

A SCHOLAR'S CHOICE.

"Though I were sleepy as a cat,"
The little scholar said,
"I would not care to take a nap
In any river's bed.

"And, though I were so starved I scarce
Had strength enough to stand,
I'd beg through all the valley ere
I sought a table land.

"But, oh, what jolly times I'd have!
I'd play and never stop,
If I could only take a string
And spin a mountain-top."

—*The Independent.*

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 16, 1902.

THE HEART OPENED.

A little boy in Scotland became blind. His parents sent him to school to keep him out of mischief. The only reading book that the scholars used was the Bible. As they read this they repeated the number of each chapter and each verse. By constantly hearing these readings the boy Aleck soon learned many of the verses, and could tell where they were. When he grew up to be a man he knew the whole of the Bible by heart. If a person repeated any passage of Scripture, he would tell them chapter and verse. One day a man repeated a verse, with a slight change in it. Aleck told him where it was, but said that he had not correctly repeated it. The man asked him for the nineteenth verse of the seventh chapter of Numbers. Aleck said: "You are fooling me, sir; there is no such verse; that chapter has but eighty-nine verses." Although his eyes were blind, God had opened the

eyes of his heart so that he could see and understand his holy Word much better than many people who had two good eyes. This is what David meant when he said: "Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

A BRAVE COWARD

BY FREDRICA BALLARD WESTERVELT.

If one is brave on the outside, quite brave in doing what is right, does it matter if, inside, one is full of fear? I think not.

Now Archibald was afraid of many things,—of the dark, for one thing; and of going alone from his house to grandmother's, for another. Yet Archibald would go upstairs at supper time, when no one else was there, and there was no light, but many dark corners all about, and reach his small hand into the closet, which was even darker than the hall and the room, catch up father's slippers, and then run downstairs with them to where father was waiting in the sitting-room, by the bright lamp, to change them for his heavy business shoes. Archibald would come bursting into the pleasant room with his eyes shining and his breath coming quick, and set down the slippers with an air of triumph.

"Thank you, my boy," father would say.

Archibald would beam with pleasure. He never told how afraid he was of the dark hall. He did not know what it was that frightened him, but the furniture did not look as it did in the daytime, and the clothes hanging in the closet would brush against him as he opened the door in a dreadful manner,—not at all as they did in daylight.

Archibald was only five. It was four blocks from his house to grandmother's. Grandmother's house had a big yard, and steps up from the pavement, and tall, white columns at the porch, with green vines all twined round them. There were flowers in the oval beds in the grass; and in the hall a glass case holding many gay-feathered birds brought from southern lands; and in the parlour shells and coral and sea-weed from a far-away ocean; and in the dining-room caraway-seed cookies in the great tureen. Could a little boy go to a nicer house than that to spend the day? Besides, there was grandmother herself, always ready to tell stories about when she was a little girl.

Now, when Archibald was four, his mother decided that he was old enough to go alone to grandmother's. Every one on the route to his grandmother's knew Archibald. So how could he get lost, with so many kind people on the way?

When told he might go to grandmother's all alone, and stay for dinner, and carry this little note from mother, Archibald swallowed hard. He was ashamed to say that he was afraid to walk there alone, but he was. He started bravely off, just

the same; for he was a brave coward, you see,—which is an excellent kind. He looked back at mother's smiling face in the window, and tried to smile in return. Then he ran as fast as he could, and never stopped until he was safely inside grandmother's gate. He knew this time what he was afraid of. Some one had said there were rats in the cellar of Mr. Bell's grocery store.

Grandmother saw how out of breath he was, and asked the reason. Then Archibald, who was only four then, burst out crying, and confessed about being afraid of Mr. Bell's rats.

"But I came, grandma, I came," he said between sobs.

"So you did," said grandma. "Any one can be brave when they're not afraid, but I call it a fine thing to be brave even when you are afraid. Now, Archibald, I will tell you what I will do. I will write a letter to those rats, and tell them to let my grandson alone."

After a happy day, grandmother handed him a little three-cornered note directed to "All Rats in Mr. Bell's Cellar." Inside she had written, "Rats, do not hurt my grandson Archibald, for he is a good boy."

Archibald walked proudly home, and even as he passed the grocery store he held his head high and did not run, though his eyes shone and his breath came quick. He treasured the note, and carried it every time he passed Mr. Bell's.

No one knew he was afraid of the dark hall, so no one gave him a note to the shadows. He kept on doing the thing he was afraid of in spite of being afraid. Except about those rats, he never told any one. I do not know what he is afraid of now, for he is a tall man, with boys of his own; but, if he is a coward, he is a brave one, I am sure of that.

A SECRET.

I know a secret that I learned from a dear old Scotch woman, of how we can always have good neighbours. Shall I whisper it to you? "Take a good neighbour with you, my dear," was what she told me.

She meant that if I would be kind, and thoughtful, and considerate to my neighbours, they would be the same to me. Do you want to have kind and friendly playmates? Give them a kind and friendly playmate, my dear.

The boy who can control himself has made himself master of the situation. We all know what a mean, contemptible feeling comes over us after our anger has cooled, when we have failed in this respect. But the one who has learned forbearance saves his self-respect, and has naught to repent of afterwards.