

not let us be deceived, no matter what our example may be, what our words are. It is bad enough for anyone to hear swearing or bad language of any kind, but tenfold worse where it is a boy, a child, who hears it.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 23, 1895.

A KINDERGARTEN IN SMYRNA.

MISS BARTLETT, our missionary in Smyrna, writes about her kindergarten like this. Does it sound like yours?

We had our kindergarten exhibition on Thursday and Friday, and I wish you could have been here. It was all in Armenian. Do you think you would have known what they were saying?

About one hundred people—fathers and mothers and friends—they came to see the little ones; and on the platform we had some "talks," some "gifts" and "occupations," some gymnastics, songs, and games. The babies' talk was on trees—about the nice shade they made for people, and what pretty homes they were for birds and a few animals. We asked the children what things they could think of that were made of trees. They spoke of houses, tables, chairs, and a good many other things. How many can you think of? Then they told all the fruits they could remember that grew on trees. Among others they spoke of a fruit-tree in the Bible that withered away because Jesus found no fruit on it. Then they recited this verse in concert:

We are vines, and God, our King,
Calls on us our fruit to bring;
This the fruit that we must bear—
Loving thought and loving prayer,
Loving word and loving deed,
Loving aid to all who need.

When they told about the winds blowing the leaves, they repeated the verse in Isaiah, "And all the trees of the field shall clap their hands." You see this is a missionary kindergarten, so they use the

Bible a great deal. I think you would be surprised to know how many kindergarten things there are in the Bible, if you should look for them.

The children of the second division were about five years old, and they had a Bible talk about Jairus' daughter, showing how Jesus loved the children. They repeated: "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God." "And he took them up in his arms, and put his hands upon them, and blessed them"—the very same lovely verses that you have, you see.

The class next older, zoology. They told about the deer, and recited, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." When they told a story about a busy ant, they said: "The ants are a people not strong, yet they prepare their meat in the summer;" and "Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise."

There are seventy little boys and girls in the Smyrna kindergarten.

The missionaries want a new house for this kindergarten and for the young ladies who are learning to be kindergarten teachers. We think the children would like to help build it—don't you?—*Mission Day-spring.*

THE SHIPWRECK.

DEAR Aunt Jane: I've a very wonderful thing to tell you. I'm to be sent to Boston to school. You know how awfully I've wanted to go to school. Mother and father have taught me all they could, but that's not much. Father said he'd send me away to school if the fishing was good last year, but it wasn't, and I had cried lots about it. Father said maybe he could send me to a cheap school on the island, and that was better than nothing.

Well, one night there was an awful storm. You know there's an awfully dangerous bar out a little way from the island, and ships break all to pieces if they can't keep off it.

The night of the storm we were all asleep, when there came a great noise at the door.

"Captain Nokes, there's a big steamer on the bar. Come out and help save the crew," some one said.

It was an awful storm; and we couldn't be willing to let him go, but he shook us off, and said that he must do his duty. So he went; and we watched and prayed.

He got back after four hours, and all he had saved was a baby girl. She had nothing on but a night-dress.

Of course we kept the child, although I knew that I couldn't go to school. The money father had saved for me had to go for clothes and food for that child.

It was a dear little thing, and I grew really fond of it, and glad to give up school for its sake.

We had her nine months, when her father came for her. His wife and child were on the steamer, and it was told him that every soul was lost. Nine months after, a sailor told him about father, and

how brave and good he was, and about his saving the child. The gentleman came to see if the child could be his, and it was.

He is going to send me to school in Boston, and then to college, if I want to go. I'm so happy I don't know what to do. Just think how good God has been to me, when I was so selfish that I had to fight to be willing to let father keep that poor little child. It has taught me a lesson.

Your loving niece,
SADIE NOKES.

Nantucket, March 1.

ON DUTY.

"O WILD rose by the wayside,
How can you blossom there,
With none to note your beauty
Or praise your petals fair?
Your sisters in the garden
We cultivate with care;
But dusty and neglected,
How can you blossom there?"

"Ah, foolish little maiden,
The Master set me here!
He bade me grow and blossom
At this time every year.
'Tis not for me to murmur,
'Tis not for me to fear,
But do my best to please him;
The Master set me here."

O could we learn the lesson
The flowers teach all day,
Nor question what he sends us,
But only to obey.

"HOLD FAST TILL I COME."

A HINDOO was one day writing letters, with the doors all open because of the heat, and to let the breeze come in. His little boy, three years old, was playing near him. Presently a servant came to call the Hindoo gentleman to see a friend on business. He rose to settle the business, and calling the child outside, said: "Put your hand over my papers to keep them from blowing away, and hold fast till I come back."

Many Hindoo children are disobedient, but this child came at once and did as he was told. As he stood with his hand on his father's papers he counted first how many spiders he could see in the roof, then how many squares there were in the mats, and so on; but as the minutes went by he became so tired, though he kept changing the hand, and many a little sigh and big yawn said plainly, "I wish that father would come back." But the father had to stay more than an hour, and though many a time he remembered his child he supposed that some of the servants would go and put away his papers. When he came back at last, and saw the dear little thing still there, patiently standing, he snatched him up, feeling that he could not love him enough for his obedience.

Jesus has given us each something to hold fast till he comes. May each of us prove as faithful to our trust as a Hindoo child did to his.