

## LITTLE THINGS.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

If any little word of mine  
 May make a life the brighter,  
 If any little song of mine  
 May make a heart the lighter,  
 God help me speak the little word,  
 And take my bit of singing,  
 And drop it in some lonely vale,  
 To set the echoes ringing

If any little love of mine  
 May make a life the sweeter,  
 If any little care of mine  
 May make a friend's the fleetier,  
 If any lift of mine may ease  
 The burden of another,  
 God give me love and care and strength  
 To help my toiling brother.

## OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly	Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$1 00	
Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 00	
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review.....	2 75	
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together.....	3 25	
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 00	
Sunday-school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60	
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies.....	0 50	
5 copies and over.....	0 30	
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies.....	0 25	
Less than 50 copies.....	0 21	
Over 50 copies.....	0 15	
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies.....	0 12	
10 copies and upwards.....	0 15	
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies.....	0 12	
10 copies and upwards.....	0 07	
Dew Drops, weekly (5 cents per quarter).....	0 20	
Berean Senior Quarterly (quarterly).....	0 04	
Berean Leaf, monthly.....	0 08	
Berean Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly).....	0 08	
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50cents per 100.		

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address-- WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
 Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
 29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,  
 Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HURSTIS,  
 2176 St. Catherine Street. Wesleyan Book Room,  
 Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

## Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 28, 1899.

## THE STORY OF A BALL.

BY MYRTLE B. MILLS.

I was not always a ball. Long ago I was soft, fleecy wool on a sheep's back. Then the sheep was sheared and I was spun into soft, red yarn, and when that was done, with many skeins like myself, I was placed in a box and sent to a large store.

One day a dear old lady came into the store and, choosing me and some of my companion skeins, carried us to her home. She called her little granddaughter Bessie to help her wind the yarn into balls. Bessie held each skein on her little outstretched hands, and one by one the pretty balls were made. I was the last one to become a ball, and grandmother gave me a loving pat as she put us all into her basket. Here I was quite happy in the society of so many little red balls, but I often wished that I might see more of the new

world around me. Baby-boy saw grandmother making the balls and wished for them to play with. He took a curved stick and pretended he was a little shepherd and the balls were his lambs, and he had great fun.

"I am going to knit Baby-boy some stockings to keep Jack Frost from the little feet," said grandmother, one bright summer afternoon. So she took her rocking-chair and her work-basket with the red balls and knitting-needles out on the veranda. Taking me and another ball out of the basket, she put us into her lap and began to knit.

By-and-bye grandmother began to nod over her work, and, dropping her needles into her lap, she fell asleep. While she was taking her nap, I rolled quietly on the floor, just as Topsy, the black and white cat, came up the veranda steps. Now Topsy thought nothing so nice to play with as a ball, and she sprang for me and would have caught me had I not rolled quickly off the veranda, down among the nasturtiums which grew by the walk. Topsy sat up on the steps for a while, and watched for me to come out again, but I stayed where I was.

About supper-time grandmother awoke, and, putting on her spectacles, looked around for me; but I was hidden among the vines. "Baby-boy, do you know where grandmother's red ball is?" she called; but Baby-boy did not know. It was growing dark by this time, so grandmother took up her work and went in to supper. The stars came out one by one and the crickets began to chirp. I felt very lonely and wished I had not rolled away to see the world, but was safe in grandmother's basket.

Next morning when Baby-boy came to pick some flowers for mamma, he saw me among the nasturtium leaves. Taking me in his chubby hand, he ran to grandmother, who was very glad to see me again. I lie in her basket now, and each day as she knits I grow smaller and smaller. But I am very happy, for I know when I am no longer a ball I shall be a little red stocking to keep Baby-boy warm.

## ELISHA AT DOTHAN.

Once there was a preacher whom bad men hated. They hated him because he spoiled their wicked plans. These bad men said among themselves, "We will take an army and go to the city where this preacher lives, and then we will kill him."

So with their king at their head they set out, and surrounded the city by night. When the preacher and his servants awoke in the morning they looked out, and lo! all around the walls of the city were enemies. They were soldiers dressed in armour and they carried spears and bows and arrows. Their horses were covered with armour and they were harnessed to dreadful war chariots.

The poor servant was scared out of his wits. He thought that they would be killed at once. "Alas, my master!" he

cried, "how shall we do?" The servant did not know that God takes care of every man and woman, and every boy or girl who tries to do right.

The preacher prayed that God would open the servant's eyes, and, wonder of wonders! the young man at once saw that the whole mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire—a far greater host than the king's army at his feet. Then do you know what happened? This army that God had sent came down and smote the enemy with blindness, so that not a hair of the preacher's head was harmed, after all.

Isn't that a wonderful story? But let me tell you another one just as wonderful. Every time a girl or boy, no matter how small, tries to be good and to keep from being naughty, God sends his angels to help him. We need not ever give in to bad temper, or bad thoughts, because God is helping us and he is stronger than evil.

## A STORY ABOUT GYP JONES.

Shall I tell you a story about Gyp Jones? He was a little fat dog that just loved to pry into bags, holes, baskets, and pockets. He pretended he was in search of rats, but that was not so. He was in search of cakes and crackers and candies. All of these things Gyp loved as well as his little mistress Maud did. He and Maud had eaten many cakes and candies together.

Well, one day Gyp was all alone in the house, excepting that he had the company of Growler, the mastiff; and he thought it would be a good time to go around and smell of all the bags and baskets and pockets in the closets.

Now Maud and her papa and mamma had gone away in a hurry to catch the excursion train, and they had left many doors open; and so, as Gyp thought, it really was a good time to see what there was in the house that he would like to eat.

He first went into the pantry; but all the cupboard doors were shut, and the box covers were on even and tight. So he skipped up the stairs, and Growler came behind slowly. It was a good thing for Gyp that Growler did follow, as you will see. For what did Gyp do in the very first closet they entered? He poked his nose into his master's tall, stiff boot; and then his head, and then his body. What he expected to find I do not know. But crawl in there he did; and when he found there was nothing good to eat in the boot he tried to draw back, but he could not do it. Well, how do you suppose he got out? Why, Growler just took hold of the little rogue with his teeth and shook him out.

In Uganda, Africa, what do you suppose the people use for money? Why, just small, prettily marked shells called "cowrie" shells. It takes more than five of these shell coins to equal one of our pennies, yet the natives have brought the missionaries hundreds of thousands of them to buy Bibles and other books.