

are rich, and that young princes and princesses are well-dressed, well-behaved, and liberal. Certainly the sons and daughters of King Jesus, who receive so many blessings from Him, should be ready to give freely. Florrie was allowed to invite several little friends to her birthday party. She made up her mind not to invite those who often went to parties, but those who had very little happiness in life. So she asked the poor blind girl, the little lame boy, her old nurse, the girl who helped her mother at home, and deaf and dumb Tommy. They all came, or were brought, and they had a good time together. That is the way in which King's sons and daughters should act. Be generous and kind.

Learn to be noble. You may all be real princes and princesses, belonging to the great palace of your King. Should you not try to live like little princes and princesses? You must try.

The best way of learning how to be and do all this, is to try never to displease your King. Jesus cares for all his children, and if he sees that you are trying to be like him, he will help you; and every day the King will watch over all his little princes and princesses, and assist you to become good and noble King's sons and King's daughters.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 12, 1902.

A LESSON TAUGHT BY A CHILD.

A little girl was poring over her textbook with a puzzled face. "What does this mean, father?" she asked at last: "'Give me thine heart.'"

Mr. Gordon laid down his book, and turned to his little daughter with a look of loving interest, but did not immediately

reply. After a brief silence he said: "I will try to explain these words to you very soon, dear. Meanwhile, you have a purse, I think; have you not? Will you give it to me?"

Unhesitatingly the child produced a purse, which contained just two and a half pence, a great treasure in her estimation. "Here it is, father," she said cheerfully; for Margaret, though but a little girl, was old enough to trust her father and to understand that he would not act in this way without some good reason.

A day or two after this incident Mr. Gordon called Margaret to him, and said: "My dear, did you not give me your purse the other day?"

"Yes, father."

"And why do you think I wanted it?"

"I think, perhaps," said the little girl, smiling, "that you meant to put something into it."

"That is just what I have done," said her father, laying his hand on her curly head. "And does my little girl see that when God asks us to give our hearts into His keeping it is because he wants to put something into them? We are empty and poor, having nothing good of our own. Christ wants to make us happy and holy too; and he only can make us rich in goodness and in love, and in all that is most precious and beautiful. We may always trust him when he asks us to give up anything to him; it is only that he may restore it to us enriched a thousandfold."—*Exchange.*

BIRDS REMEMBER.

Some years ago two boys, while playing upon a cliff near the sea, found a young sea-bird which a dog was worrying. It would have been killed but for them. They drove away the dog and carried the bird, nearly as large as a goose, safely home. There it was shut up in a coop, like the hens and chickens, fed and kindly cared for. It soon became quite tame, and manifested constant affection for its little masters, who felt quite proud of the result of their care. And thus weeks and months rolled on. In the fall of the year the bird became very tame, the coop was occasionally opened, and the prisoner permitted to go to the coast near which the boys lived. But it came regularly home at night, receiving its supper along with the rest of the birdies, and crept to its nest to repose. So the cold winter passed away, and the spring came. One night the bird which had been cared for so well was missed. It did not come home. The next day and the next went by, and still the coop was empty. The fact was, the boys' bird had been coaxed away. I cannot really say into bad company, but it had joined a flock on its way north, and flown with the rest. Presently the boys began to comprehend the difficulty, and as a matter

of course they had to have a good cry about it. They had really learned to love their bird, and to part with it, for them, was a severe trial. That is all very natural, for kindness, no matter upon what creature bestowed, ever begets kindness, and to part with an object that we love is ever painful.

One cold autumn day, as the boys were playing, they saw a flock of sea birds coming towards them. Nearer and nearer they came, until at last, to their great surprise, the whole flock settled upon the ground close at hand, and the largest waddled towards them, quacking most curiously as she came. It was the bird which had flown away in the spring now returned with her young ones to claim hospitality for the winter. You may imagine, if you can, the delight of the boys, and indeed that of their parents, at this instance of affection. Words cannot describe it. You may make up your mind that the flock was not turned adrift, though for a long time the young ones were pretty wild, and did not take as kindly to the boys as the mother did. Ah! well; they did not know them as well.

LITTLE ALL-ALONEY.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Little All-Aloney's feet
Pitter-patter in the hall,
And his mother runs to meet
And to kiss her toddling sweet
Ere perchance he fall.
He is, oh, so weak and small!
Yet what danger shall he fear,
When his mother hovereth near
And he hears her cheering call,
"All-Aloney!"

Though his legs bend with their load,
Though his feet they seem so small
That you cannot help forbode
Some disastrous episode
In that noisy hall,
Neither threatening bump nor fall
Little All-Aloney fears,
But with sweet bravado steers
Whither comes that cheery call,
"All-Aloney!"

Ah, that in the years to come,
When he shares of sorrow's store,
When his feet are chill and numb,
When his cross is burdensome
And his heart is sore,
Would that he could hear once more,
The gentle voice he used to hear—
Divine with mother love and cheer—
Calling from yonder spirit shore,
"All, all alone!"

A great part of philosophy consists in knowing how to do without things. A horse, for example, enjoys his food best when he hasn't a bit in his mouth.