

blow on the head which threw her senseless upon the grass beside the well

Here, shortly after, one of the servants, who chanced to be passing that way, found her and carried her to the house. Her poor head was bruised and bleeding, and it was a long time before she was well again.

As Mary lay on that couch day after day, suffering so severely, she thought about the fault of her wilful self-confidence, and became determined that she would learn wisdom by this experience.

She is better now of her wounds, has returned to the city and taken her place again in the school-room. She is a good scholar, and learns rapidly, but the best lesson, and the one of last year that will be the most useful to her future, is the one that she learned at the well that summer day.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 12, 1892.

HOME HAPPINESS.

DEAR boys and girls, you can add very much to home happiness, especially if you have a mother who is not very strong, or a grandpa or grandma who are aged and feeble, by being thoughtful and mannerly. There is a right way to open and shut the door, a right way to move from one part of the room to the other, a right way to sit down, to rise, to hold a book—a right way to do everything that is worth doing at all. And yet we have known children to give their parents sad hearts by the neglect of these little home duties. It is more easy to do these things right than to do them wrong. One very ugly habit some young people have is that of calling

aloud the name of a brother or sister, or even of a father or mother, who may be in another room, or upstairs, or in the garden. A polite person will always go to the one whose attention is required, and speak in a low and modest tone of voice. The home might be far more pleasant by a strict observance of many of these matters.

WILLIE'S RIDE.

WILLIE was visiting his grandmother, who lived in the country. He thought he was quite a man, but he was only seven. His grandmother had a very nice horse named Dobbin. Sometimes John would put Willie on the horse's back while he led him to water. He was never allowed to ride him alone although he wanted to do so.

One day everyone in the house was busy, no one thought of Willie. He thought of himself, went to the stable to look at Dobbin. John was not there. Willie thought he would take a little ride. He managed to untie the halter and climb upon Dobbin's back.

Slowly he walked the horse out of the stable, into the yard, and to the road. No one saw him. He wanted but one thing: a whip! Just then he saw a tree with a little branch growing on it that would do. He rode up, and with some trouble broke it off. Then he struck Dobbin a sharp blow—harder than he meant to. The good old horse was much surprised. He kicked up his heels and started at a quick pace down the road. Willie could not stop him. He did his best, but the old horse was too much for him. The poor little boy was very much frightened. He dropped his whip, and clung with all his might to Dobbin's neck.

Soon they came to a large mud-puddle in the middle of the road. Willie could hold on no longer. He slipped off, and fell with a splash into the muddy water. Dobbin then turned and trotted home.

Willie's mother happened to look out of the window as Dobbin came into the yard. She ran to see what it meant. Willie was missed, and his frightened mother and grandmother ran down the road to find him. They were much relieved to see a muddy little figure coming toward them. He was too muddy and too much ashamed to look at them, but, very fortunately, he was not hurt in the least by good old Dobbin.

Not very much was said, but for one month Willie, the seven-years-old, almost a man, had to be followed about by a nurse, because he could not be trusted!

GRANDMA.

WHEN grandma puts her glasses on
And looks at me—just so—
If I have done a naughty thing,
She's sure somehow, to know.
How is it she can always tell
So very, very, very well?

She says to me: "Yes, little one,
'Tis written in your eye!"
And if I look the other way,
And turn and seem to try
To hunt for something on the floor,
She's sure to know it all the more.

If I should put the glasses on,
And look in grandma's eyes,
Do you suppose that I should be
So very, very wise?
Now, what if I should find it true
That grandma had been naughty, too!

But ah! what am I thinking of?
To dream that grandma could
Be anything in all her life
But sweet, and kind and good!
I'd better try myself to be
So good that when she looks at me
With eyes so loving all the day
I'll never want to turn away.

LITTLE CHILDREN IN AFRICA.

MISS LANE had a mission band of boys and girls. She often read to them, and one day she read this about the children of Africa:

"The girls in Africa, as elsewhere, are fond of dolls, but they like them best alive, so they take puppies for the purpose, and carry them about tied to their backs, as their mothers carry babies. Some of them 'play baby' with little pigs.

"The boys play shoot with a gun made to imitate the 'white man's gun.' Two pieces of cane tied together make the barrels, the stock is made of clay, and the smoke is a tuft of loose cotton.

"In one African tribe the boys have spears made of reeds, shields, bows and arrows, with which they imitate their father's doings, and they make animals out of clay, while their sisters 'jump the rope.' Besides, the African children, like children all over the world, enjoy themselves 'making believe.' They imitate the life around them, not playing 'keep house,' 'go visiting,' or 'give a party,' because they see none of these in their houses, but they pretend building, and making clay jars, and crushing corn to eat."