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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 27, 1899.

### FACING THE FOE.

"O, please let me do that," begged Rhoda; "I hate cutting out dress-skirts!"

Aunt Ruth dropped her shears on the cutting-table and straightened her back to give a sharp look at the eager face coaxing her.

"First time I ever heard hatin' to do a thing brought forward as a reason for doing it!" she remarked, looking the girl over shrewdly.

"Oh, yes, Aunt Ruth," said Rhoda; "mother says that's the very reason. 'Face the Foe,' that's her motto that she's always brought us up on. If you don't, she says you go on dreading and dreading it for ever, and worse and worse as you put off trying it, and by-and-bye you are incapable. She always makes us try to do everything we hate to do, and keep at it till we like it."

"Your mother's a very sensible woman," was Aunt Ruth's comment. "Here, take the shears, then. I was going to let you look on and see me do it, but you might as well make your mistakes and profit by them.

"There!" said Rhoda in triumph fifteen minutes later; "that bugbear never will block me again."

"Plucky way of doing," muttered Robert to himself, coming out of the window-seat where he had been lounging over a "Harper's Weekly" instead of doing what he called "tackling" his debating club essay. "'Face the foe!' Did it, too, like a soldier. Wonder how that rule

would work on some of my 'bugbears.' There's that Christian Endeavour meeting to-night. Dick wanted I should lead it for him. Sneaked out of it by telling him I never did such a thing in my life. Believe I'll go and try it, Rhoda-fashion! Wouldn't she be surprised if she knew what she made me do with her dress-making lesson?"

### THE HAPPIEST LITTLE BOY.

"Guess who was the happiest child I saw to-day?" asked papa, taking his own two little boys on his knees.

"Oh, who, papa?"

"But you must guess."

"Well," said Jim slowly, "I guess it was a very wick little boy, wif lots and lots of tandy and takes."

"No," said papa; "he wasn't rich, he had no candy and no cakes. What do you guess, Joe?"

"I guess he was a pretty big boy," said Joe, who was always wishing he was not such a little boy; "and I guess he was riding a big, high bicycle."

"No," said papa; "he wasn't big, and of course he wasn't riding a bicycle. You have lost your guesses, so I'll have to tell you. There was a flock of sheep crossing the city to-day; and they must have come a long way, so dusty and tired and thirsty were they. The drover took them up, bleating and lolling out their tongues, to the great pump in Hamilton Court to water them; but one poor old ewe was too tired to get to the trough, and fell down on the hot, dusty stones. Then I saw my little man, ragged and dirty and tousled, spring out from the crowd of urchins who were watching the drove, fill his old, leaky, felt hat, which must have belonged to his grandfather, and carry it one, two, three, oh, as many as six times, to the poor, suffering animal, until the creature was able to get up and go on with the rest."

"Did the sheep say, 'tank you,' papa?" asked Jim gravely.

"I didn't hear it," answered papa; "but the little boy's face was shining like the sun, and I'm sure he knows what a blessed thing it is to help what needs helping."

### THE FOOLISH ROSE.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning a breeze came through and set all the flowers and leaves a-flutter. Now, that is the way flowers talk; so I pricked up my ears and listened.

Presently an elder-tree said, "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" said a dozen, all together, for they were like some children who always say, "Why?" when they are told to do anything.

The elder said, "If you don't, they'll gobble you up!"

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off.

In one of the middle beds there was a beautiful rose that shook off all but one,

and she said to herself, "Oh, that's a beauty. I'll keep that one."

The older overheard her and called. "One caterpillar is enough to spoil you."

"But," said the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, and his beautiful black eyes, and scores of little feet. I want to keep him. Surely one won't hurt me."

A few mornings after, I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her; her beauty was gone; she was all but killed, and had only life enough to weep over her folly, while tears stood like dewdrops on the tattered leaves.

"Alas! I did not think one caterpillar would ruin me."

"One sin indulged has ruined many a boy and girl. This is an old story, but a true lesson."

### A LIVE FLOWER.

"I am going to tell you," said a father, "about an animal that sees without eyes, hears without ears, eats without tongue or teeth, and walks without feet."

"Oh, father, you are making fun," cried George.

"No, here it is," he replied, and he pointed to what looked like a bright coloured flower growing just under the water. It had a thick stem and a crown of beautiful pink leaves.

"But that is a flower!" exclaimed the mother.

"Do you think so?" said the father. "Can a flower be afraid?" He touched the thing, and in a minute all the long leaves had curled up, and it looked like an ugly knob. The children watched, and presently it uncurled again, the stem swelled, and it was a wide open flower.

"Can a flower eat?" asked father. "Look here!" He caught a little shrimp and dropped it just over the pink leaves, or tendrils, and—would you believe it?—they snatched the shrimp and sucked it down into the middle, where the father said it would be digested.

"You see, this animal, which is called a sea-anemone, has no eyes nor ears, but it saw and heard the shrimp coming; no tongue nor teeth, but it has eaten up Sir Shrimp; no feet, but when it pleases it can get off the rock to which it seems to be fastened, go off to another, and fasten itself there. God has filled the earth, sky and sea with marvels like this and greater than this. 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all."

How many a poor boy has been led to commit some crime that seemed small, and was small in itself, but it led to greater and still greater crimes, until a sad end was reached. We remember one poor lad who, standing on the scaffold, with the black cap on his face, said that his first crime was stealing a pin, the next one an apple, the next a knife, and so on, until he had at last killed a man. Beware of the little sins that ruin the life and damn the soul.