

thought he would go to the woods close by, and try to break off a branch that would do for a stick. He was not long in finding one, but, in trying to break it, he found it was too strong for him. While he was still trying, some one stepped behind him, and said: "I think I can break it." He seized hold of the bough, and broke it off. Harry was surprised to find it was the match-boy, and, before he could thank him for his kindness, he had run away.

Harry now thought a great deal more of his rough answer, "Go away," to the poor boy, and made up his mind to speak kindly for the future.

Let us all learn the same lesson. If we do not want to buy of the poor people we meet with, let us at least speak kindly to them, for many of them have sorrowful hearts, and we should not add to their sorrows by harsh words.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 28, 1903.

CONNIE'S MORNING PRAYER.

Many boys and girls who are careful to "say their prayers" at night before going to sleep are not so careful to ask God in the morning to guide them through the day. Though they do not all speak out as he did, they are like the boy who wanted God to take care of him in the dark, but thought he could take care of himself in the daytime.

Connie was one of those little girls who had found out that she was always happier through the day when she asked Jesus in the morning to help her do right, and to keep her from doing wrong. One morning she had a fresh trouble to take to God. One of her schoolmates had treated her

very unkindly the day before, and how could she ever treat her just as she used to do? She had said the night before, "I'll never speak to her again"; but now there came into her heart the words, "Do good to them that hate you." How could she do good to Jennie Wells after the way she had treated her the day before? She thought she just couldn't; so she told Jesus all about it, and asked him to take the hate out of her heart and fill it with love. That is what he did. And when she went to school she was ready to treat Jennie as kindly as ever. And Jesus made this very easy for her; for when she came near to the school-yard who should run to meet her but Jennie, who put her arm around her neck and said: "O Connie, I know it was real mean for me to talk the way I did yesterday. Won't you forgive me? I am so sorry I said it." And the two girls were the best of friends from that time.

SEVEN LAST SAYINGS OF CHRIST

1. "Father, forgive them, they know not what they do." (Luke 23. 34.)
2. "Verily, I say unto thee, to-day shalt thou be with me in paradise." (Luke 23. 43.)
3. "Woman, behold thy son!" (John 19. 26.)
4. "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" (Matt. 27. 46.)
5. "I thirst." (John 19. 28.)
6. "It is finished." (John 19. 30.)
7. "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit." (Luke 23. 46.)

"LITTLE MISS SUNSHINE."

Sarah Gordon was a dark-eyed, rosy-checked little girl, just seven years old, who went with Aunt Lois every Saturday to visit the home on Sunderland Heights. The ward that she loved best was like a big nursery, full of toys and pictures, whose owners tried to be patient in spite of pain and weariness. How the sick children did watch for her coming!

Freddie, the lame boy, thought her dimples the prettiest that he had ever seen; and after her first visit, when she made him laugh by telling a funny story, always called her "Little Miss Sunshine."

"Why do you?" asked the nurse, as she bent over his cot that night.

"Oh, I can't help it! She is so sweet and good; and when she goes away it's just like shutting the blinds in tight, it seems so dark." And the other children felt in very much the same way, although they did not put it in words.

One Saturday I went to the home. Freddie was looking the picture of woe. His book was upside down, and he didn't even know it. There was such an air of unhappiness about all the little ones that

I asked the nurse if they were suffering more.

"No," she said, "it isn't that; but word came to-day that 'Little Miss Sunshine' is sick, and they miss her so."

"What does she do for them?" I asked.

"O miss, I can't exactly tell you what she does. It's just what she is. She never thinks about herself at all, but she trips about from one cot to the other, always smiling, always having a bright word or a tender caress for each little sufferer; and," she added in a reverent tone, "it is my belief that she treads in the footsteps of One who went about doing good, because she so truly loves him."

Don't you believe that this was the secret?

CALVARY.

"He was wounded for our transgressions."

Darkly rose the guilty morning,
When, the King of Glory scorning,
Raged the fierce Jerusalem;
See the Christ his cross upbearing,
See him stricken, wounded, wearing
The thorn-platted diadem.

Not the crowd whose cries assailed him,
Not the hand that rudely nailed him,
Slew him on the cursed tree;
Ours the sin from heaven that called him,
Ours the sin whose burden galled him
In the sad Gethsemane.

For our sins, of glory emptied,
He was fasting, lone, and tempted.
He was slain on Calvary;
Yet he for his murderers pleaded;
Lord, by us that prayer is needed;
We have pierced, yet trust in thee.

In our joy or tribulation,
By thy precious cross and passion,
By thy blood and agony,
By thy glorious resurrection,
By thy Holy Ghost's protection.
Make us thine eternally.

THE WATER-CARRIER.

A traveller tells of seeing in a street in Egypt a crowd gathering about a man with a large leather bag on his shoulder. He was crying to all who passed by to come and freely drink. Standing beside him was a well-dressed man, who had just paid for his whole store of water, that the poor might drink. Only so could they have had it "without money and without price." Jesus has paid the full price of salvation. He bids us be his heralds, and tell of the precious gift free to all. He is his own almoner. From the hands pierced on Calvary alone can the draught of life be quaffed. "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price."