

BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

Beautiful faces are those that wear—
It matters little if dark or fair—
Whole-souled honesty printed there.

Beautiful eyes are those that show,
Like crystal panes where hearth-fires glow.
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart like songs of birds,
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful lives are those that bless—
Silent rivers of happiness,
Whose hidden fountains but few may
guess.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 25, 1905.

BREAKING A WISHBONE.

"Will you break this wishbone with me, mamma?" said the little girl, as she held up the well-dried bone of the fowl left from the dinner the day before.

Mamma broke the bone with her little daughter, after they had both made their wishes in silence. The little girl got the wish.

"What was your wish, dear?" asked mamma.

"I don't like to tell," replied the little one.

"As long as you have the wish, it does not matter if you tell it, dear."

With some hesitancy, the child said: "I wished that papa would go to church with you to-night."

The mother was astonished. She supposed, of course, that the child had wished for something specially for herself. A short time before, in the child's presence, the mother had been asking her husband to go to church with her that evening, and he had slightly demurred. Lying on the couch in the next room, the father heard the conversation about the wishbone, and was as much surprised at the wish his child had made as the mother was.

After the little girl had told her wish, she said: "Now, mamma, we will see for sure if chicken wishbone wishes come true."

The wish did come true. Papa went to church that night with mamma.

A NOBLE BOY.

Off the coast of the State of Maine is a rocky island called Saddleback Ledge, on which is a lighthouse. There is a story told about this lighthouse that is well worth repeating, for it shows the bravery of a boy who was only fifteen years old.

One day he was left in charge of the lighthouse, while his father went ashore to buy the food that was needed. A storm sprang up, and the sea was so rough for the next three weeks that the father could not return. Meanwhile the boy in the lighthouse away on that lonely rock kept the light burning brightly every night, but it was hard work, and when at last the storm had ceased and his father was able to return, he found his boy so weak that he could hardly speak. Yet it was a proud father and a happy boy that met that day on the rocky ledge of Saddleback, for the boy had done his duty and the father knew that his son could always be trusted, even in the midst of storm and danger.

OVERCOME EVIL WITH GOOD.

A horse was standing quite still on a very busy street. His master was nearly beside himself. Every new driver or motorman who came in sight called, "Get out of the way there!" He was in a hurry, too, to get the load of stone to the end of its journey. Ah, the load of stone was all the trouble! It was very heavy. Poor Bones, all given out, had stopped to rest a minute, and then his master's blows and hard words had made him not much care whether he went again or not. Just how long he would have stood, quietly keeping all these busy people at a standstill, nobody knows, for presently a little girl came to everybody's help. "Please let me try to make him go," she said timidly to the cross driver. She only patted the horse on the head, and called him "Poor fellow!" "Nice old horse!" and gave him a handful of grass, and an apple she was eating, and walked a few steps coaxing him, when, sure enough, on again the old horse moved.

TRUE BRAVERY.

In the heat of passion Robert had done something that he was ashamed of and sorry for after the excitement had passed away. "I wish I hadn't let my temper get away with my good sense," he said; "but it's done, and what's done can't be undone."

"But isn't there a way to overcome the effect of wrong-doing to a great extent?" asked a voice in his heart.

"How?" asked Robert.

"By owning to one's blame in the matter," answered the voice. "Confessing one's fault does much to set wrong right. Try it."

Now Robert was very much like all the rest of us; he hated to admit that he was in fault. "I'm wrong; forgive me," is a hard thing to say. But the more he thought the matter over the more he felt that he ought to say just that. "It's the right thing to do," he told himself; "if I know what's right, and don't do it, I'm a moral coward. I'll do it."

So he went to the one he had wronged and confessed his fault frankly; and the result was that the two boys were better friends than before, and his comrade had a greater respect for him because he had been brave enough to do a disagreeable thing when it was presented to him in the light of a duty.

My boys, remember that there's quite as much bravery in doing right for right's sake as there is in the performance of grand and heroic deeds that the world will hear about.

IN A TIGHT PLACE.

A number of boys were playing "hide and seek" on the streets of a city. A large joint of sewer-pipe lay above ground. One of the little urchins was looking for a hiding-place. He came up to the pipe, looked in and thought a moment. It was dark and deep. "What a splendid place to hide!" he whispered to himself. He tried to drag himself in out of sight. The pipe seemed small, but on he went. The middle was reached. There he lay, still as death. His playmates were searching for Johnnie, but the boy could not be found. He thought it time to bestir himself, but in neither direction could he move. He began to yell most loudly. His companions heard him, but none of them could go in for him. Then they brought a rope, and threw it in. He grasped it, they pulled, and soon Johnnie was once more enjoying freedom.

He had learned a lesson. Let all the boys learn it. Keep out of tight places. And no place is so tight as a bad habit. Chewing tobacco, drinking beer, reading bad books, using bad words—get caught in any of these, and you cannot get out, nor can your best friend pull you out. Christ alone can help you.