

## LITTLE HELPERS.

We are merry children,  
Happy all the day,  
Faithful in the work we do,  
Joyful at our play.

Glad to help each other  
Every way we can,  
Trying to be good and true  
Is our honest plan.

What we do for others  
Helps us to be strong;  
Striving always for the right,  
We shall conquer wrong.

All are old enough to try,  
If they have the will;  
Growing wiser day by day,  
We our part may fill.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 30, 1904.

## HOW LEO CONQUERED.

Leo had a slight cold, and the hint of croup in his hoarse cough decided mamma to keep him out of school that rainy afternoon.

Nannie, Leo's older sister, was to bring a friend to luncheon; and, as it was Nannie's birthday, mamma baked a generous supply of doughnuts with which to surprise her little girl. Leo had been playing in the library all the morning, but shortly before noon mamma called him to the dining-room, with the request that he should keep kitty off the prettily-laid table, while she ran down to the grocery for a basket of nice, fresh peaches.

The first thing that Leo's bright eyes

spied when he entered the door was the heaping dish of tempting doughnuts.

Now Leo liked nothing better than his mother's doughnuts; and, not content with feasting his eyes on the crisp beauties, reached across the table and touched one of the plumpest with his little fat fingers.

"I'll just smell of it," he said to himself; but, before he had lifted it from the plate, the little voice within him sounded a note of warning, and, hastily stepping back, he clasped his hands behind him, saying: "No; I'll just look at the whole of them till mamma comes."

But looking at the tempting cakes only made him more anxious to taste them. "I must not look any longer," he declared; and, turning away, he sat down on a little stool with his back to the temptation, and there he sat facing a dark corner until his mother came home.

"Are you watching a mouse, Leo?" asked mamma, catching a glimpse of the little figure sitting so straight on the uncomfortable stool in the corner.

"No," answered Leo, hesitating. "I was looking at the doughnuts, and looking made me want them more and more; so I turned my back upon them. You know that verse, mamma, about turning away."

"Yes," replied mamma, gently laying her hand on Leo's sunny hair, and then she repeated: "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

"That is it," said Leo, "and that is what I am doing."

## THE BAREFOOT BOY.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

Blessings on thee, little man,  
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!  
With thy turned-up pantaloons,  
And thy merry whistled tunes;  
With thy red lip, redder still  
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;  
With the sunshine on thy face,  
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;  
From my heart I give thee joy,—  
I was once a barefoot boy!  
Prince thou art,—the grown-up man  
Only is republican.  
Let the million-dollar ride!  
Barefoot, trudging at his side,  
Thou hast more than he can buy  
In the reach of ear and eye,—  
Outward sunshine, inward joy;  
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,  
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,  
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,  
Knowledge never learned of schools,  
Of the wild bee's morning chase,  
Of the wild-flower's time and place,  
Flight of fowl and habitude

Of the tenants of the wood;  
How the tortoise bears his shell,  
How the woodchuck digs his cell,  
And the ground-mole sinks his well;  
How the robin feeds her young,  
How the oriole's nest is hung;  
Where the whitest lilies blow,  
Where the freshest berries grow,  
Where the groundnut trails its vine,  
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;  
Of the black wasp's cunning way,  
Mason of his walls of clay,  
And the architectural plans  
Of gray hornet artisans!—  
For, eschewing books and tasks,  
Nature answers all he asks;  
Hand-in-hand with her he walks,  
Face to face with her he talks,  
Part and parcel of her joy,—  
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread  
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—  
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,  
On the door-stone, gray and rude!  
O'er me, like a regal tent,  
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,  
Purple-cupped, ringed with gold,  
Looped in many a wind-swung fold  
While for music came the play  
Of the pied frog's orchestra;  
And, to light the noisy choir,  
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.  
I was monarch; pomp and joy  
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,  
Live and laugh as boyhood can!  
Though the flinty slopes be hard  
Stubble-spared the new-mown sward  
Every morn shall lead thee through  
Fresh baptisms of the dew;  
Every evening from thy feet  
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat,  
All too soon these feet must hide  
In the prison cells of pride,  
Lose the freedom of the sod,  
Like a colt's for work be shod,  
Made to tread the mills of toil,  
Up and down in ceaseless toil:  
Happy if their track be found  
Never on forbidden ground;  
Happy if they sink not in  
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.  
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,  
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

It was said: "These are the thunders of John Lawrence, Governor-General of India: Thou shalt slay thy daughters; thou shalt not be thy widows, and thou shalt not be (alive) thy fathers."

There are no fortresses that will surrender to hard work.