

## A JINGLE FOR BABY.

BY H. E. E.

Ten little fingers,  
Ten little toes,  
Twenty little dimples  
In four little rows.

Can baby show his fingers?  
Can baby show his toes?  
Can baby find the dimples  
And show how much he knows?

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 6, 1901.

## BE A BOY.

BY H. L. HASTINGS.

Many people are trying to be something that they are not, and they cannot be. Many a boy wishes to be a man, and street urchins gathered into Sunday-school have been heard singing,

"I want to be an angel,  
And with the angels stand;"

though it is possible that many of them would sympathize with that Sunday-school scholar who, when asked whom he should most want to see in another world, replied, "Gerliah."

But it is not well for persons to try to be what they are not and cannot be. God did not make us to be angels, and it is much better for people to be what God made them, and content themselves with the position and duties which he has appointed them.

Many a lad to-day who is ambitious to be something great will do far better to try to be a boy, as God has made him to be. A good boy, a kind boy, an honest boy, a faithful boy, is one of the noblest works of God; and if many of the boys who are trying to be great, and wishing

that they were taller and stronger and richer than they are, would simply attend to their own daily work as boys, fulfilling all their duties and obeying the divine precepts, they would not only find that God would bless them, and good men and women would love and praise them, but they would also find that the good boy, before he is well aware of it, grows to be a good man, and finds waiting for him honour and influence and blessing and prosperity, and all the good which he has expected and desired.

No one can hinder boys from being men, if they are faithful and careful. A boy may smoke cigarettes, and die a stunted little runt; just as a girl may pucker in her waist, and never get her growth; or a boy may make himself so vile and filthy that he will never reach a vigorous manhood. But the boy who loves God, obeys his parents, and takes good care of himself will find himself a man before he knows it; and his manhood will be a joy to himself and a blessing to the world.

And the lad and the maid ran hand in hand  
To their fair estate in the Grown-up-Land.  
—Selected.

## HORSE CHESTNUTS.

Grandpa was starting out for his morning walk, and Harold, George, and Annette ran after him to ask if they might go, too. They dearly love to walk with grandpa, and he is always glad to have them. It was a warm morning, but all along the street were rows of large trees, whose spreading branches made it cool and shady.

"I wonder," said Annette (you would hardly believe how many times a day Annette says "I wonder"), "why we call these trees 'horse-chestnut trees.'"

"O," said Harold, who says, "I guess," as often as Annette says "I wonder," "I guess it must be because the nuts are as much bigger than the chestnuts we eat as a horse is bigger than a man."

"No," said George, who seldom guesses, but can almost always tell you something he has heard or read; "John, down on the farm, told me last summer that they are good for horses to eat when they have colds and coughs. That's the real reason they are called 'horse-chestnuts,' isn't it, grandpa?"

Grandpa smiled. "It is a very good reason," he said, "but I am not sure that it is the only one. What do you think of this?"

He broke a stout leaf stalk from one of the lower branches of the tree under which they were passing, and held the thick end of it for the children to see. They looked at it closely for a moment, and then each gave a little exclamation of surprise.

"Why, it's exactly like a tiny horse-shoe!" cried Annette.

"So it is," said the two boys, "with marks for the little nails and all!"

When they had examined the ends of several other stems which grandpa obligingly broke off for them, and found them all alike, they agreed that this was the most curious and interesting of all the reasons for the name of the horse-chestnut tree.—*Youth's Companion.*

## WEENIE.

Baby Lillie slept in a cradle, while Weenie's babies slept in a big box in the kitchen. "Weenie" was a large black cat, who was very proud and fond of her three baby kittens. Sometimes Weenie would leave her family in the box and come to see baby Lillie's mamma, as she sat rocking the cradle. One day her mamma took baby Lillie for a ride in her carriage. When she came back with baby Lillie, all rosy and laughing from her ride, she found that Weenie had moved little Blacky, Gray Face, and Spotty from the box to baby Lillie's cradle, where they lay all soft and quiet and fast asleep.

"Mew!" said Weenie, looking up at the mother and baby Lillie.

"What a kind mother you are, Weenie!" said baby Lillie's mamma. "Now do you want baby Lillie to sleep in the box?"

"Mew!" said Weenie again.

Baby Lillie clapped her hands when she realized that Weenie's little babies were in her own little cradle, and she wanted to be rocked with them; but her mamma said: "No, baby Lillie must wait till Weenie has ended her visit."

Everybody who knew her thought Weenie a very wonderful cat.—*Selected.*

## PLAYING POSSUM.

"Mother," said Louise, running into the house with something carefully tucked away in her apron, "here's a star that fell down from the sky and got drowned, and lost all its shine. Oh, dear!"

"Just a starfish," laughed Tom, peeping at it; "and it was born in the water and never had any shine, goosie."

"But fishes don't get drowned, and this is. See!" and she held out a stiff, still starfish.

Father touched one of the rays. "It's only playing 'possum," he said.

"What's that?" asked Louise.

"Pretending to be dead when it's really alive," explained mother. "Animals often do this to protect themselves."

"Put it on its back in a plate of water and see what happens, said father.

What happened was that the little creature began to move, and was soon right side up again.

"Guess it felt like I do standing on my head," said Tom.

"I'll put it back on the beach," said Louise. "Perhaps there is a star family expecting it home."