

ask Jesus to make them good girls; but I guess they leave it all for him to do, and don't try themselves."

After thinking a moment, auntie said: "They are like some girls, are they not?"

The child looked up quickly and replied: "Do you mean me, auntie? I try, don't I?"

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO JULY 18, 1903.

### TREE MAGIC.

BY ELIZABETH B. WALKER.

Out in the old garden was an apple-tree. It was old as the garden itself, grandma said. She ought to know, for she lived in the garden when it was quite new and she was a tiny girl.

Every spring grandma looked into the budding sweetness and sighed, "How sad for the city children whose gardens are only brick and asphalt yards!"

When mamma wrote that Tessa did not get strong after a winter's illness, grandma said the garden would cure her. So Tessa went to grandma's, and made friends with the apple-tree.

When she came, its rough old limbs were hidden under a fragrant white mound of blossoms. Grandma told Tessa they would change into apples on the tree; so Tessa said they were wings the baby apples had flown from heaven with.

By and by the flowers were gone, and the leaves made a soft shade. Then Tessa would sit in the bending branches, and read, or sing, or talk. She pretended the tree understood, and that its rustle was laughter when she said funny things, and pity when she told sad ones.

At last mamma came to take her home. What do you think Tessa found, swing-

ing on the lowest branch, when she ran to say good-bye to the tree? A ripe, red apple!

"See!" she cried.

"See!" grandma echoed. "The tree has done as much for Tessa's cheeks as for its own apple."

Tessa put up her hands, but she could not feel what grandma saw—the beautiful health colour.

### THE SLEEP OF THE FLOWERS.

What child has not noticed the closing of the petals in many flowers just as the day closes. In many plants the leaves also fold themselves up with the fading day, and do not awake from their slumber till the morning sun rouses them. Some are so sensitive to the light that they will close with even a passing cloud. The dandelion opens at five in the morning, but is not so early a riser as the goat's-beard, which opens its bright eyes at three o'clock, and goes to sleep again at six in the evening. But there are some flowers which, like fashionable people, turn night into day. The night-blooming cereus begins to unfold its magnificent, sweet-scented blossoms at twilight, is in full bloom at midnight, and sleeps its last sleep with the day-dawn.

### HOW A LITTLE GIRL OPENED A SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

A little girl, eleven years of age, had been accustomed to attend a Sunday-school in Norway for two years, and very much enjoyed the instruction there received. On returning to her village home, at the end of the two years, she was much distressed to find no Sunday-school there.

Some children—and some grown-up people, too—would most likely have said, "What a mistake to have no Sunday-school! Whose fault is it? What can the minister be thinking about?" and there the matter would have ended.

Not so did this little girl. "As there is no Sunday-school," she said to herself, "I must open one."

Then she spoke to the children of the village. She told them all about the school at Norway, and what happy times they had there on the Sabbath day. Then she said to them:

"Will you meet me next Sunday, and we will read the Bible, and pray, and sing hymns together like they do in Norway?"

The children readily promised, and the first Sunday six or seven came. The next there were ten or twelve, then twenty or more. Some older girls joined them till this little girl had forty scholars round her every Sunday, from six to fifteen years of age, and she read the Bible to them, and prayed, and taught them hymns.

Christmas Eve came round. In Norway

the school-children are accustomed to have a treat on Christmas Eve, when they assemble in a beautifully decorated room, dressed in their best clothes, and receive each a present of a small book.

"We must have a treat also on Christmas Eve," said this little girl; but as she had no books to give the children, she promised to read to them the little book she had received herself the last Christmas.

As the time drew near, she heard that not only were all the children coming to hear the story she had to read, but many of the parents also. This very much distressed her, for she was only eleven years old, and felt timid about reading and praying in the presence of adults. What was she to do?

"If it should be a blessing to them," she thought, "I must not refuse. But cannot I get my father to come and help me? He has always laughed at me, and my Sunday-school, but yet I will ask him."

The father could not resist the child's entreaties, and the result was that he soon learned to love the Saviour himself, and to realize with his little girl the blessedness of working for him.

### SLUMBER SONG.

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Thy father watches his sheep,  
Thy mother is shaking the dreamland tree,  
And down falls a little dream on thee,  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
The large stars are the sheep,  
The little stars are the lambs, I guess,  
And the bright moon is the shepherdess,  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

Sleep, baby, sleep!  
Thy Father watches his sheep,  
He is the Lamb of God on high,  
Who for our sakes came down to die,  
Sleep, baby, sleep!

### "SAVE HIM FIRST."

There had been a sad accident in the mine. Several men had been killed, but one man and a boy had caught hold of a rope and held on to it until the men above sent down a man in a large tub to bring them up. He came first to the boy, whose name was Daniel Harding. "Don't mind me," said the boy; "I can hold on a little longer. Joe Brown, who is a little lower down, is nearly ready to fall; save him first." The man was taken up first, and then the tub was let down again for Daniel.

That was a noble thing for Daniel to do. It puts us in mind of Him who would not save himself because he wanted to save us.—*Olive Plants.*