

## FINDING FAULT.

The winds refused to blow ;  
 "No use," said they, "to try,  
 From north or south or east or west,  
 These folks to satisfy.  
 The north wind is 'too cold ;'  
 The west wind, 'bold and rough ;'  
 The east is 'chilly,' they complain ;  
 The south 'not cold enough.'"

And so the windmills stopped,  
 And ships lay idly by ;  
 The sun beat down from morn till night  
 Because no cloud could fly.  
 The people sighed for wind.  
 "Blow hot or cold," said they,  
 "From north or south or east or west,  
 'Twill be the wisest way."

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 15, 1903.

## CHARLIE'S LIFE.

"Mother," said little Charlie, "Will Harnin says that his mother writes books?"

"Does she?" said the mother. Then she went on sewing, and forgot Charlie, who was trying to stand on his head.

"Mother," said Charlie, presently, "is it very hard to write a book?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said his mother.

"I'm going to write a book," said this small man in petticoats.

Just then the door-bell rang, and Charlie's mother went to see a caller. When she came back, her little boy was sitting on her footstool, busily writing; but as he wrote with a slate-pencil it didn't do any harm.

"Now, mother," said Charlie, "I'm done with my book."

"No," said his mother, thinking a little

while, "you are not done. God has given you a book to write. I hope it is a long one, full of beautiful stories."

"What is the name of my book?" he asked, coming closer to her.

"Its name is 'Charlie's Life.' You can write only one page a day, and you must be very careful not to make any black marks in it by doing ugly things. When you pout and cry, that smears your page; and when you help mother, and keep a bright face, and don't quarrel with Reddy, that makes a nice, fair page, with pretty pictures on it."

"And when will I be done writing that book?" asked Charlie.

"When God sees that your book is long enough," answered his mother, "he will send an angel to shut its covers, and put a clasp on it until the great day, when all our life books are opened and read."

Charlie sat very still for a while, and then said softly: "Dear little Lucy finished writing her book when they put her in the white casket, and laid the white roses over her."

"Yes," said his mother; "her life book was just a little hymn of praise to God. Its pages were clean and white, with no stains on them."

Charlie looked up, and saw two tears fall on his mother's work; but they were bright tears, and a bright smile came with them.

## WHAT IS THE SWEETEST WORD?

A little girl lay ill with fever. One evening she asked the nurse which was the sweetest word in the world, and the answer was "Mother." The child seemed unsatisfied, so the nurse said "Home," and then "Heaven." But the little one shook her head. Then the nurse thought of a name she was sure the child would think the sweetest, and the little face did brighten and seemed to hold a bit of heaven at the sound of the name of Jesus, and she said: "Yes, I am glad I know Jesus; he loves little children." Still she had an unsatisfied, questioning look, and the nurse asked: "Dear, what do you think is the sweetest word?" "I think," she answered, "that 'whosoever' is the very sweetest word; for don't you see that takes them all in—mother, home, heaven, Jesus, and all?" Then came a quiver of the lips and a tender shadow over the face as she said: "I know lots of folks have no mother, but you see, Jesus will be a mother to them. O! I am so glad to know about 'whosoever.'"

## A LITTLE BLACK BOY AND A BIG CHIEF.

In Uganda, in Africa, every Christian is expected to do something for the Master, and teach others of Jesus. They are sent from village to village to carry the good tidings. A little boy once went

to the chief's house, but he refused to let him come inside of the fence; so the boy stood outside and called through the fence that he was like one who had good medicine for the sick, but the sick would not take it.

The chief called out, "I am not sick; I am quite well."

"That is just what I thought about myself once," said the boy, "but I was not only sick, but dead, and worse than dead; for I was so bad I was spoiling all around me."

The chief became interested in the determined little fellow who would not go away, and invited him to come in and eat with him, and ended by buying a book and promising to learn to read.

And the last we heard of that old chief he was getting ready to be baptized. How glad that boy will be when he sees him join the army of the Lord.

## ALFRED'S PRAYER.

"Mamma," said Alfred one night as he was going to bed, "I prayed that God would keep us children from quarrelling; but he has not answered that as yet, for sister Daisy and I quarrelled dreadfully to-day."

"Ah, my son, you will have to help the Lord to answer that."

"Help the Lord, mamma? Can't he do everything?"

"He won't make you good against your will. If you choose to be a naughty boy, God will be sorry for you; and when Satan tempts you to quarrel, if you turn right to God for strength to resist him, and then fight like a good little soldier to keep down the naughty temper, then God will give you victory. But he won't do the work for you."

"O, I didn't understand," said the little boy.

"Yes, my dear," continued mamma, "you have something to do yourself, when you pray such a prayer, to help God to answer it. You must watch and pray and fight against temptation; and if you do this, you will be able by and by to come and tell me that God has answered all your prayers."—*Kind Words.*

What God may hereafter require of you, you must not give yourself the least trouble about. Everything he gives you to do you must do as well as you can, and that is the best possible preparation for what he may want you to do next. If people would do what they have to, they would always find themselves ready for what came next.—*Selected.*

Children, remember that you can do a great deal more toward making home happy by obeying your fathers and mothers in all things.