

## SOWING THE SEED.

"Sink, little seed, in the earth's black mould.

Sink in your grave, so wet and so cold,  
There you must lie;  
Earth I throw over you,  
Darkness must cover you,  
Light come not nigh.

"What grief you'd tell, if words you could say!

What grief make known for loss of the day!

Sadly you'd speak,  
'Lie here must I ever?  
Will the sunlight never  
My dark grave seek?'

"Have faith, little seed; soon yet again  
Thou'll rise from the grave where thou art lain,

Thou'll be so fair,  
With thy green shades so light,  
And thy flowers so bright,  
Waving in air."

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 29, 1899.

## FOR HIS MOTHER'S SAKE.

The florist's boy had just swept some broken and withered flowers into the gutter when a ragged urchin darted across the street. He stooped over the pile of mangled flowers, and came at last upon a rose seemingly in better condition than the rest; but as he tenderly picked it up the petals fluttered to the ground, leaving only the bare stalk in his hand. He stood quite still, and his lips quivered perceptibly. The florist's boy, who had been looking at him severely, felt that his face was softening. "What's the matter with you, anyway?" he asked.

The ragged little fellow choked as he answered: "It's for my mother. She's

sick, and she can't eat nothin', an' I thought if she'd a flower to smell it might make her feel better."

"Just you wait a minute," said the florist's boy as he disappeared. When he came out upon the sidewalk he held in his hand a beautiful half-open rose, which he carefully wrapped in tissue paper. "There," he said, "take that to your mother."

## UNCLE HAL'S STORY.

All the children were begging for a story. Uncle Hal had told so many tales that there was scarcely a new subject left.

"I will tell you a sad story about a cat," he said at last. "It was a kitten, and belonged to a little girl named Rose. Now this kitten was black, and had long fur; but during the winter it felt the cold, especially nights; so the kind cook used to leave the oven door open, and there it slept all night."

"On the oven door?" asked Charley seriously.

"O no; in the oven, the lower oven, where the wood was kept to dry. The fires were out, and with the door open the oven was just comfortably warm. Then in the early morning the cook would call the kitten out, and shut the door before she started the fire. One morning she came down and found the oven door shut. She was very busy, and did not even think of the kitten. Of course, if the door had been open, she would have remembered; but she started the fire, and a good hot fire it was. When Rose came down she ran into the kitchen and looked around eagerly. 'Where's kitty?' she asked. The cook dropped a pan. 'Goodness gracious!' she cried, and ran to the stove, which was nearly red-hot by that time. When she opened the oven door, and looked in, there she found that the poor, dear little kitten—"

"Was all burnt up!" cried May, with tears in her eyes.

"O Uncle Hal!" exclaimed Charlie.

"The poor little thing!" wailed Edna.

Uncle Hal looked gravely around the circle of sorrowful faces. "There she found that the poor, dear little kitten," he repeated slowly, "hadn't slept in the oven at all, for the door had been shut all night. She was out in the wood-shed in a basket of chips."

"O!" cried all the children in chorus; and then they laughed together, and Uncle Hal laughed with them.

## POLLY PUTOFF.

Her real name was Polly Putman, but everybody called her Polly Putoff. Of course you can guess how she came to have such a name. It was because she put off doing everything as long as she possibly could.

"O, you can depend on Polly for one thing," Uncle Will would say; "you can depend on her putting off everything but

that is all you can depend on," and I am sorry to say that he spoke the truth.

"Polly, Polly," mother would say in despair, "how shall I ever break you of this dreadful habit?"

It was just three days to Polly's birthday, and she had been wondering very much what her father and mother intended to give her. She thought that a music-box would be the best thing, but she was almost afraid to hope for that. A man who went about selling them had brought some to the house, and Polly had gone wild with delight over their pretty musical tinkle.

"Polly," mother said that morning, "here is a letter that I want you to post before school."

"Yes, mother," answered Polly, putting the letter in her pocket.

As she reached the schoolhouse she saw the girls playing, and she stopped "just a moment." Then the bell rang, so she could not post the letter then. She looked at the address. It was directed to a man in the next town, "O, it hasn't got very far to go. I will post it after school." After school she forgot all about it.

"Did you post my letter, Polly?" asked mother when Polly was studying her lesson that evening.

Polly's face grew very red, and she put her hand in her pocket. "I will post it in the morning," she said faintly.

"It is too late," answered mother; "the man to whom the letter is directed went away this evening, and I haven't got his address. It really only matters to yourself, for it was an order for a music-box for your birthday."

"O mother!" cried Polly, "is it really too late?"

"I don't know where he is now," said mother. "If you had not put off posting that letter, he would have received it before he started, and sent the music-box. It is too late now."

Wasn't that a hard lesson? It cured Polly, though, and she has nearly lost her old name.

## A GOOD THOUGHT.

A well-known Christian man once offered a prize for the best thought sent to him within a month. Here is the thought which won the prize: Men grumble because God puts thorns on roses. Would it not be better to thank God that he puts roses on thorns?

Surely that is a thought worth remembering. Sometimes as we pick the wild roses along the hedge, we prick our fingers, and then we forget all about the roses, and think only about the thorns. But the roses are there, just the same as before, and God meant us to enjoy them, despite the thorns, which he put simply to teach us to be careful and patient in picking the roses.

The largest clock in the world is in the tower of the city hall in Philadelphia.