

FROM THE MONKEY'S POINT OF VIEW.

BY W. C. McLELLAND.

The ostrich has wings, but he cannot fly;
The horse has only one toe,
Have you noticed the size of the elephant's eyes?
Or the pitch of the rooster's crow?

The fox has a brush, but he does not paint.
And I think it a capital joke
That the goat has horns which he cannot blow
And a beard that he cannot stroke.

I think this is quite the funniest world
That ever a wight could see,
But the most ridiculous things of all
Are the people who laugh at me!

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Happy Days.

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A LESSON WELL LEARNED.

A poor man, on the way home from his day's work, was walking along just ahead of me, with a sack of flour on his shoulder. His little boy was trudging by his side with a bag swung over his shoulder.

It was a heavy thing to carry, and I heard the little boy say very wearily:

"O father, how glad I am that we left the wedges till to-morrow night. These tools are just all I can carry."

"Do the best you can, my son," said the father. "I know you are tired, and the bag is heavy, but be patient."

For some time after these words of encouragement the little fellow was very patient, but the farther he went the heavier the load seemed to grow.

At last he stopped, and lowering it to the ground, said:

"Father, I cannot carry it any farther."

"You need not carry it any farther,

my boy," was the father's reply. "You have done well. Some little boys would have complained in a very short time, but you have done nothing of the kind. You have been patient, and you have nobly strengthened your own power of endurance by what you have done. Now, my darling, I will carry it the rest of the way for you."

How easy and how pleasant the remainder of that walk was to the little boy whose father was carrying the burden for him!

I saw the two—father and child—as they entered the little yard in which their low, vine-covered cottage stood.

Two lessons were learned during the evening walk.

The little boy learned that when he really needed help, the father would help him. He would not shirk. He carried the heavy bag as far as a little boy ought to carry it, and then he learned the grand lesson of his life: that his father could be depended upon to help him.

I also learned a lesson. I learned that if I bear life's burdens patiently, my Heavenly Father, all unseen, will, when the proper time comes, take them and bear them for me.

SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

"Where's the letter?" "When's he coming?" "Did you get it?"

These were some of the remarks coming from a crowd of village boys who surrounded and began to jeer at an old woman, poorly clad, who came down the steps of the post-office with a dazed, bewildered look on her face.

Regularly every day she went there for the letter that never came from her son. She had lived in the village only a year, and thoughtless people now began to call her half-witted, and to say her son had either left her for good or she only had one in imagination.

The boys who had jeered her from time to time before now determined to get all the "fun out of her" they could. They tugged her shawl; they stooped before her and looked up in her face, repeating their inquiries.

Helplessly she looked about for some escape, but there was none till a tall, slender, awkward fellow came down the steps like a young cyclone, and with his long arms and legs sent the boys flying in every direction.

It was Jim Gordon, "the new boy from the country," whose "innocent face" and meek look had made the others think he had no "grit." He stood by the old woman, defying them all.

"I say," called one derisively, "is she your mother? Are you the long-lost son?"

"No," was the reply, with flashing eyes; "but she's somebody's mother, and any fellow who dares disturb her will have to answer to me till that somebody comes! Am I the only boy here that has a mother?"

The boys for very shame moved away, while the gallant young Gordon went with the old woman to her home.

Carefully he guarded and tended her till "somebody" came—a tall, well-dressed, fine-looking sea-captain, who had been ill for months, during which time his letters had gone astray.

Every boy in the village was at the station to see if he really would come. Jim Gordon half supported the trembling old woman until she was caught up in the arms of her son, who cried, brokenly:

"Mother! mother! mother! It would have killed me if anything had happened to you before I found you!"

And those who saw the answering love-light in the old woman's face found their own tears coming, and more than one boy turned away and thought more tenderly of his own mother.

SURE SIGNS.

Some folks don't believe in signs, but the wisest man in the world believed in them. Solomon said, "Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work be pure and whether it be right."

When I see a little boy slow to go to school, and glad of every excuse to neglect his books, I think it is a sign that he will be a dunce.

When I see a boy or girl looking out for "No. 1," and disliking to share good things with others, I think it is a sign that the child will grow up a selfish person.

When I see a child obedient to his parents, I think it is a sign of great future blessing from Almighty God.

When I see a boy fond of the Bible, and knowing it well, I think it is a sign that he will be a good and happy man.

A VOYAGE ON LAND.

I am a little country boy
That never saw the sea,
But grandpa was a sailor once,
And he brought home to me

A little shell, a pretty shell
He found upon the shore,
And when I put it to my ear
I hear the breakers roar.

O, then I think I'm sailing
Away in grandpa's ship,
And if I've grandma's rocking-chair
I feel the vessel tip.

But if the storm be raging
More fierce than I can stand,
I've only got to ope my eyes,
And then I'm safe on land.

Little Gracie was hugging and kissing her baby sister. Her auntie said to her: "And you really think you love your little sister, do you?" Quick as a flash came Gracie's answer: "No, I don't think I love my little sister; I love her without thinking."