

THE SNOW-FLAKES.

Floating, whirling, drifting,
Strange little specks come down—
Dainty, fairy crystals
From a distant wonder-town,
Out of the dim cloud-spaces
That seem so soft and gray.
Are they dust from diamond blossoms
That grow where storm-winds play?

I learned a pretty lesson
From the little flying flakes;
One, added to another,
At last a worldful makes,
They are like the little minutes—
Easy to waste indeed,
But thousands put together
They give us all we need.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 5, 1901.

HELPING FATHER.

Helen looked out over the great wide sea and sighed.

"What are you thinking of, lassie?" asked her mother.

"Of poor father out in his boat on the ocean in all sorts of weather, fishing. I wish I was a boy, so that I could help him; but I'm only a girl, and can't do anything at all but cost him so much money that he must work all the time for me."

"Well, father is glad to work for his dear little lass. Your love and your sweet face pay him for all you cost him. But if you really want to help him, you can."

"Can I? Tell me how, please. I'd do anything."

"You could mend his nets. I used to do it until I had so much work to do in the house."

"But I don't know how," objected Helen.

"I will teach you. Think how surprised

father will be when he comes home so tired, and goes out to spend his only day off in mending his net to find it already done. He will say, 'Who's done me 'his good turn, wife?' and I will say, 'Your own wee lassie has done it.' Won't he be proud then?"

Helen could hardly wait to begin her first lesson. She grew very tired at first, but a look across the water at the distant fishing-boats gave her fresh courage to go on.

The holes in the net looked very big, but she worked patiently, and by and by they were all filled out.

When father came home all happened as mother had said it would. And Helen was a very happy little girl when father gave her a kiss and told her that he was very proud of her.

"GO AWAY, SATAN; GO AWAY!"

A little girl sat upon a large stone doorstep of her father's house, and beside her was a boy of about the same age. He had been eating a fresh, rosy apple, and had thrown the core into the gutter beyond the walk, and watched it as the muddy water carried it from his sight. Then, turning back to his playmate, who seemed absorbed in the pictures of a new book, he said: "Give me your apple, Katie; mine is all gone."

"Not now; wait a little," was the reply.

But the greedy little fellow, not willing to wait, took the apple up, turned it round and round, smelled it, and then tossed it up lightly in his hands, each time catching it again. I expected that his teeth would go into it, but he was too honest for that.

Soon the eye of the little girl was upon him. The blood mounted to her brow; she was at once upon her feet, with one hand raised, apparently to strike the shrinking form beside her. But the hand did not fall; and as she stood, her face and form showing the struggle within, I prayed that she might not be too strongly tempted.

A moment more, and her voice fell on my ear: "Go away, Satan; go away!"

The mother within the door heard the words, too, and, coming out, asked what they meant.

A blush was upon the brow of the child—but it was humility and shame that caused it—while, with drooping head, she answered: "Satan wanted me to strike Freddie, but I didn't."

The mother drew her within her arms, and kissed her, saying, "That is right, my child; resist him, and he will flee from you."

Would that all might learn in childhood to resist the power of temptation by the help of the Holy Spirit! Truly the world would be better for it.

A boy reading the verse, "And those who live in cottages are happier than those who sit on thrones," startled the crowd by reading thus: "And those who live in cottages are happier than those who sit on 'thorns.'"

THE ROBIN AT CHURCH.

It was the night before Christmas in England, and snow was falling. A little robin, cold and hungry, hopped about wearily, seeking shelter and food. Our robins fly away south before the snow comes, but this was across the sea, where the robin stays all the year.

After awhile an old man came along in the path that led up to the village church. Robin hopped behind him, and when he opened the door birdie was close by and went in without being noticed.

The Sunday-school children had been there with their teachers, trimming the church with holy and mistletoe, and singing Christmas carols. The fire was to be kept all night that the church might be warm for the Christmas service. The old man put on fresh coal and went home.

Birdie hopped about in the firelight, picking up some crumbs he found on the floor. Some cakes had been given to the children. How welcome their little supper was to the hungry robin you can guess. Then he perched on the railings of the stair, tucked his head under his wing,—a very sleepy and happy bird. In the morning his bright eyes espied, first thing, the scarlet holly berries. There was, indeed, a royal feast in robin's eyes,—enough to last for many weeks of wintry weather.

The hours flew on, and the happy children came and sang their Christmas carols.

Just as the first verse was finished, a clear, rich, joyous song burst from birdie's little throat, high above, among the green branches—a true Christmas carol.

EVERY LITTLE TELLS.

"Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.
Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give;
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live."

A GRANDMOTHER'S RULES.

Somebody's grandmother has bequeathed to her descendants these admirable rules of conduct:

Always look at the person to whom you speak. When you are addressed, look straight at the person who speaks to you. Do not forget this.

Speak your words plainly; do not mutter or mumble. If words are worth saying, they are worth pronouncing distinctly and clearly.

Do not say disagreeable things. If you have nothing pleasant to say keep silent.

Think three times before you speak once.

Have you something to do that you find hard and would prefer not to do? Do the hard thing first and get it over. If you have done wrong go and confess it. If your lesson is tough, master it. If the garden is to be weeded, weed it first and play afterwards. Do first the thing you don't like to do, and then, with a clear conscience, try the rest.