

THE CORAL.

Under the sea, in its sandy bed,
Grow beautiful corals, white and red;
Baby's rattle and necklace, too,
Once far down in the ocean grow.

Seamen gather these treasures rare,
Which people prize and so often wear.
But did you know in each starry cell
A tiny animal once did dwell?

Millions labour in harmony,
And build their cities under the sea,
Coral cities, of white and red,
Under the sea in its sandy bed.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 9, 1903.

SUNSHINE.

There was a poor widow once living on a stony little farm a great way from any neighbours. She had an idiot boy to care for, and a great deal of work to do, and but little money, and few friends and a great deal of trouble. And you could always see by her face that she was not happy; her skin was wrinkled, and she had scarcely ever a smile for any one, but wore a dark, sad look all the time, that made one feel like crying just to see her.

She didn't get to church very often, partly because she had so much to do and partly because she was so unhappy, she did not care to go. One pleasant morning, however, in the summer-time, she went, but felt so strange that she sat down in a corner, where she thought no one would see her.

But Mrs. Noble saw her in the lone corner; as soon as the meeting was over she hastened, with her cheery step, to shake hands with her and bid her good morning.

"And how are you to-day, Mrs. Barnes, and how is your boy? I'm glad to see you out."

"Here you come, smiling at everybody," said Mrs. Barnes, without trying to answer Mrs. Noble's questions. "You seem just like a streak of sunshine. It does me good to look at you, but I don't see how you manage it; for you've plenty of trouble, like other folks. But you never let anybody see it; you hide it all away."

"That's the right way."

"Well, I can't do it," said the poor woman. "I'm just bent double with my burdens, and everybody has to see how I go hobbling along."

"You are not honouring the Lord in that way," said Mrs. Noble. "He invites you to cast your burdens on him." "I know it, but I can't seem to do it. I wonder if that's the reason you are always like sunshine?"

"It's the only right way for us, my friend." And then she talked to the poor woman about the dear Saviour who said: "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Well, I'll think over what you've said and I'll try," and Mrs. Barnes turned towards her home.

If she does what Mrs. Noble has told her about, she'll find the sunshine in her own poor little home, as well as in her friend's bright, cheerful face. The sun always shines where Jesus is. He is himself the Sun, and if we will open our hearts and let him come in and live there, as he wants to, we may carry the sunshine about with us wherever we go.

CALLING THE ANGELS.

"Deed, mamma, we didn't mean to be rough," said one of a bright-eyed little group: "but we's so many of us together that if one of us says a teensy-weensy mad word, all the rest must say one, too; and then how can we stop?"

"I think I know a good plan for getting stopped," said mamma. "There are some little angels that just hate quarrels; and if you will call one of them, he will fly away with the ugly words."

"But, O, mumpsy, how can we call him?" asked another.

"Listen now, and I will call one!" and the mother began to sing:

There is a happy land
Far, far away.

In a minute five little voices joined hers; and when they had sung the last "aye," every face was bright and smiling.

The next day mother heard a clatter in the nursery, and presently one little voice piped up:

Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand.

These verses were sung through, but

some of the voices kept up the debate as well.

No sooner had "Drops of Water" died away than another voice began, "Where, O Where Are the Hebrew Children?" and as none of them could keep from singing the chorus, no more quarrelling was heard.

"But it took two of the angels, mamma, for that job," said one of mamma's boys afterwards.

OPENING THE HEART.

I knew a little boy whose heart was touched by a sermon on the words: "Behold I stand at the door and knock." My mother said to him, when she noticed that he was anxious, "Robert, what would you say to any one who knocked at the door of your heart if you wished him to come in?"

He answered, "I'd say, 'Come in.'"

She then said to him: "Then say to the Lord Jesus, 'Come in!'"

The next morning there was a brightness and a joy about Robert's face, that made my father ask: "Robert, what makes you look so glad and joyful to-day?"

He replied joyfully: "I awoke in the night, and I felt that Jesus Christ was still knocking at the door of my heart for admittance into it. I said to him, 'Lord Jesus, come in!' I think he has come into my heart. I feel happier this morning than I ever was in all my life. How ungrateful and wicked in me to keep him outside so long!"

THE QUEER LITTLE HEN.

There once was a little brown hen,
A dear little, queer little hen,

Her work was to lay

Just one egg every day;

And she did it, this good little hen.

She'd fly up in a tree, and right then,
Seated high on a branch, this queer hen,

Her egg she would lay,

Her one egg every day,

This good little, queer little hen.

'Twas a strange thing to do, I must say
Lay an egg from a tree every day,

And what good was the egg?

Just tell that, I beg—

That fell from a tree in that way.

But some people do things just as queer,
I know it: I've seen it, my dear.

They have a good thought,

But it just comes to naught;

From the wrong place they drop it, my dear.

There's a lesson for you and for me
From the hen that laid eggs in a tree.

If we do a right thing,

If a good thought we bring,

Let's not choose a wrong place, you and me.