

## WOULDN'T SAY PLEASE.

There was once a small child who would never say "please,"  
I believe, if you even went down on your knees;  
But, her arms on the table, would sit at her ease,  
And call out to her mother in words such as these:  
"I want some potatoes!" "Give me some peas!"  
"Hand me the butter!" "Cut me some cheese!"  
So the fairies, this very rude daughter to tease,  
Once blew her away in a powerful breeze,  
Over the mountains and over the seas,  
To a valley, where never a dinner she sees,  
But down with the ants, the wasps, and the bees,  
In the woods she must live till she learns to say "please." —*Selected.*

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 8, 1902.

## MORNING PRAYER.

O Lord, thou art the Creator of all things; there is no other God beside thee; thou art the Maker of heaven and earth; thou art our Father, and hast invited us to come unto thee for those things which we need.

Be pleased to teach me how to pray, and give me right desires; help me to understand what it is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and to bring my prayers unto thee in his precious name.

Dear Saviour, wash my soul in thy blood, and put upon me the beautiful robe

of thy righteousness; may I show such a holy and obedient spirit that thou mayest be glorified in my life, though I am but a child.

O Lord, preserve me this day from all evil, from all sickness, and accident, but specially from sin; and when the sun has gone down may I rejoice to think that I am one day nearer to my sweet home in heaven. I ask it all in Jesus' name. Amen.

## THE GREEDY BOTTLE.

A poor undersized boy, named Tim, sitting by a bottle and looking in, said, "I wonder if there can be a pair of shoes in it?" He wanted to go to a Sunday-school picnic, but he had no shoes. His mother had mended his clothes, but said his shoes were so bad that he must go barefooted. Then he took a brick and broke the bottle, but there were no shoes in it, and he was frightened, for it was his father's bottle. Tim sat down, and sobbed so hard that he did not hear a step beside him until a voice said:

"Well, what's all this?"

He sprang up in great alarm. It was his father.

"Who broke my bottle?" he said.

"I did," said Tim, catching his breath, half in terror and half between his sobs.

"Why did you?" Tim looked up. The voice did not sound so terrible as he had expected. The truth was, his father had been touched at the sight of the forlorn figure, so very small and so sorrowful, which had bent over the broken bottle.

"Why," he said, "I was looking for a pair of new shoes; I want a pair of shoes awful bad to wear to the picnic; all the other chaps wear shoes."

"How came you to think you'd find shoes in a bottle?" the father asked.

"Why, mother said so; I asked her for some new shoes, and she said they had gone into the black bottle, and that lots of other things had gone into it, too—coats and hats, and bread and meat, and things, and I thought if I broke it, I'd find 'em all, and there ain't a thing in it!" And Tim sat down again and cried harder than ever. His father seated himself on a box in the disorderly yard, and remained quiet for so long a time that Tim at last looked cautiously up.

"I'm really sorry I broke your bottle, father; I'll never do it again."

"No, I guess you won't," he said, laying a hand on the rough little head as he went away, leaving Tim overcome with astonishment that his father had not been angry with him. Two days after, on the very evening before the picnic, he handed Tim a parcel, telling him to open it.

"New shoes! New shoes!" he shouted. "Oh, father, did you get a new bottle? And were they in it?"

"No, my boy; there isn't going to be a new bottle. Your mother was right—the

things all went into the bottle; but, you see, getting them out is no easy matter. So, God helping me, I am going to keep them out after this."

## WHY HE CLOSED HIS DOORS.

Some years ago a certain liquor seller in New England, when the temperance agitation was first started, feared the temperance people would get him into their clutches, so he thought of a fine scheme by which he could get the best of them. He concluded to charge only for the water used by his customers, the liquor he would throw in free. He informed his customers—a regular set of toppers, of the new rule.

Things went off finely for a little while; but one day one of his old friends—a former customer—called, and after the usual salutations—the greetings between them being very cordial—the decanter was set out as usual, and a pitcher of hot water. The caller helped himself to the whiskey but took no water. As he was about to leave the liquor seller called on him for pay.

"But," said the shrewd old toper, "I didn't take any water!" He continued to call from day to day, and, drinking his liquor clear, left without paying for it, the seller not daring to refuse him. The news spread among his other customers, and they finding this game could be played by two as well as one, called, took their liquor clear also, and left without paying. The astonished liquor seller finally had to close his doors against them, because he could not afford to furnish free drinks to the many who were eager to accept them, and he finally gave up the business entirely and started a first-class grocery store on temperance principles.

## A CIGARETTE SLAVE.

A young man in New Jersey induced the police to lock him in gaol, so he could not get cigarettes. He had begun smoking at the early age of ten years, and at twenty-six was a nervous wreck, with a will-power so weakened that he was utterly unable to resist the clamourings of his appetite for cigarettes when it was possible to get them. Within the past three years the terrible effect has been painfully apparent—his constitution is now ruined, his once robust body is reduced to a skeleton, he is so nervous he can scarcely hold a glass of water, and his head aches incessantly. Again and again he has determined to drop the habit, but found to his dismay that he could not do it, as he no longer had the will-power to obey the dictates of his conscience.

And still boys and men will trifle and fool with these infernal devices until they find themselves in the grasp of the destroyer, and are lost beyond the hope of redemption. Keep clear of the devil's death-traps.—*Selected.*