

JESUS AS A LITTLE CHILD.

Jesus was once a little child,
A little child like me,
Was cradled in his mother's arms,
And sat upon her knee.

Once he was just the age I am,
And was as helpless, too;
He used to sleep, and walk, and speak,
Just as all children do.

And yet though he was once a child,
He is the God of all,
And angel hosts before his throne
In lovely worship fall.

And why was it he chose to be
A child so poor and weak?
It was that I might learn from him
How blessed are the meek.

It was that I might learn from him
My parents to obey,
And like the child of Nazareth,
Grow holier every day.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 11, 1901.

THE LOST BOY.

The little fellow's name was Harry. He was five years old, and lived in the country. He had neither brother nor sister, and his playmate was a shepherd dog named Carlo. One day his mother went to the city, which was five miles distant. She was gone all day, and upon her return could find nothing of her boy nor of the dog. When the father came, the neighbours joined him in searching for his lost Harry; but all the night through they found no trace of him. The next day the mother heard that a boy like her own

had been seen in the city. She started immediately to find him.

Arriving there, a man told her that a strange boy, followed by a shepherd-dog, had been found by a gentleman, who had sheltered them during the night. The boy had missed his mother, and had come to the city to find her. Carlo had come too, to take care of his little master. Harry had grown very tired, and sat down on the gentleman's sidewalk to rest. So Carlo lay down by the boy, who soon took his dog for a pillow, and dropped off into a sound sleep. The kind gentleman found him and took him into the house for the night. Carlo would not be separated from Harry, and so they both spent the night together in a nice bedroom, after a good supper.

The anxious mother soon found the house, and rejoiced over the safety of the little wanderer. Carlo got great praise for his faithful care of Harry.

A BRAVE BOY.

Between sixty and seventy years ago, three little English boys were amusing themselves together in a wood lodge one summer forenoon. Suddenly one of them looked grave and left off playing. "I have forgotten something," he said. "I forgot to say my prayers this morning; you must wait for me." He went quietly into a corner of the place they were in, knelt down and reverently repeated his morning prayer. This brave boy grew up to be a brave man. He was the gallant Captain Hammond, who fell in the attack on the Redan at the siege of Sebastopol. He was a faithful soldier to his earthly sovereign, but, better still, a good soldier of Jesus Christ.

A BOASTFUL BOY'S DOWNFALL.

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall," said Solomon. A boy who had won a prize for learning Scripture verses, and was greatly elated thereby, was asked by a minister if it took him a long time to commit them.

"O no," said the boy, boastfully. "I can learn any verse in the Bible in five minutes."

"Can you, indeed? And will you learn one for me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then in five minutes from now I would like very much to hear you repeat this verse," said the minister, handing him the book and pointing out the ninth verse of the eighth chapter of Esther:

"Then were the king's scribes called at that time in the third month, that is, the month Sivan, on the three-and-twentieth day thereof; and it was written, according to all that Mordecai commanded unto the Jews, and to the lieutenants, and the deputies and rulers of the provinces which are from India unto Ethiopia, a hundred twenty and seven provinces, unto every

province according to the writing thereof, and unto every people after their language, and to the Jews according to their writing, and according to their language."

The boy entered on his task with confidence, but at the end of an hour could not repeat it without a mistake, and had to tearfully acknowledge himself defeated.—*Golden Days.*

THE SAW OF CONTENTION.

"O Frank, come and see how hot my saw gets when I rub it! When I draw it through the board it's most hot enough to set fire to it."

"That is the friction," said Frank, with all the superior wisdom of two more years than Eddie boasted.

"Yes," said sister Mary, who was passing, "it's the friction; but do you know what it makes me think of?"

"No! what?" asked both the boys at once.

"Of two little boys who were quarrelling over a trifle this morning, and the more they talked the hotter their tempers grew, until there is no knowing what might have happened if mother had not thrown cold water on the fire by sending them into separate rooms."

The boys hung their heads, and Mary went on: "There is an old proverb which says, 'The longer the saw of contention is drawn, the hotter it grows.'"

TOMMY, THE TEASE.

If Tommy had been taught to be busy with some useful work when he was not at play in good earnest, he would have been a much happier boy, and his family would have been much happier, too, for he was a boy with a very bright mind and a fun-loving nature. He teased his sisters from the moment school was over until they were safe in bed; and the cat, the dog, and the canary were teased in turn. He did not seem to think that it is not a nice thing to make a business of distressing others.

Tommy learned a lesson that he will never forget from Fuz, the cat (her full name was "Fuzzy Wuzzy"). She had borne the pinching of her tail and ears so long and so patiently that Tommy felt quite sure that it was "great fun" for her as well as for himself; but at last, when Fuz was sitting on her favourite gatepost, waiting for the cows to come up, bringing her some warm milk, she had her way with Tommy. After five pinches of her tail, she made a flying leap, striking Tommy in the face with her wide-spread paw. It struck his right eye, and there was a boy at home, with a bandaged eye, for a week.

"Served you right," said the doctor; "but you came very near to being a one-eyed boy."—*The Child's Gem.*

We invite the attention of all our readers to the new dress of type in which HAPPY DAYS appears this week.