

ceive it, and that is the last of the worm.

The nest of the lapwing is built of a few stems of twigs put in a hollow place; and because of the color of the eggs it is seldom seen. But if you should go in that direction, the mother lapwing will spy you out even at a great distance. She will rise up and fly about in great excitement. All at once it appears as if she had suddenly become lame. She runs limping along, and it seems the easiest thing in the world to catch her. She will let you come very near, and entice you to a safe distance from her nest; then she will spring up and fly away, with no signs of lameness.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1906.

ONLY TEN MINUTES.

There was once a handsome, bright little prince who had a beautiful mother. How she loved her only boy, and tried to teach him to be good and brave and noble! He loved his beautiful mother very dearly, and wanted to please her; only he was never in a hurry to do as she asked him, but wanted to take his own time. When he was only a little boy, if she wanted him to rise in the morning, he would say, "Yes, in ten minutes." If his teacher told him that it was time to study, he would say: "I'll be ready in ten minutes." At night, when his mother begged him to go to bed, he answered, "I will in ten minutes," and if he felt too sleepy to talk, he would hold up five fingers on each dimpled hand as a sign for his usual waiting time. It was such a fixed habit of his growing life, day after day, that his mother laughingly called him "Little Mr. Ten Minutes."

Alas! she did not know, and the son never realized the danger of that habit of never being on time, wasting the precious, God-given minutes sacred to truth and well-doing.

When the little prince was grown he was a soldier in the army, and his company in Africa was ordered to a fort in Zululand which seemed deserted. "Let us return," said an officer; "the Zulus may be upon us." "No danger," said the young prince; "let us have a cup of coffee, and start in ten minutes." In less than ten minutes a band of fierce Zulus rushed upon them, and the young prince was the first to die by the sword.

The habit of delaying, of procrastinating even ten minutes, when one should be "on time," may become as firmly fixed and as dangerous to any of us as it was disastrous to the young Prince Imperial of France.

ONE BOY WHO KEPT THE FOURTH COMMANDMENT.

Almost a century ago a boy went to the city of New York to carve out his own fortune. He had learned the printing trade in the country town in which he was brought up, and that knowledge was his only aid of fame and fortune, except a thorough training in a simple Christian home.

He found work in one of the largest offices in the city. One Saturday afternoon he was given a long "take" of copy, which he could not possibly "set" without working on Sunday. He gave it a glance, and then said: "I will work on this till twelve o'clock to-night, and finish what I can; but I will not work to-morrow."

"Then you'll lose your place," said the foreman.

The boy took the copy to his employer, told him that he had been taught to reverence the Sabbath, and that he would resign his situation rather than violate his conscience.

His employer could not but respect such a spirit, and he never again required him to work on Sunday.

That boy was John Harper, the principal founder of the publishing house of Harper Brothers, a house that has issued some of the best literature in the land, and exerted an influence felt throughout the world.

ONE GIRL'S SECRET.

"Mother, may I go out visiting this afternoon?" asked little Agnes Mayhew.

"Yes, you may. You may go to see Ella or to see Louie, which ever you like."

"I'd rather go to Louie's," said Agnes quickly.

"Why?" said Aunt Esther, who was sewing by the window. "Hasn't Ella a great many dolls and beautiful toys? And then there is her pony cart."

"I know," said Agnes. "But it doesn't matter how many nice things she has; just as soon as we begin to play she begins to wish she had something different, and it unsettles my mind so much. But when I play with Louie, if we want anything that we haven't got, she can generally think of something else that will do as well, or else she says that we can do without it very nicely. She's lots cheer-foller about doing without things than Ella is, and it's much more fun to play with her."

Aunt Esther looked across Agnes at her mother and smiled. "The same old truth," she said; "it's the spirit within that makes the world without fair or dark."

"What is spirit, mother," asked Agnes presently.

Her mother thought a minute. "Well, dear, it's the way we think in our hearts. If we have happy, thankful thoughts, they give us a contented spirit, and that makes the world bright for us. Nothing else can."

Agnes nodded her head very wisely. "Yes, mother, I believe that's just the truth. Louie's got a contented spirit, and she enjoys it a great deal more than Ella does all her dolls and her pony cart and everything. Besides, it makes her just lovely company for us other girls to play with."

TWO EVENING TRAINS.

The first train leaves at 6 p.m.

For the land where the sleep flower blows,

And mother dear is the engineer,

And the passenger laughs and crows.

The palace car is the mother's arms;

The whistle a low, sweet strain;

The passenger winks and nods and blinks,

And goes to sleep on the train.

At 8 p.m. the next train starts,

For the pleasant land afar;

The summons clear falls on the ear,

"All aboard for the sleeping car."

But what is the fare to this pleasant land?

I hope it is not too dear;

The fare is this—a loving kiss—

And it's paid to the engineer.

So I ask of Him who the children took

On his knee in kindness great,

"Take charge, I pray, of the trains each day

That leave at six and eight.

"Keep watch o'er the passengers," thus I pray,

"For to me they are very dear;

And have special ward, O gracious Lord,
O'er the gentle engineer."