

esque, but the somewhat unlovely dress of a poor working girl. Yet that seems to me to be the true imitation of Christ. Let me finish the story. She came to me three months later, and told me, with the light of joy on her face, that her father had never come home drunk since that night she had resolved to care for him for Christ's sake.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

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

	Yearly	Subs:
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 Christian	3 25	
getter	1 00	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	0 50	
Canadian Epworth Rev.	0 50	
Sunday-school Banner, 96 pp., 8vo, monthly	0 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies	0 60	
5 copies and over	0 30	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0 25	
Less than 20 copies	0 24	
Over 20 copies	0 15	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Dew Drops, weekly	0 30	
Heran Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 60	
Heran Leaf, monthly	0 04	
Heran Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 5 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,
50 to 53 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

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

Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1904.

LEARN TO OBEY CHEERFULLY.

"When I got to be a man, I mean to do just as I please."

I suppose every boy thinks that; but I wonder how many men will say that they do, or ever have done, just as they please. The truth is that as long as we live—and that is for ever—we shall have to obey. That is the reason, doubtless, why we have to begin life as helpless babies, so that we can learn obedience the first thing.

If we shall always have to obey, it will be well to learn to do it gracefully. At first we must obey parents, then teachers, then laws, and over and above all the laws of God.

Boys often think it manly to rebel; but the greatest men have been those most obedient to proper authority. General Grant was one day walking on a government wharf, smoking, when the guard said to him that smoking was not allowed there. Grant did not rebel because he was a general and the command had been given him by a subordinate. He at once threw away his cigar, remarking that it was a very good order. You see, he knew the dignity of obedience.

General Sherman did not approve General Grant's plan for taking Vicksburg, and wrote a protest. Then he obeyed Grant's orders as heartily as if he himself had conceived the plan, and Grant said that Sherman was a hero. Boys think it grand to be soldiers, but they must obey before they can command. Sheridan was so prompt to obey orders that he was advanced to the command of a large part of the Army of the Potomac, and Warren, who did not obey promptly, was superseded. Boys sometimes question the wisdom of their father's commands, but they should obey cheerfully.

WHAT FRUIT IS GROWING IN YOUR GARDEN?

When we visit a friend who lives in the country, we are almost sure to ask him what kind of fruit is growing in his garden. If he takes much interest in his garden, and works hard to raise fine fruit, he will probably name a dozen different kinds that he is raising.

Now, whether we live in the country or the city, we have each one of us a garden to care for, and the Great Gardener to whom we belong is looking to see if we are bringing forth the right kind of fruit.

Our heart is God's garden, and in the Bible he tells us what kind of fruit he wants us to produce. Listen! These are the fruits that God wants to see us bearing in our hearts and lives—Love, Joy, Peace, Long-suffering, Gentleness, Goodness, Faith, Meekness, and Temperance.

Are you bearing these beautiful fruits in your life, my dear little reader? Do not think that you must work all alone in bringing them forth. The Apostle Paul tells us that these are the fruits of the Spirit, and if we ask our Heavenly Father to help us, he will surely send his Holy Spirit to aid us.—Ex.

BABIES IN CHINA.

A gentleman who made a tour through China on a bicycle, tells of some curious things he saw in out-of-the-way districts which travellers do not usually visit. One of these was a company of babies picketed out in a field like so many goats or calves. Each baby had a belt about the waist; into this belt behind was tied a string about ten feet long, the other end of which was fastened to a stake. The stakes were set so far apart that there was no danger of the strings getting tangled up as the babies crept or ran about. Some of them were creeping on all fours; some of them were making their first attempt at standing by balancing against the stakes, while older ones were running or playing in the grass. All seemed good-natured and happy, and, though they gazed at the queer-looking stranger and his wheels

with an expression of surprise, they did not cry or seem in the least frightened. Nobody seemed paying any attention to the babies, but, as the mothers were working in a rice-field a little way off they would, of course, have come to the had there been any need. The babies had plenty of fresh air and sunshine, and were perhaps as well off as some more petted ones at home.

THE KING OF CANDY LAND.

Have you heard of the King of Candy Land?

Well, listen while I sing:
He has pages on every hand,
For he is a mighty king.
And thousands of children bend the knee
And bow to this ruler of high degree.

He has a smile, oh, like the sun,
'And his face is crowned and bland;
His bright eyes twinkle and glow with fun,

As the children kiss his hand;
And everything toothsome, melting sweet
He scatters freely before their feet.

But woe for the children who follow him

With loving praise and laughter!
For he is a monster, ugly and grim,

That they go running after;
And when they get well into the chase,
He lifts his mask and shows his face.

And oh, that is a gruesome sight
For the followers of the king;
The cheeks grow pale that once were bright,

And they sob instead of sing;
And their teeth drop out and their eyes grow red
And they cannot sleep when they go to bed.

And often they see the monster's face—
They have no peaceful hour;
They have aches in every place,
And what was sweet seems sour.

Oh, woe for that foolish, sorrowful band
Who follow the King of Candy Land!

"GOD CAN'T WAIT."

A bright four-year-old boy in a friend's family was feeling tired as the day drew to a close, and came to his mother that night say his evening prayer before going to bed. "Wait a little while, Ernie," said his mother; "I am busy writing a letter. When that is done you may say your prayers, my dear." The little fellow waited a minute or two very patiently, and then, coming back to his mother, said, "Mamma, God can't wait." Ernie's mother laid aside her letter at the first rebuke, and the evening prayer took its right place first. We should "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness."