

the room where her mother sat soothing a fretful, teething baby.

"Couldn't I take him out to ride in his carriage, mother? It is such a sunny morning," she asked.

The hat and coat were brought and the baby was soon ready for his ride.

"I'll keep him as long as he's good," said Maggie, "and you must lie on the sofa, and take a nap, while I am gone. You are looking dreadfully tired."

The kind words and the kiss that accompanied them were almost too much for the mother, and her voice trembled as she answered: "Thank you, dear; it will do me a world of good. My head aches badly this morning."

What a happy heart Maggie's was as she turned the carriage up and down the walk!

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 14, 1903.

SPORT.

Sport is the name of a little white dog in our neighbour's yard. In the same yard there lives also a little boy whose name is Clifford. The boy and the dog are great friends, and when one of them is seen anywhere you may be sure the other is not far away, excepting when the boy is at school or in church, and he is a faithful attendant at both places.

One day last January Clifford went on an errand into a neighbour's house. He is a good errand-boy, as he is always careful to deliver his messages in good order to the right person. When he had done the errand on which he was sent he promptly started home with an answer from the lady on whom he had called. As he left the yard he closed the gate before Sport knew that

he was ready to go, as he had been playing about the yard.

After awhile the lady of the house heard a dog crying at the door, and as she is a great friend of animals she hastened to see what it meant. When she opened the door Sport was standing at the step, lifting his paw and crying as if it had been badly hurt. He limped around on three legs, and licked the foot that seemed to be so sore. Not knowing what else to do, the lady closed the door, for it was very cold, until she could get a shawl to throw about her as she went to report the matter to Clifford's mamma. When she closed the door the cry of the dog was more pitiful and louder than ever. When she again appeared at the door with the shawl about her and started for the gate Sport's foot had healed so suddenly that he scampered along with her and escaped into the street as soon as there was an opening large enough for him to get out of the yard.

This sounds like a made-up story to show how smart a dog may be made by training, but it is neither made up, nor had the dog been trained to perform the trick. He may have seen that the children get sympathy and help when they cry and hold up their hands, but this trick was new, and an amusing surprise to all who knew Sport.

JACK FROST.

"Boo-hoo! I don't like the co-oid!" wailed little Harry Major, one morning in February, as mamma led him to the bathroom for his bath.

"Oh! Jack Frost gives little boys rosy cheeks and good appetites for bread and milk," said mamma smiling.

"I don't like Jack Frost," exclaimed Harry, squirming, as the water went trickling down his back.

"I'm sorry for that," said mamma, "for Jack Frost was coming to you to-day to give you a pleasant surprise, and to play with you all winter."

"Jack Frost coming to play with me all winter! Why, mamma, what do you mean?"

"Hurry and let me help to dress you, and after breakfast we will go to see the surprise."

How Harry did hurry! There wasn't a bit of whimpering after that.

After his breakfast of bread and milk and a baked apple, mamma took him out to the kitchen door. There was a lovely new sled, painted bright red and green. A picture of a jolly little fellow in furs was on the sled, and underneath it the name, Jack Frost.

"Oh! oh! oh!" shouted Harry, clapping his hands and dancing up and down "I guess I do like that Jack Frost. It was the cold I didn't like."

"But you couldn't use the sled, nor learn to skate, nor make snow forts and

snow men and snowballs without the help of Jack Frost, who lives up at the North Pole and visits us a little while every winter," answered mamma.

"That's so. Thank you, Mr. Jack Frost. May I try my new sled now, mamma?"

"Yes, indeed. Run in and put on your things."

An hour later Harry came in with cheeks like a red rose. "I just love Jack Frost," said he.

CLOCKS IN AFRICA.

Until white men came among them the people of Africa had no idea of time-keepers. They had no division of hours as we have, but since our missionaries have gone into West Central Africa, at Bailundu and Chisamba, clocks have been brought in, very much to the entertainment of the natives.

Mrs. Currie, writing from Chisamba, describes the effect produced upon the boys by the coming of several Waterbury clocks which they had bought. They were greatly interested in seeing them go, and were particularly interested by the alarms.

The night after their arrival the boys set the alarms of the various clocks all the way from midnight to morning, just to hear how they would sound and to see what impression they would make when the boys were awakened from their sleep.

One of the chiefs who had sent his men to the coast had them bring up a large eight-day clock, but not knowing how to manage it, brought it to Mr. and Mrs. Currie to be "healed," as he said.

Much amusement was caused by a little fellow, Cisapa by name, who, after he had been watching the clock happened to pass in front of it, when the glass door against the dark background of the clock made a mirror. Cisapa stood, and then shouted out, "Tundako" ("Go away"); then coming to Mrs. Currie he asked, "Who is in the clock?"

He knew as little about a mirror as he did about a clock. But these lads who know so little about what is to be seen in civilized countries are not stupid.

WISHING.

One day a lonesome hickory-nut,
At the top of a waving tree,
Remarked, "I'd like to live in a shell,
Like a clam, beneath the sea."

And just at this time a clam observed,
"Way down in a tossing sea,
"I'd love to dwell in a hickory-nut
At the top of a lofty tree."

Thus both of them wished and wished and wished,

Till they turned green, yellow and blue;
And that, in truth, is just about what
Mere wishing is likely to do.