

THE NEW PLAY.

Is it something now you would like to play?
 Let's make believe a balloon,
 And visit the man in the moon to-day,
 The little old man in the moon.
 Come Bobby and Teddy and baby Flo,
 Will you ride with Aunt Alice?
 So all in a row and away we go
 Off in our floating palace.

Through the beautiful blue we're gliding fast,
 A way o'er its wide expansion—
 Till we reach the little old man at last
 Who lives in his silver mansion,
 The little old man who people say
 Will never grow one day older,
 But always stay as he does to-day
 With a bundle of sticks on his shoulder.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 31, 1889.

BEHAVIOUR IN COMPANY.

LEIGH RICHMOND gives the following excellent advice to his daughters:—

Be cheerful, but not gigglers. Be serious, but not dull. Be communicative, but not forward. Be kind, but not servile. Beware of silly, thoughtless speeches; although you may forget them, others will not.

Remember that God's eye is in every place. Beware of levity and familiarity with young men; a modest reserve, without affectation, is the only safe path. Court and encourage serious conversation with those who are truly serious and conversable; do not go into valuable company without endeavouring to improve by the intercourse permitted you.

Nothing is more unbecoming, when one part of a company is engaged in profitable and interesting conversation, than that another part should be trifling, and talking comparative nonsense to each other.

ONE OF GRANDPA'S STORIES.

BY J. A. H.

"GRANDPA, tell us one of your tales about mamma and Aunt Emily, when they were little girls."

"I am a'raid, my darling, that I have told all that I can recollect over and over again, so that you must be quite tired of them."

"O no, grandpa; we like to hear them very often."

"Well, then, which shall it be, Hilda? Would you like to hear about Aunt Emily and the deaf and dumb cow?"

"Yes, please, because it is so very funny. Begin at once, dear grandpa, and don't miss a word."

"Dear grandpa" was seated in his cozy study, and Hilda was hanging over the back of his arm-chair, or else kneeling on the hearth-rug in front of a bright log-fire.

"Well, when I was in the B— Circuit, once a quarter I had to go to Hulme, where we preached in farmer Smith's kitchen.

I was always glad when the opportunity came, for both Mr. and Mrs. Smith were great friends of mine, and very fond of your mamma and Aunt Emily, who were then quite little girls. One day, having said at dinner that I was going to Hulme in the afternoon, grandmamma said: 'Then, my dear, you shall take the two little girls with you. Emily has been poorly, and the nice drive will do her good, and we know the children at the farm will be pleased to see them.'

"We started early, so that they might ramble in the fields and see the pigs and poultry, and above all the milking of the cows. It was a glorious day, and we all enjoyed the change, the children especially delighting in the garden and farmyard.

"While at tea, Mrs. Smith told her husband the girl who had been milking said the dun cow was rather out of sorts, so he promised to go round and give her a look before p. eaching began.

"Emily heard what was said, and her brown eyes opened wider and wider, till they looked almost as large as the soft brown eyes of the pretty dun cow itself. While I was preaching, I noticed my tired little girl having a sound sleep in Mrs. Smith's kind, motherly arms, and all the way home she seemed inclined to nap; but the moment she reached home Aunt Emily hurried away to the nursery, where she cried out, 'O mamma, mamma! Mrs. Smith has a deaf and dumb cow, and it's very poorly.'

"She did not know that dun was the color of the cow, and thought Mrs. Smith said it was dumb; and as she supposed deafness and dumbness always went together,

she concluded that if it was dumb it must be deaf also.

"It was long before she heard the last of this curious cow, and for years to come, in telling her adventures they seemed to save of the marvellous; she was quietly reminded of her visit when she saw the cow that was 'deaf and dumb.' This made her very careful to be accurate, and as she grew older Emily's 'facts' were beyond question. Her visit to the farm had taught her a valuable lesson for life, though she learned it by a curious mistake."

JESUS CROWNED WITH GLORY.

JESUS crowned with glory!
 Was he always so?
 Did the light shine round him
 While he lived below?

No, my child, for Jesus
 Left his glory there,
 When he came from heaven
 Human life to share.

Never heard we, never,
 Of a love so great,
 That the Lord of glory
 Slooped to man's estate!

For us sinners suffered
 Shame and grief and loss;
 And at last, most cruel!
 Death upon the cross.

But our precious Jesus
 Reigns in heaven now;
 And, we read, with many
 Crowns upon his brow.

Diadem most royal
 Our Redeemer wears;
 And each ransomed sinner
 In its glory shares!

PRAYERS FIRST.

A BRIGHT little four-year-old boy in a friend's family was feeling tired as the day drew to a close, and came to his mother that he might say his evening prayer before going to bed.

"Wait a little while, Ernie," said his mother; "I am busy writing a letter. When that is done you may say your prayer."

The little fellow waited a minute or two very patiently, and then coming back to his mother, said: "Mamma, don't you think prayers is more precious than writing letters? God can't wait."

Ernie's mother quietly laid aside her letter at the gentle rebuke, and the evening prayer took its right place first.