

drops of water, that had floated away in vapour, come back again.

Another day, a little girl's trembling fingers dropped a penny into the missionary box, all she had to give. She almost cried as she dropped it in. It seemed so little, but it was all she had, that made it really a great gift, did it not?

Well, the penny was taken up and sent away to a large publishing house, where it bought a little leaflet, such a leaflet as you use in your missionary societies. The leaflet was sent away, away over the deep blue sea. It fell into the hands of a young chief, in Africa, who had learned to read. It made him a Christian. He crossed the ocean to know more of the wonderful country whence the tidings had come. He studied to be a missionary, and went back to teach his people; and when they heard the glorious message of salvation, they cried: "O, it is raining, joy and peace and happiness! O, it is raining, showers of blessings for every one!"

And it was, after all, the little penny that had brought these showers of blessings, just as the little drops of water, sailing away from the kettle, had brought the rain.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 27, 1897.

ACTING A LIE.

Olive had been told never to meddle with a beautiful vase that stood on a bracket over the piano. "It will break very easily," her mother said.

One day when Olive was alone she took the vase down, but on trying to put it back the bracket slipped off its nail, and the vase fell to the floor and was broken into a dozen pieces.

Olive was frightened. As she stood there her pugdog came into the room.

"I'll shut Spotty in the parlour, and mother will think he did it," said Olive.

So the doggie was shut up in the parlour, and when Olive's mother came home she found the dog there and the broken vase.

"Do you suppose Spotty did it?" asked Olive.

"I think he must have done so," answered her mother. "You don't know anything about it, do you?"

Olive pretended she did not hear. But that night she could not sleep. She got up and went to her mother's bed. "Mother, I broke the vase," she said. "I thought if I acted a lie you wouldn't find out about it, but I can't sleep for thinking God knows, if you don't."

Ah, that's it—God knows. We cannot deceive him.

TIM, THE TRADER.

Timothy Travers is his right name, but all of his playmates called him "Tim, the Trader," because of his fondness for trading with the boys. No matter what article he possessed, Tim was always ready to trade it for something else. It was noticed, too, that Tim always got the better of the bargain in these exchanges. In fact, it was even hinted that he was dishonest, and would cheat, and was not at all like the good Timothy that St. Paul writes about. Of course all this finally led to Tim being shunned by the other boys, and losing his place as a jolly good fellow among them.

One day a new boy and girl moved into the neighbourhood, and Tim became friends with them. The new boy owned a large number of rabbits. He had white rabbits and black rabbits and grey rabbits. Then he also owned a large flock of pigeons, and the cutest little trick dog that Tim had ever seen. Of course Tim saw in the new boy's friendship an opportunity for trading.

One day the new boy and his sister were out near the rabbit hutch, when Tim came along.

"Hallo! Want to sell a rabbit?" said Tim.

"What will you give me for one?" asked the new boy.

Then Tim went down in his pockets, and brought up and successively offered six broken agates, a fish-line without hooks, a pocket knife with broken blades, a piece of a chandelier ornament, three broken lead pencils, two pieces of coloured chalk and a small sponge, a leather slung shot, and a small penknife with one side of the handle missing.

As Tim offered each lot the new boy placed his hands in his pockets, and quietly shook his head.

When Tim discovered that the new boy could not be tempted to part with the rabbit for any of the trashy articles which he had offered, he finally said that he would give him twenty-five cents for one; and, after fumbling around in his pockets, tendered something that looked like a silver twenty-five-cent piece,

The new boy took it, examined it closely, and bit it with his teeth.

"Lead!" he said, as he tossed it back to the crestfallen Tim.

"Timothy," said the new boy very gravely, "always remember that honesty is not only the best policy, but strive to be honest because honesty is the right way."

WHAT ONE LITTLE GIRL DID.

There are ninety villages belonging to the city of Tyre, in Syria. Up to twenty years ago, there had not been a Bible for a missionary teacher among them.

At Beirut there was a little Syrian girl, going to a mission school. She had learned of Jesus, and how to read the Bible, the precious Book that told of him. O how she loved her Bible! and the more she learned to love it, the more she wanted others to know about it, to love it too. Are you that way, little reader?

When vacation came, she went to her home, which was in one of those villages of Tyre, of which I have told you. She sat under the trees, reading her precious Book. The people came to her and asked what it was she was reading. "O such a beautiful, beautiful Book!" she replied. "Do you not want to hear it?" They told her they did. She began to read. Soon the crowd increased.

Every time she sat under the trees, reading, the people would come flocking about her, hungry to have the messages in the precious Book. So many hungry ones, and only one little girl to give them the words of eternal life! But how patiently and how faithfully she had done her part, what one little girl could do!

When she went back to the mission school, the hungry people sent a message by her, begging for a teacher who could come and stay with them. O how piteously they begged! But there was no teacher to go. There was really not enough for the mission school itself.

The next year the people begged again, and again the next, and the next year.

At the end of five years what do you think happened? A missionary teacher was sent to them. And whom do you think it was? No less a person than the little girl who had read to them the precious words of truth sitting under the shade of the village trees, the little girl now grown to be a woman. What a glad day that was!

There are now in that city, where the little girl first taught and read the Bible, twenty-nine Christian schools, and over three thousand children who know of Jesus; and it has all come about through that one little girl's patient and earnest seed-sowing.

A little boy attending Sunday-school for the first time went home and said to his mamma: "Mamma, they passed the money around, but I didn't take any."