

esting part of my story. There are men and women living to-day who can testify to the fact that from a sky—cloudless on the afternoon of Lizzie's prayer in the corn field—there fell before the following morning's most refreshing rain, and from that time the drought was broken.

### WHO IS LOVE?

Bessie and Sue were going to have lunch, with only one pear for the two; So mother had said, "Remember, my dears, Let love divide this for you."

"I wonder who Love is?" said dear little Sue,

"I wonder why mother said so?"

O! now I remember, I'm sure it must be, For 'God is Love,' Bessie, you know."

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 14, 1903.

### THE BEST THING TO DO.

O what sober little faces! Even Dolly, sitting in her chair, has put on a doleful look. Is it cloudy and rainy out-of-doors, so that the little ones cannot go out and play? No; the sun is shining as if it had a smile big enough for all the world. What can be the matter with these two little faces?

Let us hear what Pearl is saying to Patty: "I went into the side porch, and I climbed up to smell mamma's janum (she meant geranium), and it fell down, and the jar broked all to pieces."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Patty. "What did mamma say?"

"I didn't tell her. I runned away. I don't want her to know."

"But she will know soon."

"I guess she'll think that the ice-boy did it; he was coming then."

Patty shook her head gravely. "That's naughty, I know, to let some one else be blamed. Pearl, you ought to go and tell mamma; you ought to go this very, very minute."

"But I don't want to," said Pearl. "I'm afraid that mamma will scold."

"Come," coaxed Patty. She took her sister's hand, and drew her along. Faster and faster they went, until both feet were pattering along on a run.

Do you think that her mamma scolded?

No; she said: "My little one, I am glad that you came and told me at once. I hope you both will remember that it is a sin to hide a mischief instead of confessing it, and that it is a worse sin to let it be laid on some one else. So you see that one wrong may be made into two or three wrongs, but by telling it you do your best to undo the wrong."

They went around to look at the fallen flower.

"See," said their mamma, "it is very little hurt. If it had lain here in the sun, it would have died; but, now that you have told me so soon, I can plant it in another jar."

So in a few minutes the bush was doing as well as ever, and the little ones ran away with faces full of the morning sunshine.

### TRUST HIM ANYWAY.

Mabel and Edith were sisters and loved each other—as all sisters should. They were also beloved by all who knew them, for they had learned the secret of true happiness—they had given their hearts to their Saviour, and were trusting in him. One day, as they were looking up some of their favourite texts on prayer, Mabel asked:

"Edith, what would you do if you should call upon Jesus, and he did not answer you?"

"I should keep asking," replied Edith.

"But suppose he never answered you?" said Mabel.

"Then I should trust him anyway."

### WHAT HAPPENED THE CATERPILLAR.

It was a warm day in October, and Ray sat on the grass playing with his little red express waggon. After a while he ran off to get some acorns, and when he came back what do you suppose he found? A fuzzy brown caterpillar right down in the corner of his waggon.

Soon it was supper time, so he put the waggon away in his play-room, but bright and early the next morning he came back to see how the caterpillar liked its new

home, and he found that something very strange had happened. The little brown visitor was gone, and in the waggon was only something that looked like a tiny bundle rolled up in coarse spider webs. When Ray's mamma saw the bundle, she told him that it was a cocoon, and that the caterpillar was fast asleep inside.

The cocoon lay on the shelf all winter. One early summer morning when Ray went to look at it he found a little hole in it, and you can never guess what had happened to the caterpillar. Instead of being a brown worm any longer, when it crept out of the cocoon it was a beautiful butterfly that spread its dainty wings and flew away into the sunshine.

### HOME HAPPINESS.

Dear boys and girls, you can add very much to home happiness, especially if you have a mother who is not very strong, or a grandpa or grandma who are aged and feeble, by being thoughtful and mannerly. There is a right way to open and shut the door; a right way to move from one part of the room to the other; a right way to sit down, to rise, to hold a book—a right way to do everything that is worth doing at all. And yet we have known children to give their parents sad hearts by the neglect of these little home duties. It is more easy to do these things right than to do them wrong. One very ugly habit some young people have is that of calling aloud the name of a brother or sister, or even of a father or mother, who may be in another room, or upstairs, or in the garden. A polite person will always go to the one whose attention is required, and speak in a low and modest tone of voice. The home might be made far more pleasant by a strict observance of many of these little matters.

### "PLEASE, GOD, FORGIVE ME."

Bertie and Susie, two little four-year-old girls, were playing on the grass together, when Susie said something naughty. She immediately looked upward and said, "Please, God, forgive me."

"What makes you do that?" asked Bertie.

"When we do wrong," said Susie, "we ought at once to ask the Lord to forgive us."

I am glad Susie learned that lesson when she was a very little girl. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

"Now, Johnny," says grandma, "I want you to sit just as still as a mouse." Johnny answered: "Mouses don't sit still, grandma."