

we will go away and leave 'I don't care' forever."

And they went back to the house, and the lesson was so impressed upon Freddie's memory that he never let the words drop from his lips again. If he was tempted to use them the memory of that day prevented.

Let every boy or girl who has this bad habit drop it into a well.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 4, 1897.

DEVELOPED OR SMOTHERED.

"It's awfully nice of you, mamma dear, to give me that lawn mower. Come and see what I've done," and George Sellers drew his mamma to the window. Like soft, green velvet the lawn sloped down to the village street.

"You have done more than that, darling," said Mrs. Sellers, caressing the damp, golden curls. "You are developing the man, sturdy and strong." George looked sorely puzzled. "Don't you know, dear, that within this little body a man is waiting to be developed or—smothered?" Mrs. Sellers continued. Still the child looked puzzled. "Work brings out the strong man, but coddling smothers him," she said.

"O, I see! I'll tell Paul that," and he straightened his sturdy little arm. "There's muscle for you!" he said; "and O, mamma Mr. Arthur said that he'd give me twenty-five cents if I would mow his lawn. May I?"

"Certainly, if you wish to do it," she answered, and soon the click of the mower was heard in the adjoining yard.

"Such a shame!" said Mrs. Wyman, who was coaxing Paul to try and eat his breakfast in the house over the way. "And that boy has thousands of dollars in the bank. See how he works, poor boy!"

On their way to school George said proudly "I've earned some money this morning. Now I'll have my own money to give and to use, but I'll be careful how I use it. I'll not waste it, for I know what it cost"

As the summer went by the quarters in George Sellers' bank came to be dollars; for his work was well done, and he had plenty of it. He was sturdy, strong, and full of fun; while Paul Wyman was often shut in from sickness, and was pale and destitute of strength.

"I wish I was George Sellers," he said whiningly one day. "He has all the good times, and I saw him put a silver quarter in the missionary box. He said that he loved to give it, for he earned it himself."

"Poor boy! it's a burning shame," said Mrs. Wyman.

"To be a man!" cried Paul. "Well, I think that I'd like it. George's mother says that work makes a man; and George is growing up a grand, strong man."

SAMOAN CHRISTIANS.

On one of the Samoan Islands John Williams found a small chapel, and about fifty persons who called themselves Christians, each one of whom wore a white cloth tied on his arm to distinguish him from his neighbours.

The leader among them said that he had heard a little about the Christian religion from some people not far away, and that he used to go to them once in a while and bring home some religion.

"And when that is gone I take my canoe and fetch some more. Now won't you give us a man all full of religion, so that I won't have to risk my life going after it?"

That is what is needed in all the heathen lands: a "man full of religion."

When the natives of these islands are converted they say: "Now we are the soldiers of Jesus Christ. Tell us what he would like us to do."

If they are told that he would not wish them to go to a certain place, they reply at once: "Then we won't go."

If a friend says, "He would be sorry to hear you use such language," they answer: "Then we won't say that any more."

If it is hinted to them that he would rather they would not do some special thing, they still respond: "Then we won't do it." No wonder that they are so faithful as pupils.

Two little birds were building a nest; Each of them thought their own way the best;

"Put the straw so, sir." "Nay, madam, this way;

I can do better than you, any day." Was it not sad that they could not agree, Making so cozy a nest 'neath the tree? While the sweet flowers that cluster around

Seem to say softly, "O dear, what a sound!"

A RIGHT WAY AND A WRONG WAY.

Dear little Dot has certainly found the wrong way this time, with the left stocking on the right foot. So she will have to pull it off, and try again. She looks a little bit puzzled; but there is no hint of a frown on her smooth, baby brow, nor any show of petulance on the sweet lips; and I am quite sure she will not get cross or ill-natured when nurse tells her to pull off the stocking, and put it on the other foot, so that the pretty red stripes will be on the right side instead of the wrong.

Darling little Dot's temper is always on the right side, as are her sympathies and loving words. One day, when she saw a big, rude boy on the street snatch a ball from the hand of one half-a-dozen years younger, and run off with it, she looked first surprised that any one could be so wicked as to take what did not belong to him; and then she turned all her sympathy toward soothing the grief of the little five-year-old, who stood crying bitterly at the loss of his pretty plaything, and said to him, softly and soothingly:

"Don't oo cry any more. I'll dive oo mine big parlour ball, if yo'll des tum home wid me and nurse." And when he forgot to thank her, Dot only said: "He was so s'pized he fordot to say anything; but I'm glad I dave him mine big ball, tauze ze poor 'ittle fellow cried so hard when he didn't want to lose his own pitty ball."

Our Dot found the right way again, when her brother Joe was sick with the measles. Before that, when he was well and strong, he used often to tease his little sister, and call her "baby" when she wanted him to take her to ride or walk with him. This was not because he did not love Dottie, or enjoy having her to play with, but from the sheer love of teasing.

But when Joe had the measles, and felt very lonely if his mother had to go downstairs and leave him by himself, Dot stayed and waited on him, brought him books and playthings to amuse him, told him what was going on downstairs, and who had called to ask after him, and she tried to make his sick-room seem bright with her sunny face and merry little songs.

Joe was in the wrong way when he teased his dear little sister so thoughtlessly; but now he turned "right about face," and was on the right side, when, after he got well, he said:

"Dear little Dottie, Joe was a bad boy not to take you out, when you wanted so much to go with him, hunting birds' nests and playing snowball; and now I am strong and well again, I am going to take you riding with me every day."

They did go, and right merry times they had all the bright, sunny days during the long winter. They were both on the "right side" now, and the big, strong, generous boy loved his little play-fellow better than ever, since she had led him so gently to follow her, as she follows the dear Saviour's command: "Little children, love one another."