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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 3, 1887.

WORDS THAT STAIN.

A SMALL brush of camel's hair had been dipped into a fluid in which was some nitrate of silver, or "caustic," as it is sometimes called. The brush was wiped upon a white sheet. Pretty soon there appeared a black stain upon a white surface. It did not look very dark at first, but the action of the light seemed to deepen the colour, until it was an ugly spot that could not be washed out nor bleached out in a whole summer's sunshine.

A bright boy heard a vile word and an impure story. He thought them over. They became fixed in his memory, and they left a stain which could not be washed out by all the waters of this great round earth.

Do not allow yourself to think of vile, "smutty" stories, or unclean words. There are persons who seem to take an evil delight in repeating such things. And those who willingly listen to them receive a stain upon their memory. To give ear to filthy talkers is to share their sin. Don't lend your ears to be filled and defiled with shameful words and vile stories.

In these days of evil speech and bad books, it is our duty to take care what we listen to and what we read. A bad story smirches and defiles the heart, pollutes the memory and inflames the fancy.

Shun these things as you would poisonous vipers. Draw back from hearing them as you would shrink from the "cancerous kisses" of the crocodiles seen in De Quincey's opium dream. If, by chance, you have heard any obscene words or vile stories, drive them from your thoughts, as you would the black-winged bats from your face at night. Ask God to help you. Think of the true things he has said, and study the pure and beautiful things he has made.

DELIA.

BY MOLLIE P. COPE.

WHAT is Delia dreaming of?  
Dearest, sweetest little love,  
Gazing in that pensive way,  
Whither do her young thoughts stray?  
Does the spirit of the flower  
Whisper of a coming hour  
When she'll blossom pure and good  
Into beautiful womanhood?

Fancy, with enchanting wand,  
Opens up a wonder-land:  
Fair and radiant it lies—  
Not a shadow dims its skies;  
And through all its hidden years  
Rainbows span the tide of tears.  
Thrills her heart with keen delight,  
Fills her eyes with misty light.  
As she scans the flower-paved way  
Where her future footsteps stray.

Marvel not that Delia's dreams  
Are inwrought with golden gleams,  
For the future seems as fair  
As the sunshine in her hair.  
Shadow not the sweet, young life  
With forebodings of the strife.  
Tell her not that cares and fears  
Lie concealed in coming years.  
Hint not that those years may bring  
Pain and bitter sorrowing.

Delia, sweet as rosebud's breath  
Is thy simple, trusting faith.  
Be that faith forever strong,  
And thou'lt triumph over wrong,  
Foil the cruel tempter's power—  
Safe in every trying hour.  
Then the untried years will be  
Sweet as are thy dreams to thee,  
And thou'lt blossom pure and good  
Into beautiful womanhood.

THE NEST WITHIN THE NEST.

BY ALICE M DOUGLAS.

"THERE, I shall never play with Gertie again," said Mabel Page. "I might have known that a poor girl like her would be likely to steal my playthings, and I miss what she has taken just as much as if they weren't such little things!"

"But how do you know that Gertie has taken your toys, when you did not see her take them?" asked mamma.

"Why, because I have not carried them away from my play-room, and she is the person that has been there since I first missed them," answered Mabel.

Mamma looked very gravely at her little girl, and said, "You must remember that we

are told to judge not lest we be judged, I fear that you do Gertie great harm in judging her."

"But, mamma, I am sure that she stole those things," answered Mabel.

After this Mabel treated Gertie very coolly, visiting her home but once, when she took special pains to see if her lost trinkets were among the few owned by the poor child, but they were not.

One day Mabel was having a general house-cleaning in her garret play-room. In one corner there was a large wasp's nest, one of her girlish treasures. As she mopped this, something fell from the upper passage hole and rolled over the floor. Stooping she saw before her the little toys which she had supposed Gertie had stolen. Wondering how they could have found their way into such a strange hiding place, she put her little hand into the opening, greatly damaging the nest thereby. She found that some mice had made a soft, snug home in the wasp's nest, and carried into it many of her little trinkets. As none of the thief family were at that moment in their winter quarters, Mabel took out a handful of the nest, which was made from the greenish pulp of the wasp's nest. From the shells found in the nest she knew that intruders had been feasting on the dainties she always kept on hand.

This discovery taught Mabel a good lesson, and she still keeps the beautiful large wasp's nest to warn her against judging a person too hastily.

A WORD TO BOYS.

You are made to be kind, boys, generous and magnanimous.

If there is a boy in school that has a cast foot, don't let him know you ever saw it.

If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing.

If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that does not require running.

If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner.

If there is a dull one, help him get his lesson.

If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs and no more talent than before.

If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. At the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a grudge.