

into your mouth, dear," mother said then.

"Oh, mother," cried Gracie, "there's a hole come where my tooth was. Why-ee! did the apple pull it, mother?"

But mother only laughed, and then Gracie laughed too.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 28, 1905.

THE LARCH TREE.

A FAIRY TALE.—BY H. M. L.

Once there grew a beautiful maple-tree in the centre of a large park. All summer it had stood there covered with green leaves. Many people had stopped to rest beneath its shade.

But when autumn came a change took place. The leaves began to turn red and yellow. Then the people said, "How beautiful the maple is! In all the park there is not a tree whose leaves are so pretty and bright!" The maple was so pleased to hear herself praised that she began to flutter her leaves and toss her head in a very proud, vain manner.

She spread out her boughs so far that a little larch close by was almost hidden from sight. But the maple said, "It does not matter if it do hide the larch, for no one cares to look at him, he is such a plain little tree. His leaves do not turn red and yellow, like mine!"

The larch heard the unkind words of the maple, but did not say anything. He only rustled his stiff little leaves and sighed.

The good fairy of the park passed by just then and said, "Why do you sigh, little larch? Do you feel unhappy?" The larch replied, "I only sighed because the

maple is so much more beautiful than I, and seems to please every one."

The good fairy felt sorry for the poor little larch, for he did look plain and small by the bright maple. She touched him with her wand and said:

"Tree, tree, be cheerful for me,
And you for ever green shall be."

The little larch smiled brightly and rustled his leaves contentedly.

In a few days the bright maple leaves turned brown and fell to the earth, and left the branches bare. The beauty of the maple was gone.

Then the snow came, and in all the park there was but one bright, cheerful spot. There the little larch bravely stood, his leaves as green as when they first came out. And all through the cold winter he cheered the people who passed.

So they said, "Let us call the larch an 'evergreen!'" And to this day the larch keeps green all the year round!

FATHER KNOWS.

Harry was standing near, and as his father opened a box and took some packages out, he laid them on the little boy's arm.

As parcel after parcel was piled up, a little friend of Harry's who was beside him said, "Harry, don't you think you've got as much as you can bear?"

"Never mind," answered Harry, happily, "father knows how much I can carry." Brave, trustful little fellow! There was no danger, he felt, that his father would lay too heavy a load on him. It is such a spirit of loving trust in him that God desires all his children to possess.

EVERY DAY.

Growing every day in awe,
For God's name is holy;
Learning every day to love
With a love more lowly.

LILLIAN'S SNOWBALL PARTY.

"The boys are having such fun! I want to go out and play snowball, too," whined five-year-old Lillian, as she sat at the window watching her brothers, Harold and Frank, who were having a sham fight in the yard.

"It is too cold for my little girlie to play out of doors. How would you like a snowball party in the house?" inquired mamma.

"In the house!" repeated Lillian. "Why, it would wet everything all over, and, besides, who could I have at my party?"

"Oh, I will invite the guests," said mamma, looking very mysterious.

"Will you ask the boys to bring in the snow?"

Mamma laughed. "No, I am going to make some," and Lillian watched her curiously as she went to the closet and brought out some sheets of white tissue paper. She clipped it into tiny shreds, and then began rolling them into balls, which resembled those the boys were making in the yard.

"Oh, I see," said Lillian, dancing about her mother in great glee. "Now who is coming to my party?"

Her mother went out, and soon returned with old Glossy's two white kittens.

"Is that all?" laughed Lillian, but her mother went out again and came in with Frisk and Fan, Gyp's funny little puppies.

Lillian tossed the snowballs to each in their turn, and they all entered into the spirit of the fun, as much as the little girl herself. When the boys came into the kitchen presently to warm their hands, she invited them into the sitting-room to see how she could play snowballing in a warm room.

IN THE MULBERRY TREE.

BY FRANK L. STANTON.

There's a little boy lives in the mulberry tree—

In the very tip-top, tip-top;
And his mother is holding her apron, for he

May drop when the mulberries drop—
Drop—drop—

From the very tip-top!

Drop when the mulberries drop!

Why does he live in the top o' the tree?
That's what the boys want to know—
Such a dear little, queer little fellow as he,
Way up where the mulberries grow!

Drop—drop—

From the very tip-top!

O, won't he come down when the mulberries drop!

Once he was home with his mother and all,
As good as the boys ever be,
But he couldn't just wait for the berries to fall.

So the wind blew him into the tree!

Drop—drop—

From the very tip-top!

O, won't he come down when the mulberries drop!

And the birds built a nest, and they hid him away.

And that's why he stays in the tree;
And his mother is holding her apron all day,

And a very sad mother is she!

Drop—drop—

From the very tip-top!

O, won't he come down when the mulberries drop!