

everybody, and will love and protect dumb animals as well.

Hundreds of years ago there lived a little boy who used to amuse himself by catching flies and penning them up; he became a cruel man, and caused the death of many innocent people.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 5, 1899.

ONE OLD WOMAN'S WORK.

The story is told of how, some years ago, in a foreign city, horses were continually slipping on the smooth and icy pavement of a steep hill, up which loaded waggons and carts were constantly moving. Yet no one seemed to think of any better remedy than to beat and curse the animals, who tugged and pulled and slipped on the hard stones.

No one thought of a better way, except a poor old woman who lived at the foot of the hill. It hurt her so to see the horses slip and fall on the slippery pavements that every morning, old and feeble as she was, with trembling steps, she climbed the hill and emptied her ash-pan, and such ashes as she could collect from her neighbours, on the smoothest spots.

At first the teamsters paid her very little attention; but after a little, they began to look for her, to appreciate her kindness, and to be ashamed of their own cruelty.

The town officials heard of the old lady's work, and they were ashamed, too, and set to work levelling the hill and reopening the pavement. All this made teamsters so grateful that they went among their employers and others with a subscription paper, and raised a fund which brought the old lady a comfortable annuity for life.

So one poor old woman and her ash-pan not only kept the poor overworked horses from falling, but made every animal in the

city more comfortable, improved and beautified the city itself, and excited an epoch of good feeling and kindness, the end of which no one can tell.

SILK CULTURE.

How few people, as they finger the soft silks, the lustrous satins and the exquisite velvets in their daily shopping tours, think of the millions of tiny creatures whose lives were given to gratify their love for the beautiful.

"Ugh, a horrid worm!" a certain dainty lady says as she hastily brushes from her silken gown a crawling bit of life that has ventured too near.

"Come with me," one says to her, "and see what a horrid worm can do," and together we wend our way under the low hanging branches of the mulberry trees to a small building near by. We enter and find ourselves in a small, but cheerful room which is dignified by the name of "The Cocoonery." On all sides are trays and shelves holding an army of large, grayish white worms that pay no attention to us whatever, but continue to eat voraciously of the leaves that are spread about on the trays, making a noise like the pattering of rain upon the roof. These are silkworms.

The silkworm is the caterpillar of the silkworm moth, and a native of China and India, but is now raised in many parts of the world. In China silkworms are sometimes raised on the mulberry trees in the open air, but usually a special house or room is set apart for them. The eggs of the silkworm moth, which are no larger than the head of a pin, are laid in the latter part of the summer, and kept in a cool place until the following spring. As soon as the leaves of the osage orange or mulberry tree appear, the eggs are brought into a warm room, and in a few days the worms are hatched and ready for their food. They are then placed upon trays covered with mosquito netting, with plenty of tender mulberry leaves, when they at once begin eating and never appear to rest, except at the moulting season, until spinning time. Every two or three hours another netting with fresh leaves is placed over them, when they will immediately leave the old food and crawl up through the netting to the new food. In two weeks they will have grown so large that paper with large perforations will be found necessary, and at the last, when they will be three inches long, frames with slats across are used. They are about thirty days in the caterpillar stage, during which they moult or cast their skin four times. At the end of the month they for the first time show a desire to leave their food and begin to crawl about, waving their heads to and fro. Twigs must be placed near by for them to spin upon, or cones of papers may be laid over them, when they will at once send out from the little spinnerets on each side of the mouth a fluid which hardens into silky threads. After attaching themselves by means of these threads to what-

ever is near them, they begin winding themselves up in a silken shroud until all one can see is a silky cocoon about the size of a pigeon's egg and something the shape of a peanut suspended from a twig. The spinning is accomplished in three days; and in eight days the cocoons are ready to gather. In a fortnight the silk moth will force its way out; but as this breaks and discolours the silk, it is necessary that the chrysalis be stifled, which is done by steam or exposure to great heat, the finest being reserved for laying; the others, after having the loose silk removed, are "reeled."

A very simple method is to throw them into warm water, which dissolves the gummy substance, uniting the threads. The threads are then made into hanks of raw silk, which has still to go through several processes before it is ready for the manufacturer.

"WHEN I'M A MAN."

"When I'm a man I'll let the world know I'm in it!"

Thus spoke a rosy-cheeked boy one day after reading the exploits of some noted general. I laughed from my seat by the window at the vain look and proud strut with which he accompanied these grand words. But my laugh soon died away, and sadness filled my heart as I thought that the boy might fulfil his own prophecy, and put his name into the mouth of the world without being either great, good or happy.

How so, sir? How? Why he may do some shocking deed, and be tried, executed, and have his crime and his name printed all over the world. In that case would not "his name be in the mouth of the world," and yet he himself be neither great, good, nor happy?

You see it, eh? I'm glad you do. Now, my ambitious boys, let me tell you that the best thing you can aim at is to be good men. If you can be great as well as good, all right; but you must make sure of the goodness. Great men are often greatly bad, as were Napoleon, Nelson, Alexander, and many others of their sort. Of course, being without goodness they were without happiness, for you may be sure of this fact, happiness never occupies a house which is not owned by goodness. Choose, therefore, first of all, to be a good man. Carry out your choice at once by asking God to give you

"A beautiful soul, a loving mind,
Full of affection for its kind;
A helper of the human race,
A soul of beauty and of grace,
That truly feeds on Christ within,
And never makes a league with sin."

Get such souls as this, my dear boys and girls, and though the big world may never speak your names, the angels will, and God will write them on the golden roll with those of patriarchs, prophets, and saints, who, if not known for mighty deeds, were prized by him for noble qualities.

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