

THE MOUSE AND THE BOY.

There was a stupid little mouse
Who once went near a trap,
And said, "If once I get inside,
I'm sure it will not snap."
But snap it did, and mouseie wailed:
"Too venturesome I've been!"
'Twas then too late, for pussy came,
And closed the tragic scene.

There was a silly little boy
Who thought that for a joke,
He'd buy a penny cigarette
And have a lovely smoke.
He got it, and he smoked away
Till things looked blue and green;
"O dear!" he groaned, and then oc-
curred
Another tragic scene.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 1, 1902.

ETHEL'S VERSE.

"Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." That was little Ethel's text for the next Sunday, and she repeated it over and over as she walked across the sitting-room floor. Bruno, the dog, lay stretched out in front of the fire, right in Ethel's way. So it is not strange that she stumbled over him. "Blessed are the merciful," she was saying, "for—you're an ugly old dog, always in somebody's way."

With that she gave him a spiteful kick, and he, in return, bit a hole in her new dress. Then she raised the poker to strike him, but he seized it in his mouth and would not let go of it. Ethel began to cry.

"I am real glad you lost your temper,"

said her aunt, "and I hope you will now get a better one in its place."

Ethel looked up in surprise. "Where will I get it?" she asked.

"Oh, out of that verse you have just learned to say, but have not learned to practice."

"How do you know I would not practice it if I had the chance?"

"You had a first-rate chance to practice it just now on Bruno."

"What! Practice Sunday-school texts on dogs? You're making fun of me, auntie."

"No, indeed. The Bible says: 'A merciful man is merciful to his beast, and a merciful girl will be merciful to her dog. No Sunday-school lesson is ever learned by heart unless the horse, dog, cat or bird get the benefit of it.'"

"Why, I thought Sunday-schools were to fit people for living in heaven by and by with the angels," said Ethel.

"So they are," replied her aunt, "but you must first become fit to live on the earth with other people."

"Well, I'm sorry I kicked Bruno," said Ethel, "and I guess I'll tell him so. She went to the dog, patted him gently, gave him a hug, and he, in return, licked her hand. Before she went to bed that night she learned these lines, which she repeated to her teacher the next Sunday after she had repeated the text:

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God, who loveth us
He made and loveth all."

THE DISPUTE.

"I'm a member of the 'nd of Hope," said little George, one day, and he spoke proudly. "I shall never be like Uncle George and spend all my money on drink."

"Ho! a good reason why; you haven't got any money to spend. You're as poor as I am; I only have a penny once in a great while," said Phil.

"No, I ain't like you, either," said George, "for I have lots of pennies to spend, and nickels, too, sometimes."

"What do you do with them?"

"I spend them for candy."

George made this statement very slowly, as though he knew it was not a thing to be proud of, for he had often been told by his papa that he ate too much candy.

"Then you eat up your money, while your Uncle George drinks his," said Phil. "You're about as bad as he is."

"No, I'm not, either," said George, who was ready to cry; "I'm not half as bad. I can't get drunk on candy if I ate a ton of it."

"I never said you could," replied Phil. "I only said it was as bad to eat all your money away as to drink it, and besides, you get sick eating so much candy and

cake. You know you were sick all last night. Little Mollie told me the reason, and she said you would not give her a bite, but ate every bit of it yourself."

That made George angry.

"It isn't so!" he shouted, in a loud, angry voice. His face grew red, and his grandpa, who sat on the piazza, wondered what was the matter.

"Let's go and ask your grandpa," said Phil; "he will tell you that I am right."

They went to the kind-faced old man and stated the case to him.

"Phil is nearly right," he said, "though he might have stated the case more kindly. Temperance means moderation in all good things and to let alone all bad things. The boy who spends all his money greedily for cakes and candy simply to please his stomach, who cannot deny himself, is in a fair way later on to spend his money for the drink, if his stomach craves it. I do not mean to say a child should never buy candy, but he should certainly not spend all his money for it, nor should he keep it all for himself. No one likes a greedy child."

"I'll give Mollie some next time," said George.

WHAT TROUBLED BEN.

BY RUTH JOY.

"What is the matter, Ben?" said Dr. Mason, as he rode up to the depot platform where Ben, the expressman, was loading his waggon. Ben wore a deep scowl, and was muttering to himself.

"I don't like some of the cargo I'm compelled to carry. Now look here!" and Ben held up high a good-sized brown jug. "Now, that is going to a family that would be a plagued sight better off without it; the stuff has done them enough harm already, and I don't like to be the means of carrying 'death and destruction' to anybody. I declare I would not do it if I was my own boss."

"Perhaps you're on the wrong track, Ben; the jug may contain molasses or vinegar, for all you know." The doctor's eyes twinkled with mischief.

"I only wish it did, sir; but this is whisky and no mistake. When I run my own horse and waggon I'll pick my cargo, you see if I don't. I won't take such stuff for anybody."

"You're just the one for me, Ben; if ever I have to send for whisky I'll employ you. It is safe to see you don't take toll."

He meant that Ben would not be tempted to drink any of it.

"Not I, sir!" exclaimed Ben; "I hate it too much. My father made me promise when I was a little chap that I would have nothing to do with whisky, and I put my name to the pledge as soon as I could handle a pen."

Lazy boys and warm beds are hard to part.