

## BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BEAUTIFUL faces are those that wear—  
It matters little if dark or fair—  
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,  
Like crystal panes where earth-fires glow,  
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words  
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,  
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do  
Work that is earnest and brave and true,  
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—  
Silent rivers of happiness,  
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess  
—*Littell's Living Age.*

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 7, 1886.

## THE YOUNG MOUNTAINEER.

OUR picture this month, although not on canvas nor skilfully executed in crayon, is, to our mind, a real jewel of art. Can't you see by the expression of this boy's features and his general appearance that his life-long association with those grand old mountains, and his rather rough-and-tumble mode of living have already put their impress of freedom and power upon him? The way he carries his head, the smile on his lips and in his eyes, and even the muscles in his stout limbs, bespeak happiness, energy, and a mind hid away somewhere in that rugged little frame, that will some day make itself manifest. He is one of your boys who "dare and do," there is no danger that he will rust out instead of wearing out; the very light in his eye seems to say "action!" Oh! if there is anything that we are enthusiastic over, it is

a real, manly, energetic, courageous boy—one who puts the strong individuality that he possesses to the best possible use, and withal thinks it not childish or weak to dedicate all his young powers to his Creator and Redeemer. We know not if the boy in the picture is one of Christ's young disciples or not, but we hope so, for it would be adding the needed balance to his nature, and at the same time it would lend a charm to his mind and disposition that it would not otherwise possess.

The grace of God balances a mind already good, gives to a poor one a dignity which could never be possessed devoid of it, while to the fool it gives enough wisdom to walk in the narrow way of obedience to God without erring. Surely this is a thing to praise God for.

## COULD NOT GO TO LOOK.

A GOOD many years ago, one Monday morning in a country called Wales, a good minister, Mr. Charles, met a little girl trudging through the snow. He said, "Well, my lass, ken ye the text of yesternorn?"

The rosy face clouded over, and tears came in her eyes as she said: "The storm was so bad, sir, I could not go to look."

He talked kindly to her, and found that every Sunday she walked seven miles over the hills and heather to look at the Bible, and learned by heart the text of his sermon. He went on, but he could not forget the tears of the child and the long way she travelled every Sunday to see and read a Bible. Soon after he went to London, and talked with some other ministers about getting up a society to have more Bibles in Wales than one in every seven miles.

"Yes," said another good man; "if a Bible society for Wales, why not for the world?"

From that beginning was formed (in 1804) a Bible society to print and send Bibles everywhere.

Twelve years after, the American Bible Society was formed in New York, to make and sell Bibles so cheaply that everybody could buy one, and to give them away to those who could or would not buy.

Since the little girl in Wales cried be-



LEARNING LESSONS.

cause she could not go through a snow-storm seven miles to look at one, these societies have sent out more than one hundred millions of Bibles and testaments, all over the various countries of the earth.—*Crown of Glory.*

## TWO BLIND MEN.

ONCE there were in Rome two blind men, one of whom cried in the streets of the city, "He is helped whom God helps." The other, on the contrary cried, "He is helped whom the king helps." This they did every day, and the Emperor heard it so often, that he had a loaf of bread baked and filled with gold.

The gold-filled loaf he sent to the blind man who appealed to the Emperor's help. When he felt the heavy weight of the bread, he sold it to the other beggar as soon as he met him. The blind man that bought the bread carried it home. When he had broken it and found the gold, he thanked God, and from that day ceased to beg. But the other, continuing to beg through the city, the Emperor summoned him to his presence, and asked him, "What has thou done with the loaf that I lately sent thee?"

"I sold it to my friend because it was heavy, and did not seem well risen."

Then the Emperor said, "Truly he whom God helps is helped indeed," and turned the blind man from him.

Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts.