

A QUEER HOLE.

I have heard of a boy who lived long ago—
For such boys are not found nowadays,
you know—

Whose friends were as troubled as they
could be
Because of a hole in his memory.

A charge from his mother went in one day,
And the boy said "Yes," and hurried
away;

But he met a man with a musical top,
And his mother's words through that hole
did drop.

A lesson went in, but—ah me! ah me!
For a boy with a hole in his memory!—
When he rose to recite he was all in a
doubt,

Every word of that lesson had fallen out.

And at last, at last—O terrible lot!
He could speak only two words: "I for-
got."

Would it not be sad, indeed, to be
A boy with a hole in his memory?

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 11, 1897.

THE LADY OF THE UGLY HOUSE.

BY J. B. COLEMAN.

A sweet lady once lived in an ugly
house. Her house was once as pretty as
any, but one day the cruel flame enveloped
it, and when they put it out the house was
scarred and seamed. To strangers it looked
forbidding, but to those who had learned
to love the sweet lady who abode there it
was not so. They would look in at the
windows and see her sad, sweet eyes, or
listen at the door, when it opened, to hear
her gentle voice, and they knew that she
was both beautiful and good. All the little
boys and girls knew and loved her well,

for she loved them and was over their
friend in time of need; and many a tale
was told of her loving intercession with
teacher and stern parent, and of her peace-
making, when they called her "blessed."
The man of God, too, loved the sweet lady,
for she loved God and read much in his
Word, and sometimes she told the minister
things which he had not read in books.

Now, 'tis strange, but true, that nobody
ever saw the sweet lady outside of her
ugly house. But one day she told the
minister that she was going to move. And
he asked, "Whither?" And she said, "I
go to live in a mansion." And the man of
God said, "It is well." And the sweet
said, "It is best." And the day she
moved out the ugly house fell in ruins,
and all the little boys and girls came to
see the ruins and wept over them, for
they remembered the sweet lady who
abode there.

Now, can any little boy or girl tell truly
what was the house the sweet lady lived
in, what were the windows, what was the
door, what really happened to make it
look so ugly, why the house fell in ruins
when the sweet lady went out at last, and
where is the mansion she went to live in?

LOOKING AT THE STARS.

"Let us look at the stars, mamma, be-
fore I go to bed," said Harry. "I know
the Dipper, and you can find the North
Star from the Dipper; and I know Scor-
pio too, from that bright red star in his
tail."

"The study of the stars is a beautiful
one, my boy, and should lead you to think
of God who 'calleth them all by name,'"
said Harry's mamma. "I hope you will
be as constant in all things as are those
beautiful orbs. Each one is always in its
place"

WATCHES IN THE OLDEN TIME.

At first the watch was about the size of
a dessert plate. It had weights, and was
used as a "pocket clock." The earliest
known use of the modern name occurs in
the record of 1552, which mentions that
Edward VI. had "one larum or watch of
iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt,
with two plummetts of lead."

The first watch may readily be supposed
to have been of rude execution. The first
great improvement—the substitution of
springs for weights—was in 1560. The
earliest springs were not coiled, but only
straight pieces of steel. Early watches
had only one hand; and being wound up
twice a day, they could not be expected to
keep the time nearer than fifteen or
twenty minutes in twelve hours. The
dials were of silver and brass; the cases
had no crystals, but opened at the back
and front, and were four or five inches in
diameter. A plain watch cost more than
one hundred pounds; and after one was
ordered it took a year to make it up.

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

"I must not go into the parlour," said
something in Helen's heart; but she went
right in.

"Mamma told me not to," it said again
right in her breast; but she walked in a
little farther.

Mamma's fan lay on the table. "Mam-
ma doesn't let me take that," it said again;
but she took the fan and opened it. It
stuck and she pulled it—when she heard
the fan snap.

"You would better go out of the par-
lour," said the voice in Helen's heart again.
It was the voice of conscience. But just
then Helen saw mamma's dog, and ran to
the chair where Tommy was. She patted
him, but he growled at her.

Tommy would not leave the chair in
which his mistress had told him to stay,
although Helen wanted him to. She threw
the fan on the floor and tried to hug him.
Then he growled again.

When mamma called Tommy he ran to
her gladly, but Helen hung her head. Do-
ing wrong had made her ashamed.

WHAT WILL?

Dr. Barnardo, of London, the great phil-
anthropist, relates that he was once stand-
ing at his front door on a bitter day in
winter, when a little ragged chap came up
to him and asked for an order of admission
into his home.

To test the boy, he pretended to be
rather rough with him. "How do I
know," he said, "if what you tell me is
true? Have you any friends to speak for
you?"

"Friends!" the little fellow shouted;
"no, I ain't got no friends. But if these
'ere rags,"—and he waved his arms about
as he spoke—"won't speak for me, nothing
else will."

O, if the woes, the misery, the wretched-
ness of the heathen—of those who are
without Christ—do not speak to you, do
not appeal to you, young reader, what will?

A LITTLE GIRL LED THEM.

This is how a little girl started a great
meeting: Among the people gathered for
worship one evening was a little girl of
not more than seven summers. Yet she
was designed to be the leader of that meet-
ing. When it seemed as though no one
wanted to speak, sing, or pray, the little
girl rose to her feet, and with one little
sentence she broke the spell that bound us
by simply repeating these words: "I love
Jesus." It was enough. We had testi-
mony after testimony, song after song,
and prayer after prayer, until the very
windows of heaven were opened and the
Lord came down. It beautifully illustrates
the fact that we are to become as little
children if we would enter into the
kingdom.

God has said that he will bless those
children who love and obey their parents,
but his curse shall be upon the disobedient.