

A TIME-TABLE IN THE WOODS.

"Sixty seconds make a minute,"
Sung a merry little linnnet.

"Sixty minutes make an hour,"
Sweetly smiled a blushing flower.

"Twenty-four hours make a day,"
Laughed the sunbeams in their play;

"Seven days make a week,"
Hear a pink-eyed rabbit squeak;

"Four weeks a month will make,"
Add the mosses by the lake;

"Fifty-two weeks make a year,"
A squirrel told us, running near;
And all the rustling leaves say, "Oh!
How much the woodland creatures
know;

"And the children dear all say 'tis so,
And each one cries a glad heigh-ho!"

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 16, 1897.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

"Getting late!" shouted Fred, of the Dauntless Ball Nine, to one of his rivals, the Invincibles. "Hands out of pockets if you want to win!"

"I won't be on hand to-day," answered Walter.

"You won't!" cried Fred, for these small boys took great pride in their new-fledged clubs. "Why not?"

"I can't," said Walter, quickly coming down to the gate. "I want to, but don't say anything about it."

This was said with a hurried glance backward, as a smaller boy, pale from a late fever, came towards them.

Walter went on, cheerfully: "Sorry you can't come with us, Fred. We're off to Farmer Triggs'. It's just the day for a woody walk."

"Why, I wish I could," said Fred, "but I've something else to do. Good-bye! Good-bye, Bobbie!"

Fred walked away, shaking his head and thinking, "I believe Walter's giving up the game to keep that whity out of the sun. He'd surely be there if Walter played. Well, I couldn't do it."

"Why didn't Fred come?" asked Bob, innocently. "He's great fun to have along."

Walter's throat swelled a little at the fun he was missing. But he only said, "Can't tell. Come on; let's go before it gets late."

The two boys had a really good time. The cool walk was none too long, and Farmer Triggs gave them cold milk to drink, and let them ride his black pony in the pasture lot.

When they got near home again, Walter felt so peaceful, he was almost willing the Dauntless should win. "Hurrah!"

"Who's shouting?" wondered Bobbie, walking in the long shadows of the trees.

"Elwood!" cried Walter, "I believe we've won. Hurrah!"

"Won!" echoed Robbie. Then as the cheering grew more distinct he understood.

"Walter! You stayed away for me."
"I'd do more still not to have you sick again." And Robbie knew Walter meant it.

RAINY DAY.

Pitter-patter, go to school,
Clitter-clatter, mind the rule,
Rainy day's a working day,
Sunny day's a day for play;
Work and play, every day—
That's the better rule.

PETER THE GOBBLER.

"Just look at that old turkey, Auntie!" cried little Jean.

"Yes, Auntie, do come," begged Bob; "he has puffed himself up till he looks like a big balloon about to fly away."

So Auntie came across the room and stood in the open door, where her little city guests were gazing at a brood of young turkeys.

"Why, that is old Peter," she said, pointing to the gobbler, who was making himself so ridiculous. "I could tell you quite a long story about him."

"Please tell it," they cried.

"He is quite an old fellow now, but I remember the time when he was a tiny ball of down, pecking in a stupid way at the crumbs of bread I showered down into the coop, where his mother was trying to teach him and ten brothers and sisters to take a first breakfast. The little brood did not thrive; the damp spring weather did not agree with them, and one by one they fell away until none were left but Peter. We fed him carefully, and when the warm days came he grew big and strong.

"In August we discovered that his mother had a nest down in the orchard in the soft grass. Peter followed her, showing her the greatest affection. Soon

she commenced to sit, and still he could not leave her. What was our surprise to find that Peter was also sitting!

"Yes there he was, close beside his mother on three eggs he had managed to scratch from beneath her. There he remained, never leaving his self-appointed task until some funny little creatures broke the shell and nestled close to the warm feathers above them. Even then this dutiful son did not consider his work complete, for he helped to take care of his small brothers and sisters, and not until they were grown did he leave them."

THE GOLDEN GRAIN.

The reaping time is a very busy time for the farmer. Field after field of grain he must have cut and gathered into sheaves, then threshed, and finally taken to the mill and ground into flour. How patiently he has to wait from the time he sows the seed until it is stored in his granary. One of the most beautiful sights in nature, I think, is a field of waving grain. Did you ever stand and watch one as a gentle summer breeze swept over it?

The Jewish Feast of Tabernacles, or the Ingathering, was celebrated every year at the close of the harvest, and was a feast of thanksgiving to God for the blessing of the fruits and grain. During the time of the feast, which lasted a week, the people lived in booths or houses made of the branches of trees. We are told in the twenty-third chapter of Leviticus what kind of trees the booths were made of: "And ye shall take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook, and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days.

And in the tenth verse of the same chapter we read: "And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying, Speak unto the children of Israel, and say unto them, When ye be come into the land which I give unto you, and shall reap the harvest thereof, then shall ye bring a sheaf of wheat of the first-fruits of your harvest unto the priest, and he shall wave the sheaf before the Lord to be accepted for you."

I would like you to read the whole of this twenty-third chapter, and you will then understand better than I can tell you the true meaning of this feast.

WORK FOR CHILDREN TO DO.

"Mamma," said a little child to her mother one day, "I can't tell which I will be when I grow up, a jewellery shop or minister." But little children do not need to wait till they grow up before they can begin to be ministers. When Christ was on earth he took a little child and set him in the midst of his disciples to teach them a lesson. He does that often now. And every child can teach other children a lesson, and sometimes older people too, not by talking about religion, but living religion.