

## FATHER'S DINNER.

"I've brought your dinner, father,"  
The blacksmith's daughter said,  
As she took from her arm the kettle  
And lifted its shining lid.  
"There is not any pie or pudding,  
So I will give you this;"  
And upon his toil-worn forehead  
She left the childish kiss.

The blacksmith took off his apron  
And dined in happy mood,  
Wondering much at the savour  
Hid in his humble food;  
He felt so very cheerful,  
And the cause of it was this,—  
There was magic, pleasant magic,  
In his little daughter's kiss.

While she, with her kettle swinging,  
Merrily trudged away,  
Stopping at sight of a squirrel,  
Catching some wild bird's lay,  
And I thought how many a shadow  
Of sadness we should miss,  
If always our frugal dinners  
Were seasoned with a kiss.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 15, 1932.

## A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

One other besides Marcia, Clarence and Amy was in the secret—and that was Marcia's Sunday-school teacher, Miss MacLean; a woman who meant to do good as she had the opportunity. Moreover Miss MacLean loved the children's mother, because they had been girl friends.

It wasn't likely she could see Mrs. Barrington go on in this way and not try to do something. Not that Mrs. Barrington cried and "took on;" that would have been far better. She "dragged," rather, and seemed only to exist; going through necessary duties as if she were forced.

"Now, Marcia," Miss MacLean said, "here are verses for you and Clarence, and a short one for Amy. You can teach Amy's to her. When the dear, beautiful Easter Sunday comes, instead of repeating the Sunday-school lesson to your mamma before church, give these texts; it'll be a surprise; I think she'll like it."

Poor little Marcia was conscious that something clouded their happy home. Of course she knew what that something was, because just after the year came in, dear papa had gone out of the earthly home not to come back again—ever. Her mamma hadn't smiled since, and the cloud didn't grow lighter. It settled sadly on three little lives, this cloud of mamma's grief.

Miss MacLean prayed as hard as she worked, and that is the right way. She even asked her heavenly Father, if it was his pleasure, to send a bright, sunshiny Easter to help on the mission of the dear children. She knew that in April it might pour, even on the blessed Easter morning.

"Bring the lessons, children." Mrs. Barrington spoke in a rigid, hopeless tone. It was simply the habit of every Sunday morning, to hear this recitation; a habit begun in happier days, and continued mechanically.

At first she didn't even notice that it wasn't the lesson Marcia was saying, though her eyes seemed glued to the page.

Then the words—"I am the resurrection and the life," struck her like a blow from which she recoiled. They were spoken at the funeral!

The sweet child-voice went on: "Christ—the first-fruits of them that are asleep."

Then Clarence took it up. "Our friend—is fallen asleep." "For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them that are fallen asleep in Jesus will God bring with him."

"Wherefore comfort one another with these words." So ran Amy's healing message.

Scarcely a pause, and Marcia repeated:

The grave is dark, but there my Lord did lie;

Then rose a Sun upon the night of sorrow;

He lights up my horizon, and the sky

Grows radiant with the promise of to-morrow;

That morrow, when my dead and I shall meet,

With spirits clothed upon, and life complete.

Well! The children were almost frightened by their success. They didn't know what tears meant to one who couldn't cry. Now the drops chased each other faster and faster, every drop dissolving a link in the chain which had been so tight around her heart.

Mrs. Barrington put her arms around all three—mother's hug—how they had missed it!

"Forgive me, my darlings. Your lives shall be brighter. We will live as papa would like to have us live, hoping for the meeting." "Then do we with patience wait for it," she added to herself.

"And will you go to church with us once more?" Clarence asked.

"And wear a white rose for Easter Day?" said Marcia.

"I will go to church this morning. God pardon me that I have stayed away. And at dinner, little maid, I will wear the white rose. Then we will go to the place where papa sleeps, and give it to him."

It really didn't make much difference about the weather, it grew so sunshiny indoors; and so Miss MacLean's prayer was more than answered.

## WHY JOHNNIE WEPT.

Johnnie and Jennie were having a tea party. "You can pour out the tea, Jennie," said Johnnie graciously.

"Well," said Jennie, greatly pleased.

"And I will help at the cake," went on Johnnie.

"Well," repeated Jennie doubtfully.

So Jennie poured out the tea, and Johnnie cut up the cake. Mother had given them a large piece, which Johnnie cut into five smaller pieces, all of about the same size. He helped Jennie to one piece, and began to eat another himself. Jennie poured out the tea, and the feast went merrily on. Presently there arose a discussion, and then came a prolonged wail from Johnnie.

"What is the matter?" asked mother.

"Jennie's greedy, and selfish too!" cried Johnnie. "We each had two pieces of cake, and there was only one left, and Jennie took—she took it all."

Mother looked perplexed. "That does seem rather selfish of Jennie."

"Yes, it was!" Johnnie wept; "cause I cut the cake that way, so's I could have the extra piece myself!"—*Selected.*

## IS THERE ?

Is there a little girl at your house, who teases to comb her mother's hair, though often the dear face will pucker with pain because of the snarling and pulling ?

Is there a little boy at your house who not only gives poor mamma a headache, but a heartache because her little boy is thoughtless and selfish ?

What a happy home yours is, if there is no such little girl or boy in it!