

quite perfect, and she was so happy that, although she got more marks than I did, I was quite glad, too."

"My dear," said her mother, "you have fulfilled the apostle's injunction; you have wept with those that wept, and rejoiced with those that rejoiced."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13, 1904.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

In a town of Holland there once lived a poor widow. One night her children asked her in vain to give them bread, for she had none.

The poor woman loved the Lord, and knew that he was good; so, with her little ones around her, she most earnestly prayed to him for food. On rising from her knees her eldest child, a boy about ten years of age, said softly, "Dear mother, we are told in the Holy Book that God supplied his prophet with food brought by the ravens." "Yes, my son," the mother answered, "but that was a very long time ago." "But, mother, what God has done once he may do again? I will go and unclose the door to let the birds fly in."

Then dear little Dirk, in simple faith, threw the door wide open, so that the light of the lamp fell on the path outside. Soon afterward the burgomaster passed by, and noticing the light, paused, and thinking it very strange he entered the cottage, and inquired why they left the door open at night. The widow replied, smiling, "My little Dirk did it, sir, that ravens might fly in to bring bread to my children." "Indeed," cried the burgomaster, "then here's a raven, my boy. Come to my home, and you shall see where bread may soon be had." So he quickly

led the boy to his own house, and then sent him back with food that filled his humble home with joy. After supper little Dirk went to the open door, and looking up, he said: "Many thanks, good Lord," then shut it fast again; for though no birds had come, he knew that God had heard his mother's prayer, and sent this timely help.

THE TRUE STORY OF A CAT.

Miss Lewis has a very smart cat. She has also a pet canary, and Puss always watches her feed the bird, give him his bath, and hang the cage on its hook by the window.

One day Puss came trotting up to his mistress in another part of the house, with something in his mouth. She supposed it was a mouse, of course, but what was her horror to find that it was her dear little birdie!

"O, you naughty Puss!" she began, but as she took it from him, expecting to find it dead, to her great surprise she found that Puss had carried the bird so carefully and tenderly that there wasn't even a feather turned!

It seems the bottom of the cage, not being properly fastened, had fallen out, bringing birdie down with it, and Puss, seeing something was wrong, and that the floor was not the place for the bird, had settled the matter by carrying birdie to his mistress. Wasn't that wonderful for a cat? If it had been a dog no one would have thought so much of it, of course.

Some people say cats haven't any intelligence or affection, and that all they care for is to keep warm and get plenty to eat; so now, whenever you hear anybody running down poor Puss, and saying she is not smart, just tell them this little story.

"IT ISN'T FEDDERS."

BY AGNES MITCHELL.

One morning little Lulu was playing on her mother's bed. She was having a fine frolic all by herself. Standing upon the bed as stiff and straight as a Chinese doll, she would play that she fainted away, and that some kind friend caught her "dust in time." Then she would fall back, and the soft pillows would stretch out their loving white arms to her, and down she would go "dust as e-a-s-y."

Soon her mother came in, and seeing a pair of little feet mixed up among her snowy ruffles, pulled the fainting young lady out.

"Get right off the bed, Lulu dear," said she, as she left the room. But the little girl was by no means tired of the fun, and so she kept right on. She would have "just one more faint," then another and another followed.

"Oh, it's dust splendid! Only if ma hadn't have come," she said. Pretty soon

she threw herself down, as she had done twenty times before, but, alas, instead of falling on the soft pillows she struck on the foot-board and nearly fainted "for true," for she went down with a hard bump, and hurt herself badly. She began to cry, and her mother hurried in to see what was the matter.

"Oh, mamma," she said woefully, "after 'ou says stop it isn't fedders any more!"

Boys and girls, isn't it generally the case that when you go on doing things that you are told to stop doing, it "isn't feathers any more?"

The best way is to stop at once. The Bible says that they do wrong "shall be taken in their own naughtiness."—*The Water Lily.*

THE NAUGHTY MOON.

There, pale little moon in the morning light,

You look so wan, you look so white!
Is it because you are up too soon,
Poor little pale and tired-out moon!

But, that cannot be the case,
For night's the time to show your face,
And now it is morning, and half-past eight.

Ah, bad little moon, you are up too late!
—*Jewels.*

HOW HABITS GROW.

"When I was a little boy," remarked an old gentleman, "somebody gave me a cucumber in a bottle. The neck of the bottle was small, and the cucumber so large that it wasn't possible for it to pass through, and I wondered how it got there. But out in the garden, one day, I came upon a bottle slipped over a little green fellow that was still on the vines, and then I understood. The cucumber had grown in the bottle. I often see men with habits that I wonder any strong, sensible man could form, and then I think that likely they grew into them when they were young, and cannot slip out of them now; they are like the cucumber. Beware of such habits, boys!"—*Selected.*

KEEP A HONEY-BAG.

When the bee has found something sweet she stores it away in her honey-bag. Then, after it is full, it is taken home and emptied for the benefit of the whole family. And so, a pretty story retold at tea time, or a little account of the new things seen during the day at school or on the street, will be full of interest to father and mother, and to the big brothers and sisters. It will be surprising how many interesting things a pair of wide-open eyes can discover on a little walk, through even the most ordinary streets.—*Er.*