

child rejoicing over its Christmas-tree and the unknown believers who sang the first carol long, long ago; the bond of a common belief that the Babe of Bethlehem holds the sceptre of the world? Our thoughts fly to the lowly manger where, drawn by Divine love, all nations, peoples, tongues meet to exclaim, in words whose complete fulfilment we see not as yet: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men?"

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 25, 1897.

THE LEGEND OF THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

The Emperor Decius, who persecuted the Christians, once came to Ephesus, and ordered temples to be built in the city, that all might come and sacrifice before him. He commanded that all Christians should be sought out, and given their choice, either to worship the idols, or to die.

Now there were in Ephesus seven young men, who refused to sacrifice to the idols, and remained in their houses praying and fasting. They were accused before Decius, and they confessed that they were Christians; but, instead of putting them to death at once, the Emperor gave them a few days to consider. They took advantage of this to retire to Mount Celion, near the city, where they determined to hide themselves. One of them, Malchus by name, went to the city in disguise to buy some food, but he had scarcely got some bread when he heard that Decius was searching for them to put them to death. He fled hastily back to his comrades in the cavern, and told them of the emperor's fury. They were much alarmed; but Malchus bade them eat the bread he had brought, that they might be strengthened for their hour of trial. They ate, and

then, as they sat weeping and speaking to one another, by the will of God they fell asleep. Decius sought for them everywhere, but without success, and at last, thinking they might be hiding in a cavern, he blocked up the mouth with stones, that they might die of hunger.

Nearly four hundred years passed, and there broke forth in Ephesus a heresy, denying the resurrection of the dead. Now, it happened that an Ephesian was building a stable near Mount Celion, and finding a pile of stones handy, he took them, and thus opened the mouth of the cave. Then the seven sleepers awoke, and it was to them as if they had slept but a single night. They began to ask Malchus what he had learnt about the will of Decius when he was in the city.

"He is going to hunt us down," was the reply, "so as to force us to sacrifice to the idols."

"God knows," they said, "we shall never do that."

They then persuaded Malchus to go back to the city to buy some more bread. When he got near the gate, he was surprised to see over it a cross. On entering the city, he heard people using the Lord's name, and he was still more perplexed. "Yesterday, no one dared to pronounce the name of Jesus, and now it is on every one's lips. Wonderful! I can scarcely believe myself to be in Ephesus." He entered a baker's shop and bought some loaves, but the baker stared at the coin he gave him, and asked if he had found a treasure. The youth denied it, but the baker would not believe him, and showed the coin to others. The news quickly spread that a young man had found a large treasure, and a crowd gathered, and as Malchus looked over the people he could not see a single face that he knew. The governor heard of the excitement, and ordered the young man to be brought before him.

"Where did you find the treasure?" he asked.

"I have not found any," said Malchus, "the coins are from my own purse."

"Then where do you live?"

"Here in Ephesus."

"Send for your relations, if they live here."

"They live here certainly," replied Malchus and he mentioned their names.

No such names were known in the town. In complete bewilderment Malchus cried out, "In the name of God, answer me a few questions. Where is the Emperor Decius?"

"Decius? why, he died long ago," replied the governor.

Malchus replied, "All I hear perplexes me more and more. Follow me, and I will show you my comrades who, only yesterday, fled with me to a cave of Mount Celion, to escape from the cruelty of Decius."

"The hand of God is here," said the governor. So he and all the people followed Malchus to the cave. And they entered it, and saw the martyrs seated, with their faces fresh and blooming as roses; so all fell down and glorified God. The gover-

nor gave thanks to God, and said, "I see you, as though I saw the Saviour restoring Lazarus." And they replied, "Believe us! God has raised us again for the faith's sake, that ye may believe in the resurrection of the dead."

Having thus spoken, they bowed their heads, and their souls returned to their Maker. And they buried them in the earth where they slept before, to sleep on until God should raise them again.

ROWENA.

BY CARRIE E. MORRISON.

I've got a little cousin,
And Rowena is her name;
Sometimes when she comes over
We play just the 'cutest game.

We play the floor's a jungle,
Like what Stanley tells about;
Then from my ark of Noah
We take the animals out.

And I get my little gun,
And I shoot 'em with a stick;
And then she says: "How cruel!
I'm real 'fraid you'll make 'em sick."

But we set 'em up again,
And she shoots at 'em a while,
But she don't ever hit 'em;
Says she's 'fraid she'd make 'em spile.

But I can't make up my mind
What does make her shoot so queer.
Do you s'pose she's 'fraid to hit,
Or just can't unless she's near?

A LITTLE BOY'S DOINGS.

It is only a few years since our missionaries were first allowed to preach the Gospel in the kingdom of Corea. Perhaps the very first Gospel seeds were sown by a converted Chinese lad, who had learned in one of the mission schools at Ningpo to love the Saviour. When he was about nine years old his father took him with him on one of his trading expeditions to the Corean capital. While there the boy was stolen and sold to the governor, who gave him to his wife as a present. He became her page, and would often try to tell of the Saviour he loved and trusted, but she would not listen.

One day this woman's dear little baby girl died. She felt very sorrowful and lonely. Then she remembered the words her little page had said about the love of Jesus. She called the boy to her, and asked him to tell the story again. Day by day did this little Christian lad talk of the Saviour, until his mistress came to believe in and love Jesus as her Friend and Redeemer.

Do any of you speak of Jesus to those who know him not? See what the little Chinese boy, only nine years old, could do; and how he taught the rich and noble lady to love Jesus, and then ask yourself: "What can I do for my Saviour?"