

MY MODEST CHOICE.

She leaned 'way out of the window
As I passed below in the street;
In her hand was a bunch of flowers,
And she called me, roguish and sweet:

"Will you have flowers or kisses?"
And I answered her, nothing loth,
"My darling little daughter,
I think I'll have some of both."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 15, 1899.

A GOOD SIGN.

That little boy who is said to have fastened on one of the posts of the front piazza a sign which read, "No smoke-ness, nor drunk-ness, nor swear-words, nor wickedness round this house," was surely on the right track. He had taken a position for the right—a thing which every boy ought to do—and was willing for others to know where he stood. More than that, he wanted to warn others of the wicked practice of saying bad words, drinking, and such like evil things. Is every boy who reads these lines trying to keep his own life pure and help others to do right? We hope so. If not, begin today.

WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

A good rich man in a large city put up this notice over the door: "All who have no money and are hungry, come in here and eat."

A great many people passed by and said, "What a strange man to make such an offer!"

A poor man came along, looked at the sign, and said: "Well, I'm hungry enough; but then if I can't go in without paying something, I don't want to go, and I haven't any money." So he passed on.

A poor woman stopped and looked at the sign, and said: "O that I might go in there and eat! But alas! I am too ragged and dirty. I am not fit; he would turn me out."

So she passed by, and so on. One had one excuse, another some other; and so, hungry, starving, poor, wretched, the crowd passed by and did not go in to the feast.

At last a little boy came along and saw the sign. "That must mean me!" he cried. "Hungry? I'm hungry. Poor? I'm poor enough. No money? Well, that means me, too. I'll go in!" And in he went, and not only had a great dinner, but was clothed and given a beautiful home in which he should be forever happy.

MANNERS.

Manners are more important than money. A boy who is polite and pleasant in his manners will always have friends, and will not often make enemies. Good behaviour is essential to prosperity. A boy knows when he does well. If you wish to make everybody pleasant about you, and gain friends wherever you go, cultivate good manners. Many boys have pleasant manners for company and ugly manners at home. We visited a small railroad town not long since, and were met at the depot by a little boy of about eleven or twelve years, who conducted us to the house of his mother, and entertained and cared for us, in the absence of his father, with as much polite attention and thoughtful care as the most cultivated gentleman could have done. We said to his mother before we left her home, "You are greatly blessed in your son. He is so attentive and obliging."

"Yes," said she, "I can always depend on Charley when his father is absent. He is a great help and comfort to me."

She said this as if it did her good to acknowledge the cleverness of her son.

The best manners cost so little, and are worth so much, that every boy can have them.

WHAT HE HAD AND HADN'T.

"Now, Wilfred, here's your ball, pretty ball, make it whistle this way," (squeezing it), too-too, see there? Now play pretty, while mamma's away; mamma'll be back directly; don't cry, that's a good baby;" and mamma hurried out, looking anxiously back at baby Wilfred, tied in his chair.

She must go, because naughty Netta, the older baby, had slipped away, and run down the village street. You know how village houses have their doors flung wide open all day, and nothing was easier than for Netta, a nimble little sprite, to get away.

Wilfred, good-natured little cherub, devoted himself to the bright-coloured ball, as he was told, and too-tooted it with delight. But the ball was like Netta, it wanted to get away; and slipping out of dimpled hands it rolled off on the floor.

The baby stretched both hands a-

fect out after it, and then gave a little lurch to reach the runaway. He could not, of course; but he managed to tilt the light straw chair, which scared him very much. He had been there before, and knew what it was to have a fight with the hard floor and get the worst of it. Did he set up a howl then? Not he, indeed! Maybe he whimpered a bit; but when mamma came back, breathless with hurrying Netta along, there was her angel, serenely sucking the button on his shoe!

As he couldn't get what pleased him, he pleased himself with what he could get; and that is the best receipt for a happy little boy or girl, or a happy old boy or girl either, that anybody knows.

THANKSGIVING DAY.

"We don't have any Thanksgiving at our house," said Tilly. "Oh, my! We do," said May; "we have turkey, and chicken, and ice-cream, and oranges, and oh, ever so much more."

May told her sister Kate what Tilly had said.

"Well, I'm just going after my wash," said Kate, "and they're going to have Thanksgiving this year if I can give it to them. The poor mother works so hard she deserves help. We will give them those oranges, and there is ever so much more we can spare."

So Kate went to the house where Tilly lived. There were six children and only their mother to support them by taking in washing. Kate took a basket. It must have been pretty heavy, for she often changed it from one hand to the other.

"I did not want to bring my basket empty," said Kate to Tilly's mother, "and so I put in some things for you and the children for Thanksgiving dinner."

When Kate had emptied the basket the table presented a tempting variety: biscuits and chicken and oranges and jelly, beside some candy.

"Blessings on ye, Miss Kate," said Tilly's mother. "Sure it's many a day since the children had such a feast."

I think Kate and May enjoyed the things they had taken to Tilly's house more than those which were on their own table Thanksgiving Day, so much more is it blessed to give than to receive. Children, I hope you give some one a happy Thanksgiving Day.

It is estimated by competent authorities that 620,000 tons of water tumble over Niagara every minute, day and night.

A baby in St. Louis has the original name of Cyclonia. It was given to her because she was born during the destructive storm which visited St. Louis in the spring of 1896.

A whale recently captured in Arctic waters was found to have imbedded in its side a harpoon belonging to a whaling vessel that had been out of service nearly half a century.