

A CHILD'S REASON.

'Twas Christmas week, the wintry light
Faded to darkness, dull and drear;
"These are," I said, half to myself,
"The shortest days in all the year."

Across our darling's childish face
Passed the quick shadow of a thought,
Then suddenly she brightly smiled,
As though she found the thing she
sought.

And said, "I know the reason why;
It's 'cause the little girls like me
Wish it was Christmas, so the Lord
Makes the days shorter purposely!"

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 23, 1901.

WHAT A PENNY DID.

In a missionary meeting in England one of the speakers related an anecdote of a little boy who, having heard it said that for every penny subscribed a verse of Scripture might be translated into a foreign language, went home and begged that he might subscribe a penny, and be the means of translating a verse; "and," said the little fellow, "I should wish it to be that verse, 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.'"

At the same meeting another speaker arose and stated that Rev. Daniel Corrie, afterwards Bishop of Madras, was one day sent to visit a dying Brahmin. He went, expecting to find him sunk in all the darkness of heathenism and superstition. To his surprise he found him a true believer in Christ, and rejoicing in the hope of heaven. Mr. Corrie inquired how he

had been brought to the knowledge of the truth. "Do you remember," said the poor man, "distributing verses of Scripture at such a place?" naming the village where he lived. "You gave one to me, and the verse was 'For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' That verse was the means of my conversion."

THE DEAD SEA-GULL.

Alice and Herbert lived at the seashore. Their father owned a sailing boat, and used to take people from the hotels out fishing and gunning and sailing.

The children loved the sand and the sea as few do who are not born and brought up by the great ocean.

They used to look for shells and seaweeds, and carry them home in a basket to their mother, who made pretty boxes and covered them with the shells; and pictures of the seaweed with shell frames. She sold them to the ladies who came down to the sea-shore for the summer.

The children loved the few birds that lived by the sea; the sandpipers and plovers and wild ducks, and especially the great sea-gulls, with their soft grey and white feathers and their big, strong beaks. They liked to watch them swoop down, seize a clam, carry it up into the air with their strong beaks, drop it from a height, fly down and tear open the broken shell and eat the clam.

One day they had been gathering shells for their mother, when they came upon a dead sea-gull on the beach. On its white breast was a large spot of blood.

"Oh! who could have shot a sea-gull?" exclaimed Alice. "They are not good to eat, and they do no harm to anybody. So what excuse could any one have for killing it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," answered Herbert. "I do know it is cruel to destroy an innocent bird just for sport."

"I did hear that ladies used the breast of gulls for trimming their hats, but I don't see how they could do it. They wouldn't, I'm sure, if they loved birds as much as I do."

"Maybe they don't think," said Herbert. "Anyhow, we must go home now. So good-bye, poor bird."

LATIN OR ROMAN?

"Charley," asked little Lotty the other day, when her twelve-year-old brother was studying his Latin lesson, "did anybody ever speak Latin for real?"

"To be sure they did," returned Charley, grandly; "it was the language of ancient Rome."

"Oh!" said Lotty, much impressed. Soon she looked up from her dolly again; "Charley, I should think they would 'a

spoken Roman in Rome. Why didn't they?"

"Because they didn't want to," answered Charley, not exactly knowing what else to say.

"Oh! But—Charley!"

"Well, what is it?"

"Where was Lat?"

"Where was *what*, you little chatter-box?"

"Why, *Lat*, where they talked Latin, you know."

"Oh, go downstairs, and don't bother me!" exclaimed the puzzled young gentleman. "Don't you see I'm trying to study my lesson? Run down and play with Jenny."

Lotty went, like a dutiful little sister. But that evening Master Charles, who had had a talk with his teacher after school, took the child on his lap, and asked her if she remembered what she had asked him in the morning.

"I asked you for candy," answered Lottie, quickly.

"Yes, I know you did. But what else? Don't you remember you wanted to know where the Latin language came from?"

"Oh, yes; so I did."

"Well, Lotty, it was originally spoken by the Latins, a people of ancient Latium, in Italy, and afterward introduced into the Roman Empire."

Lotty nodded brightly, and ran off to kiss papa for good-night.

Noble Charles! Well, both of them had learned something that day, so there was no harm done; but the teacher did not know that it was Lotty's inquiring young mind he was admiring when he patted Master Charley's head.—*St. Nicholas*.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW.

To the poor wanderer upon the snowy moor, how welcome is the light which leads him at last to his own cottage door. The Editor of the HAPPY DAYS was once lost on the ice, on Rice Lake, a mile from shore. His horse broke through the ice, and in the rain and fog he could not tell where the landing was. At last he caught a gleam of light in a window, and keeping it in view, got safe to shore, and got help to rescue his poor and drowning horse. Let us keep a light in the window of our lives, by shining deeds of love that may lead others to home, and happiness, and heaven. "Let your light so shine before men," says the Saviour, "that they may see your good works and glorify your Father which is in heaven."

Great occasions do not make heroes or cowards; they simply unveil them to the eyes of men. Silently or imperceptibly as we wake or sleep we grow and wax strong, we grow and wax weak, and at last some crisis shows us what we have become.—*Westcott*.