

table-cover, and down on the floor. Just then she heard grandma coming. She picked up the cat and said: "See what kittie did!" Grandma was sorry, but did not think the little girl would tell a story so through pussy. Kittie was sent out of the room. Girl Kitty was not questioned. But she was not happy. She was glad when her visit to grandma was over. No one can be happy who does wrong and deceives. Kitty had not told a lie in words, but she made her grandma believe that which was not true; and that is just as bad. Sometimes we do the same without even speaking a word. God looks at the heart, and not at the words we speak. The Bible says: "The way of the transgressor is hard;" and every one who has tried it knows that this is true.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 75
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	3 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 20
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Dew Drops, weekly	0 08
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Berean Leaf, monthly	0 05
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quar., 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, 2176 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HUESTIS, Wesleyan Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 7, 1902.

SATISFIED.

Were you ever satisfied? Did you ever have enough of everything, so that you did not want anything more? Perhaps you had all the clothes you wanted, but you were not well. Perhaps you were well, but some dear friend was gone—had died—and you were sorrowful. We think you were never yet satisfied in all things.

To be satisfied is to have all things just right—to have them as God would have them. The worldly-minded person is never satisfied with the things of this world, for where death is no one can be satisfied. And the Christian, who has great joy in the Lord, can certainly not be satisfied in this world; if he could be, then he need not seek the "world to come."

In the heavenly home, the "new earth," people will be satisfied. There will be nothing there to cause sorrow or dissatisfaction. Eternal life, joy, peace, righteousness—these are some of the things that will satisfy. No death nor sinning there!

WHAT GOD WANTS.

"Boys," said Miss Helen, "if I did not know about God, how would you tell me?"

"God is very strong," said Walter. "God can do anything," said Charlie; "he made the world." "God sees us all the time," said Ted, thinking of some wrongdoing that he wished God hadn't seen. "God is good," said Phil.

"That is true," said Miss Helen; "but he is more. What was your text-card this morning, Nelson?" she asked of the smallest boy in the class.

"Dad is love," he piped up quickly.

"Don't you see, boys," said Miss Helen, "that love means all the good and beautiful things that God does? Where does God live?" she continued.

"In heaven," "Everywhere," "I don't know," came the answers thick and fast.

"God is everywhere; but where is the place he likes best to be, and will come, if we don't keep him away?"

"In our hearts," said Charlie gravely.

"Good?" smiled Miss Helen. "Now, how can you keep love out of your heart, Ted?"

"If I'm cross, I don't love any one," said Ted. "Is that what you mean?"

"Yes, Ted. How can we get ugly feelings out, and let love in?"

"By being sorry, I guess," said Ted.

"Yes, dear," said Miss Helen. "You remember John the Baptist came to prepare the way for Christ. What did John teach?"

"He told people to be sorry," said Walter.

"Right! We must be sorry for sins, and then love can live in our hearts."

FORGETTING WILLAMETTA.

Mother was teaching Celie that first sweet lesson of all, how much God loved her. "God loves my dear girl more than I love her," she said, and Celie looked much surprised. "More than papa loves her," continued mother, and Celie stretched her eyes wider still, for papa seemed to her the biggest sort of lover. "More than—" mother stopped, and wondered what to say next.

"More than I love Willametta," suggested Celie, pressing the doll's black wig against her cheek.

Of course mother said, "Oh, yes, better than that; much better." But I think Celie's faith stopped here; she didn't believe God loved her that much.

Now, in the darkness of midnight, mother was startled to hear a sound of

crying in the nursery. "Why, Celie, darling," she cried, "what is the matter?"

"I forgot Willametta and left her out in the hall," sobbed Celie.

"In vain mother told her never to mind; that she would find her safe and sound in the morning. Celie cried on. "She'll be frightened in the dark, and she'll think I don't love her," she said piteously.

So mother lighted the nursery lamp, and tripped out to find the doll, saying, "Hush! don't wake baby Johnny."

Celie "hushed" in a minute when she got Willametta in her arms, and cold and sleepy and happy, she sat on the cricket by Johnny's basket-cradle, in the dim light of the nursery lamp, and uncrossed Willametta and took her to bed with her.

"But, Celie," said mamma gravely, as she tucked the covers closely round her, "God never forgets you for a single minute."

Neither did Celie forget this little lesson.

THE BEE'S WISDOM.

Said a wandering little maiden
To a bee with honey laden,
"Bee, at all the flowers you work,
Yet in some does poison lurk."

"That I know, my pretty maiden,"
Said the bee with honey laden;
"But the poison I forsake,
And the honey only take."

"Cunning bee, with honey laden,
That is right," replied the maiden;
So will I, from all I meet,
Only draw the good and sweet."

THE BOY UNDERSTOOD.

An old schoolmaster said one day to a minister who had come to examine his school: "I believe the children know the catechism word for word."

"But do they understand it? that is the question," said the minister.

The schoolmaster merely bowed respectfully in reply, and the examination began. A little boy had repeated the fifth commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother," and he was requested to explain it. Instead of trying to do so, he said, almost in a whisper, his face covered with blushes: "Yesterday I showed some strange gentlemen over the hill. The sharp stones cut my feet, and the gentlemen saw that they were bleeding, and then gave me some money to buy me shoes. I gave the money to my mother, for she had no shoes either, and I thought I could go barefoot better than she could."—*National Advocate.*

Obedience always tends to strengthen faith.