

Can you read the secret? It is not giving, but sharing, that makes the children so glad. That is what Christ does. He shares our life and lets us share his. The Holy Supper is the way we show this.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	Y. 27	\$1.00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	Y. 27	2.00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., 2 vols., monthly	Y. 27	3.75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	Y. 27	3.25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	Y. 27	1.00
Canadian Epworth Rev.	Y. 27	0.50
Sunday-school Banner, 62 pp., 8vo, monthly	Y. 27	0.50
Onward, 6 pp., 8vo, weekly, under 5 copies	Y. 27	0.50
5 copies and over	Y. 27	0.50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 8vo, weekly, single copies	Y. 27	0.25
Less than 50 copies	Y. 27	0.25
Over 50 copies	Y. 27	0.24
Sunday-school, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	Y. 27	0.15
10 copies and upwards	Y. 27	0.11
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	Y. 27	0.11
10 copies and upwards	Y. 27	0.09
Dew Drops, weekly	Y. 27	0.48
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	Y. 27	0.50
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	Y. 27	0.06
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$1 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	Y. 27	0.06

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
20 to 23 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 32 Temperance St., Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUBERTS,
2176 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 8, 1904.

WHAT A SMILE DID.

BY DR. NEWTON.

Gertrude White, a sweet little girl about nine years old, lived in a little red brick house in our village.

She was a general favorite in Cherryville; but she had one trouble. Will Evans would tease her because she was slightly lame, calling her "Tow-Head" whenever they met. Then she would pout, and go home quite out of temper. One day she ran up to her mother in a state of great excitement:

"Mother, I can't bear this any longer!" she said: "Will Evans has called me 'Old Tow-Head' before all the girls."

"Will you please bring me the Bible from the table?" said the good mother.

Gertrude silently obeyed.

"Now will my little daughter read to me the seventh verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah?"

Slowly and softly the child read how the blessed Saviour was afflicted, oppressed, yet "opened not his mouth."

"Mother," she asked, "do you think they called him names?"

And her eyes filled with tears as the sorrows of the Son of God were brought before her mind.

When Gertrude went to bed that night she asked God to help her to bear with

meekness all her injuries and trials. He delights to have such petitions.

Not many days had passed before Gertrude met Will Evans going to school, and remembering her prayer and the resolution she had formed, she actually smiled at him.

This was such a mystery to Will that he was too much surprised to call after her, if, indeed, he felt any inclination; but he watched her till she had turned the corner, and then went to school in a very thoughtful mood.

Before another week passed they met again, and Will at once asked Gertrude's forgiveness for calling her names. Gertrude was ready to forgive, and they soon became friends, Will saying:

"I used to like to see you get cross; but when you smiled I couldn't stand that."

Gertrude told Will of her mother's kind conversation that afternoon, and its effect upon her. Will did not reply; but his moistened eyes showed what he felt, and he said he never would call her names again.

"JESUS, IT'S ME."

At a religious meeting in the south of London a timid little girl wanted to be prayed for; she wanted to come to Jesus, and said to the gentleman conducting the meeting:

"Will you pray for me in the meeting, please, but do not mention my name."

In the meeting which followed, when every head was bowed, and there was silence, the gentleman prayed for the little girl who wanted to come to Jesus, and he said:

"O Lord, there is a little girl who does not want her name to be known, but thou dost know her; save her precious soul!"

There was perfect silence. Away in the back of the room a little girl rose, and a little voice said, "Please, it's me, Jesus; it is me!" She did not want to have a doubt. She meant it. She wanted to be saved, and she was not ashamed to rise in that meeting, little girl as she was, and say, "Jesus, it's me." Jesus is always pleased with those who are not ashamed to confess him.

BE CONTENT WITH A LITTLE.

Two little cousins sat talking together under an oak-tree one warm afternoon.

"Oh, dear!" said the elder, in a very disconsolate tone, "I wish I did have pretty things like other folks; Ida Smith can have everything she wants; she has two lovely white dresses, a pink and a blue sash; and, oh, so much jewellery, gold bracelets, rings, chains, and lockets, and here I can't have even a string of beads or a yard of ribbon. I declare, I think it's too hard to be so poor!"

"Don't be so 'consolate, Roxy," said her little comforter, soothingly, "My mamma says folks must be content with their lot."

"But, Lily, suppose they haven't their lot?" inquired Roxy.

The other thought a moment and then said, "Well, if they haven't a lot, they must be content with a little."

Dear, happy little Lily! What a lesson of contentment you teach us! Don't complain because you do not have great blessings, but be thankful for the small ones.

TO SECURE PUNCTUALITY.

My rule is almost too simple to offer, and yet, in practice, most superintendents shrink from it.

It is, "Begin when the hour comes."

I once belonged to a good Sunday school, in which there was but little complaint of tardiness; but which, under a new, though very good superintendent, gave great trouble in this matter; until the old plan was suggested and restored.

Boldly begin with three children, if only three are present. If your musicians and singers are absent, never mind that; change the order of the opening exercises, or even its whole character. You can pray, and you can read chapters. More children and teachers will come in as you read to swell the responses; and you can afford to be very polite to your singers when they do arrive, for the sight of the difference they have caused in the school routine will do more than any words to show that their presence is necessary. The children, too, will quickly improve.

Some will always be late; but if it is not known exactly when school really opens, a great many will be late.

THE LAND OF COUNTERPANE.

BY R. L. STEVENSON.

When I was sick and lay abed,
I had two pillows at my head,
And all my toys beside me lay
To keep me happy all the day.

And sometimes for an hour or so
I watched my leaden soldiers go.
With different uniforms and drills,
Among the bedclothes, through the hills.

And sometimes sent my ships in fleets,
All up and down among the sheets:
Or brought my trees and houses out,
And planted cities all about.

I was the giant great and still
That sits upon the pillow-hill,
And sees before him, dale and plain,
The pleasant land of counterpane.