

THE SERVICE.

The service due to God
Is not mere babbling words
Poured tunefully upon the ear
Like songs of singing birds.

The service due to God
Is no mere formal part,
'Tis not enough to bow the head
And never bow the heart.

The service due to God
Is life from evil won.
And faith and hope and glowing love
And duty bravely done.

Strong Help of feeble faith,
Pure Guide of age and youth,
Teach us to serve thee, holy God,
In spirit and in truth.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 4, 1899.

SHORT SERMONS FOR BOYS.

A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but, with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency; and so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to get their colour, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures which the mountaineer gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said, "That boy will beat me one day." And he did; for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: "Now, this will never

do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study well after it. So here it goes!" and he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

CARL'S THREE HELPERS.

"What is the matter, Carl? You look as if you had been in a fight, and the other fellow had done the licking."

"I haven't been in any fight," said Carl, sullenly. He knew Mac was teasing him, and nobody likes to be teased.

"Well, what's wrong then?"

"Our cow has got out of the gate and gone off somewhere."

"Whow!" said Mac, giving a long whistle. "You had better find her, if you know what is good for you."

"Why?" asked Carl.

"Well, they'll put her in the pound, for one thing, and you'll have to pay a dollar to get her out; and, then, it ruins a cow to go unmilked; and when your father and mother get back and find her gone, you'll catch it like everything. Mind now, I've warned you."

Mac went off, feeling that he had done his duty. It wasn't his fault if Carl didn't get the cow, after the warning he had had; but Carl sat still on the fence, as unhappy as before. He didn't see that Mac's warning was going to help him find Cherry.

But here was Jim Freeman coming along, asking the same questions and getting the same answers.

"I'll tell you what I'd do, if I were in your place, Carl," said Jim. "I'd go out to Plunket's meadow first, to see if she's there, and then come home by the mill-race, and you might go around by Mr. Watson's, and—"

"O yes, I might step around by New York while I'm out," interrupted Carl, angrily.

"Well, if you are going to get mad at me for giving you good advice," said Jim, "I'm off. You will wish you had taken it; that's all."

"Much good his advice will do me," grumbled Carl, "with the sun going down, and nobody to leave at home with Rose. It certainly is hard on a fellow to have Cherry go off like this."

Just then a little girl climbed up beside him on the fence, carrying something in her sunbonnet. It was a big piece of hot gingerbread.

"It's for you," she said.

"Hello, Rose! It certainly smells good, but I ain't such a pig as to take your treat."

"I've had a piece," said Rose, eagerly, hoping Carl wouldn't ask how big a piece, because, in fact, she had only taken a nibble. No, Carl didn't think of asking. If she had had a piece, that was all right; and he ate this piece contentedly, with dear little Rose sitting close beside him.

"I wish I could find your cow, Carl," said his little lover.

"Never mind, honey," said Carl. "Maybe she'll come home herself, wagging her tail behind her, like Bo-Peep's sheep"

Rose laughed, and somehow Carl felt better. Was it the gingerbread? That had helped, but I think it was the loving little voice and presence beside him. Feeling brighter, he began to use his wits. "Maybe Cherry went to the Moore lot," he said, suddenly; "we used to pasture her there last spring."

The Moore lot was not far off, and, sure enough, Carl was soon back in triumph, with Cherry lounging along before him.

Now, when Mac came back that way and saw Cherry standing in her own lot, he wagged his head knowingly. "It's well I warned that boy," he said; and he thought he had been Carl's best helper.

When Jim Freeman passed, he, too, smiled with satisfaction. "I see Carl took my advice," he said to himself.

As for Carl, he thought himself very clever to have thought of Moore's lot. He never knew, any more than Mac did, any more than Jim did, any more than Rose herself did, that his true helper had been the little girl who had gone out to him with gingerbread in her bonnet and love in her heart.

WHY BESSIE CAME BACK.

"Does little Bessie want to carry a letter to Bridget for mother?"

"Yes;" and two-year-old Bessie looked very pleased to be allowed to do an errand for mother, all the way downstairs.

So the note, telling Bridget to turn off the heat in the furnace, was pinned to Bessie's dress, right in front, and she trotted away very happy.

Mother could hear the little feet go slowly down the stairs, one step at a time, but they stopped a minute down in the hall. There was a lamp there, which Bessie could reach, and which she loved to turn up and down. Mother had told her never to touch it again, though.

Pretty soon the little feet came up the stairs fast and a little voice said:

"Don't touch, Bessie—run away—don't touch!" and mother knew that Bessie was running away from the lamp for fear she would not mind.

That was a good way, wasn't it?

SEEKING HELP FROM A FOX.

A missionary writes from China:

"I went yesterday to see a little boy six years old. He had been sick, and when I saw him first he was insensible and convulsed. A plaster which I made them put on his neck and on the sole of his foot seemed to have saved his life, but as the people had left it on too long the skin was off, and his neck was very sore. So I went yesterday to see him. It was a large farmhouse. In the room there was a little shrine, and outside there was a little temple; these were dedicated to *Hoo le* (the fox), and *Hwang-tze lang-tze* (the weasel). The woman said the shrine and the temple would give the household peace." Do you not think that they need to be told about Jesus the Saviour?