

der pillars which were at the foundation.

He laid these on the tiny coals, then put in a few square and oblong pieces, then some wood, and in a few minutes the fire was crackling merrily.

When he turned to his castle again, baby was busy among the ruins.

"You can play with the blocks now all you want to," he said; "I guess I'll read a while."

When his mother came home, Roger told her all about it.

"I hated to spoil my castle before you saw it, and to burn up my nice blocks, just like everything," he said; "but of course I had to. I guess I'll not forget the fire again, and anyhow, I'm glad I had something to start it with."

"And I'm glad I have a boy that can be trusted," said mother, with a hearty kiss.—*The Morning Star.*

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 27, 1904.

TWO WAYS.

A father away from home was talking about his two little daughters. "It will be the middle of the night when I reach home," he said, "but I expect I shall have to wake my little girls up to say 'How do you do?' to their papa." "How will they do it?" some one asked. And then the father smiled. "Bessie," he said, "be she ever so sleepy, will be sure to say: 'Papa, what did you bring me?'" "And your little Mary?" "Why, she will just cuddle down in my arms, and be so glad; to-morrow morning she will not be able to do enough for me." The father loved both his dear children, and was not a bit angry with the little girl who liked gifts so well;

but I have told the true little story as a hint to the girls and boys who have kind fathers and mothers to show their love to. Our Heavenly Father, who gives all good things, can be served too by the hands of his little ones.

UNSELFISH.

There are usually two ways of looking at a thing, and it is well now and then to change one's point of view. Little Hans had just begun his school life, and his mother was ambitious to have him keep a high standing in his class.

"Why, Hans," she said, regretfully, at the end of the second week, "last week you gave me so much pleasure by getting to be at the head of your class, and now you are only number four, I see."

"Yes, I know," admitted the little fellow with great gravity; "but then," he added, "some other boy's mamma has the pleasure this week, so I thought you wouldn't mind so very much."

"You're quite right, Hans," said his mother, giving him an appreciative smile; "I don't mind it at all—now."

A COUNTRY BOY'S PENNY.

As a rule, boys who live on a farm or in a country town are much more thrifty and economical than city-reared boys. Success considers this due to the fact that, in the city, there are hundreds of devices to catch the pennies of boys. There are nickel-in-the-slot machines, fruit and candy stands, and all sorts of contrivances to induce a boy to part with his small coins. These temptations do not exist to any great extent in the country. There is a great difference in the way the country boy and the city boy look at a nickel. The country boy sees very much more in the coin than the city boy; he sees greater possibilities—the nickel is possessed of a charm. He carries his change in his pocket, counts it over, and wonders what he will do with it when he gets his first dollar. His parents instil into him, from babyhood, the importance of saving his money and putting it in a bank. The city boy, as a rule, gets his money easier and parts with it as easily.—*The Morning Star.*

FOR GINGER-BREAD OR FOR MISSIONS.

Dr. Cyrus Hamlin, who was for many years a missionary in Turkey, tells about a contribution he made for missions when he was a little boy. His mother often read to him about heathen lands and the missionaries, and there was a missionary contribution-box in town, where the people placed their offerings. He says:

"When the fall muster came every boy had some cents given him to spend. My mother gave me seven cents, saying, as she

gave them: 'Perhaps you will put a cent or two into the contribution-box in Mrs. Farrar's porch on the common.' So I began to think as I went along, shall I put in one, or shall it be two? Then I thought two cents was pretty small, and I came up to three—three cents for the heathen and four cents for ginger-bread; but that did not sound right, did not satisfy me, so I turned it the other way and said four cents shall go for the heathen. Then I thought, the boys will ask me how much I have to spend, and the three cents is rather too small a sum to talk about. 'Hang it all,' I said, 'I'll put the whole in.' So in it all went. When I told my mother some years afterward that I was going to be a missionary she broke down and said, 'I have always expected it.'"

SNOW.

Little white feathers, filling the air;
Little white feathers, how came you there?
"We came from the cloud-birds sailing high;
They're shaking their white wings up in the sky."

Little white feathers, I can't understand
Why you should melt when you touch my hand.

"Oh, that is because the cloud-birds rise
From the streams and rivers up to the skies."

Little white feathers, when you fall
Heaped on the ground you don't melt at all.

"Oh, that is because the frozen earth
Forgets that the waters gave us birth."

Little white feathers, how swift you go!
Little white feathers, I love you so!
"We're swift because we have work to do;
But hold up your face, and we'll kiss you true."

—Selected.

"THE LORD'S PART."

Nannie had a bright silver dollar given her. She asked her papa to change it into dimes.

"What is that for, dear?" he asked. "So that I can get the Lord's part out of it." And when she got it in smaller coins, she laid out one-tenth.

"There," she said, "I'll keep that until Sunday." And when Sunday came, she went to the box for offerings in the church vestibule, and dropped in two dimes.

"Why," said her father, as he heard the last one jingle in, "I thought you said you gave one-tenth to the Lord."

"I said one-tenth belonged to him, and I can't give him what is his own; so if I give him anything, I have to give him what is mine."

Strike while the iron is hot.