

mother was to see us, for she had been watching and was troubled, but she had been praying too; so we always think of God when we think of the storm."

"We should always think of him," said little Norman.

### LITTLE PRAYERS.

Upward float the little prayers  
Day by day,  
Little prayers for little cares  
In work or play.  
Every moment brings its trial  
Or its pleasure;  
Little prayers for self-denial  
Yield rich treasure.

Let this be your little prayer  
Every day:  
"Keep me, Lord, in thy dear care,  
Come what may;  
Lead my little feet apart  
From evil things;  
Daily hide my little heart  
Beneath thy wings."

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 5, 1903.

### THE MISSIONARY FEET.

There was a register in the children's room, but it was open only for an hour or two before bedtime. Dot and May had made ready for bed in mother's warm room, keeping very still so as not to wake the baby. Then they scampered in and cuddled down under the blankets like little balls.

"Dot," said May, one night, "I don't like to lie in a heap; let's lie out straight."

"But it's cold," shivered Dot.

"Oh, I know!" cried May. "Let's play our feet are missionaries and the cold bed is a heathen country. We can send them down, and then, when they get cold, we can bring them home to visit, just as missionaries do."

"Why, yes," said Dot; "and my feet can go to China and yours to India."

So the brave little feet started immediately on their journeying. Mother was astonished a little later, as she listened at the door, to hear Dot say sleepily, "Good night, May; I think China is almost warm.—*Selected.*"

### A LITTLE GIRL LED THEM.

This is how a little girl started a great meeting: Among the people gathered for worship one evening was a little girl of not more than seven summers. Yet she was designed to be the leader of that meeting. When it seemed as though no one wanted to speak, sing, or pray, the little girl rose to her feet, and with one little sentence she broke the spell that bound us by simply repeating these words: "I love Jesus." It was enough. We had testimony after testimony, song after song, and prayer after prayer, until the very windows of heaven were opened and the Lord came down. It beautifully illustrates the fact that we are to become as little children if we would enter into the kingdom.

### A TRUE LADY.

I was once walking behind a very handsomely dressed young girl, and thinking, as I looked at her beautiful clothes, "I wonder if she takes half as much pains with her heart as she does with her body?" A poor old man was coming up the walk with a loaded wheelbarrow, and just before he reached us he made two attempts to go into the yard of the house; but the gate was heavy, and would swing back before he could get in. "Wait," said she, "I'll hold the gate." And she held the gate until he had passed in, and received his thanks with a pleasant smile as she passed on. "She deserves to have beautiful clothes," I thought, "for a beautiful spirit dwells in her breast."

God has said that he will bless those children who love and obey their parents, but his curse shall be upon the disobedient.

The Alaskan Indians, at certain seasons, roving in merry bands, gather large quantities of berries, beat them into paste, and then press the paste into square cakes and dry them for winter use, to be eaten as a kind of bread with their oily salmon.

### A QUEER HOLE.

I have heard of a boy who lived long ago—  
For such boys are not found nowadays,  
you know—

Whose friends were as troubled as they  
could be

Because of a hole in his memory.

A charge from his mother went in one day,  
And the boy said "Yes," and hurried  
away;

But he met a man with a musical top,  
And his mother's words through that hole  
did drop.

A lesson went in, but—ah me! ah me!  
For a boy with a hole in his memory!—

When he rose to recite he was all in a  
doubt,

Every word of that lesson had fallen out.

And at last, at last—O terrible lot!  
He could speak only two words: "I for-  
got."

Would it not be sad, indeed, to be  
A boy with a hole in his memory?

### LESSON NOTES.

#### FOURTH QUARTER.

STUDIES IN THE OLD TESTAMENT.

#### LESSON XI.—DECEMBER 13.

THE DEDICATION OF THE TEMPLE.

1 Kings 8. 1-11, 62, 63. Memorize verses  
9-11.

GOLDEN TEXT.

I was glad when they said unto me, Let  
us go into the house of the Lord.—Psa.  
122. 1.

THE LESSON STORY.

At last the temple that David longed for and that Solomon built was done. It was seven years in building, and would have been much longer, only there were thousands of men at work on its different parts getting them ready to put together at Jerusalem, and when they were put together there was no sound of hammer or of any tool. If you will read the fifth, sixth, and seventh chapters of First Kings you will see what the glory and beauty of the temple must have been, and where its builders found the precious things of which to make it. On the day of dedication all Israel came to Jerusalem and filled the courts of the temple, looking up at the wonderful building of marble, of cedar, and of pure gold, its roof overlaid with gold, shining in the sun. But as yet it was like a beautiful body without a spirit. When the ark was brought from Zion and set between the cherubim a cloud filled the house of the Lord to show his presence there. Then Solomon made a noble prayer