

ing out in town to continue the search, a very warm, sleepy little girl came slowly into the room and said, "Are you ready, mamma?" Of course she met with a warm reception. She had been asleep on a couch in the library, which was hidden by curtains. Being asleep, she failed to hear her mamma's call.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 6, 1902.

### BESSIE'S PREACHING.

They had been studying the lesson which says that the disciples went everywhere preaching the Word. Soon after this Aunt Rena was going to Uncle John's for a few days, and she said to Mrs. Allan that she would like to take Bessie. "She has had a poor appetite lately. The change would do her good, and when I go again I will take Edna."

"Very well," said Mrs. Allan; "she will be delighted."

"I wish that you were going too, Edna," she said fondly.

"Of course it would be more fun if we were together," replied Edna, "but I can go next time, and you need to go now."

"I'll bring you something," Bessie promised.

"Our lesson last Sunday was about people going to different places."

"Was it?" asked Bessie with great interest. "What did it say?"

"It said that they went everywhere preaching the Word."

"O," said Bessie, "that is not for me at all; I wish that it had been a little girl's text."

"Kind looks and obliging manners," said Aunt Rena, "often preach very

pleasant little sermons. Perhaps, too, Jesus may give you a message for somebody."

"O, I hope he will," Bessie said.

The little girl enjoyed the ride in the cars very much. There was a child about three years old in the next seat, and Bessie began to play with him. The mother, finding that Eddie was so well entertained, leaned back her head and dropped asleep. Presently Eddie grew fretful, and it was rather hard work to amuse him; but Bessie persevered, and soon had him laughing again.

"Thank you, dear," said Eddie's mother when the train stopped. "You have been a great help to me. I have had a long, sad journey."

"I am sorry for you," said Bessie, "and the dear Saviour is sorry too." Then Bessie kissed Eddie good-bye, and she never knew that she had been preaching the Word to the tired lady.—*Sunshine.*

### POLLY'S NAMESAKE.

BY GRACE B. STEVENS.

Polly's mamma sent her on an errand to Mrs. Brown's. She was shown into the parlour to wait until Mrs. Brown came downstairs. Just as the door was shut a voice called out, "Who are you? Who are you? Who are you?"

Polly looked around in surprise. There was no one to be seen, but again the voice said, "I don't like it, I don't like it a bit, I don't like it a little bit."

Polly didn't like it, either, and began to think of ghosts and such things.

Just then a sound like the clucking of a hen was heard, which instantly changed to the quacking of a duck, and soon it seemed as if all the barn-yard fowls were in the room. Polly was too frightened to move, and again the voice called out in a mournful tone, "Wouldn't you like to get out, Polly?"

Yes, indeed she would, and she began to wonder if anything would catch her if she tried to move away. A loud laugh, which seemed to answer her thoughts, made her fly to the door, which she managed to open in time to fall into Mrs. Brown's arms.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" Mrs. Brown asked, as Polly gave a scream of terror and almost fainted.

"Oh, don't you hear it? that dreadful laugh, and those fearful sounds," cried poor frightened little Polly.

A smile came over Mrs. Brown's face, but she knew Polly's terror was real, so she took the little girl by the hand, and said soothingly, "Why, Polly dear, the sounds you heard came from your new namesake. Come into the parlour again till I show you what a nice present Uncle Jack brought me last week."

So Polly reluctantly went back into the room, and there behind a curtain was a cage, and in it a beautiful parrot. "Don't

you want to get out, Polly?" it said again, as they went near, and Mrs. Brown explained that that was its way of asking that it might be taken out of the cage.

Polly got over her fright, and very much enjoyed hearing "Pretty Polly" talk. Mrs. Brown gave her a bright red feather and a green one, which had fallen out of her namesake's tail, and Polly wore them in her hat.

### DAD'S OLD BREECHES.

When dad has worn his trousers out,  
They pass to brother John;  
Then mother trims them round about,  
And William puts them on.

When William's legs too long have grown,  
The trousers fail to hide 'em;  
So Walter claims them for his own,  
And stows himself inside 'em.

Next Sam's fat legs they close invest,  
And, when they won't stretch tighter,  
They're turned and shortened, washed  
and pressed,  
And fixed on me—the writer.

Ma works them into rugs and caps  
When I have burst the stitches.  
At doomsday we shall see (perhaps)  
The last of dad's old breeches.

—*New York Weekly.*

### TWO INVESTMENTS.

"The Cheerful Workers" was the name of the mission band to which Jack Trevor belonged. Once a month he worked in his father's shed, to earn five cents to give at the meeting, for the "Cheerful Workers" was raising money to educate a boy in Japan.

For over a year Jack had been saving his money for a bicycle. He could get a second-hand one for five dollars. At last he had the money, and the wheel would next day be his.

That night Jack had a dream. His bicycle got started, whizzed across the ocean, and Jack found himself in Japan.

The Japs seemed glad to see him. One boy asked, "Are you a 'Cheerful Worker'?" "Yes, I am," said Jack proudly. "How much did you give us Japs?" said another. "Five cents," meekly answered Jack.

"What did you pay for your wheel?" came next. "Five dollars," said Jack. "Mighty mean boy," said the first Jap, "gives five cents for us, and five dollars for himself."

Next morning, when Jack related his adventure of the night, his father said, "I wonder, Jack, if you had forgotten that the Bible says, 'Love thy neighbor as thyself.'"

No troubles are so great that they cannot be built into the steps of the staircase by which souls mount up to heaven.