

DO YOUR BEST!

Whatever you do, my little man,
Do it the very best you can.
Time speeds along, and day by day
Life is hastening away.
Then what you do, my little man,
Do it the very best you can.

God made the world in which we dwell,
And all things of his goodness tell.
The flowers bloom, the grasses spring;
The bright sun shines, the sweet birds
sing:

And if you think, I'm sure you'll say
They do their very best each day.

Then do your best, my little man;
You'll find it is the nobler plan.
The world is needing such as you.
If when you work you work with care,
And when you play you're fair and square,
There'll be a place for you, my man,
If you but do the best you can.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 15, 1897.

A WORD TO BOYS.

You are made to be kind, boys. If there is a boy in the school who has a club foot, don't let him know you ever saw it. If there is a poor boy with ragged clothes, don't talk about rags in his hearing. If there is a lame boy, assign him some part in the game that doesn't require running. If there is a hungry one, give him part of your dinner. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons. If there is a bright one, be not envious of him; for if one boy is proud of his talents, and another is envious of them, there are two great wrongs, and no more talent than before. If a larger or stronger boy has injured you, and is sorry for it, forgive him. All the school will show by their countenances how much better it is than to have a great fuss.

AUNT ELSIE'S PRESENT.

Ned Davis stood by the roadside near the gate of his home looking down the street, and restlessly digging holes in the dust with his copper-toed shoes. Clearly he was waiting for somebody, and waiting with much impatience.

Suddenly he darted down the street and seized the hand of a pretty, sweet-faced young lady who had just turned the corner.

"Glad to see me home, Neddie?" she asked brightly.

"Guess I am," the boy answered with a decided ring of joy in his tone.

"Say, what did you bring me this time, Aunt Elsie?" he asked eagerly.

"Now, honour bright, Ned, which are you most glad about; to see me, or to get a present?" said Aunt Elsie, with a merry twinkle in her eyes.

"Both," answered Ned, promptly.

"Oh, Ned! what an answer! Suppose I should tell you that I hadn't any present for you this time, what would you say then?"

"But I know you have, Aunt Elsie. You never went to town in all your life without bringing me home something," replied Ned trustfully.

"Not in your life, you mean. I have been to town before you were born, young man. Seriously, Ned dear, you may not think that I have brought you much of a present this time; but maybe you'll like it better after you learn to use it skillfully."

By this time Aunt Elsie and Ned had reached home, and they sat down on the steps while Aunt Elsie unfastened her handbag.

Ned gravely watched while she produced a bottle of glycerine, a china mug, and a common-looking pipe with a long stem.

"Well, sir, how do you like your present?"

Ned looked at her, then at the things, then at her again.

"Pooh! you're fooling me," he declared stoutly.

"Ned dear, I am not fooling you. The pipe and mug and bottle of glycerine are for you. Can't you guess what they are for?"

Ned was only a little boy, and he was hurt and disappointed. He thought dear Aunt Elsie was teasing him, and had brought him nothing after all. His eyes filled with tears and he could not answer.

"Wait a minute, Ned dear," said Aunt Elsie, softly. She ran into the house with the mug, and soon returned with it half full of water, and with a piece of common soap in her hand.

"Now watch me, Ned," she said. She made a strong suds with the soap and water, then added a few drops of glycerine, and taking the pipe dipped the bowl lightly into the soapy water. Then she blew softly through the pipe stem. A little bubble formed at the bowl of the pipe. It grew larger and larger. It caught the rays of the sun, and glistened

red, and green, and gold, and purple, changing in colour every moment, and growing larger and larger until at last it burst, and was gone.

"Oh!" exclaimed Ned, with big round eyes.

Aunt Elsie blew another, and then a number of little ones, and shook them off into the air, where the light breeze caught them and carried them up quite high before they burst and disappeared.

"Now, you try, Neddie, boy. Don't blow hard. Gently, gently, dear."

After Ned had blown for an hour or more he turned to his aunt and said:

"I didn't suppose a pipe and cup could be much of a present for a boy, but it is. It's just lovely, when it means soap bubbles. I know now that you are an auntie who knows what a boy likes every time."

SOME ELEPHANTS.

The other day I met an elephant in the street. He was too civil for a rogue elephant, and I turned and looked at the animal without any fear. He was not ten feet high, but might be ten inches. When he stubbed his toe and turned over, at the curb-stone, the boy who led him by a string stopped kindly to pick up his elephant and set him on his feet again. Ah, this kind comes from a toy store!

In India real elephants are too common for a show, but often are made useful. Sailors, when they reach Maulmain in ships, like to watch the trained animals at work in ship-yards, moving timbers. Besides drawing great logs by a chain they will lift them with their trunks and carry them on their tusks; and will pile up the timbers evenly, pushing them into place with the right foot.

When an elephant has dragged a log to the right spot he will unhook and free the chain with the finger of his trunk. His driver, called a mahout, sits sideways on a wooden saddle on the elephant's back, and makes signs by touching his side with his foot. The intelligent beast understands what is wanted of him. Sometimes, in carrying, one is obliged to hold his head so high that he cannot see where he is going; but he moves on blindly and patiently.

One day some people were landing, when the tide was out, and the wharf very muddy. There was a lady, and the captain would not let her soil her boots. He called out to a mahout, and in a moment his elephant pushed down the slope a log, fixing it just right for a walk across the dirty space. These huge beasts are proud of their strength. They do not like to do work which makes them look awkward; but they are obedient, and make the best of it.

One of the reasons why we do not enjoy our prayers better is because we do not take more time for them. A hurried prayer is a profanation. It is true that God does not reward us according to the length of our petitions, but he does require us to be thoughtful, serious, and devout when we approach into his presence.