

WHAT ARE THE CHILDREN SAYING ?

I hear the voices of children

Calling from over the seas ;
The wail of their pleading accents
Comes borne upon ev'ry breeze.
And what are the children saying,
Away in those heathen lands,
As they plaintively lift their voices
And eagerly stretch their hands ?

" We grope in the midst of darkness,
With none who can guide aright ;
O share with us, Christian children,
A spark of your living light !"
This, this is the plaintive burden
Borne hitherward on the breeze ;
These are the words they are saying,
Those children beyond the seas.

—Selected.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 26, 1903.

THE GIANT KILLERS.

Willie and Freddie had been sent to a neighbouring house to bring a bucket of water. When they returned quite late their teacher asked: "Willie, why were you gone such a long time for the water?"

Willie hesitated a moment, and then, looking down, replied: "We spilled it, and had to go back to fill the bucket again."

Turning to Freddie, she asked: "Were you not gone for the water longer than was necessary?"

He did not answer at first, for he did not like to show that Willie had not told the exact truth, but directly he said: "Yes, ma'am; we met Harry Bradon, and stopped to play with him; and then spilled

the water, and had to go back and get some more."

Little friends, which do you think conquered the Giant Falsehood, and which let the giant conquer him? Which was the happier of the two, and which would the teacher be more likely to trust in the future? If we do not conquer the giants of evil, they will surely conquer us. Do not forget that

"There are giants yet to kill,
And the God of David still
Guides the pebble at his will."

—Selected.

CHARLIE'S BLIND BIRD.

When Charlie Manning was about three years old his grandmother sent him a canary. It was only a few months old, but it had already begun to sing, and was one of the prettiest little birds you ever saw.

When Charlie watched it jump from the tiny little cage in which it had travelled from St. Leonard's to London he was quite silent for a few minutes, then he jumped up and called out:

"Nurse, nurse, come quick! Dickie's got a cap like you."

The fact was that the canary had what is called a crest on his head, which made him look different from any other canary that the little boy had seen.

Charlie's mother wanted him to learn to think for others instead of himself, so she went into the nursery every morning before breakfast to give Dickie clean sand and fresh seed and water. Of course Charlie wanted to help, and she always let him do it, though I am afraid at first that he put more sand on the floor than in the cage. As to the water, he spilt half that, too; but as the nursery had floor-cloth instead of carpet, he could easily wipe that up.

So Charlie grew to be very fond of his canary, and never forgot to feed it, and give it a bath. One day, about a year year the bird arrived, Charlie went to his mother in great distress.

"Mother," he said, "I believe Dickie is ill, and, do you know, he has something the matter with his eye."

Mrs. Manning went upstairs directly, and found the little bird looking very sadly indeed; but, what was worse still, she saw that one eye had gone. Charlie and his mother went off at once for the bird doctor, but when he looked at the poor canary, he said he could do no good. The bird must have injured his eye with one of the little wire hooks in the cage. But it was sadder still to hear that he was afraid the sight of the other eye would go too. And so it did, before two months were over, and the little canary was very sad and miserable at first, and seemed afraid to move from one little spot on one

particular perch. Then Charlie was more tender and careful than ever not to frighten his poor bird, and his own eyes filled with tears as he looked at his little blind pet.

But by and by the canary got over his sorrow, and began singing more beautifully than ever. Then he had courage to take a few hops about his cage; and now if you went into the nursery you would never believe that it was a blind bird who was hanging in the window.

There is one thing more I should like to tell you, and that is how Charlie's little blind Dickie did good to his master. Charlie is getting a big boy now, and goes to school every day. He was very miserable at first. But one day, when he had been studying hard in the garden and grumbling a good deal, he heard Dickie singing. He took his book to the window-sill, and looking up at the canary he said: "Yes, you have learned how to make the best of a bad job. So will I. I won't grumble any more, but just do my work as well as I can and as fast as I can."

BUGS TELL THE TIME.

A jeweller near the Junction has a novel clock in his show window. It puzzles and amuses crowds every day. There is simply a dial a foot and a half square, apparently lying on a box an inch in depth. There are no hands and no holes in the dial. In spite of this the clock tells the time perfectly. There are two little Mexican beetles of the green-bronze variety that have been more or less popular as scarf-pins, etc., and they crawl about and mark the minutes and hours accurately. One of them rests on the outer circle of the dial and moves from one figure to another each hour. The other bug marches on the dial's inner circle, and moves one-fifth of the space between the figures every minute. What tells the bugs when and how far to move is a mystery that ninety-nine out of every one hundred who look at them give up in despair.

The bugs are plainly enough alive, else how could they walk? And there are no strings on them, so why do they not walk off about their own affairs, as any ordinary bug would do in no time?

"The thing's simple enough," said a man, after glancing at the clock. "The bugs are dead as Julius Caesar. Each of them is merely a shell and has a bit of steel set into its base. The clock has hands, only they are underneath instead of above the dial, and they are magnetized. Every time the hand forges ahead its attraction carries the steel and the little green bug shell along. Put a couple of steel pins on a sheet of paper and move a magnet around underneath, and you'll see just how it works. It's too easy."