

and threw it in. He grasped it, they pulled, and soon Johnnie was once more enjoying freedom.

He had learned a lesson. Let all the boys learn it. Keep out of tight places. And no place is so tight as a bad habit. Chewing tobacco, drinking beer, reading bad novels, using bad words—get encased in any of these, and you cannot get out, nor can your best friends pull you out. Only a lone can help you.—*Bright Jewels.*

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most popular.	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	7 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 5 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08
Heaven's Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Heaven's Leaf, monthly	0 054
Heaven's Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 35 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUENSTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 3, 1901.

WAS SHE RICH OR POOR?

BY SALLIE CAMPBELL.

Granny Lane lived in the very last house at the end of the street. She lived by herself; but she did not get lonely, because she had so many visitors. Old people went to see her, and little children, and then all the ages between.

When Lula's cousin, Sadie, came from the city to stay with her, Lula took her to Granny Lane's the very first morning. They had a beautiful time, and when Granny invited them to come again they both said that they surely would very soon.

"She's a poor old lady, isn't she?" asked Sadie on the way home.

"Why, no!" cried Lula in surprise; "Granny Lane isn't poor!"

"Yes, I think she is," said Sadie.

"Why?"

"Because she lives in such a little house, and there isn't very much in it; and then she didn't have any cake or oranges to give us, like most old ladies when you go to see them."

"I don't care," said Lula, stoutly; "she knows the splendidest stories about when she was a little girl, and she can make up

all kinds of interesting games to play. I'd rather have them than cake."

"So would I; but then," insisted Sadie, "I think she must be very poor, for her dress was all faded, and she said she never went away on the cars or to the seashore."

Lula did not answer for some time; she was thinking it all over. At last she said: "Sadie, I think perhaps my Granny Lane is poor, but it isn't a 'poor thing' poor at all; she's happy and pleased, and she doesn't keep wishing wishes that she can't get. So I don't call that very poor, do you?"

"Well," said Sadie, "but she isn't rich."

"But she's lovely and good; and she makes everybody think they'd like to be too, and that's a kind of rich. It isn't the money kind, but it's—it's—." Lula hesitated, and then ended triumphantly: "it's the heaven kind. So there! So now you mustn't say that Granny Lane is poor!"

POOR DICK'S SAD DEATH.

BY SAMUEL SIDWELL.

In a cheerful home in Iowa lived happy Dick. As soon as the sunlight streaming in at the window told that day had come, Dick poured forth a joyful song in full, rich tones; and from time to time through the day he filled the house with music. The lady who owned him loved him for his sweet voice; and carefully attended to all his wants, giving him fresh food and water every day, and keeping his cage clean and bright. The lady had a little boy, ten years old, who said to his mother one day: "Mamma, please let me have Dick for my very own. I will feed him, and give him water, and keep his cage cleaned out nicely."

"Well, Willie," said the mother, "I think it will be good for you to have something to care for; and if you will do as you say, Dick shall be yours."

"O, thank you so much!" exclaimed Willie; and, going up to the cage, he said: "Dick, pretty Dick; you are mine, and I love you!"

Dick answered with a song.

For some time Willie enjoyed attending to the wants of his new charge; but after a while he grew careless, and his mother had to remind him when Dick needed water or food. One day the pretty little singer did not get food or water, though Willie's mother had told him to care for Dick before he went to school. The next day Willie's mother was sick; and Willie, who was interested in some new games at school, again forgot his bird. When, early the following day, he thought of him he was very sorry that he had been so thoughtless, and hurried to the cage of his pet. Poor Dick lay dead.

Boys and girls, most of the suffering in the world is caused by thoughtlessness, and the children who selfishly forget their pets are not likely to grow up into men and women who will chase away the sorrows of

others by loving their neighbours as themselves.

ONE KIND OF A HERO.

Dear me! If only I could get up and be like some of these men, if I could be a real hero!" Felix said it often to himself, as he read of great and good men, until his heart glowed with admiration. He was lying on a couch, this poor little boy, to whom had come very early in life a sad, sad injury. He lay there week after week and month after month; and soon it would be year after year, for there was no hope of his ever getting up from it in the health and strength which blesses other boys. As he watched their play he felt it keenly, but without quite the pain which might have come with the thought that he never could do anything to be like the heroes he loved; for Felix had a brave little soul, and was more anxious to do something which he felt to be great than to seek for amusement.

He talked it out with his mother one day—all his admiration and his longing to follow the example of his favourite heroes. "I would do anything," he said, clasping his thin hands. "I would not care how I had to suffer, or what I had to give up. O mamma, it's ten times harder to lie still."

"Then, dear, if you have the harder thing to bear, and you bear it well, why are you not as great a hero as any one of your great men?"

The idea was so new, so great, and so astonishing, that Felix could not take it all in at once. He did not reply, but lay gazing at his mother with large, thoughtful eyes.

"I mean it," she said. "If you have more to suffer, more to give up, why are you not, if you bear it patiently and give up without murmuring, more of a hero than those you read of?"

She went quietly away, leaving Felix to think out the wonderful thought by himself.

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

Jack was a good boy to help his mother. He brought water for her in a pitcher. One day when he put the pitcher down under the spout to catch the water he saw that there was a hole in the side of the pitcher, and the water ran out of the hole. When Jack showed it to his mother, she said: "That is like you, my boy."

"How is it like me, mother?" said Jack. "Because I try to teach you good things, and then you say: 'I forget.'"

"Yes, mother, sometimes."

"Isn't your head a little like the pitcher, then? It does not get full of good things because you let them leak out."

Our lives are indeed stories: stories being told, stories we are telling.

THE W.
Good mor
brow
Can you
Town

"O, this
"Tis picki
"Tis kiss
"Tis lea
pay,
"Tis help
"Tis read
cents
"Tis lovin
frow
O, that is

Just wait
pray
Manhood
tell

"O, by t
land

A bit wit
"Tis by c
"Tis by l
Shir

"Tis by a
"Tis by gi
"Tis by k
down

O, that is

And the
hand
To their
Lane

STUR

Gen. 15.

I am
great rev

Abran
"Promis
bron on
twenty u
the city

In the
young, th
We have

our heart
in a visio
Abram.

care of h
great rev
object les
the fami