

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

BEAUTIFUL faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where a hearth-fires glow,
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministry to and fro
Down lowliest ways if God wills so

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 11, 1894.

A MISSIONARY SERMON BY A
LITTLE BOY.

Who would have believed that such a mite of a boy as Fritz could understand about missions? To be sure, Kathie and Bettie talked a great deal about their "Whatsoever Band." The little pink mite-box that stood on the mantel-shelf beside the old clock was always preaching a missionary sermon. Fritz often saw the pennies and dimes dropped into the box, and was sometimes held up to add his mite to the family gifts. But he was only a baby, so mamma was surprised one day after the girls went to their mission-band meeting, to hear her little boy giving a missionary sermon to old Whiskers, the family cat.

"Whiskers, 'tain't bein' a miss'nary boy dust to put money in 'e pink botst. It's

thinkin' 'bout 'e peoples 'at doesn't know 'ere is a happy land. It's bein' sorry for 'em, and lovin' 'e mans and ladies 'at tells 'em 'bout it. It's puttin' 'em yight netst to papa and mamma when you say your payers. My Bettie says some fotst sink it's on'y puttin' pennies in 'e botst. When I see a mission-band boy I'll know better."

THE NEW YEAR'S CALL.

RAP, rap, rap! Rap, rap, rap! It was not a very loud rapping, but grandma heard it, and opened the door.

There stood her own little granddaughter, Ethel, dressed in a beautiful new red coat trimmed with black fur, a big black muff, red gaiters on her little legs, and a beautiful hat with a feather on her head.

"My!" exclaimed grandma, "who is this little lady?"

"Why, grandma, don't you know me? I'm Ethel."

"Sure enough! so you are. But I never saw all these fine clothes before," answered grandma.

"Cause it's New Year's Day, grandma. It's a new year, and new coat and muff, and a new hat, and a new dress—see?—and new shoes, and new leggin's, and I'm new all over."

"Is it a new Ethel, too?" asked grandma.

"Why, grandma! how funny! I couldn't be new. If I was new I'd be put in the rag bag last night, and 'stead of me there'd be another little girl in the bed this morning, and—and—that wouldn't be me at all," said Ethel, with a puzzled look in her eyes.

"See here, Ethel, every day you are having new thoughts, and doing new things. When anyone has been naughty, and stops doing bad things, and does only good things, we say he has become a new man. If a naughty little girl went to bed last night, and waked up this morning, thinking 'I will be a good girl to-day,' then she is a new little girl."

"Grandma," Ethel said, after thinking very hard, "I'm never going to slap baby again when he gets my toys, then it'll be a new year, new clothes, and a new Ethel."

THE "S'POSE" THAT CAME TRUE.

"AIN'T you glad mother made us bring this big umbrella!" exclaimed Tom, pushing with all his might to make the rib-ends go into the sand.

"I wish she had given us one that would not wobble so," objected Jenny, getting red in the face with the contest over her side, that wouldn't stay where she put it.

"Hold on there," said Cecil, from the under side; "you two let go of him awhile."

The builders of this palace by the sea let go reluctantly; but Cecil was big, and big-gness counts for a great deal. They let go, and presently the bad-tempered umbrella gave up the fight, and allowed itself to be made a tent of, though, I must say, you had

to treat it very carefully if you didn't want it to flop down about your ears.

"Now, what shall we play?" asked builder Cecil.

"Indians," promptly answered Tom.

"Oh no," said the little maid, "Indians are horrid. Let's play kings and queens."

"Kings and queens don't live in tents," objected Cecil.

"They can if they choose, though," answered the quick-tongued little woman "kings and queens can do anything." In which she was much mistaken, you know, but a six-year-old always thinks that of kings and queens.

So Cecil lay out on the sand, because there wasn't room for him in the palace he had built out of the umbrella, and he said he would be the king's army and do the fighting."

"Well, now," began Jenny, "s'pose we were the king's boy and girl, you know, and the king always takes care of us, and never lets anything hurt us, and gives us lots to eat, and beautiful things for clothes, and a fine house to live in, and lots of pictures, and a band to play music, and—"

Alas! the wind had been getting stronger every minute, the palace "wobbled" more and more, and before Jenny got half through her "s'poses," up flew the umbrella, away and away; the king's army had to run after it, and the little prince and princess were left homeless and tentless.

But don't you know that "s'pose" all came true? Tom and Jenny were indeed the children of the King of kings, who always took care of them, and gave them enough to eat and to wear, with this beautiful world to live in, and a more beautiful world when they should be done with this.

Even Cecil's "s'pose" came true; for dear Cecil is a man now, and a brave soldier of the cross.

THE BROKEN DOLL.

SOME little children have great faith in God. Nellie's doll had been broken, but Harry and Alice wouldn't admit having done the mischief. Harry said, "I didn't do it;" and Alice said, "Well, I am very sure I didn't do it." So Harry said: "Be right still now; I am going to ask God. Now listen. O God, did I break Nellie's doll? Didn't Alice break it?" They listened a few minutes, and then Alice said: "Now, I'll ask him. God did I break Nellie's doll?" Just then little Ernest came in, and hearing the doll mentioned, said: "Baby break Nennie's dolly." "You broke it, did you, little rogue?" said mamma, who had been listening. "So, children, God sent baby to tell you who did the mischief."

THE babies in Greenland are dressed in fur, and are carried in a pocket on the back of their mother's gown. When the mother is too busy to carry baby about, she digs a hole in the snow, covers him up all but his face, and leaves him there until her work is done. These babies are sober, black-eyed little things, and seldom cry or make a fuss of any kind.