

THE BEAUTIFUL GARMENT.

There is a robe of lovely hue  
Which Wisdom's eye delights to view;  
The God of heaven himself admires  
The child who in that robe attires.

Think you 'tis made of silk, all gay  
With gold, or gems of sparkling ray?  
An outward robe of texture rare,  
Such as the rich and mighty wear!

Oh, no! dear child, it is not such:  
It differs very, very much;  
The robe I mean is nobler far  
Than earth's most costly garments are.

It will both rich and poor adorn,  
And should by every child be worn.  
Hear, then, its name—and seek to be  
Adorned with sweet HUMILITY.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 2, 1899.

NO PRAYER IN THE PILLOW.

While Annie was saying her prayers, Nellie trifled with a shadow picture on the wall. Not satisfied with playing alone, she would talk to Annie, that mite of a figure in gold and white—golden curls and snowy gown—by the bedside.

"Now, Annie, watch! Annie, just see! O, Annie, do look!" she said over and over again.

Annie, who was not to be persuaded, finished her prayers and crept into bed, whither her thoughtless sister followed, as the light must be out in so many minutes.

Presently Nell took to floundering, punching, and "O-dearing." Then she lay quiet a while, only to begin with renewed energy.

"My pillow—it's as flat as a board and as hard as a stone, I can't think what ails it."

"I know," answered Annie, in her sweet, serious way.

"What?"

"There is no prayer in it."

For a second or two Nell was as still as a mouse; then she scrambled out on the floor, with a shiver, it is true; but she was determined never afterwards to sleep on a prayerless pillow.

"That must be what ailed it," she whispered soon after getting into bed again; "it's all right now."

We think that is what ails a great many pillows on which restless heads, both little and big, nightly toss and turn—there are no prayers in them.

HOW LEU YEN WAS HELPED.

A Christian lady of Oakland has told in an exchange the story of Leu Yen.

As I passed through the kitchen into the laundry one Tuesday forenoon, I could not but notice the happy, contented expression in Leu Yen's face, though I saw at a glance that the large clothes-basket was full of tightly rolled garments to be ironed, and that meant a long, steady day's work.

"How are you getting along, Yen?" was my salutation, and the answer came readily and quick, "All right; Job helped me very much yesterday."

"Job helped you! How was that?" forgetting for a moment that our Sunday-school lessons at that time were in the Book of Job.

"Yes, Job helped me!" giving emphasis to his words.

"Yesterday I have big wash, very heavy quilt, too, and I work hard, hang some clothes on the line, fix 'em big quilt on the line, put stick under the line, hold him up, then wash more clothes, go out, find stick blown down, big quilt all dirt, go this way back again, then I feel so mad, feel just like I swear, then I think of Job, how he lose his money, his children, all his land, get sick, have sores all over he never swear, he praise God, then I praise God, bring quilt in house, wash him clean, and praise God all the time."

A SCHOOLBOY'S STORY.

John Tubbs was one day doing his sums when little Sam Jones pushed against him, and down went the slate with a horrid clatter. "Take care of the pieces," said the boys, laughing; but Mr. Brill, the master, thought it no laughing matter, and believing it to be John Tubbs' fault, told him that he should pay for the slate, and have his play stopped for a week.

John said nothing. He did not wish to get little Sam into trouble, so he bore the blame quietly. John's mother was by no means pleased at having to pay for the slate, as she was a poor woman and had to provide for several other little Tubbses besides John.

"I tell you what it is, John," said she, "you must learn to be more careful. I will not give you any milk for your break-

fast all the week, and by this I shall save money for the slate, which it is right you should pay for."

Poor John ate his bread with water instead of milk; but somehow he was not unhappy, for he felt that he had done a kindness to little Sam Jones, and the satisfaction of having rendered a service to another always brings happiness.

A few days after, Mr. Jones came to the school and spoke to Mr. Brill about the matter; for little Sam had told his father and mother all about it. Sam was a timid boy, but he could not bear to see John Tubbs kept in for no fault, while the other boys were at play.

"What," said the master, "and has John Tubbs borne all the blame without saying a word? Come here, John."

"What's the matter now?" said John to himself. "Something else, I suppose. Well, never mind, so that poor little Sam Jones has got out of his little scrape."

"Now, boys," said Mr. Brill, "here's John Tubbs. Look at him." And the boys did look at him as a criminal, and John looked very much like a criminal, and began to think that he must be a bad sort of fellow to be called up in this way by his master.

Then Mr. Brill, the master, told the boys all about the broken slate; that John did not break it, but bore all the blame to save Sam Jones from trouble, and had gone without his milk and play without a murmur. The good schoolmaster said that such conduct was above all praise; and when he was done speaking the boys burst out into a cheer. Such a loud hurrah, it made the school walls ring again. Then they took John on their shoulders, and carried him in triumph around the playground.

And what did John say to all this? He only said, "There, that'll do. If you don't mind you'll throw a fellow down."

A QUEER WAY OF RECKONING BIRTHDAYS.

Far away in north-east Greenland, where life is so cold and cheerless that people can hardly be said to live, but simply exist, the people have an odd way of keeping the family record. They have no written language nor method of making such rude chronicles as we find even among many uncivilized people.

One bit of history is carefully preserved however, and this is the way it is done: Each baby at its birth is provided with a fur bag, which is kept as his most precious possession. When, after the long Arctic winter, the sun makes his appearance, the bag is opened and a bone is put into it to mark a year of baby's life.

So, each succeeding year, as the sun makes his yearly four months' visit, another bone is added. This bag is regarded as something so very sacred that it never seems to enter into the head of the most impatient little Esquimo to add a bone to his collection "between times" to hurry himself into his "teens."