

who knew nothing of the plate of gold. He had nothing to give the helpless beggars, but his heart went out to them in pity. Kneeling beside one of the most wretched, he took both his thin hands in his, and said softly: "O thou, my brother, bear thy trouble bravely; God is good." Then he went into the temple. As he heard the people telling their good deeds he thought to himself that he had none to tell. But, after looking at him earnestly, the priest beckoned to him and put the plate in his hands. It shone with a brighter glow than before. "Son," said the priest, "the gift of God is thine; thou lovest best."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 7, 1933.

THE LOST PRIZE.

"We have each of us got a prize, mamma—each of us! Isn't that perfectly lovely?"

This mother was asked so many times a day to find so many things "perfectly lovely" that she smiled as she answered, "That is nice, indeed; are they for the same thing?"

They brought the books and laid them open on her knee. Louise was her own little maid, and Nanette was Louise's dearest friend, who had no mother to show her triumphs to, and who often came to Louise's mother, finding always a kind word and smile.

"Miss Blair offered a prize for the best composition on India, mamma, and she said mine and Nanette's were just equal; so she gave us each one."

"What does this mean?" asked the mother, reading from Nanette's book;

"From Nanette's affectionate teacher, who loves every truth-lover."

Nanette blushed a little: "Miss Blair said we must get it all out of books, ma'am; and while I was writing mine an old gentleman at our boarding-house came up and corrected some things I had written without my asking him; of course, I had to tell Miss Blair."

"Ah, I see," said the lady; "and she means you to remember that she values your carefulness about telling the whole truth, more even than your composition." She drew Nanette to her side and kissed her. "I would rather be called a truth-lover, little Nanette," she said, "than be called her Majesty the Empress of India. Could Miss Blair say the same of you, Louise dear?" she asked, but Louise burst into tears.

Her mother was much concerned when she found that Louise had slipped Nanette's paper out of the desk and read it before writing her own. "I didn't see why I might not read a composition as well as a book," she sobbed.

"But you let Miss Blair think you had done what she told you, daughter; that was not truth-telling, much less truth-loving."

And Louise was obliged to carry her pretty book back and give it up. But when her golden head began to turn grey, she used to tell her own little girls that this lost prize did more for her than any she ever gained and kept.

HOW HE MEASURED THE TREE.

We sometimes call our Bob the young philosopher, for he is a boy who thinks a great deal. Whatever he sees that he does not understand he tries hard to study out for himself, and he solves some problems which would seem too difficult for such a little fellow. Bob is the owner of a foot rule and a yardstick, and he takes great pleasure in measuring garden walks, fences, and many other things about the place. He will often guess at the distance from one point to another, and then measure it to see how near he came. He had some difficulty when he tried to find out the length of his own shadow, for sometimes it was quite short and at other times very long. At length, however, he discovered that it was long in the morning, grew shorter till noon, then grew longer all the afternoon till sunset, when it would disappear. He also learned that twice each day—once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon—his shadow was exactly the same length as himself.

There is a beautiful tree near the house which runs up tall and slim. Bob used to say that it almost touched the sky. He often longed to know its real height, but could see no way of measuring it. One morning he noticed the long shadow of

this tree plainly marked on the smooth, green lawn. Just then a new thought came to him. Why not find out the height of the tree by the length of its shadow? He drove a stake into the ground, and found that its shadow was longer than the stake; but he knew that shadows were growing shorter at this hour of the day, so he waited and watched. In about an hour the stake and its shadow were of the same length. Then Bob ran to measure the shadow of the tree. He found it to be thirty-one feet, and he felt sure that this was the height of the maple. He was delighted with his discovery, and he talked about it a great deal, and said that he would some time try to measure the distance to the moon.—Nursery.

TRUE LOVE.

"How I love you, mother dear!"

A little prattler said.

"I love you in the morning bright,
And when I go to bed.

"I love you when I'm near to you,
And when I'm far away;
I love you when I am at work,
And when I am at play."

And then she shyly, sweetly raised
Her lovely eyes of blue,
"I love you when you love me best,
And when you scold me, too."

The mother kissed her darling child
And stooped a tear to hide;
"My precious one, I love you most
When I am forced to chide.

"I could not let my darling child
In sin and folly go;
And this is why I sometimes chide—
Because I love you so."

UNSELFISH.

There are usually two ways of looking at a thing, and it is well now and then to change one's point of view. Little Hans had just begun his school life, and his mother was ambitious to have him keep a high standing in his class.

"Why, Hans," she said, regretfully, at the end of the second week, "last week you gave me so much pleasure by getting to be at the head of your class, and now you are only number four, I see."

"Yes, I know," admitted the little fellow with great gravity; "but then," he added, "some other boy's mamma has the pleasure this week, so I thought you wouldn't mind so very much."

"You're quite right, Hans," said his mother, giving him an appreciative smile; "I don't mind it at all—now."