

the six weeks he remained in the hospital he never hit a child nor hurt one in any way, though he would call them to his bedside, and after filling his mouth full of water, would send the contents into their faces and thoroughly enjoy their discomfort. When taken out of the ward and placed in an empty room, he climbed to the top shelf of the cupboard, and securing a parcel of linseed meal scattered it on the floor as a sower scatters seed in a field. Yet when he begged not to be locked in and gave his word that he would not try to get out if the key were not turned, he kept his word like a man of honor. Poor Tim! May He who feeds the ravens and takes note of the sparrow's fall, look after thy young life, bought as it has been by the Blood of the Lamb!

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 6, 1905.

MABEL'S BIBLE VERSE.

"Be ye also holy: for I am holy," read Mabel over with a puzzled face. She was learning her Sunday-school verse.

"Mother," she said at last, drawing her little chair over to where her mother sat sewing by the window, "I don't understand my verse. What does 'holy' mean? 'Be ye holy.'"

Mrs. Parsons laid down her work and thought a moment before she said, "I will explain it to you as well as I can, my dear. If I say that Baby Freddy is healthy, what do you think I mean?"

"Why, that he is as well as he can be. Mrs. Moss said yesterday, when I had him out in his carriage, that she didn't know when she had seen such a healthy-looking baby."

"And when I say," continued her

mother, "that this vase on the table is whole, what do I mean?"

"That it isn't cracked or broken or anything."

"Exactly. Now these words holy and healthy and whole all come from the same German word *heilig*, which means both holy and healthy. So, you see, to be holy is to be complete and healthy. If Freddy had the scarlet fever, would he be healthy?"

"Oh, no, he would be sick."

"And if he were poisoned with the poison ivy, as you were last summer, would he be healthy then?"

"Not till he got over it."

Perhaps the baby knew that they were talking of him, for he turned from his play on the carpet to laugh and coo and wave his chubby little hand at Mabel.

"And if one of his hands was cut off," went on Mrs. Parsons, "would his little body be whole?"

"Oh, no."

"Then, dear," said her mother, "if your soul is sick with sin, whether it be the large sins like theft and murder, or the smaller ones of falsehood, or disobedience, or selfishness, it cannot be a holy, a healthy soul, nor if it is poisoned with evil or unkind thoughts. And if, too, something has gone from the soul, if truthfulness has gone, or purity, or kindness, it cannot be a holy, a whole soul. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do, mother," answered Mabel.

"You must also remember that to keep your soul whole, you must be careful of it, as I am of this rare vase, that nothing shall break or mar it; and that it may be a healthy soul you must watch it all the time, as I do you and Freddy, that it does not get sick with sin."

"Then it is something for me. I thought it was only for grown-up people."

"God asks nothing, my dear daughter, that even a little child cannot do, according to her strength."

FINDING THE WAY.

BY PANSY.

Hugh was to go to Mr. Robinson's office on an errand, and everybody was telling him which way to go.

"Turn by the stone schoolhouse," said Albert, "and go across to Fourth Street."

"Oh, no," said Horace, "that is not the best way. Go to Carter's block and turn to the right, and cross Fisher's Lane, then turn to the left again, and then to the right."

"Now, if I was going," said sister Mary, "I should go straight down to Darby Road and turn at the avenue."

"Oh, dear!" said Hugh. "I'm all mixed up. Can't somebody tell me how to go?"

Uncle Edward turned from his writing

desk. "I'll be the way for you, my boy, if you wish," he said. "I'm going directly past Mr. Robinson's office, and I know the shortest road."

This was fun. Hugh was led a zigzag path, sometimes up hill and sometimes along a very narrow stony road, but all he had to do was to walk by his uncle's side and he reached the office safely. This was on Saturday. On Sunday afternoon, Hugh and his sister Mary tried to see which could say the Golden Text the quicker: "Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life."

"Uncle Edward," said Hugh, "wouldn't it be nice if Jesus could lead us along the right way, now, just as you did me, yesterday?"

"He can," said Uncle Edward; "all we have to do is to follow in his steps; he knows the way home; and there is something, my boy, to remember: there is only one way to reach that home."

"The Father's house, where there are many mansions," said Aunt Laura, softly.

A LIVE FLOWER.

"I am going to tell you," said a father, "about an animal that sees without eyes, hears without ears, eats without tongue or teeth, and walks without feet."

"Oh, father, you are making fun," cried George.

"No, here it is," he replied, and he pointed to what looked like a bright colored flower growing just under the water. It had a thick stem and a crown of beautiful pink leaves.

"But that is a flower!" exclaimed the mother.

"Do you think so?" said the father. "Can a flower be afraid?" He touched the thing, and in a minute all the long leaves had curled up, and it looked like an ugly knob. The children watched, and presently it uncurled again, the stem swelled, and it was a wide-open flower.

"Can a flower eat?" asked father.

"Look here!" He caught a little shrimp and dropped it just over the pink leaves, or tendrils, and—would you believe it?—they snatched the shrimp and sucked it down into the middle, where the father said it would be digested.

"You see, this animal, which is called a sea-anemone, has no eyes nor ears, but it saw and heard the shrimp coming; no tongue nor teeth, but it has eaten up Sir Shrimp; no feet, but when it pleases it can get off the rock to which it seems to be fastened, go off to another, and fasten itself there. God has filled the earth, sky and sea with marvels like this and greater than this. 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works! In wisdom hast thou made them all.'"

Children, learn to be exact and careful in little things.