

THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

Now, Peter, don't you blow that horn:
My doll is fast asleep in bed,
And if she wakes before the morn
Her mother will be worried.

For she was taken deadly sick
Just as the night began to fall;
And Dr. Dorn came very quick,
In answer to my urgent call.

He said that she must lie and sleep,
And let the kittens purr to her;
That I a constant watch must keep,
And never from my post must stir.

So, Peter, with an anxious look,
Before the horn begins to blow,
You see me with my finger shook
To check that toot, and bid you go.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 4, 1904.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Tim Smith was the son of a drunken father. The father was called Reckless Smith, because he would earn his wages as a blacksmith, and spend them as soon as they were earned in the public-house at the corner. Unfortunately the public-house was at the corner near the shop, and Smith's visits to that house were so frequent that he never had any wages, except at odd times, to take home to his poor wife and children. Tim's mother was afflicted and with the care of four children, and ill-fed and ill-clad as they were, the neighbors called the father Reckless Smith. Poor Tim was the eldest of the four, and from the age of five or six years he had gone into the streets to beg. He generally had some-

thing in his hands which he offered to sell—but it was not easy for Tim to buy anything except a few empty little boxes, or a box or two of fuses with which he stood at the corner of the street, or ran after passers-by, saying, "Can you spare me a copper, please?" If it had not been for the love that poor Tim had for his mother she must have perished. With bare feet and no cap in frost and snow Tim tried to gather a few coppers for his mother. It generally happened that those who befriended Tim were the very poorest of the passers-by, and one day Tim was getting very weary and anxious, for the day had been so stormy and the snow had fallen thick on the ground, and there were only a few people hurrying home, and night had come on in the middle of the wintry afternoon. There was no bread in the house, and Tim had only taken a few pence. A solitary policeman kept watch by the corner of the road under the lamp; but as Tim was almost losing heart a poor woman came by, and Tim's appeal touched her heart, and though she was very poor herself she gave Tim her mite. But it was not only the penny which the widow gave which cheered Tim. The kind, tender words spoken by the stranger were so unlike the many replies which he received. Tim thought it wonderful that the lady should speak kindly to him as well as giving him help. And with his scanty "takings" he bought enough bread for mother and the three little ones, and was glad once more to keep the wolf from the door.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

Have you ever heard of the Children's Crusade? In the year 1212 an army of thirty thousand French children set out for the Holy Land by the way of Marseilles. They were unarmed, and chose for their commander a boy named Stephen, who lived in Vendome. At the same time twenty thousand German children crossed the Alps at Mont Cenis, and twenty thousand more at another point.

Think of it! Seventy thousand children on their way to deliver Jerusalem! They seemed to think that by some miracle they were to be the means of converting all their oppressors to Christianity. This crusade was certainly one of the strangest things in history. Did the children succeed? It makes us feel very sad to say that they did not. Poor children! Some of them wandered back to their homes again, their little hearts discouraged, and their feet weary with marching, but nearly all of them, perished—some on the way, some by drowning in the Mediterranean Sea—while all who missed a comparatively happy death were sold into slavery.

Crusade is from a word meaning "cross," and all the knights wore crosses, and so pledged themselves to fight for the Holy Land. The Templars, of whom

you've all heard, were so called because they had a house near the supposed site of Solomon's Temple. The order was founded for the protection of pilgrims, but they grew very rich, and very wicked, so some people say, and the head Templar and many others were put to death by being burned alive.

PLANTING RUBBISH.

Some boys were playing behind Mr. Thompson's barn. Sad to tell they were using bad language, and were trying to smoke cigarettes. Mr. Thompson himself was in the barn. Shocked to hear such words, he looked out to see who the boys were. He was greatly grieved to see his own son Willie with a cigarette between his teeth; and to hear him using very bad words. Early the next morning he said to Willie: "We will plant corn to-day, my son; come with me, and I will show you what seed to use." He led the way to the ashheap, and when he had filled his sack with rubbish he went to the field.

When the rows were all ready for the seed, Willie said: "Shall I run back to the house, father, and get some corn to plant?"

"Certainly not, my son; we have plenty of seed here in these sacks," and proceeded to drop bits of trash in the ground.

Willie was astonished, and exclaimed: "But, father, you surely don't think corn will come up if you plant nothing but rubbish?"

"No, I don't think so; but you seem to be of a different opinion, and I thought I would try your way just for once." Willie was in the barn yesterday when you were playing behind it; and I saw you planting the seeds of bad habits, which cannot fail to yield a large crop of evil one of these days."

MID-DAY PRAYER.

"What are you going upstairs for, Robert?" said a mother to her little boy on seeing him going upstairs in the middle of the day. "Come back and stay in the kitchen."

The little boy answered: "It says in the Bible that Daniel prayed three times a day; and oughtn't we to say our prayers in the middle of the day, too?"

The mother said no more, and Robert went upstairs, followed by two little brothers younger than himself. The mother went to the foot of the stairs and listened, and heard each of the three in turn say his "Our Father," and his other little prayers.

Would it not be a good thing if some older people were as ready to learn the lessons taught them in the Bible, and to carry out those lessons in their lives.