

To be sure I have plenty of company; Flossy's ball is here, and some of her checkers, and her big hat that she has been hunting for ever since last Monday. I suppose that we shall have to lie here all together till next sweeping day. Did you ever see such a little girl as Flossy, and did you ever hear of such a poor, forlorn doll as I?

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 22, 1899.

CONQUERED BY LOVE.

A soldier in the army of the Potomac was the terror of his company. He was disobedient, cruel, quarrelsome, and vicious. As a result he was often terribly punished, but there was no reformation. In due time, by the fortunes of war, a captain from another regiment was placed in command of that company. The very first day the orderly sergeant informed the captain of the terrible character of this incorrigible soldier. That afternoon the man penetrated some misdemeanour, was arrested by a sergeant, and brought before the captain. He looked at him for a moment, and speaking to the sergeant, said:

"Let him go to his quarters."

"Shall I keep him under guard?" inquired the sergeant.

"Oh, no," said the captain quietly.

That evening the captain called his sergeant and said:

"Go down to Mr. Blank's quarters and tell him to come up to my tent. I wish to see him."

"Shall I bring him up under guard?" inquired the sergeant.

"Oh, no," said the captain. "Just tell him to come. I guess he'll come if you tell him."

In due time the soldier stood inside the captain's tent, cap in hand. He was of fine physique, and daring.

"Take a seat, sir," said the captain.

The soldier obeyed, but all the time looked defiant. The captain enquired of his home, his relations, etc., and then said:

"I have heard all about you, and thought I would like to see you privately and talk with you. You have been punished often—most times, no doubt, justly, but perhaps sometimes unjustly. But I see in you the making of a first-class soldier—just the kind I would like to have a whole company of, and now, if you will obey orders and behave as a soldier should, and as I know you can, I promise you on my honour as a soldier that I will be your friend and stand by you. I do not want you to destroy yourself."

With that the soldier's chin began to quiver and the tears trickled down his cheeks, and he said:

"Captain, you are the first man to speak a kind word to me in two years, and for your sake I'll do it."

"Give me your hand on that, my brave fellow," said the captain. "I'll trust you."

And from that day on there was not a better or more exemplary soldier in the army of the Potomac. Love conquered him.

SWEETENING MARY.

"I want a drink," said baby.

"Go to the kitchen. Mary will give you a drink," said mother.

"I don't want to," baby demurred. "Mary is cross."

"Why, what made her cross?" asked his mother in surprise.

"I dess I did sumpin' to her," baby reluctantly acknowledged.

"Then if you have done something to make her cross, you would better go and do something to sweeten her," suggested mother.

Baby thought over it a minute, and then trudged to the kitchen. "You are a sweet Mary," he prattled, "and I want to hug you." Mary stopped her work and stooped and he threw his arms about her neck and kissed her and called her his "dear, sweet Mamie. I love you two hundred bushels," he said.

When he came back, smiling, mother asked, "What did you do to Mary this time, my little boy?"

"Oh, I sweetened her, I dess," was the reply.

HE KEPT THE FIRE GOING.

Booker T. Washington, principal of the Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, tells this story:

A short time ago I attended a preaching service on a plantation near Tuskegee, and the minister preached for two hours, the burden of his discourse being an exhortation to his hearers to get rid of the world and the things of the world. I happened to know the members of his congregation individually, and there was not a person present who owned an acre of land, a mule, or a cow. I said to myself, 'What else is it that he wants these people to give up! He

has plenty of religion, but what the Afro American wants to be taught is how to apply it to the practical affairs of life. After the service I said to this minister: "Why is it that you do not preach to this people about lying, defrauding their neighbours, and drinking whisky?"

"'Purfessor,' he replied, solemnly, 'ef I was to preach to dem on dem subjicks I would frow cold water on de meetin' in de high o' de rewiwal.'"

MY ANCHOR HOLDS.

A sailor in Gloucester, Massachusetts, had been wounded in a wreck, and was brought ashore. The fever was great, and he was dying. His comrades gathered around him in a little fishing-house, and a physician said he could not live long. The sailor was out of his mind until near the close. But within a few minutes of his death he looked around and called one comrade after another, bade them good-bye, and then sank off into a sleep.

Finally, as it was time for his medicine again, and one of the sailors shook him and said, "Mate, how are you now?" he looked up into the eyes of his friend and said, "My anchor holds!" It was the last thing he said, and when they called upon a friend of mine to take charge of the funeral service, you can imagine how powerful was the impression it made upon his hearers when he quoted the dying words, "My anchor holds!"

Does your anchor hold? Can you, when death comes, when your friends are gathered around you, just look up and say, "My anchor holds"? If you cannot, prepare yourself for it now. You have this opportunity to-day; and from this day watch your anchor—see that nothing in life or death shall ever separate you from the love of God in Christ Jesus.

LITTLE SINS.

Henry M. Stanley tells that when he was passing through the forests of Darkest Africa the most formidable foes he encountered, those that caused the greatest loss of life to his caravan and came near defeating the expedition, were the Wambutti dwarfs. Those diminutive men had only bows and arrows for their weapons, so small that they looked like children's playthings; but upon the tip of each tiny arrow was a drop of poison which would kill an elephant or a man as surely and quickly as a rifle. Their defence was by means of poison and traps. They would steal through the dense forest, and, waiting in ambush, let fly their deadly arrows before they could be discovered. They dug ditches and carefully covered them over with sticks and leaves. They fixed spikes in the ground and tipped them with poison. Into these ditches and on these spikes man and beast would fall or step to their death. One of the strangest things about them was that their poison was made from honey.

It is thus that Satan wages his destructive warfare against God's people.