

small frame. His face softened, his fist relaxed.

"There, there! it was an accident; you didn't mean to do it!"

"No, I didn't, Robbie; and I'll buy another; I've got forty cents. Do you s'pose 'twould cost more than that?"

The two mamma's slipped back unseen, thankful that their children had already learned lessons of self-control, justice, and generosity.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 30, 1897.

KITTY'S PARTY.

Gladys and Nina had been planning for some time to give Trot, their kitty, a birthday party when she should be one year old.

When Trot was first given to them she was just a little kitten; but kittens grow so fast that now, much to the sorrow of the girls, she was quite a staid and full-grown cat, but they loved her just as much as ever.

"Who shall we invite to kitty's party?" they began to ask each other somewhat anxiously a day or two before the date of her birthday.

Louise's kitty had run away, and hadn't been seen for days; Helen had only a dog, which wouldn't do at all, and really there seemed to be no respectable cats to invite. Here was a great predicament. The morning of the birthday arrived, and as Gladys and Nina dressed they discussed the situation.

"We must find somebody to invite this very morning," Gladys announced as she pulled on a shoe. She meant some cat, you know.

"Of course we must," answered Nina; "it wouldn't be any party at all without some cat else at it."

Somehow, all through breakfast, their

papa and mamma looked very mysterious, and occasionally nodded and smiled at each other; but the girls were so busy planning for the birthday party that they did not notice it.

Immediately after breakfast their papa went to the shed and called the girls. They ran out at once, and their mamma followed them; and what do you suppose? There in Trot's box, cuddled close up to her, were five little baby kittens. "You see Trot has sent out her own invitation," said their papa. And then such squeals of delight as there were from the girls. They fairly hopped from one foot to the other in their excitement.

And so Trot's birthday party was furnished with guests, and Trot was treated to the daintiest supper that two happy little girls could devise.

A PRETTY, HAPPY GIRL.

There are many plain young girls whose faces are lined with discontent and unhappiness. There is a drawn, perplexed expression between the eyes, and the corners of the mouth have a decided drop. These are the girls who have a settled idea that they are plain beyond remedy, and the distressing belief has deepened the lines of dissatisfaction; but in reality there is only a cloud over the face, cast by the habit of unhappiness.

A pretty story, by which we can all profit, is as follows: One morning a certain girl whose face was under this cloud walked out across the sunshine of the common. For a moment the lightness of the morning had lifted the gloom, and her thoughts were unusually pleasant. "What a pretty, happy girl that is we just passed!" she heard one of the two ladies passing say to the other. She looked quickly around, with envy in her heart, to see the pretty girl, but she was the only girl in sight. "Why, they mean me! No one ever called me pretty before! It must be because I am smiling." Again, as she was getting on a horse-car, she heard (the fates were out in her favour): "Do you see that pretty, happy girl?" "Well, I declare, I am always going to look happy if this is what comes of it! I have been called homely all my life, and here twice in one day I've been called pretty."

THE GIANT FALSEHOOD.

Willie and Freddie had been sent to a neighbouring house to bring a bucket of water. When they returned quite late their teacher asked: "Willie, why were you gone such a long time for the water?" Willie hesitated a moment, and then looking down, replied: "We spilled it, and had to go back to fill the bucket again."

Turning to Freddie, she asked: "Were you not gone for the water longer than was necessary?" He did not answer at first, for he did not like to show that Willie had not told the exact truth; but directly he said: "Yes, ma'am. We met Harry Bradon, and stopped to play with

him; and then we spilled the water, and had to go back to get some more."

Little friends, which do you think conquered the giant falsehood, and which let the giant conquer him? Which was the happier of the two, and which would the teacher be more likely to trust in the future. If we do not conquer the giant of evil, they will surely conquer us? Do not forget that

There are giants yet to kill,
And the God of David still
Guides the pebble at his will.

THE LATEST JOKE.

We's got the very bestest joke
On little sister May;
She's getting pretty old now,
Was fourteen mon's to-day.

It was for supper yesterday
'At we had pumpkin pie.
It was so very nice and yellow,
And tasted good, O my!

But after dark I took her out,
And she began to cry:
I couldn't fink what was the matter,
For all she said was "Pie."

But when I looked the way she pointed
I laughed till I did cry,
To fink she only saw the moon,
And fought 'twas pumpkin pie.

HOW IT HAPPENED.

A boy returned from school one day with a report that his scholarship had fallen below the usual average.

"Well," said the father, "you've fallen behind this month, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, says the teller of the story, if the son did not. He had observed a number of cheap novels scattered about the house, but had not thought it worth while to say anything until a fitting opportunity should offer itself. A basket of apples stood upon the floor, and he said: "Empty out those apples, and take the basket and bring it to me half full of chips."

Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed. "And now," the father said, "put those apples back in the basket"

When half the apples were replaced, the son said: "Father, they roll off; I can't put in any more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But, father, I can't put them in."

"Put them in! No, of course you can't put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket half full of chips, and then fill it with apples? You said that you did not know why you fell behind at school. I will tell you. Your mind is like that basket: it will not hold more than so much, and here you have been for the past month filling it up with chip dirt—cheap novels."