

Carlo. I won't do it." So he just leaned over the edge of the boat and said, "Poor old Carlo! Nice old dog!"

Carlo answered him with a loving look and by flapping his tail very hard on the sand. Then with a great sigh of content he put his head down again, and went to sleep.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 6d. pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Sunday-school Banner, 60 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 40
Pleasant Hours, 1 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 25
Less than 20 copies	0 21
Over 20 copies	0 15
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Dow Drops, weekly, per year	0 07
Per quarter	0 02
Heron Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	6 50
Heron Leaf, quarterly	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 21 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 60¢ per 100.	

Address - WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

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

Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 13, 1897.

"ME TENTH DIME."

Here is an example of intelligent giving to the Lord which might well be emulated by many whose tenth is more than a dime:

"Have your shoes shined?" sang out a small boy near the Union Station, among a group of people just from the train. A young man who heard the cry stayed his steps, hesitating; for he had not much more money in his pocket than he had blacking on his shoes; but to hesitate was to fall into the shoeblack's hands, and the brushes were soon wrestling with splashes of rural clay.

When the shine was completed, the young man handed the boy a dime, and felt that he had marked his way into the great city with an act of charity; for at heart he did not care how his boots looked. As he was pulling himself together for a new start, he saw the boy who had cleaned his shoes approach the blind beggar, who sat behind the railroad fence, and drop a dime into his cup.

"What did you do that for?" asked the young man.

"Yer see," said the boy, "that was me tenth dime terday; an' me teacher at Sunday-school told me I oughter give a tenth of all I makes ter the Lord—see?—an' I guess that ol' blind man wants a dime more than the Lord; so I gave it to him. See?"

LITTLE PHIL'S CURE.

It had been weeks and months since little Phil had had scarlet fever, but he had never been able to walk a step since. The bones and muscles were there as before, but they might as well have been on some other boy's legs, for all the use they were to Phil.

But the sickest thing about Phil now was his temper; he had been petted and waited on and had everything his own way so long, that he was now a very much spoiled boy.

"I want to see the boys skate on the pond," said Phil one snowy day.

"Never mind," said his mother; "when it stops snowing and the sun shines I will take you down to the pond."

"Want to go now—want to go now," whined Phil; and he cried and fretted until his mother said she would take him. Of course if he had been well he would have been punished until he learned that he must do cheerfully what mother said. But oh, it seemed hard to punish a little pale-faced fellow who could not even walk across the floor.

So the kind mother put on her wraps and his, and, putting Phil on his sled, set out with him in the soft falling snow-flakes.

"Oh, look, mother! there's a lame boy," cried Phil, with sudden interest.

A boy much older than Phil, but pale and slight, was cautiously hopping along through the snow, carrying a tin bucket swung to the arm of one of his crutches.

"Are you going to see the boys skate too?" asked the little boy on the sled.

"No, indeed," answered the other; "I'm taking daddy his dinner. Daddy he's cutting ice down below the pond, and mammy can't leave the house, cause the childer might catch fire"

"I'm lame too," said little Phil sadly, "but I can't walk or do anything."

"I couldn't walk for a long time, nuther," answered the older boy, "but mammy said I made 'em all feel fust-rate by laughing and whistling and cracking jokes all the time. You can do that too, I reckon."

"Won't you come and see my little boy sometimes?" said Phil's mother; and the boy on crutches promised to come. The big city doctor says Phil's ankles are getting stronger, and that he will be able to walk; but his mother says lame Tom has been his best doctor, because he has taught him to be brave and patient in spite of being lame.

FOR GINGER-BREAD OR FOR MISSIONS.

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who was for many years a missionary in Turkey, tells about a contribution he made for missions when he was a little boy. His mother often read to him about heathen lands and the missionaries, and there was a missionary contribution-box in town, where the people placed their offerings. He says:

"When the fall muster came every boy

had some cents given him to spend. My mother gave me seven cents, saying, as she gave them: 'Perhaps you will put a cent or two into the contribution-box in Mrs. Farrar's porch on the common.' So I began to think as I went along, shall I put in one, or shall it be two? Then I thought two cents was pretty small, and I came up to three—three cents for the heathen and four cents for ginger-bread; but that did not sound right, did not satisfy me, so I turned it the other way and said four cents shall go for the heathen. Then I thought, the boys will ask me how much I have to spend, and three cents is rather too small a sum to talk about. 'Hang it all,' I said, 'I'll put the whole in.' So in it all went. When I told my mother some years afterward that I was going to be a missionary she broke down and said, 'I have always expected it.'"

"THE SWEETEST MOTHER."

Little Carl was helping mother
Carry home the lady's basket:
Chubby hands, of course were lifting
One great handle—can you ask it?
As he tugged away beside her,
Feeling, oh, so brave and strong!
Little Carl was softly singing
To himself a little song.

"Some time I'll be tall as father,
Though I think it's very funny;
And I'll work and build big houses,
And give mother all the money.
For," and little Carl stopped singing,
Feeling, oh, so strong and grand!
"I have got the sweetest mother
You can find in all the land."

"I DON'T CARE."

"I am sorry to see my son give way to anger," said a patient mother.

"I don't care," replied the passionate child.

"You will become an ignorant man unless you study better," said his faithful teacher a little later.

"I don't care," he muttered under his breath.

"Those boys are not the right sort of companions for you," said his pastor.

"I don't care," he answered, turning on his heel.

"It is dangerous to taste wine," said his friend warningly.

"I don't care," was still his reply.

A few years after he was a worthless drunkard, plunging into every sort of excess, and finally ending a miserable life of crime, without hope. "I don't care" was his ruin, as it is the ruin of thousands. Look out for it, boys and girls. Keep away from it. Don't let it find a place in your heart, or pass your lips. Always care. Care to do right and care when you have done wrong.

Pray earnestly that you may never lose your soul from a reckless spirit of "I don't care."