

at her boarding-house to accompany her, and they set out. The Indian stalked on in front without a word; and with head bent down. After a walk of about two miles, a little log shanty came in sight, and they were soon inside. The hot, close atmosphere was almost more than Marjorie could stand, but she went bravely forward to the low cot where Jake lay. His eyes were larger than ever, and his whole frame emaciated, but he greeted her with a smile, and said: "You good to come. I go away. I not see you any more for long, long time. He called me last night. Him you read about."

He stopped, panting for breath, and Marjorie saw that the end was near. The Indian told her they had had a doctor, but he could do no more for the dying boy. At the foot of the bed, the poor mother sat motionless, the picture of agony, but without shedding a tear. Jake's face grew brighter still when Marjorie sang in a low, sweet tone,

"There is a happy land,  
Far, far away."

As she finished, there was a long quivering sigh from the bed, and then all was still. Jake had gone to be with "Him."

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 10, 1903.

### LOVING THE SICK BEST.

Anabel Jones was a patient, kind little mother, with seven dolly children. The two eldest, Dolly and Sally, were perfect beauties, "with golden hair and openin' an' shuttin' eyes." Sally could sit in her red chair alone, like a "weal-y lady." Dolly could sit alone on the rug, "stwaight

as a soldier." Then Tiny and Silverhair and Susie were "beautiful," with caps and sashes and silk stockings. Jap Tommy used to be a smart, spy young boy; so did Nicodemus (called Nick for short); but somehow their legs and arms cracked, and turned around, till at last they all fell off. Anabel cried so that mamma took Nick to the doll hospital, but he came home worse than ever. The man broke his neck trying to fasten on some new legs.

So what do you think little mother Anabel Jones did? I will tell you. She put the "wellest" children in chairs, and let Silverhair play on the floor, while she held Nick (what was left of him) all the bright sunny days in her arms. She wrapped him in flannel-cloth to keep his bruised body warm, and tied her pretty hair-ribbon around the bundle where his feet ought to be. She sang and told him stories tenderly and patiently.

Violet Gray came to play dollies one day; but when she saw Anabel holding Nick, she made a face, tossed her head, and said spitefully: "What old thing is that? I'd burn it up. It's an old mummy!"

Anabel got very red in the face, and replied: "Violet, you can jes' go home! I love Nick, the very best of all. So does all good mammas. So does Jesus love little cripp'ys, and 'flicted and broken-up people. Mamma says so."

### FIVE PEAS IN A POD.

BY HANS ANDERSEN.

Once upon a time, in a farmer's garden, there lived five little peas in a tiny house that people called a pod. The little peas were green, the little pod was green, and the vine that held the pod was green. "All the world is green," thought the little peas.

The warm sun shone upon the vine, and the raindrops fell, oh, so softly, and gave them all nice cool drinks. The vine grew, and the pod grew, and the little peas grew very fast, so fast that they were crowded in their tiny house and wanted to get out.

"I'm tired of staying here," said one little pea.

"I don't want to be cooped up for ever in this dark place," said a second little pea.

"I want to see the world," said a third little pea.

"I'm afraid we shall grow hard," said the fourth little pea, and the little baby pea cried, he wanted to get out so badly.

The days grew warmer and warmer, and the vine turned yellow, and the pod turned yellow, and the little peas turned yellow.

"All the world is yellow," thought the little peas.

One day a very strange thing happened to the little peas; their little house burst

right open, and the five little peas fell on the ground. A little boy saw them, and ran just as fast as he could and picked them up.

"What fine peas for my pea-shooter," said the little boy, as he picked out the largest pea and threw it just as far as he could.

"I shall never come back," said the next little pea, when he felt himself going higher and higher.

"I am going to the sun," said the third little pea, as he flew upward through the air.

"Good-bye," said the fourth little pea, and the little baby pea was left all alone. The boy put him in his shooter, and the little baby pea flew right into an open window, and fell on the floor near a little sick girl's bed. Her mamma picked him up and planted the little pea in a flower-pot where the little girl could see it.

"O mamma," said the little sick girl, "I think I shall get better now."

"I hope you will, darling," said her mother, and sure enough, when the little plant awoke and grew higher and higher, the little girl could come and look at the green leaves, and give the little pea-vine nice cool drinks.

### DO YOUR BEST.

Do your best, your very best,  
And do it every day,  
Little boys and little girls;  
That is the wisest way.

Whatever work comes to your hand,  
At home or at your school,  
Do your best with right good will;  
It is a golden rule.

For he who always does his best,  
His best will ever grow;  
But he who shirks or slights his task,  
Lets all the better go.

### BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I will give that to the missionaries," said Billy, and he put his fat hand on a little gold dollar as he counted the contents of his money-box.

"Why?" Susie asked.

"'Cause it's gold. Don't you know that the wise men brought Jesus gifts of gold? And the missionaries work for Jesus."

There was a stillness for a little time; then Susie said: "The gold all belongs to him anyhow. Don't you think that it would be better to go right to him and give him what he asks for?"

"What's that?" Billy asked.

Susie repeated softly: "My son, give me thine heart."—*Sunday-school Evangelist.*

Jesus said: "Continue ye in my love."