

ing. Not a bird could be heard, and the flowers were hanging down their heads. What did Patty mean by it being a good day for sunshine?

Last night her grandma had said to her: "There is no sunshine so bright as that in a cheery little face. One little child can fill the whole house with sunshine on the darkest day.

"I'm going to try to-day," said Patty.

After she was all dressed, and had said her prayers, she went downstairs. She had a sweet smile for every one, and tried all day to be kind and loving.

That night her grandma said: "God is very good to give us such a dear little sunshine."

I have read of another little girl who said that the time to be the pleasantest and kindest was when her mamma seemed a little worried, for that was the time when she had most to vex and trouble her.

Will you be so kind and cheerful every day that your papa and mamma can thank God for giving them so much sunshine? and will you not help make sunshine in homes of other people who have more cloudy days than bright ones?—*Our Young Folks.*

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 26, 1901.

BE THOU A BLESSING.

A little Sunday-school lad wished very much that he had some money to send to the poor children in India, to feed and clothe them, and keep them in the mission schools to learn about Jesus. This little boy was named Harry. His mother was poor, and could not often give him pennies, but she said: "You might earn some money." That night Harry told the Lord Jesus all about it, and asked him

to let him have some work to do. All the next day passed, and, though he hunted up and down the village, Harry could find no work. But you do not think that God had forgotten? On the next day, as Harry was on his way to school, a lady called him from her cottage door, and asked him to dig up the dandelions in her garden. Do you think he said yes? School could hardly let out soon enough. He dug the little garden so clean that the lady hired him to take care of it all summer. Many a bright quarter went to India to do Jesus' work. At home, at school, everywhere a child who loves Jesus can be a blessing.

A TERRIBLE DISEASE.

You remember how Christian came out of the City of Destruction, not with head erect and quick, free step, but bowed under a bundle which he carried on his back. When I was a child, and loved, as I do yet, to turn from picture to picture of "Pilgrim's Progress," I always lingered over the one which shows Christian at the cross with his burden falling off. Perhaps there are none in the world who carry about with them so great a bundle of woes as the drunkard, the man who, when he sees a glass of beer or wine on the table, cannot help drinking it, who cannot pass by a saloon without going in. From his eagerness for liquor you would think it must be a good thing, and do him good and give him pleasure; but he would be the first to tell you that none of these things can be said of it. His thirst is a terrible disease. Alcohol, out of which all these things are made, is not a food, but a poison. Bread is a food, and coffee and milk—anything which, when we are hungry or thirsty, we eat or drink, and get enough of. These take away the feeling of hunger or thirst, but every glass of liquor brings a stronger thirst for more. A person who had been drinking milk for many years might miss it very much if he could not drink it any more, if he were in a place where he could not get it, or if the doctor said that it was not good for him; but he would not be miserable without it, nor wake up in the night and cry for it like a crazy man; he would not tell the doctor that he must have it, though it killed him. But people who have poisoned themselves with alcohol do all these things. Many doctors tell us now that alcohol is not even good as a medicine; that it makes a great show of doing good for a while, and then leaves the sick one weaker, with less power to throw off disease—less vitality, if you can get at the meaning of the big word. Almost all doctors agree that it is a dangerous medicine; that if the patient keeps on with it after his sickness is gone he will find the medicine itself bringing on disease and death. The Bible warns us many times, both in the Old and the New Testament,

against wine-drinking. In Proverbs, which reads like a father's letter to his son, there are very strong warnings. Our lesson to-day tells us some of the things that are in the drunkard's bundle of woes. Can you remember five things? Sorrow, contentions, babbling, wounds without cause, redness of eyes. Nobody is glad in his home; he loses his own self-respect; he quarrels about everything; he talks foolishly; he meets with many accidents, and is often sick; his eyes grow dim, his limbs totter, his face loses all the goodness out of it—and the list of woes might go on and on. Only at Jesus' cross can the heavy burden fall away. Thanks be to God that the "blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." I said that drunkenness is a fearful disease. It is a fearful sin, too. Other diseases come upon us without our being able to help it. We can all help beginning to drink liquor. God's Book says: "Look not thou upon the wine."

THE BIRD'S LESSON.

"Try! try!" chirps the mother bird to the little ones in the nest. "You can fly if you will only try. Watch me, and do as I do."

So the birdies spread their weak little wings, and flutter and fall to the ground; but they try again and again until they learn to mount up in the free air and fly far away.

"Try! try!" is what other mothers say, too, and little children hear it in their homes as well as little birds in their nests.

Try to be pure! Try to be good! Try to be loving! Try to be true!

Right thoughts and deeds are like wings that lift our lives higher. God, who gives the birds power to fly, gives far more to his own dear little children: the power to rise to a good life and to a happy home in heaven.

OPENING THE HEART.

There was a little boy whose heart was touched by a sermon on the words: "Be bold, I stand at the door and knock."

His mother said to him: "Robert, what would you say to any one who knocked at the door of your heart, if you wished him to come in?"

He answered: "I would say, 'Come in.'"

She then said to him: "Then say to the Lord Jesus, 'Come in!'"

Next morning there was a brightness and a joy about Robert's face that made his father ask: "What makes you so glad to-day?"

He replied: "I awoke in the night, and I felt that Jesus was still knocking at the door of my heart, and I said, 'Lord Jesus, come in,' and I think he has come in. I feel happier this morning than I ever was before."