I do not like

my brother to think I am unkind; so I will stop writing and go and play with him."

How Archie coloured with shame as his mother and Elsie still laughed! But I think it served him right for looking over Elsie's shoulder, don't you?

FAR-AWAY WORLDS.

Sir Robert Ball, astronomer and geometer, suggests the following aids in realizing the enormous distances from our earth to some of the stars: "The maximum speed of electricity," he says, "is one hundred and eighty thousand miles per second, or seven times round the earth at the equator. The first click of a message would reach the moon in a little more than one second, the sun in eight minutes, and the nearest fixed star, Alpha Centauri, in four years. If messages had been started at the time the events occurred, some stars would just be learning of the battle of Waterloo; others, of the achievement of Columbus, while some of those revealed by the photographic plate would not yet have heard the news of the birth of Christ."

A HIDDEN FOUNTAIN.

It is stated that one of the hottest regions on the earth is along the Persian Gulf, where little or no rain falls. At Bahrein the arid shore has no fresh water, yet a comparatively numerous population contrive to live there, thanks to the copious springs which break forth from the bottom of the sea. The fresh water is got by diving. The diver, sitting in his boat, winds a great goatskin bag round his left arm, the hand grasping its mouth: then he takes in his right hand a heavy stone, to which is attached a strong line, and thus equipped he plunges in and quickly reaches the bottom. Instantly opening the bag over the strong jet of water, he springs up the ascending current, at the same time closing the bag, and is helped aboard. The stone is then hauled up, and the diver, after taking breath, plunges again. The source of the copious submarine springs is thought to be in the green hills of Osman, some five or six hundred miles distant.

WHAT MARY WROTE.

"What shall I write on my slate?" said Mary to herself. She could not write very well, but she sat down and wrote, "A good girl." Then she took it and showed it to her mother.

"That is a good thing to write," she said; "I hope you will write it on your life as well as on your slate."

"How can I write on my life, mother?" asked Mary.

"By being a good girl every day and hour of your life. Then you will write it on your face, too, for the face of a good girl tells its own sweet story. It looks bright and happy."