

## TO A LITTLE MAID.

How should little maidens grow,  
When they're ten or over?  
In the sunshine and the air,  
Wholesome, simple, fresh and fair,  
As the bonnie daisies blow,  
And the happy clover.

How should little lassies speak  
When they're ten or over?  
As the birds do, and the bees,  
Singing through the flowers and  
trees,  
Till each mortal fain would seek  
The merry-hearted rover.

How about her eyes and ears  
At this stage of growing?  
Like the clear, unclouded skies,  
Not too eager nor too wise,  
So that all she sees and hears  
May be worth the knowing.

And the little maiden's heart?  
Ah! for that we're praying,  
That it strong and pure may grow.  
God, who loveth children so,  
Keep her from all guile apart,  
Through life's mazes straying.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, AUGUST 17, 1901.

## COME.

Jesus has said the beautiful word to you. I wonder if you cannot be his little servant, and say it to others. Once there was a little Indian boy, who was anxious to help tell the big Indians and the Indian boys and girls about the Saviour he loved. He was afraid of the big, fierce Indians, and they would not listen to just a little boy; but he thought of one thing he could do. He went to the preacher of the mission church, and asked him if he could ring the church bell on Sundays.

He said: "I will always be in time, and I will pull with all my might." Are you not sure that, because of the lad's willing service, the Lord Jesus made that church bell say, "Come!" to the Indians' hearts? Perhaps there is a boy or girl on your square who will go with you to Sunday-school. You can be so kind to the little strangers who come that they will want to come again; you can talk with your little playmates about what Jesus would have you to do. There are many ways of saying: "Come."

## THE USE OF A GENTLE ANSWER.

Often a civil answer will save you from rudeness and insult. Even rough men are softened by a few sweet, gentle words of a child, just as I have read that a little boy was softened by the notes of a bird. The boy was playing in the garden, when a little bird perched on the bough of an apple tree close at hand. The boy looked at it for a moment, and then, obeying the promptings of his baser part, he picked up a stone that lay at its feet, and was preparing to throw it, steadying himself carefully to take a good aim. The little arm was reached backward without frightening the bird, and it was within an instant of destruction, when lo! its tiny throat swelled, and it shook out a flood of sweet notes. Slowly the boy's arm dropped to his side, and the stone fell to the ground again, and when the little warbler had finished its merry pipings it flew away unharmed.

A gentleman who had been watching the lad then came to him and asked him: "Why didn't you stone the bird, my boy? You might have killed him and carried him home."

The little fellow looked up, with a face of half shame and half sorrow, as he answered: "I couldn't 'cos he sung so."

And civil words may sometimes save you from damage, my child, just as its sweet song saved the bird.

## GOD'S THANK YOU.

A kind act is never lost, although the Cousin Jack or other person for whom we do it may not thank us. The doer always receives a reward, as this little story illustrates.

Little Jack was a four-year-old, and a great pet of mine, with yellow curls and blue eyes; and he had sweet, affectionate ways. One day his cousin, a boy of sixteen, set Jack to work for him. He told him to pull up some weeds in the field while he finished his story. Jack worked away until his fingers were sore and his face very hot. I was working in my room when a very tired little boy came up to me. "Why, Jackie, what have you been doing?" I asked.

The tears came into his eyes, and his lips quivered, and for a moment he did not speak. Then he said: "I've been kind to Cousin Jack. I worked drollly

hard for him, and he never said, 'Thank you' to me."

Poor little Jackie! I felt sorry for him. It was hard lines not to have a word of thanks after all his hard work. But that night, when I had put him in his little cot, he said to me: "Auntie, this morning I was sorry that I pulled the weeds, but now I'm not sorry."

"How is that?" I asked. "Has cousin Jack thanked you?"

"No, he hasn't; but inside me I have a good feeling. It always comes when I have been kind to any one; and, do you know, I've found out what it is!"

"What is it, darling?" I asked.

And, throwing his arms around my neck, he said: "It's God's thank you."

## EXAMPLE OF ABSTINENCE.

Bishop Asbury was a guest of a family where brandy was placed on the table; and he was invited to partake, but declined. The lady blushed and said: "Bishop, I believe that brandy is good in its place." "So do I," said Bishop Asbury; "if you have no objection, I will put it in its place." So he put it in the old-fashioned cupboard in the corner of the room, saying, "That is the place, and there let it stay," and there it did stay, never to be brought to the table again.

## BILLY, THE CROW.

Billy was a cunning little black crow. Uncle Dick caught him, and gave him to Edith for her very own, and I can't begin to tell you how delighted she was with her pet. Mamma and Edith used to feed him with raw meat, because they couldn't dig worms and catch bugs, you know; and every time Billy spied them coming to give him his breakfast or dinner he would caw, caw, caw, and flutter his shiny wings, and open his big mouth, oh, so wide.

But all that happened when he was a tiny baby crow. Now he can feed himself, and spread his wings and fly, just like all the rest of the crows that steal the farmer's corn; and he can—but I was going to tell you a story.

One morning Edith's Aunt Kathie, who had come to make a visit the night before, was sitting out on the piazza reading, when suddenly somebody called: "Papa, papa, papa, pa-pa." It was such a distressed voice that Aunt Kathie dropped her book in a hurry, and ran quickly down to the pine grove to see what was the matter; but just as she reached the first big clump of trees she heard the voice again: "Papa, pa-pa-a!" And where do you think the sound came from? Away up in a tall, green pine tree, directly above her head. And when Aunt Kathie looked up there, what do you think she saw? Billy, the little black crow, gazing at her just as still and solemn as ever he could.

"Well," exclaimed Aunt Kathie, "to think a pet crow could give me such a scare as that!"