

A QUEER BIRD.

I hardly think I am a bird,
And I will tell you why:
I've not one feather in my wings,
Although I flit and fly.
When other birds have gone to bed,
All but my friend the owl;
Like him, among the ruins old
I love to pry and prowl.

From ancient tower and hollow tree
I sometimes venture down,
To flutter, like a butterfly,
Above some little town.
When to my dark and dreary home
I go to seek repose,
I want no pillow for my head;
I hang upon my toes. (A Bat.)

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 8, 1901.

HAROLD'S LESSON ON FORGIVENESS.

BY HELEN RASMUSSEN.

"Meow-ow!" said Duffy. "Meow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Harold!" This time it was his mother's voice. "Let go of Duffy's tail this minute! Go upstairs and take off your clothes," she added.

As his mother pulled off a stocking, Harold cried out: "O, be careful; that is my sore knee! Harry Lloyd pushed me down and hurt it;" and at the thought he cried harder than ever.

"Just think how poor Duffy's tail hurts," said his mother, severely.

"Duffy's tail does 't hurt," said Harold.

"Yes, it does; it hurts just as much as your knee, Harold."

When Harold was ready for bed, his

mother said: "Now ask God to forgive you for hurting Duffy."

After he had finished the Lord's Prayer, she said, again: "Did you mean what you said when you repeated, 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors?' Did you mean that you forgave Harry Lloyd for hurting you, and wanted God to forgive you for hurting Duffy?"

Harold hesitated. There was a bit of a struggle in his heart; but at last the good conquered, and he said: "I'll forgive Harry." Then, as he jumped into bed he asked: "Will God forgive me now?"

"Yes, dear; he will," said his mother, kissing him good night.

Some time later, as his mother went into the room, Harold turned to her and said: "I'm so glad because I forgave Harry and God forgave me. I am not going to hurt Duffy any more; and, mother, I don't think Harry meant to hurt me."

True to his word, Harold hasn't pulled Duffy's tail since he received his lesson on forgiveness.

FORGIVENESS.

"I'm mad at Harriet Todd! I shan't speak to her again so long as I live!" Mary Hepburn burst into the library with these words, her face flushed with anger.

Mary's gentle-eyed mother looked up in surprise. A strange smile dwelt on her lips as she said: "I'm sorry for you."

Mary turned in astonishment. She had expected sympathy, or at least an invitation to relate her grievances. This was a queer sort of sympathy, indeed.

In answer to her daughter's inquiring glance, Mrs. Hepburn continued: "I'm truly sorry for you—sorry that you will miss Harriet's company, for you always have had good times together. Then I'm sorry that you'll not let her forgive you."

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Mary, still puzzled.

"Well, you know we must forgive before we can be forgiven, and that is true outside of the Bible as well as in. So long as you feel as you do about Harriet, of course you cannot expect her to forgive you."

Then Mrs. Hepburn gathered up her sewing and went to the kitchen, ending the conversation at a very strange point. Mary thought. Nothing more was said on the subject, until that night, when Mary kissed her mother good night.

Instead of "pleasant dreams," Mrs. Hepburn's words were: "I am sorry that you cannot say your prayers to-night."

"Why, of course, I shall say my prayers!" said Mary.

"How will it sound to say, 'Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors,' when in your heart you have not forgiven Harriet Todd? Surely, you do not want

God to forgive you as you are forgiving Harriet Todd. My little daughter seems to forget that forgiveness is one of the conditions of honest prayer. We can never truly pray as long as in our hearts we cherish an enmity against anybody."

Mary coloured, and for a moment she sat in embarrassed silence and thought. "Well, I'll forgive her this once!" she exclaimed, impulsively.

"How many times did Peter think he should forgive his brother?" asked Mrs. Hepburn, with an odd twinkle in her eyes.

"Seven," replied Mary, mechanically. "And how many times did Jesus say he should forgive him?"

"Seventy times seven."

"And that means—"

"Why, I guess that means as many times as he needed forgiveness."

"And my girlie is going to forgive her chum only once?"

"O, mother, I was very foolish and very naughty! I'm sorry."

"Then suppose you tell God that to-night, and thank him, too, that you have learned that we must forgive our enemies as often as they need forgiveness. And I suppose," with a light laugh, which restored Mary's spirits wonderfully, "there will be no very great difficulty about making up with Harriet in the morning." —Selected.

FOOLED THE BEARS.

To creatures incapable of understanding their use, the first telegraph poles were naturally misleading. A London paper is authority for the statement that when these useful articles were introduced into Norway, they had a disquieting effect on the bears.

The bears heard the moaning of the wind in the wires, and proceeded to put two and two together. Such a buzzing as this had been heard before. It was associated in the minds of the bears with a sweet morsel. The poles must be gigantic hives. So the bears set to work to root the poles out of the ground.

The woodpeckers also listened to the humming, and concluded that innumerable insects were concealed in those tall poles; therefore they also went to work to find the treasure, boring holes to extract the insects.

In time birds and animals became wiser, and the telegraph pole or wire is used by more than one bird as a safe place for its nest. There is a small bird in Natal that used to build its cradle-shaped nest in the branches of the trees; but as soon as the telegraph wires were set up, it changed the location of its house-keeping, and built on the wires, so that snakes could not molest its treasures.

The new position was found so secure that the bird added a second door to the nest, which had hitherto possessed only a small opening in the side farthest from the overhanging branch.—Selected.