

and sorrow, said: "I couldn't, sir, because he sang so beautifully." Melody thus awakened humanity, and humanity aroused mercy.

### GOOD-MORNING.

BY SYDNEY DAYRE.

Beaming little blue eyes,  
Cheeks so round and rosy,  
Baby out upon a ride,  
Snug and warm and cosy.

Merry chat and laughter,  
Little dimples plenty,  
One within and one without—  
Fun enough for twenty.

Bonny little Tiptoe,  
Reaching up her kisses—  
Was a picture ever seen  
Cunninger than this is?

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 25, 1903.

### GROWING A NAME.

Little Charlie Hays came home from school one day very proud of the fact that he could write his name. He brought his slate to show to his mother what round, clear letters he could make.

"Would you like to make your name grow, Charlie?" asked his mother.

"I don't know how it could," said Charlie, "I never saw a name grow."

Then his mother took him out in the garden, where a new fresh bed of black, rich earth had been made. She gave him a stick with a sharp point, and told him to write his name in large letters in the middle of the bed.

Charlie did so, and then his mother sowed mignonette seed all along the letters.

"Now," she said, "in a few weeks you will see your name growing tall and sweet."

Charlie went away the next day to visit his grandmother, and when he came home again, three weeks later, he ran at once to the garden to see if his name had grown. And there it was, "Charlie Hays," in pretty green letters, just as he had written it.

Charlie was so pleased with it that after that he sowed his name every spring in a different seed.

### TELLING A SECRET TO SISTER.

There was not much to tell, but Johnnie Wilson called it a secret, and told it to his sister. Now Johnnie was only eight, but his sister was eighteen, yet they were great friends; so whether in joy or trouble Johnnie told her his secrets. She listened patiently, and perhaps would have said something about it, but restless Johnnie said:

"Now, Agnes, you tell me a secret."

"Well, I will," she said; "I will tell you one of the great secrets that it would do most boys good to know."

"You don't mean—"

"Early to bed, and early to rise,  
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,"  
do you?" cried Johnnie, rather impatiently.

"No, I was not thinking about that," replied Agnes; "but I am glad you know it."

"Oh, yes, but I want you to tell me one of your own secrets, you know; something about something or about somebody that you have not told any one else."

"Well, I will tell you my secret by first of all telling you a short, true story. You have heard that Christopher Columbus discovered America, and, of course, he knew a great many people, and had a great many friends. But one day, when he talked to one of his young sons, he told him that he himself had had ten brothers, and they had been the very best friends he had ever known; and so Columbus advised his boy to love his brothers, and make them his chief friends. And what I want to tell you, Johnnie, as a secret worth knowing, is this, that you should always tell your secrets to your loving sister, and never say or do anything you could be ashamed of her knowing."

"Oh, is that all?" said Johnnie.

"Yes; but it is a great deal," Agnes replied; "and I will give you a little verse to learn; it will be better than a foolish secret:

"Friend and brother wouldst thou find?  
Hearts of love around thee bind?  
Be thyself a heart of home:  
To gentle heart, hearts gentle come."

### A "GREAT BIG ALL."

BY PANSY.

Rolf sat on the floor putting on his stockings and shoes. At least that was what he ought to have been doing; as a matter of fact, he was playing with his toes.

"Rolf," said his mother, "you will be late to breakfast." Then Rolf pulled one stocking part way on and played that it was a wolf who had come to swallow his toes. When he should have been brushing his hair he was looking at the pictures in his new book. When at last he got downstairs his father had finished breakfast.

"What has become of my kiss this morning?" he asked, and Rolf looked sober, for he knew when he was late to breakfast, through his own fault, he lost his father's kiss.

As soon as his own breakfast was eaten, his mother said, "Now, Rolf, it is late; you will have to hurry."

"All right," said Rolf. But just then Buff, the dog, came in with a queer-looking bone, and Rolf had to examine it. In the yard was a strange cat that he stopped to chase. When he reached the school-house the sound of singing came to him, and Rolf knew he was late and had lost his recess.

At night he talked things over with his mother.

"I know what was the matter," said his mother; "my little boy did not put his whole heart into anything that he had to do."

"My heart isn't in pieces, is it?" asked Rolf.

"There is a sense in which it is; you put only a little piece of it into your work; you did what you wanted to do instead of what you ought."

"But I wanted to get to prayers and to breakfast and to get my kiss," said Rolf.

"Not so much as you wanted to play. Don't you see how it was? You put a little piece of your heart on those wants, and a great big piece on the play with your toes and picture book. And you kept right on in that way; you wanted to get to school in time, but not so much as you wanted to chase the cat. All your heart wasn't in the wish to do right."

Rolf sat looking at the moon and was still. Suddenly he asked, "Mother, do you know my to-day's verse?"

"I think not."

"Well, you have talked it! 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart,' that's what it is. There's a great big 'All' in that, isn't there?"

"I think there is," said his mother. "And if my little Rolf had been obeying it he would have had a good day."

As God's light shines into your heart, you will see more and more of your depravity, and your absolute need of Christ.