

LITTLE THINGS.

Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket will soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.

Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give,
But as pennies make the dollars,
It will help some cause to live.

A few little bits of ribbon,
Some toys—they were not new—
But they made the sick child happy,
Which has made me happy too.

A word now and then of comfort,
That cost me nothing to say,
But the poor old man died happy,
And it helped him on the way.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 12, 1904.

THE BEST GOD COULD DO.

It had been a sad, hard winter for Mrs. Throp and little Benny. Whooping-cough and bronchitis had seized the little fellow like two cruel gaolers, and held on to him all winter. These gaolers could not let him rest by day, they would not let him sleep at night; they would not let him eat his breakfast in peace; they often made him lose his dinner; they shook him; they racked him; they made him sad and tired; oh, it was a hard time for Benny, and a harder time for Benny's mother.

One day a postman, in a big overcoat, with a cape to it, came pounding at their little door, and left a letter for "Mrs. Amelia Throp, No. 49, East Front Street."

What do you suppose that letter held? Bushels and bushels of sunshine, white and yellow daisies, butterflies, and birds!

How small one little letter carry so much! Why, there was money in it from Cousin James, to bring mother and Benny down to Georgia, where springtime had come already, though we were walking on snow and ice.

When Cousin Susie first carried Benny in her strong, young arms, out to the sunny Georgia field, and he felt the sweet, soft air, heard the mocking-bird singing like a choir, and saw the yellow jessamine running mad over everything, he laughed aloud with delight, then, drawing his thin, white little face into soberness, "Cousin Susie," he said, "I don't believe God can make any place prettier than this, do you?"

But Benny will know some day, when his time comes to cross the river of death, that God has made our heavenly home more sweet and beautiful than we can ever think or imagine here.

HOW ONE HARD VERSE WAS LEARNED.

BY PANSY.

In Miss Alice's class a strange thing happened. There were thirty little girls and boys, one Sunday, who did not know the golden text. "What can be the reason?" asked the teacher, and many voices answered:

"It's too hard, Miss Alice; my mother says so."

"It's a great long verse, Miss Alice; too long for us little folks; my father says so."

"Dear me!" said Miss Alice; "then let us learn pieces of it. Is there any scholar here too little to learn one word?"

"Oh, no!" they laughed, and were sure there was not. So the thirty that did not know the golden text were formed in a line.

"Now," said Miss Alice, "I'll give you each a word. Little Belle is the youngest here, so she may take that little word 'if.' Keep saying it over to yourself, dear, until I am ready for it. Her brother Johnnie may take the word 'ye,' and Clara may take 'then.' She went through the verse until each child had a word. Then she called upon each to give his word back to her, and went down the long line gathering them.

"If—ye—then—being—evil—know how—to—give—good—gifts—unto your—children—how—much—more—shall—your—heavenly—Father—give—the—Holy—Spirit—to—them—that ask—him?" There were just enough words for each to have one, and not one of the thirty forgot his word.

Suddenly the boy that had said the verse was too hard called out, "Miss Alice,

I know all the words!" and he repeated them.

"Why, so he does!" said Miss Alice, "and he is one of our younger scholars. I wonder if any others know it?" There were four or five who did; then six, then seven.

"I will write the verse in dashes on the board," said Miss Alice, "and see who can read it for me." So she made a row of dashes like these — — — — — and after a little, nearly every scholar could "read" the verse!

"Now," said Miss Alice, "let's see if we can learn what the verse means. How many children have had 'good gifts' from their fathers? Why, you all have! Yet your fathers are not nearly so wise nor so strong as your heavenly Father. If they are so good to you, what will he be? There is one wise good Friend strong enough to help us always; his name is Holy Spirit. The heavenly Father is willing to give him to some people; I wonder to whom?" A dozen little voices said, "To them that ask him."

"Yes," said Miss Alice. "Shall we ask our heavenly Father to give each of us this gift of the Holy Spirit in our hearts?" Then they bowed their heads, and Miss Alice prayed.

JOHNNIE'S GROWTH.

Lay away the little shirt-waist

That our darling boy once wore;

In the rag-bag gently shove it,

He won't need it any more.

With a pair of red suspenders

We must soon our boy endow,

For the fact is most apparent—

Papa's pants fit Johnnie now.

Lay aside the knickerbockers

With the fringe around the knees;

Take the marbles from the pocket,

All the strings and nails and keys.

Buy him socks instead of stockings,

Or the boy will raise a row;

For our darling has been growing—

Papa's pants fit Johnnie now.

SHE TOLD HER SO.

Little Alice came running into the room where her mother was sewing, and exclaimed as she threw herself into a chair with a sigh of satisfaction: "Oh, mamma, I did have such a good time at Aunt Ella's, and I told her so before I came away."

"I'm glad you did," her mother replied. "Your aunt tried to make a pleasant afternoon for you, and it was quite right for you to tell her she had succeeded."

Of course it was right. One should never be chary of words of thanks and encouragement; they help wonderfully to keep folks sweet.—Selected.