

great improvement—the substitution of springs for weights—was in 1560. The earliest springs was 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 up a year to make it up.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo, monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
2176 St. Catherine Street,
Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUERTIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 21, 1902.

AN EYE TO THE FUTURE.

There is a legend of a man wrecked at sea and borne by the waves to an unknown shore. At once he was conducted by the inhabitants to a palace and saluted with reverence.

Asking an explanation, he was told that "once a year the people took some one who reached their shores in this way and made him king. They obeyed all his commands, and he reigned in majesty and splendour for the period of a year."

"But what will become of me at the expiration of the year?"

"You will be placed in an open boat and conveyed to an island beyond the horizon, uninhabited and desolate."

"What will be my fate then?"

"It is to be expected that you will there starve."

Like his predecessors, the new king at first gave himself up to feasting and drinking. But toward the close of the

year he called his chief adviser to him and said:

"Am I still king?"

"You are."

"And will the people obey all my commands?"

"Every one, until the last moment."

"Then," said he, "I will devote the rest of the year to sending forward provisions and all necessities for my comfort on that island beyond the horizon."

There was One who said, "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also."

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. "Mamma 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 parlour," 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. Doing wrong had made her ashamed.

"WELL DONE."

Napoleon once ordered the execution of a difficult and important work in bridging the canal of Languedoc. When the emperor inspected the work, says an exchange, he found it admirably done, but the engineer answered his many questions in so confused and hesitating a manner that he sent for the prefect and said to him: "I am not correctly informed. The bridge was not made by that man. Such a work is beyond his capacity."

The prefect confessed that the engineer neither originated the plan, nor supervised the work. It was done by a young man, a subordinate, unknown to fame. He was sent for at once, was appointed chief en-

gineer, and returned to Paris with Napoleon.

Good work never escapes the eye of our Leader, and sooner or later receives his approving word, "Well done," and his appointment to a larger sphere of service.

HANDY WEAPONS.

Once there was a young man going through an enemy's country, where savage warriors were hiding behind trees, and lurking in the shadows to kill him. He started out with a gun slung across his back, and his sword in its scabbard. But he soon found out that would not do; he had to carry his gun in his hand, and throw away the sword's scabbard, if he would be ready to save his life.

Now if you are a Christian soldier, you have two weapons to keep off your great enemy, the devil; one is the Bible; one is prayer; but it will not do to have the Bible on a shelf, and prayer only in church; you must have Bible verses (your Golden Texts, for instance), learned by heart, and also little short prayers ready for use at any time.—*Selected.*

A HELPING HAND.

We may often lend a helping hand to others. Do not be afraid to go out of your way to do kind things. Always be friendly. If you see any one in trouble, be ready to help him. A child can do a great deal of good in small ways. Perhaps you may not always be thanked for it, but remember that you have done it for Jesus. It is always pleasant to be thanked, but that should not be our reason for doing good. We do good because we love Jesus and wish to please him. We do it all "for Jesus' sake," and a just reward will be ours sooner or later.—*Young Disciple.*

THE MAIDEN AND THE BLUE-BIRD.

"Pretty little blue-bird,
Won't you tell me true
Why you wear a brown vest
With your suit of blue?"

"O little maiden, truly,
While flying very low,
I brushed against the brown earth
Long and long ago.

And once, my little maiden,
While flying very high,
My back and wings went brushing
Against the summer sky."

Saucy little blue-bird,
Singing, off he flew,
With his pretty brown vest
And his suit of blue.

—*Selected.*