

WHAT A TRACT DID.

A CHILD a penny gave,
 With which a tract was bought,
 That tract a heathen chief
 Unto the Saviour brought.
 A little church was built,
 Men turned from idols old,
 Till fifteen hundred souls
 Were gathered in the fold.

If every little hand
 Shall sow the Gospel Seed,
 And every little heart
 Shall pray for those in need;
 If every little child
 Shall give to God his mite,
 Soon shall the heathen come
 To walk in Christ, the Light.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 23, 1888.

FORGIVENESS.

"LIFE is too short for any bitter feeling; time is the best avenger if we wait."

Little people have their temptations to revenge, and sometimes it almost looks right to pay bad folks in their own coin.

But do not be deceived. It is never right. We cannot afford it. "Life is too short" to indulge in any unkind feeling or revengeful acts. The thing to do when we are ill-treated is simply to wait. Wait our opportunity to do a kind turn, to speak a gentle word, to show a forgiving spirit.

Do you know that the spirit of revenge is the spirit of Satan? And when a boy says, "I'll pay him back! see if I don't," Satan smiles. That is just what he likes. But it leaves a dark spot on the heart!

The spirit of forgiveness is the spirit of Jesus. Boys sometimes get the idea that it is weak to be forgiving. But our Master

was the strong one, and whatever is like him must be strong.

If we have not already learned the sweet lesson of forgiveness, let us learn it now.

"To err is human,
 To forgive divine."

WHY A PITTSBURGH MAN WENT OUT OF THE LIQUOR BUSINESS.

"I HEAR that Smith has sold out his saloon," said one of a couple of middle-aged men who sat sipping their beer and eating a bit of cheese in a Smithfield Street saloon last Friday.

"Yes," responded the other, rather slowly. "What was the reason? I thought he was just coining money there."

The other nibbled a cracker abstractedly for a moment, and then said:

"It's a rather funny story. Smith, you know, lives on Mount Washington, right near me, where he has an excellent wife, a nice home, and three as pretty children as ever played out of doors. All boys, you know, the oldest not over nine, and all about the same size. Smith is a pretty respectable sort of a fellow, never drinks or gambles, and thinks the world of his family.

"Well, he went home one afternoon last week and found his wife out shopping, or something of that sort. He went on through the house into the back yard, and there, under an apple tree, were the little fellows playing. They had a bench and some bottles and tumblers, and were playing keep saloon. He noticed that they were drinking something out of a pail, and that they acted tipsy. The youngest, who was behind the bar, had a towel tied around his waist, and was setting up the drinks pretty free. Smith walked over and looked in the pail. It was beer, and two of the boys were so drunk that they staggered. A neighbour's boy, a couple of years older, lay asleep behind the bar.

"Boys, you must not drink that!" he said, as he lifted the six-year-old boy from behind the bench.

"We's playin' s'loon, papa, an' I was a sellin' it just like you," said the little fellow. Smith poured out the beer, carried the drunken boy home, and then took his own boys and put them to bed. When his wife came back she found him crying like a child. He came back down town that night and sold out his business, and says he will never sell nor drink another drop of liquor. His wife told mine about it, and she broke down crying while she told it."

This is a true story, but the name was not Smith.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

BOB AND SURF.

ONE DAY Bob ventured too far and carelessly, while playing on the sea-shore near his home, for he fell with a splash into deep water. The little fellow could not swim and his bubbling cry for help could scarcely have been heard on the rock from which he fell, so loud was the noise of the dashing waves. Surf's tail became rigid with the stress of emergency, then over the rock he went after his playmate. Seizing the boy by the coat-collar, he swam around the rock to a gravelly beach, and soon had him high but not dry, on the shore. For a moment Surf was puzzled. The day was windy and Bob had pulled his little cap down over his ears so tightly that the waves had not washed it off. Surf pulled it off with his teeth, and ran at full speed with it to the house. "Merciful heaven!" cried the mother, seizing the cap and rushing out. Surf led the way, whining in a low tone, to where Bob lay, pale indeed, but already showing signs of life. Fortunately, Mrs. Andrews knew just what to do, and within an hour Bob was in his high-chair at the table with the rest; but he shared his dinner that day with the brave dog who had saved his life.

AN INTELLIGENT DOG.

A NEWFOUNDLAND dog was playing on the porch with a little girl four years old. All at once she took a notion to go to neighbour's house, and opened the gate and went out. The dog did not follow her. Some little time afterward the child's mother came out, discovered her absence, and said to the dog, "Where is Nellie?" The dog looked as if he knew, and wagged his tail quickly. "Go this instant," said the mother, "and find Nellie and bring her home." Over the gate flew the dog and started down the street to a neighbour's house not far off. Nellie was playing there inside the house and saw the dog come and scratch at a verandah window. "I know what he wants," said the little girl; "he wants me to go home, but I'm not going to do it!" The dog was not admitted, but he lingered near like Mary's little lamb, and when two ladies called presently he rushed in past them through the door. Then, rushing up to Nellie, he seized her dress with his teeth and began dragging her to the door. An attempt was made to drive him off, but he growled and held on to her dress. The little girl, beginning to be frightened, gave up all resistance and trotted home by his side, and he delivered her in triumph into her mother's hands. Don't you think he was a sensible dog?