

THE CAT'S EXPLANATION.

You ask the reason, little friends,
Why cat's don't wash their faces
Before they eat, as children do,
In all good Christian places.
Well, years ago, a famous cat,
The pangs of hunger feeling,
Had chanced to catch a fine young mouse,
Who said, as he ceased squealing:
"All genteel folks their faces wash,
Before they think of eating!"
And wishing to be thought well-bred,
Puss heeded his entreating.
But when she raised her paws to wash,
Chance for escape affording,
The sly young mouse then said good-bye,
Without respect to wording.
A feline council met that day,
And passed in solemn meeting,
A law forbidding any cat
To wash till after eating.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 10, 1908.

LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

"You are a horrid boy, and I don't love you a single bit, so there!" said Gracie King to her brother.

Harry had been teasing Gracie all day, and had at last broken her very best doll, Marie Ethelinda DeCoursey, all to bits. This was quite too much for Gracie's temper.

"Really and truly, Gracie, I didn't mean to break your doll. I'm awful sorry."

"I don't believe you. You have been as hateful all day long as you could be, and I know you did this on purpose. I wish you'd go away and stay away where I'd never see you again."

Harry walked out of the room winking very fast. Gracie should not see him cry. That night he was taken very sick, and for several days they feared he would die. At last, however, he got well. The first day Gracie was allowed to see her brother, she climbed on the bed and threw her arms around his neck. "Oh, Harry," she said, "I was so wicked to talk to you the way I did when you broke my doll. I did not mean what I said, indeed I didn't. I thought God was going to punish me by letting you die. I do love you. Will you forgive me? I have asked God to."

"Of course," answered Harry. "And I'm not going to tease you any more. I was as bad as you to plague you so. Really I didn't mean to break your doll. I was sorry for that right away. Since I've been sick I've had lots of time to think. I don't see why boys should like to make girls cry. I'm not going to do it any more, see if I do."

Harry made the right decision when he said to Gracie that he would make her cry any more.

HOW LEO CONQUERED.

Leo had a slight cold, and the hint of croup in his hoarse cough decided mamma to keep him out of school that rainy afternoon.

Nannie, Leo's older sister, was to bring a friend to luncheon, and as it was Nannie's birthday, mamma baked a generous supply of doughnuts with which to surprise her little girl. Leo had been playing in the library all the morning, but shortly before noon mamma called him to the dining-room with the request that he should keep Kitty off the prettily-laid table while she ran down to the grocery for a basket of nice, fresh peaches.

The first thing that Leo's bright eyes spied when he entered the door was the heaping dish of tempting doughnuts.

Now Leo liked nothing better than his mother's doughnuts, and, not content with feasting his eyes on the crisp beauties, reached across the table and touched one of the plumpest with his little fat fingers.

"I'll just smell of it," he said to himself; but before he had lifted it from the plate, the little voice within him sounded a note of warning, and, stepping hastily back, he clasped his hands behind him, saying, "No; I'll just look at the whole of them till mamma comes."

But looking at the tempting cakes only made him more anxious to taste them. "I must not look any longer," he declared, and turning away he sat down on a little stool with his back to the temptation, and there he sat facing a dark corner until his mother came home.

"Are you watching a mouse, Leo?" asked mamma, catching a glimpse of the little figure sitting so straight on the uncomfortable stool in the corner.

"No," answered Leo, hesitating, "I was looking at the doughnuts, and looking made me want them more and more, so I turned my back upon them. You know that verse, mamma, about turning away."

"Yes," replied mamma, gently laying her hand on Leo's sunny hair, and then she repeated, "Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away."

"That is it," said Leo, "and that is what I am doing."

TEDDY AND THE COWS.

"Come, Teddy," said Mrs. West, "it's time for the cows to come home."

But Teddy was reading a story about a shipwreck, and did not want to be disturbed just then.

"O mother, wait a little while," he said.

But soon a man's face appeared at the window. "Edward, the cows!" said Mr. West, and when he spoke like that Teddy lost no time in obeying. Sulkily he laid down his book and walked through the kitchen, where his mother and sister were cooking the supper.

"I hate cows!" Teddy grumbled as he walked slowly across the pine floor. "They're a bother, and I wish we didn't have any. I wish nobody had any. Cows are no good anyway. I hate cows!"

An hour later the cows were safe in the barn, and Teddy was in a better humor. He was hungry, too, after the walk to the meadow and back. A fine round of meat was smoking on the table, but there was none on Teddy's plate.

"This is beef," said Mr. West; "I did not give you any because you hate cows."

Teddy opened his mouth, and then closed it again without a word.

"I will not give you any butter, Teddy," said Mrs. West, "because we got our butter from the cows, and you hate them so."

Hester poured out the milk for the others, but to Teddy she gave a glass of water. "Cows are such a bother," she said soberly; "I know you don't want any milk."

Teddy looked wistfully at the plate of cheese, but it was passed to every one but him; and worst of all, when the custards came in, sweet and brown in their little white cups, Teddy was passed by.

"Of course you wouldn't eat custards, for they are made mostly of milk, and cows are no good," said Aunt Hetty.

Teddy looked as if he would cry. "I—I haven't had anything to eat," he blurted; "just bread without any butter, or potatoes and water. I wish I hadn't said those things about the cows."

Everybody smiled then, and nobody objected when Hester slyly passed to him a cup of custard.