

Mildred's strong arms back to her little white bed. She was sure she could not sleep a wink, but of course she did. In five minutes she was dreaming that she was walking in a beautiful garden and saw Jinksie Crane there, too, walking with a golden eruteh.

I can't tell you the whole story of the next two days; they were so very busy. But at last an expressman came and took away a bundle. In the bundle there was a soft, warm overcoat for Jinksie Crane, besides some other things. But I tell you about the coat because it was made from one of Mildred's old ulsters, and Edith ripped all the seams herself.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 18, 1902.

FOLLOWING JESUS.

"I'm going to have a spelling-bee to-night," said Uncle John; "I'll give a pair of skates to the boy who can best spell 'man.'"

"There is only one way!" they all cried out.

"No; there are many ways," replied Uncle John.

It seemed as if supper time would never come; but it came at last, and so did Uncle John. Sitting down, he looked straight into Harry's eyes. "Have you been a good boy to-day, Harry?" he asked.

"Yes—no," said Harry; "I did something Aunt Mag told me not to do, because Ned Barnes dared me to. I can't take a dare."

Uncle John then asked Bob: "Have you had a good day to-day, my boy?"

"I haven't had fun enough," answered Bob. "It's all Joe's fault. We boys wanted the pond all to ourselves for one

day; and we intended, when the girls came, to clear them off. But Joe——"

"I think it is Joe's turn," interrupted Uncle John. "How was it, my boy?"

"Why," said Joe, "I thought the girls had as much right to the pond as the boys; so I spoke to one or two of the others, and wouldn't let them drive the girls away. I thought it was mean to treat girls that way."

The next minute the skates were on Joe's knee. "Joe has won the prize," said Uncle John. "Then he continued, speaking very gravely: 'Boys, we've been spelling 'man' not in letters, but in acts. I told you there were different ways, and we've proved it. Think it over, and remember that the one perfect Man carried God's law of obedience and unselfishness into everything.'—Westminster Junior Quarterly.

HIS PROMISE.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

The school was out, and down the street
The noisy crowd came thronging;
The hue of health, a gladness sweet,
To every face belonging.

Among them strode a little lad
Who listened to another,
And mildly said, half grave, half sad:
"I can't; I promised mother."

A shout went up, a ringing shout
Of boisterous derision,
But not one moment left in doubt
That manly, brave decision.

"Go where you please, do what you will,"
He calmly told the other,
"But I shall keep my word, boys, still;
I can't; I promised mother."

God's blessing on that steadfast will,
Unyielding to another,
That bears all jeers and laughter still,
Because he promised mother!

DO YOU DO ANY OF THESE THINGS?

Do you always bow your head while prayer is being offered, or do you look around to see who has on a new dress or coat, or whether Mary and Jack are bowing their heads during prayer? Worse than all, do you laugh and whisper while God's blessing is being asked on all assembled in his house? Do you think that you are deserving a blessing when you are thoughtless and irreverent?

A little child, becoming weary with the quarrelling of two younger children over a glass of milk, exclaimed: "What's the use of quarrelling over that milk? There is a whole cowful out in the barn!"

THE BOY WHO COULDN'T BE TRUSTED.

Harvey held up his fingers, as if there were something in them, saying, "Speak for it!" then waited for his dog to take a seat on his hind feet and bark a request for it, but the dog did no such thing. Instead, he poked his nose between the rails of the fence and looked surly.

"Why, what a dog!" said Harry Wheeler, who was on a visit to Harvey, and waiting to see the dog perform. "Now, my Trusty, the minute I bring him anything and hold it up so, will speak just as plain. Everybody knows what he says."

"This dog used to do so," Harvey said, looking crossly at him. "I'm sure that I don't know what's got into him; he doesn't mind at all. He ought to be whipped."

Just then Miss Lilie Barr came out to see the fun. She was Harvey's sister. She was in time to hear what was said. "I know just what's got into him, Harvey Barr," she said; "and if I were a dog, I would do exactly so. He doesn't believe a word you say. You cheat him all the time. You snap your fingers and say, 'Speak for it!' and you haven't got a thing for him, and he knows it. What would he speak for? If I had a dog, I wouldn't cheat him."

"Pshaw!" said Harvey; "as if a dog knew when he was cheated!"

"Why, of course he does. If he doesn't, why wouldn't he mind when you spoke to him? He used to ask so nicely for things but now he knows you are just doing it to fool him."

"Well, he ought to mind, whether I have anything or not," Harvey said. "A dog ought to mind. Anybody who wouldn't mind isn't worth a penny. Papa makes us mind, whether he has anything for us or not."

"O Harvey, as if papa ever cheated us! You never heard him say, 'Come here, and I'll give you something,' and then not do it after all."

"I don't care; if he *did* say so, we would have to mind him."

"But he *won't* say so ever, because it isn't right; and I don't think that it is right to treat a dog so. It just ruins him; mamma said so. Mamma said that Aunt Hattie was bringing up her Tommy just as you bring up your dog. She tells him to be a good boy, and she will bring him something; but she always forgets it, and Tommy knows that she will. He says: 'O pooh, she won't!' I suppose that is exactly what your dog is saying to himself now."

"Boys are boys, and dogs are dogs," said Harvey; but he jumped down from the fence, and went away. He had made up his mind that there was no use in trying to have the dog "speak." Whether it was bad bringing up or not, he *wouldn't* mind.—Our Boys and Girls.