

## WHY I AM GLAD.

I'm glad the Bible tells us  
The story of God's love,  
And how it brought the Saviour  
Down from his home above.

I'm glad he loves us children,  
And said, "Come unto me."  
O help us now, dear parents;  
His lambs we want to be.

I'm glad we have dear teachers  
To lead us in the way,  
And tell of heaven and Jesus  
On every Sabbath-day.

I'm glad for all this kindness  
Which God has shown to me;  
So I will always love him,  
And try his child to be.  
—W. H. Shults.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 4, 1888.

## MAKE YOUR PARENTS HAPPY.

You have no better earthly friends than your father or mother. You never will have better friends than they. They love you most dearly. You ought to love them. You ought to try to make them happy. They have so many cares and trials to burden them. There is so much to worry them. You could lighten their burdens and rejoice their hearts very often if you only would do so. If you notice anything in your ways or habits that annoys or displeases them, do away with it at once. If you find that you are giving them pain by certain actions of yours, or by want of gratitude to them, repent of this sin, and henceforth strive to please them. They know much more of the world than you do. They know what is right or wrong better than you do. You ought to give up to

them. You ought to study how to please them. You ought to honour them for God's sake, since they are over you in God's stead. "We should fear and love God, that we may not despise our parents and masters, nor provoke them to anger; but give them honour, serve and obey them, and hold them in love and esteem." If you want to keep the fifth commandment, do your best to make your parents happy.  
—*Child's Paper.*

## NOT SO WITLESS AS HE APPEARED.

EVERY one will see the point in the following story from an exchange:

"On a Fort Wayne train approaching Chicago there was a short statured straight-haired, copper-coloured Indian, going back to the reservation, after a trip to the Indian school at Carlisle, Pa. He wore a nice suit of clothes, which fitted him badly, and a paper collar, without a necktie. He attended strictly to his own business, and was unmolested until a young sprig came into the smoking car from the sleeper. 'An Indian, I guess,' said the young chap, as he lighted a cigarette. And then approaching the son of the plains, he attracted general attention by shouting with strange gestures, 'Ugh, heap big Injun! Omaha? Pawnee? See great father? Have drink fire-water? Warm Injun's blood!'

"The copper-coloured savage gazed at the young man a moment, with an ill-concealed expression of contempt on his face, and then he said with good pronunciation, 'You must have been reading dime novels, sir. I am going back to my people in Montana, after spending three years in the east, at school. I advise you to do the same thing. No, I do not drink whiskey. Where I live gentlemen do not carry whiskey-flasks about with them in their pockets.'

"The cigarette was not smoked out, and, amid a general laugh, a much crest-fallen young man retired to the sleeping coach."

## COURTENAY'S CHESTNUT-PARTY.

"MAMMA, can I have a birthday-party?" asked little Courtenay Price.

"Aren't you tired of birthday-parties, Courtie? Suppose you have something else this time?"

"Well, mamma, this party is to be something else," said the little girl eagerly; "I want to ask Aunt Esther's mission-school class, and nobody else. They don't have any tea-parties to go to, mamma."

"Very well," said mamma; "but what will Gertie and Blanche and your little friends think if they are not asked to your feast?"

Courtie looked puzzled, but held to her first plan: "I'm afraid to ask the Bayl School girls, mamma, 'cause my other little companies would be so shy: they wouldn't play and wouldn't have any nice times. I don't think Gertie will mind, and I'll explain to Blanche."

I am afraid the nine little mission-class "companies" would have been very shy, at any rate, in Mrs. Price's parlour. Some house but papa got a big two-horse waggon for his part of the frolic, and took them all out after chestnuts; and you know nobody can help having fun gathering chestnuts.

When the little pickers were tired they sat down in a circle on the hillside to wait for the lunch Mrs. Price was getting ready. While they were waiting Courtie began a game of "cross questions and silly answers," and the little folk laughed till they had to roll over in the grass.

You know how to play that, don't you? Mary James went around and whispered in every little ear, "I give you an apple" or a "horse," or anything else she pleased, and then Courtie went around and whispered in the other ear, "You must sell it," or "You must eat it," or something like that.

"What did Mary give you, Tottie?" they asked a wee little girl sitting in her brother's lap.

"She dived me an owange," answered the baby, "and Charlie says I mus' frow it away; but I want to tate it to my mamma, 'cause she's sick."

"So you shall, darling," laughed Courtie; "you shall take her two."

I think that was the sweetest birthday Courtenay ever spent.

## TWO KINDS OF GIRLS.

THERE are two kinds of girls: one is the kind that appears best abroad, the girls that are good for parties, rides, visits, balls, etc., and whose chief delight is in all such things. The other is a kind which appears best at home, the girls that are useful and cheerful in the dining-room, the sick-room, and all the precincts of home. They differ widely in character. One is frequently a torment at home; the other is a blessing. One is a moth, consuming everything about her; the other is a sunbeam, inspiring life and gladness all along the pathway. Which will our readers, by God's blessing, strive to be?

THE curiosity of a child of five had been aroused by seeing a magnifying glass. "How many times does it magnify?" asked a gentleman, thinking to puzzle him. "As many times as you look through it," was the quick reply.