

## SUMMER DAYS.

THE summer sun is shining,  
The sweet air softly breathes,  
The flowers are gaily twining  
Their many-tinted wreaths;  
The fragrant fields are waving  
With early ripening grain,  
And noontide rays are leaving  
On fruits a crimson stain.

Soon as the morning raises  
Her curtain from the sky,  
The greenwood sings thy praises,  
O God, most great and high!  
And flowers with perfume hasten  
Each with a dewy cup,  
While soft winds stoop to listen  
And bear the incense up.

And I—shall I be silent  
Amid' the happy throng?  
No, let me join the music  
That sweetly floats along;  
And bid each breeze ascending,  
Each sunbeam bright and fair,  
My praises never ending,  
My heart's love upward bear.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MAY 21, 1892.

## SAVE THE CHILDREN.

IN these days by far the greater number of those who become Christians become such in childhood and early life. Jonathan Edwards was converted at seven years of age, Robert Hall at twelve, and Isaac Watts at nine. Christianity is the only religion that touches childhood. Its founder passed through the various stages of child-life, and in after years took up little children in his arms and blessed

them. Conversion should be the aim of every Sunday-school teacher. We are not simply to impart a knowledge of Biblical history, geography, and doctrine, but to bring the hearts of our scholars in contact with the living Christ. With the greater number it is "now or never." Many come from anything but Christian homes. The world has them six days and twenty-three hours in the week. Whatever we do has to be done quickly. We have no time to discuss last month's concert or next month's picnic, no time to waste in mere chit-chat and local gossip. Let every thing converge to this focus—our personal relation to Jesus Christ. We find Christ directly or by fair inference in every lesson. It should be our aim to bring out that central truth and press it home upon the hearts of our scholars. There is no grander work upon earth. So shall all our children be taught of God, and "great shall be the peace" of our children.

## REAL FRIENDS.

YOU may have heard your mother tell how when she went to school she had such a dear girl friend, and how they two have kept up the friendliness for so many years; and you have perhaps heard her say that school friendships are often the most enduring of any. Then you have wondered if you and your present "best friend" would love each other when both of you are gray-headed. Now let us see how things stand between you and your best friend, Anna. Of course you like her very much; but you must confess that very frequently there comes a "little tiff" and you "fall out." When such a thing happens, you straightway transplant your affections to some other girl, and your friend does likewise. You two scarcely speak when you meet, and generally make a point of showing great devotion to the new friend in the presence of the old one.

Now isn't it rather silly to have these unhappy differences so frequently? If Anna does some very unworthy act, then she deserves the loss of your friendship; but is your regard so frail a thing that it cannot stand small differences of opinion? Cannot you be more generous?

If your friend is lovable, and you are the kind of girl you ought to be, then you will bear with her inconsistencies, and put up with some of her faults. Perhaps you are not quite perfect yourself, and she may have to bear some things from you. If your friendship is the real thing,

you will remember that love "hopeth all things," "beareth all things;" and so, bearing many things patiently and sweetly, you will find that the years will not weaken—they will rather strengthen your mutual bond of intercourse.

## 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 often wanted to do so.

One day every one in the house was busy, and no one thought of Willie. He thought of himself, the naughty boy! and this is what he did. He went to the stable just 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 the muddy little figure coming towards 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-year-old, almost a man, had to be followed about by a nurse, because he could not be trusted!