

CROSS TEDDY-BOY.

Teddy-boy, Teddy-boy, what is the matter?

Pray what has happened to you?
What's all this din, this fuss, and this
clatter?

Why do you make this to-do?

Try to be sorry instead of so angry,
For surely you must have been bad,
Or mother would not seat you alone in the
nursery;
To punish you makes her feel sad.

Come, find her and kiss her, and tell her
you're sorry;
She'll gladly forgive you, I know.
It grieves her kind heart and makes her
feel bad,
To have her dear boy acting so.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly	Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly		\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00	
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50	
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo, monthly	0 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies	0 60	
5 copies and over	0 50	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0 20	
Less than 20 copies	0 25	
Over 20 copies	0 24	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15	
10 copies and upwards	0 12	
Dea Drops, weekly	0 08	
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20	
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05	
Berean Intermediary Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street,
Montreal, Que. S. F. HUESTIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 19, 1902.

HOW CHRIST DRAWS MEN
TO HIMSELF.

As Dr. Chamberlain, missionary in India, once preached in the market-place the crowd told him that if he uttered another word he would be killed. Dr. Chamberlain asked permission to tell one story, and then, he said, they might stone him if they wished. He told them the story of Jesus in Gethsemane and on the cross on Calvary. He pictured the loving Christ dying for his enemies. While he was speaking he saw the men go and throw the stones in the street, and down the cheeks of the very one who had been clamouring the loudest for his blood he saw the tears running. When he had finished the story, and had told how through Jesus' merits every one there assembled could

have eternal life, he said that they might now stone him if they wished; but, instead of stoning him, they came forward and bought eighty copies of the Scriptures.—*Selected.*

GERTRUDE AND DAISY.

Two lovely girls were Gertrude and Daisy. Daisy's real name was Marguerite. But Marguerite is simply the French for Daisy, and everybody seemed to like the shorter name.

It was a rainy day outside, and so these two girls must find something to do indoors.

"I know what would be nice," said Gertrude. "Let's have a game of soap bubbles."

"All right," said Daisy, "and we'll see who can blow the prettiest bubbles."

Mamma was quite agreeable to the proposed game, "If you'll be careful not to spill the water," she added, and soon the two little girls were busily engaged in blowing bubbles.

At first the water was not soapy enough, and the bubbles were small. But presently the bubbles grew larger, and at last Daisy blew one that made her throw up her hands in delight. "Ah, there's a beauty!" she exclaimed. And so it was, for all the beautiful colours of the rainbow were to be seen in it, as it floated gently in the air like a tiny balloon.

"What a pity they don't last longer," said Gertrude, as the pretty bubble broke and vanished from sight.

"Perhaps it is," answered Daisy, "but it is more fun to keep on making fresh ones I think."

"Did you ever think what made the bubbles so beautiful to look at?" inquired mamma, who had just come into the room quietly.

"No, mamma," the two little girls answered in one breath. "What is it?"

"Why, it is simply the sunlight shining upon them. The soap bubbles often remind me of the earthly joys that disappear as quickly as a bubble breaks. But the sunlight is a picture of the true, heavenly joy which comes from knowing Christ, and which never fades away, but grows brighter and brighter the longer we live."

THAT DOLL THAT TALKED.

"Dorothy Ann, are you sleepy?" asked Dollikins. Dorothy Ann did not answer, but went on smiling with her red wax lips. Dollikins gave her a little shake. "Dear me!" she said, "I do wish you could talk! I am so tired of having a doll that never answers, no matter how much I say to her. It is very stupid of you, Dorothy Ann. There, go to sleep!"

Dollikins turned her back on Dorothy Ann, and went to sleep herself. Then she began to dream. She thought Dorothy Ann sat up straight in her crib, and opened

her blue eyes wide. "Mother!" she said.

"Oh, you can talk!" cried Dollikins.

"Mother, my pillow is not at all soft," said Dorothy Ann, in a complaining voice; "and you forgot to take off my shoes."

"I am sorry," said Dollikins.

"I did not have anything but mashed potatoes for my dinner!" cried Dorothy Ann. "I don't like mashed potato. Why don't I have things that I like, mother?"

Dollikins cheeks grew quite red. She remembered saying something very like this at luncheon the day before.

"I'm not a bit sleepy!" wailed Dorothy Ann. "Why do I have to go to bed at seven o'clock, mother? Other little girls don't have to; I wish —"

"Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins, "will you please not talk any more. It makes my head ache!"

Then it was very still.

In the morning Dollikins went over and took up Dorothy Ann, and looked at her. The red lips were smiling as ever, but tight shut.

"Good morning, Dorothy Ann," said Dollikins. "I am very glad you do not know how to talk, my dear; for then you might be a sore trial to your mother!"

LITTLE MOLLIE MUFFLESHOE.

"I wish I knew just what to do," said little Mollie Muffleshee, "One cup of milk is not enough for me, and Nip, and Tuck, and Fluff, and Velvetpaw, and Mogg, and Muff."

"Perhaps the wisest thing to do," said little Mollie Muffleshee, "is to divide the milk with care; First little Muff may take her share." She drank it all! The cup was bare.

RODNEY'S LESSON.

What do you suppose our pussy-cat did the other day? She was chased by a small black dog named Rodney, and climbed to the top of a tree to get out of his way.

When Rodney saw she was beyond his reach, he turned to go away; but pussy jumped upon his back and stuck her front claws in his neck and scratched until the poor dog cried with pain.

Then she got to the top of the fence again, and Rodney thought the wisest thing he could do was to leave her there and get as far away from her as possible.

"Mother," said a little girl, on coming home from Sunday-school, "I want to ask you something." "Well, dear, what is it?" "Do you know what is my best text?" "Tell me, my dear," replied the mother. "Well, mother, you know that I am just seven years old, and my text has just seven words in it, 'It is time to seek the Lord.' (Hos. 10. 12.)"