

Beth and Sue began to cry, but by kind questioning Mrs. Rogers soon learned what her carelessness had cost the little family. It seemed as if she could not do enough to atone for it, and she sent the children home loaded down with good things, toys and Christmas greens, and the money due to their mother.

When they told their mother all, she said: "It is a gift from God. He sent you where she saw you, and he reminded her of her forgetfulness. Remember to thank him with your whole heart."

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 17, 1892.

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

ONCE there was a king who had a little boy he loved. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a row-boat on a lake, and servants. He provided teachers who were to give him knowledge that would make him good and great. But for all this the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have. At length, one day, a magician came to court. He saw the boy, and said to the king: "If can make your boy happy. But you must pay me my own price for telling the secret."

"Well," said the king. "What you ask I will give."

So the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it, and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away and asked no price at all.

The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters on the paper turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words. "Do a kindness to some one every day."

The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy of the kingdom. —Our Sunday Afternoon.

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Good news on Christmas morning!
Good news, O children dear!
For Christ, once born in Bethlehem,
Is living now, and here.

Good news on Christmas morning!
Good news, O children sweet!
The way to lead the holy child
Is lighted for your feet.

Good news on Christmas morning!
Good news, O children glad!
Rare gifts are yours to give the Lord
As ever wise men had.

Good news on Christmas morning!
Good news, O children fair!
Still doth the one good Shepherd hold
The feeblest in his care.

Thank God on Christmas morning—
Thank God, O children dear!—
That Christ, who came to Bethlehem,
Is living now, and here.

—Sunday-School Times.

INSIDE A STOCKING.

BY NATALIE L. RICE.

"GUESS what I'll have in my stocking?" said Ellis.

The rest of the boys were sleepy, but they all tried to answer Ellis' question.

"Oh—a book—you always have a book."

"But I'll have something else," said Ellis. "I'll have a ten-cent bank, and a knife, and—a pair o' rubber boots, 'n' a lot o' candy, 'n' a gun—"

"Oh, Ellis—you're telling a big story."

"I'm not," said Ellis. "I shouldn't wonder if I'd have all those things. I'm the eldest, so I'd ought to have a lot of things."

Then said Bobby:—

"If you have a gun, you'll have to let me shoot"

"You'd break it," said Ellis. "You know mother said you broke lots of things."

"She didn't."

"She did."

Bobby sat straight up on the floor.

"I don't care, she didn't. An' I'll have a gun, 'n' a bow 'n' arrow, 'n' a fire engine, 'n' horse, 'n'—"

"O Bobby!"

It was Ned's turn to speak this time.

"O Bobby! Say—see here. I don't believe mother'd want to give any of us anything if she heard all the fighting in here. You remember last Christmas, don't you?"

Ellis and Bobby did remember.

"We got mad about our presents last year, too," said Bobby.

"Yes, and year before," said Ellis. "I guess we most always get mad."

"Don't sound very nice to get mad at Christmas," said Bobby.

They tried to remember the things their mother had told them the year before. She had told them that Christmas was a

time to be happy, and very thankful a time to make little gifts to our friends, remind them of our love for them, and the love which Christ has for all of us.

"She said one thing, anyhow, I remember," said Ned. "She said mustn't think so much about how presents we got in our stockin's, but about—well—that everybody was kind to give us things, and it was thatness and not the things, you know."

"Well," said Bobby, "I guess I'm mad any more, if it's Christmas."

And by-and-bye Ellis said:—

"I guess it's all right about that. And the stockings hung by the chimney and told no tales."

WILLIE'S HEN.

WILLIE had had six hens and a rooster but now there was only one hen left in care for.

This hen went around by herself looked as if she felt very lonesome, one day a fine young rooster got from the store across the street and over to Willie's house.

The rooster and the hen were glad to see each other, and stayed together all day.

Willie called them Alex and Betsy, his grown-up cousins. He was very proud of them, and treated them kindly. He begged so hard when his mother talked having the hen for dinner that she let keep her, and paid the storekeeper for the rooster; for it was not right for them to keep it without paying for it.

Do you think the hen knew how her was saved while she sang in her happiness? and don't you think we ought to be good and happy like her when people are kind to us?

LITTLE MARY'S THOUGHT.

LITTLE Mary had just come from window, where she had been gazing with evident pleasure, and sat down on little stool at papa's feet.

It was just at sunset; a most glorious sunset it was. The western sky was mantled with clouds of the most gorgeous hues, upon which the little girl gazed with thoughtful pleasure.

"Papa," she said at length, "do you know what I think when I see those purple clouds?"

"No; what do you think of them, Mary?"

"I always think they are God's veils. Doesn't he have beautiful veils, papoos, to hide him from us?"

"True enough, little one," thought papa. "The clouds which veil him from our eyes now are beautiful. There is a rainbow in them, if we will see it; they shine on mercy and truth."

Was not that a pretty thought of little Mary's and does it not remind you of the time when the veil shall be parted, and we shall come with the clouds, and every one shall see him?