

hand, and he did not look dead after that. He was dead, though, and we buried him down among the apple-trees. I could not get such pretty flowers as she brought to us; but I went all over the big mountain yonder, and only found these few. You see it is too early for them; but I found two or three upon a high rock, where it was warm and sunny. Will you put them upon her coffin?"

And the little fellow reached out the half-blown wild flowers that had cost him such a long, weary tramp.

"Yes," the mother answered in a broken voice.

"Could I see Annie, just a moment?" the boy asked, almost pleadingly.

"Yes, come in, little boy," the mother again answered, as she led the way to the little dead girl.

The boy looked at the sweet face very earnestly, and then he took from his torn coat pocket another half-blown flower.

"Will you let it be there?" he asked, in a sobbing voice.

"Yes," was the only answer.

He went out softly, and the sweet spring violet remained just where his trembling hand had left it. The others were placed upon the coffin. Surely the ragged Irish boy could not have expressed his gratitude to his little friend in any better way.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 1, 1903.

A PURE HEART.

A lady picked up a ring in the street, and took it to a jeweller to know if it were of any value. He decided that it was gold, but to make sure for her, said: "I will put it in acid; if real, there will be no change;

if imitation, the acid will corrode and destroy it." The ring was dropped in, the lady watched anxiously, and received back her treasure uninjured, only purer and brighter for the testing.

In this way our hearts are sometimes tested in this sinful world. Pure hearts will stand the test and come out bright and clear. We ought to often examine our hearts to see if they are the pure metal that can go through this world without being corrupted. A pure heart is an invaluable jewel.

THE STORY OF BANBEE.

Banbee was a little heathen girl who had been taught to pray to an idol that was in her home. It was a very dreadful-looking thing, with a face that made one want to turn away from it at once. But notwithstanding the idol was such a fright, little Banbee prayed to it, and gave it food and some of her few little treasures. Often when very hungry the poor little girl would offer all her dinner to the god, thinking it would do her soul good.

One day she hurt her hand with a piece of glass, and when the blood flowed she became frightened and ran to the idol asking it to help her. When her hand grew worse she laid it on the stiff, wooden fingers of the god, expecting every moment the pain would be gone. But the pain increased, and little Banbee cried, but still she did not lose faith in the god.

At last Banbee's arm began to look red, and sharp, cruel pains ran up and down from her shoulder to her finger. This new trouble the little girl showed to the idol, but the great dull eyes just stared on and never noticed her. At this time a good missionary was going home from visiting some sick people, and hearing some one moaning, she went to the hut where Banbee lived, and there she saw a little child, thin and suffering, sitting close to an ugly idol, begging him to stop the pain in her hand. She would hold her little brown hand in the well one, and then lift it close to the great staring eyes, saying words little folks in this country could not understand—for Banbee lived in India—but which meant, "See, see! help poor Banbee!"

The missionary had medicine with her in a case, for part of her good work was to heal the bodies of the poor heathen as well as to care for their souls. She went into the hut, and, taking the poor, aching hand, said, "Little girl, I am your friend."

Banbee was not afraid, for she had seen "the clean mamma," as they called the missionary, going through the village a number of times. She watched her with interest when she opened a bottle and bathed so very gently the wounded finger and then the whole hand in a cool wash. And as she bathed it and the pain lessened Banbee listened to the story of Jesus' great love for little children; how he

came to earth just to save such little ones as Banbee. And then the lady told the little girl how useless it was to pray to anything made out of wood, which had once been a senseless tree.

It was a wonderful story for Banbee to hear, and Jesus seemed just the friend she needed, for the little girl had not many friends. But it was quite a time before Banbee could entirely give up her wooden god. She would often, after talking with her new friend, the kind missionary, creep into the room where it was and pray to it. But at last Banbee took Jesus for her best friend, and said she loved the far-away Christians, because they sent "the clean mamma" to tell her of Jesus.

SHINING THROUGH.

The stars that shine so brightly
Up in the heavens above
They twinkle through the darkness,
And tell us of God's love.

The sun that beams so warmly
Upon the earth below,
While waking flower and streamlet,
To us God's love doth show.

And even little children,
When loving, kind, and true,
Show in their deeds and actions
God's love is shining through.

We thank the heavenly Father,
For stars and sun above,
For flowers and little children,
That tell us of God's love.

—Jewels.

HELP ONE ANOTHER.

A thimble, a needle, and a piece of thread were all lying on a lady's work-table together. Now the needle had rather a hasty temper, and could give sharp pricks when it pleased, and this morning it was out of sorts; so it tried to pick a quarrel with the thimble, and said, spitefully, "You gave me some hard knocks yesterday, and I wish that you would be more gentle in future." "It is true I do push you hard sometimes," answered the thimble, "but you know it is only when you do not work properly, and our mistress makes me keep you up to it." "Pray don't you two quarrel," said the thread, wishing to be peacemaker. "You mind your own business!" retorted the needle. "My business is your business," said the thread, "for you are no use without me, and I am none without you." "That's just it," said the thimble. "A great deal of nonsense is talked in this world about being independent; but my own opinion is that people should try to help one another, for from the highest to the lowest we are all very dependent on the good services of our neighbours for something or other every day of our lives."