

fear to touch it, hanging back until they can do so no longer, and then make a good effort, and find that it is real easy, and that they have had all their troublesome fears for nothing.

Boys, remember that knotty stick. When you have any work to do, don't stop to think how hard it is, but take hold at once bravely: hit it fair in the eye, and, ten to one, you will be through before you know it.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 6, 1903.

BEGIN RIGHT.

"Boys," said a father, coming in through the yard as the rain began to fall, "put on your rubber coats and boots, and run out and clear away the heap of dirt you threw up yesterday around the cistern platform. Make a little channel where the ground slopes for the water to run off below."

Hal and Horace thought this great fun, and were soon at work. But presently their father called from a window: "You are not doing that right, boys. You've turned the water all toward the house. It will be running into the cellar window next thing you know. Turn your channel away from the house at once."

"But this is the easiest way to dig it now, papa," called Hal. "Before it does any harm we'll turn it off."

"Do it right in the beginning," said the father, in a voice that settled things. "Begin right, no matter if it is more trouble. Then you will be sure that no harm can be done, and won't have to fix things up afterward."

The boys did as they were told, and

were just in time to keep a stream of water from reaching the cellar window.

Soon after this, the father found Horace reading a book borrowed from one of the boys. "That is not the kind of reading that I allow," he said. "Give it back at once."

"Please let me finish the book," pleaded Horace. "Then I can stop reading this kind before it does me any harm."

"No," said his papa, repeating the lesson of the rainy day, "begin right in your reading, and in all your habits, and then you will not have to change. Take the right direction first, and then you'll be sure of it."

LITTLE THREADS.

Do you remember the story of Gulliver? He lay down to sleep among the pigmies. These were very little people. They began to bind little threads around his fingers. He said: "I can break these at any moment." The little folks tied another finger; he laughed. By and by they tied another and another, until both hands were tied and fastened to the ground. Then they bound some threads around his waist, and others around his body; and so, little by little, they climbed over his knees, his breast, and his face, and then upon his nose. After awhile they got him tied down in every possible place. He tried to rise, but could not. He didn't laugh any more. The pigmies laughed then. Now, it is not one drink or two drinks that will kill a man. Each one of these is like a little thread, and the man as he drinks them, laughs to himself, and says: "I can break off at any time: I am able to control this habit whenever I choose." But by and by, when he tries to stop drinking, he finds it impossible. He is the slave of the dreadful habit. God only can set him free then. O beware of the little threads—the first drinks, the first little sins. Will you not make up your minds never to take even a drop of strong drink?

JOHNNY'S OWN WAY.

Johnny wanted very much to "help" his mother bake pies one morning; so she gave him a piece of dough, the cover of a starch box for a pastry-board, and a clothes-pin for a rolling-pin. When he had rolled so hard that his face was very red, he put his little pie on the stove hearth to bake; and then he saw the pretty, soft steam puffing out of the kettle.

His mother saw him, and cried: "O Johnny! take care, or you'll burn your fingers, dear."

"Steam can't burn," cried wise Johnny; "only fire burns."

"You must not try it. Believe me, it will burn you. Do stop, Johnny!"

"O dear!" cried Johnny; "why can't I have my own way sometimes? I do like my own way! When I'm a big man, I mean to tstand and poke my finger in the tea-kettle all day, thometime, and have my own way, and—"

Poor Johnny did not wait until he was a big man to do this. A scream of pain told that he had had his own way already. The dear little white fingers were sadly burned, and for hours Johnny screamed and jumped so that his mother could hardly hold him on her lap.

"O, O, O! What shall I do? O dear mamma! I'll never have my own way again ath long ath I live. When I'm a great man, I'll never put my fingers in the tea-kettle. O dear, dear, dear, dear!"

Take care, little folks, how you take your own way. There are worse foes in the world than Johnny's steam. Your parents are wiser than you, and they love you too well to deny you any harmless pleasure.

SINCE PAPA DOESN'T DRINK.

My papa's awful happy now,
And mamma's happy, too,
'Cause papa doesn't drink no more
The way he used to do;
And everything's so jolly now,
'Taint like it used to be,
When papa never stayed at home
With poor mamma and me.

It made me feel so very bad
To see my mamma cry,
And though she'd smile, I'd spy the tears
A-hiding in her eye,
But now she laughs just like we girls—
It sounds so cute, I think—
And sings such pretty little songs,
Since papa doesn't drink.

You see my pretty Sunday dress,
It's every bit all new;
It ain't made out of mamma's dress,
The way she used to do.
And mamma's got a pretty cloak,
All trimmed with funny fur,
And papa's got some nice new clothes,
And goes to church with her.

My papa says that Christmas-time
Will very soon be here,
And maybe good old Santa Claus
Will find our house this year.
I hope he'll bring some candy, and
A dolly that can wink.
He'll know where our house is, I'm sure,
Since papa doesn't drink.

A teacher asked a class of boys in a Sabbath-school what was their idea of Heaven. The smallest one answered: "A place where—where—you're never sorry."