

"meadow mouse;" but he had doubtless lived all his life in the woods and was strangely unsophisticated. How his little round eyes did shine, and how he sniffed me to find out if I was more dangerous than I appeared to his sight!

After a while I put him down in the bottom of the boat and resumed my fishing; but it was not long before he became very restless, and evidently wanted to go about his business. He would climb up to the edge of the boat and peer down into the water. Finally, he could brook the delay no longer, and plunged boldly overboard; but he had either changed his mind or lost his reckoning, for he started back in the direction he had come, and the last I saw of him he was a mere speck vanishing in the shadows near the other shore.—*Little Nature Studies.*

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.	Yearly Subscription
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1.00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 36 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., 8c., monthly	0.60
Onward, 8 pp., 4c., weekly, under 5 copies	0.50
5 copies and over	0.50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4c., weekly, single copies	0.50
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
Dew Drops, weekly	0.48
Herean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0.20
Herean Leaf, monthly	0.054
Herean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0.96
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 30 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATER, 216 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUESTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 31, 1901.

A RICH BOY.

"O my!" said Ben. "I wish I was rich and could have things like some of the boys that go to our school."

"I say, Ben," said his father, turning round quickly, "how much will you take for your legs?"

"For my legs?" said Ben, in surprise.

"Yes. What do you use them for?"

"Why, I run and jump and play ball and—O, everything."

"That's so," said the father. "You would not take ten thousand dollars for them, would you?"

"No, indeed," answered Ben, smiling.

"And your arms—I guess you would not take ten thousand dollars for them, would you?"

"No, sir."

"And your voice (they tell me you sing

quite well, and I know you talk a little bit)—you would not part with that for ten thousand dollars, would you?"

"No, sir."

"Your hearing and your sense of taste are better than five thousand dollars apiece at the very least; don't you think so?"

"Yes, sir."

"Your eyes, now. How would you like to have fifty thousand dollars and be blind the rest of your life?"

"I wouldn't like it at all."

"Think for a moment, Ben; fifty thousand dollars is a lot of money. Are you very sure you would not sell them for so much?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then they are worth that amount at least. Let's see, now," his father went on, figuring on a sheet of paper—"legs, ten thousand; arms, ten; voice, ten; hearing, ten; good health, ten; and eyes, fifty; that makes a hundred. You are worth one hundred thousand dollars, at the very lowest figures, my boy. Now run and play, jump, throw your ball, laugh, and hear your playmates laugh, too; look with those fifty thousand dollar eyes of yours at the beautiful things about you, and come home with your usual appetite for dinner, and think how rich you really are."—*The Morning Star.*

A SLICE OF BREAD.

The next time you eat a slice of nice white bread, do not swallow it whole and run away to play, but eat it slowly and think about it. Where did it come from?

A man threw some grains of wheat on a great prairie in the far West, perhaps, and it grew up with millions of others to make a hundred grains more. Then it was cut down by a great machine, beaten out and made ready for market by other machines, sent to a mill where it went through a great many queer ways—grinding, sifting, drying, bagging, etc.—until it was sent to your town, and sold to your mamma.

But there are countries where every family has its own wheat and corn growing in a nearby field, and they have no machines for cutting, thrashing, or grinding it. They beat the stalks after they are gathered and dry, and then the women grind their wheat, and afterward make it into bread. You would think it very coarse bread, but they would not like our fine soft bread.

WHERE RUBBER COMES FROM.

When you put on a pair of overshoes or look at a rubber tire, do you ever think of the rubber tree which gives its sap for these useful articles?

In Mexico the rubber tree once grew wild—great forests of rubber trees. About a hundred years ago, it is said, the Spanish Government sent a man to Mexico to study its vegetable productions, and he discovered how valuable is the juice, sap, or milk,

of the rubber tree, whichever you wish to call it. The natives soon learned its value, and they used the trees up, without thinking of the time when there would be no wild trees to furnish the rubber sap.

Recently some men have bought land and planted rubber trees. These trees are self-propagating—that is, they sow their own seed.

In the cultivated forests of rubber trees, the trees are planted to grow in regular order, and the young shoots are cut down or transplanted. The method of gathering the sap is not unlike our method of gathering maple sap, and before the rubber sap is ready for market it must be boiled, as our sap is, to get rid of the water, and pressed into cakes. Then the cakes are packed in bags and shipped, to manufacture the many things into which rubber enters.

The milk, or sap, of the rubber tree is white. Perhaps, if you have a rubber plant at home, you may have discovered this when a leaf has been broken.—*Selected.*

A GENTLEMAN.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

I knew him for a gentleman
By signs that never fail;
His coat was rough and rather worn,
His cheeks were thin and pale—
A lad who had his way to make,
With little time for play;
I knew him for a gentleman
By certain signs to-day.

He met his mother on the street;
Off came his little hat.
My door was shut; he waited there
Until I heard him rap.
He took the bundle from my hand,
And when I dropped my pen,
He sprang to pick it up for me—
This gentleman of ten.

He does not push and crowd along;
His voice is gently pitched.
He does not fling his books about
As if he were bewitched.
He stands aside to let you pass;
He always shuts the door;
He runs on errands willingly
To forge and mill and store.

He thinks of you before himself,
He serves you if he can;
For, in whatever company,
The manners make the man.
At ten or forty, 'tis the same;
The manner tells the tale,
And I discern the gentleman
By signs that never fail.

George was fond of watching the winged creatures of the air, and one day he had an idea. "I know why wasps never sit down, mother," he said; "they have pins in their coat-tails, and are afraid to."