

only lived in a land where such dreadful things were unknown!

"Nobody cares," he said. "It's pleasanter to sit up in a tree than to go to meeting, and the mite-box is empty, 'cause it's just whiptime!"—and Hal was getting mixed in his dreams. But he felt the air grow suddenly cooler, and he saw Somebody with kinder eyes and a more grieved look than mamma; and a voice said, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me."

Hal's eyes were opened very wide now; a cloud had come over the sun, a soft breeze was swaying the branches of the tree, and he sat very still for a minute. Then two drops fell—not from the skies—and he climbed down quickly and ran to find mamma.

Next Band Sunday Hal and his mite-box went to meeting.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JULY 16, 1904

SOME GIRLS' WAY.

It was Saturday morning in a big farm kitchen. Nell was bending over the sink picking a chicken, with a decided scowl on her face. Hattie was kneading bread, with an expression of grim determination suitable for a soldier sealing his enemies' breastworks; and Susan was shelling peas, her pretty face spoiled by the settled discontent about the mouth. The girls were not talking—they never talked while they worked—but they often spoke sharply and unkindly. Work was to them a separate state of existence in which the Christian graces played no part.

"Did I leave my whip in here?" asked a hesitating voice at the open door, and a boy in a big straw hat appeared behind the door.

"No," snapped Nell, "but it's a wonder you didn't, for you are always leaving something around for us to tread on."

"It has fallen down under your chair, Susan," he said, coming in to pick it up. "Ned, you are always bothering somebody," fretted Susan, while she rose with ungraciousness in every movement.

"Father called me to come quick and catch the chicken, and I stood it in that corner," replied Ned roughly, and gladly made his escape.

That same morning in a neighbouring farmhouse kitchen, Lucy was kneading the bread as deftly as Hattie, but at the same time planning with Helen and Grace how to earn money for their mission-boxes. Grace had a funny story to tell while she washed the dishes; and Helen told them of a meadow-lark she saw while picking the strawberries that she was now hulling for the strawberry shortcake for dessert.

Sam came in with an armful of wood and threw it with much noise into the wood-box, twisted Grace's curls, and made believe to dive his hand into Lucy's pan of flour, snatched the largest strawberry from Helen's dish, and pranced out whistling a Sunday-school hymn.

The girls smoothed out the little smiles that Sam's antics always brought to their faces, and began to sing his hymn, being echoed by Fanny, who was sweeping the front stairs.

Which family do you belong to, girls?

THE EARTHEN JAR.

Rabbi Joshua, the son of Chananiah, was a very learned and very wise man, but he was ugly. His complexion was so dark that he was nicknamed "The Blacksmith," and little children ran away from him. Yet his wisdom and learning caused him to be esteemed by every one, and even the Emperor Trajan treated him with much consideration.

One day when the Babbi went to court, the Emperor's daughter laughed at his ugliness, and said, with a smile:

"Rabbi, I wonder how it is that such great wisdom as yours is contained in such an ugly head?"

Rabbi Joshua kept his temper, and, instead of replying, asked:

"Princess, in what vessels does your august father keep his wine?"

"In earthen jars, to be sure," replied she.

"Indeed!" exclaimed the Rabbi, feigning surprise. "Why, all the common people keep their wine in earthen jars! The Emperor's wine should be kept in handsome vessels."

The Princess thought that the Rabbi who always said such clever things was really in earnest; so off she went to the chief butler, and ordered him to pour all the Emperor's wine out of the earthen jars into gold and silver vessels, the earthen jars being unworthy of such precious drink.

The butler followed these orders, but when the wine came to the royal table had turned sour and was unfit to use.

The next time the Princess met the Rabbi Joshua, she expressed her astonishment at his having given her such a strange piece of advice, and said:

"Do you know, Rabbi, that all the fine wine which I poured into the gold and silver vessels turned sour?"

"Then you have learned a simple lesson, Princess," was the Rabbi's reply. "Wine is best kept in common vessels; so is wisdom."

The next time the Princess met the clever Rabbi, she did not laugh at his ugly face.

ALICE'S KITTY.

Bedtime had come, and Alice's mamma had called her to the nursery. But Alice wanted kitty Daisy first to be put into her small warm bed in the shed, and though she had cried "Daisy, Daisy" many times, yet the kitty would not answer.

She put her little curly head out in the rain, but could neither see nor hear her "Daisy" anywhere. Then she cried very much, for she feared Don, the dog, would hurt or kill her dear kitty. But at last she went to sleep, with a little salt tear in each blue eye.

The next morning, when she awoke the clouds had gone, the rain was past, and the sun was shining. She heard her mamma say, "Come, Alice, I have something very nice to show you." She was so dressed and ready. Then her mamma took her out to Don's little house, where the dog slept each night. And there, all snuggled and warm, lay kitty Daisy, asleep between Don's great black paws.

When she came all cold and wet, to her house in the dark night, he had taken her in and let her share his soft bed of hair and kept her warm all night.

Alice gathered her dear kitty in her arms with glad joy, while she patted Don, and said he was the next best to kitty Daisy.

If all flowers were alike, the bouquet market would be dull.

Jesus loves to hear little children singing hymns of praise to him.

True honour is not derived from other people, but originates only from ourselves.