

ask God to help a person when you are not willing to help her yourself if you have the opportunity. So I began by really trying to find something to like in her, and to do her kindnesses as if I meant them, instead of in the coldly considerate manner I discovered I had been using. Presently I took genuine pleasure in it. She seems like another girl to me. I suppose I do to her."

WHAT THIS WORLD IS LIKE.

BY PRISCILLA LEONARD.

This world is like a looking-glass;
And if you want to see
People frown at you as you pass,
And use you slightly;
If you want quarrels, snubs, and foes,
Put on a fretful face;
Scowl at the world, you'll find it shows
The very same grimace.

This world is like a looking-glass;
And if you wish to be
On pleasant terms with all who pass,
Smile on them pleasantly;
Be helpful, generous, and true,
And very soon you'll find
Each face reflecting back to you
An image bright and kind.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 9, 1899.

THE GIANT FALSEHOOD.

Willie and Freddy 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 Freddy, 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 giants 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.

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 droop. 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'm 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."

JUDGE NOT.

"Oh, mamma!" cried Jack, running into the sitting-room where his mother was sewing, "Sidney is breaking a commandment, he is—'Thou shalt not steal'—and I should think he'd be ashamed of himself."

"Why, Jack," said the mother in surprise, "what can you mean?"

"He is, truly, mamma," said Jack, hopping about on one foot, and seeming rather to enjoy the fact. "I saw him getting sugar out of the sugar bowl, and you know you told us not to."

"O-h," said mamma in a tone of relief, "that's it, is it? Come here, Jack;" and taking her little boy's hand, she drew him to her side. "Do you think it such a

dreadful thing to break a commandment, dear?"

"Why, yes, mamma, of course," answered Jack, astonished that his mother should ask such a question.

"You would not do it?"

"No, indeed, mamma."

"Then you think you are very much better than Sidney?"

Jack hung his head at that question, but did not say no.

"Now, Jack, I want to see how mistaken you are; you think you would not break a commandment, but because you are so ready to believe evil of your brother, you are really breaking the commandment which says, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness.' Do you know what that means, Jack?"

"Yes, mamma; you said it meant saying what was not true about any one; but Sidney was stealing, for I saw him."

"He was taking sugar, Jack, but are you sure he was stealing?"

"Yes," answered Jack, "and now I 'spose he's going away to eat it."

At that moment the door opened and Sidney came into the room, his bright, manly little face not looking at all as though he was ashamed of himself.

"Here is the sugar for Dicky, mamma," he said, slipping the lump between the wires of the cage, "and here's a letter for you. I saw the postman coming, and waited a minute for him."

"Thank you, dear," said mamma, smiling at him; and then she turned and looked at Jack.

THE SICK BOOTBLACK.

The rich men who build hospitals are not the only benevolent ones. The New York shoeblack of whom Dr. Talmage tells this story showed a spirit of sweet unselfishness.

"A reporter sat down on one of the City Hall benches and whistled to one of the shiners. The boy came up to his work provokingly slow, and had just begun when a larger boy shoved him aside and began the work. The reporter reproved him as being a bully, and the boy replied: 'Oh, that's all right: I am going to do it for 'im. You see he's been sick in the hospital more'n a month, so us boys turn in and give him a lift.'

"Do all the boys help him?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, sir; when they ain't got no job themselves, and Jim gets one, they turn in and help 'im, for he ain't strong yet, you see."

"How much percentage does he give you?" asked the reporter.

"The boy replied: 'I don't keep none of it. I ain't no such sneak as that. All the boys give up what they get on his job. I'd like to catch any feller sneaking on a sick boy, I would.'

"The reporter gave him a twenty-five cent piece, and said: 'You keep ten cents for yourself, and give the rest to Jim.'

"Can't do it, sir; it's his customer. Here, Jim."