

THE "SOMEBODIES."

The following sweet little lines, taken from Children's Home Missions, were written about a little girl in Canada, who, through a cold winter, used to go every day from her beautiful home to visit an old sick woman who was very poor:

Somebody came to see Nobody once;
Nobody's poor, you know,
And Nobody's old and Nobody's sad;
So Somebody came through the snow.

Nobody's days are drear and dark,
Like autumn days with rain;
When Somebody came it was sunshine
and showers,
Which glistened and gleamed again.

How many "Somebodies" will go on
these sunshine errands?

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 24, 1899.

HOW ARE YOUR SAILS SET?

Is our reader surprised that we should ask this question? Well, you will not be when you have read a little farther on.

Did it ever occur to you that you are a sailor? Not one of those who live upon a canal or river boat or a great ocean steamer, and whose business it is to go from one city and country to another and help in carrying forward the commerce of the world. No, not in this sense are you a sailor, but you are one in a much more important sense. You are a mariner upon the great sea of life. God has placed you in charge of a more costly ship and a more precious cargo than was ever committed to the captain of the finest merchant vessel that ever crossed the Atlantic. This ship is your own self, and this cargo is whatever this self possesses that is of real value and interest. Whether you are

travelling to the good or the bad, whether you make shipwreck or enter, after life's voyage is over, into the calm and peaceful harbour of rest, depends upon the proper use of your sails.

Do you know that the same winds may carry different vessels in almost directly opposite directions, the course pursued by the vessels depending upon the angle at which the sails are set? Just so it is that the same set of circumstances, the same trials and temptations to do wrong, may blow upon one boy and he may go in the right direction because he has determined to be master of the ship; while another boy, facing the same winds, may go in the wrong direction because he has either set his sails wrong or refused to use them at all and is content to drift.

The wise sailor uses the favourable breezes when they come, and takes advantage of those unfavourable by the adjustment of the sails of his ship. By this means adverse and contrary winds are made to speed him on his journey. So all wise young persons use all favourable circumstances to increase in knowledge, goodness and usefulness: while he so adjusts himself to the unfavourable that, instead of doing him harm, they really furnish the opportunity for the development of strength and the attainment of wisdom and experience which he would not otherwise acquire.

Our advice to all is: Instead of complaining that yours is a hard lot and that you have not as good a chance in life as others, so adjust yourselves to your surroundings and so determinedly go forward in the pathway of right as that you shall reach the high and the good despite the drawbacks of whatsoever kind.

WHAT THE OLD GARDENER SAID TO THE BOYS.

The old gardener was tired spading, and the boys were tired playing.

"What makes you work so hard all the time?" said Arthur, as they walked past the garden gate.

"I have to work hard," answered the kind old man, "to keep the weeds from getting ahead of me."

"Weeds?" said Carl. "Where are the weeds? I don't see a single one in all your garden."

"That's what comes of hard work and plenty of it. All I have to do is to keep out of my garden for a few days, and the weeds would soon begin to show their heads. Weeds grow faster than flowers and vegetables by far," said the gardener, as he plucked one of his nicest roses for each of the boys. "And there are other weeds than those that grow in garden beds," he went on, after the boys had kindly thanked him for the roses. "I saw some boys playing in the field south of my garden one day, and I am afraid from some words that came to my ears that there are some ugly weeds growing up in their hearts. I would never have thought so, either, to look at the boys with their natty

suits and their clean faces. They looked nigh as nice as my garden does after a warm shower, but the words I heard taught me that the weeds are there as certain as they are in my garden. They only need to be let alone, and they'll show their ugly heads pretty quick."

Arthur and Carl hung their heads; for they knew too well who the boys were who had been playing in the field south of the garden, and what some of the words were which the old gardener had heard. They had become angry at each other while they played, and used some very naughty words while they were in that temper. They both said as they went away that they would try to keep the weeds from growing in their gardens.

THE SQUIRREL'S FRIEND.

One day not long ago, I was walking in Central Park, and as I came down a certain path I saw several squirrels playing on the grass. Another one was quite by himself, lying at full length on one of the highest branches of a tall oak tree; and from what happened soon after, I think he was expecting a friend.

Presently I saw a gentleman come down the path, stop at the foot of the tree, look up, and call:

"Come! Come! Here I am!"

The squirrel seemed to have been waiting for this voice, for at the first sound he ran quickly down the tree to the lowest branch, gave one flying leap, and landed on the gentleman's shoulder.

"Will you have your dinner now?" he asked.

The squirrel answered in his own language, which I do not understand. I suppose he said, "Yes, thank you;" for the gentleman put his hand into his pocket and drew out a nut, from which he took the shell. Then, turning his head toward the squirrel, he fed him the kernel, the gentleman holding it between his lips.

VALUABLE MAIL PROTECTORS.

The United States Government is sometimes served for years by valuable servants who are not even boarded at the expense of the Government. These servants are cats. Rats are one of the persistent dangers that threaten the United States mail. They destroy the bags and the mail matter.

The post-office building in New York city, says The Outlook, is a large building, and now many years old. It is said that there are sixty cats in the building, cared for by the clerks. Some of the cats have never lived anywhere else; others have come in from the neighbourhood. The cats who have known only this home are very shy of strangers, and will come only to the clerks in the building. So you see that the Government is served without pay by these faithful servants who prevent the destruction by rats of valuable property, and all that is given them is shelter.