

is far too kind. It was my own fault for getting in the way of the cab." Poor "Mousie!" he was only ten years old, but he had his own solution of the mystery of pain.

He loved to hear hymns. Some one sung, "There is a Happy Land" to him the night before he died; and a little later those who were watching him were surprised to hear him croon the first verse all through in quite a strong, clear voice. Then he sighed pitifully, "Lord, Jesus, do take me;" and said to his mother, "I shan't have a bit of pain *there*, you know!" And after a few unconscious hours "Mousie" knew why God had permitted his pain.—*Quiver*.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 7, 1901.

THE GOLD PENNY.

Jimmy was a "shiner," as the little boys who black boots in the city streets are called. He had a nice corner near the post-office, where a great many gentlemen passed by every day, and where it was beautifully muddy in dull weather.

One morning a smart-looking young man came along, one of Jimmy's everyday customers, and said to the little fellow: "Be lively, now; I'm in a very great hurry."

Jimmy brushed with all his might, till the boots shone like black marble. The young man dropped five single cents into his hand, and started off on a run. As he put the money away Jimmy noticed that one penny was very bright indeed. Looking more closely, he found that it was a shining gold piece. He did not know its worth, but he knew that it would buy a great many more things than pennies would do. He carried it home to his

mother, thinking over what he should buy first. But she told him that it would be just the same as stealing, and made him return it at once. This was Jimmy's first lesson in honesty, and one which he never forgot.

Little boys and girls should always remember that it is dishonest to keep anything that does not rightfully belong to you.—*Sunday Hour*.

A NEW LEAF.

Harry Wilde says that he "turned over a new leaf." His teacher thinks that he has, and his mother knows that he has. What has Harry done? He has smoked his last cigarette; he has bought his last sensational story paper; he has taken hold of his school work in earnest; he has turned away from bad company. At home he is a very different boy. There is no more teasing to spend the evenings on the street, no more slamming of doors when he is not allowed to have his own way, no more sour looks and lagging footsteps when he is required to obey. What can it all mean? Just this: Harry found that there was nothing good within him, and that he was in danger of being lost. He also found that he could not change one of his evil ways, so he asked Jesus to change them. He opened his heart wide for the Saviour, and he was quickly saved, and a great change was made in his whole life.—*Westminster Quarterly*.

GIVING BY A POOR HINDU.

There was a poor Hindu who became a Christian, and after a while came to the missionary with ten rupees (between three and four dollars of our money) for church work.

"Why," said the missionary, "you are too poor a man to give all this."

But the Hindu stretched out his hand and said, "Oh, sir, I am only giving back what the Lord has freely given me."

The missionary adds: "I was almost moved to tears to see this poor man, with only a scanty bit of cloth about his body, and in a time of great scarcity, so ready to deny himself for the treasury of the Lord."

THE LOVE-BOX.

Freddy had a box in his closet where he put his clothes he had outgrown and the toys he did not care for any longer. "It shall be your charity-box," said mother. "When it is full I will pack up the things and send them to some poor children who will be very glad to get them." One day at Sunday-school the lesson was about charity. The teacher said that the word meant love, and that we can show our love for God by being kind to the poor. The next day Freddy said to his mother: "I'm not going to call my box a charity-box any more; it is a

love-box. It's because I love Jesus that I want to save my things for the poor children."

THE CHRISTMAS LEGEND.

BY MARION A. BIGELOW.

There's a German legend,
That they tell to-night
To the little children
In the Christmas light.

Thus the legend runneth:
In a wintry storm
Came a little stranger
To a dwelling warm.

And two little children,
Very fair and sweet,
Welcomed in their wand'rer,
Warmed his frozen feet;

Placed him at their table
When their board was spread,
And with hearty pleasure
Gave the stranger bread.

Then, when very weary,
Covered up the child;
In their bed they placed him,
While the storm raged wild.

Then they slept so sweetly
On the naked floor,
Thinking that the tired one
Wandered cold no more.

Wakened from their slumbers,
In the starry night,
Came a glorious vision
Of the angels bright.

As they sung around them,
There stood their little guest,
Clad in golden garments,
Like the crowned and blest.

Thus he spake unto them:
"I was wandering lone;
You shall have my blessing
For the kindness shown."

There stood a lovely fir-tree
By their home of light;
He took one of the branches
And planted in their sight.

"This," he said, "shall flourish,
And bear its fruit for you;"
Then the Christ-child and the angels
Vanished from their view.

But every year at Christmas,
In the fir-tree's branches green,
Are many golden apples,
And nuts of silver seen.

Ah! little Christian children,
A Bible lesson see:
"As ye did it unto others,
Ye have done it unto me."