

writer's headache. He predicted a hard frost within a week, and begged Pichegru not to fall back.

The general knew Dis Jonval, and resolved to wait a week; and then there came the hardest frost that Holland had known for a hundred years. The waters were bound with icy fetters. The French advanced triumphantly, Utrecht fell, and the prisoner was released. But the spider who had done it all knew nothing about it, and went on spinning as usual.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

	Yearly Sub'n
Christian Guardian, weekly	\$1 00
Methodist Magazine and Review, 36 pp., monthly, illustrated	2 00
Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review	2 15
Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together	2 25
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Canadian Epworth Era	0 50
Sunday school Banner, 65 pp., 8vo, monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to, weekly, under 5 copies	0 20
5 copies and over	0 20
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to, weekly, single copies	0 10
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 15
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 12
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Dew Drops, weekly	0 05
Reverent Senior Quarterly (quarterly)	0 20
Reverent Leaf, monthly	0 05
Reverent Intermediate Quarterly (quarterly)	0 05
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 50 cents per 100.	

THE ABOVE PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE.

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 39 to 36 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
2176 St. Catherine Street,
Montreal, Que.

S. F. HUERTIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 12, 1903.

SAYING GOOD-MORNING TO GOD.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLEN.

Tea was over at the Telfords, and the pretty, red-shaded lamp was lighted in the parlour. Papa had kissed the children good-night and gone off to his study, with a bundle of business papers.

"Now, mamma," said Ernest, "you'll read us a nice story, won't you?"

"First we must practice our hymns for the Children's Day service," said mamma.

"Oh! bother," cried Ernest, puckering his forehead up into wrinkles; "what's the use of our learning the hymns, anyhow? Miss Carter will play on the big organ, and lots of people will sing, and nobody will know, mamma, whether we are singing or not."

"Will nobody know, in heaven above or earth beneath?" asked his mother, looking very grave.

Ernest looked down, and shuffled his toes on the carpet; he knew what his mother meant, but he did not want to say so.

"Once upon a time," said Mrs. Telford,

(and three children pressed up close to her; she was going to tell them a story, after all;) "a father was walking down the road, and he met all his children; he had a large family of boys and girls, some big and some little. The father smiled upon them, and said, 'Bless you, my children;' and what do you think the children said, Ernest?"

But Ernest thought his mother was laying a trap for him, and he wouldn't say anything. "I fink they said good-mornin', farver," spoke up little blue-eyed Betty.

"Some of them did, Betsey, and some of them smiled back at him; but there were three little folks (a boy and two small girls) who did not look at him; did not smile at him, and did not open their lips. Do you think that good father would be pleased with them, Betty?"

"No," said little Betty, shaking her short, brown locks, "he would be sorwy."

"Now then, children," said mamma, "these hymns are one way that we say good-morning to God, our heavenly Father, when we go to worship him in church and Sunday-school. When the Bible is read, that is God speaking to us; and when we pray, we are asking help and favours from him; but when we sing hymns we are just praising and greeting him; just saying, 'Good-morning, dear God.' And if an earthly father would notice, and be sorry, if three of his children, even little ones, did not say good-morning to him, will not your heavenly Father be grieved, too, if even my little tots of children do not say good-morning to him?"

"Yes, mamma," said Ernest; he was ready to learn his hymns now, and as the little sisters were always ready to do what he did, they stood about her knee, and learned the words, and hummed over the tune with her, as long as she chose to keep them.

But in one of the baby hearts there was a question that needed an answer. "Mamma," said little Betty, with her round cheek against the chair arm, while her eyes tried to peer through the darkened window pane, "we are so awful little, and the sky is so high up, I 'spect God couldn't see us."

"He says he can see things a great deal smaller than you, Betsy; what is it about the sparrows?"

"I know!" cried Ernest, "let me say it: 'Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.'"

"How much bigger are you than a sparrow, Betsey?"

"Oh! so much," said the little girl, laughing and stretching her short arms out wide.

"Then you may be sure your heavenly Father sees you, too, and listens for your 'good-morning' voice."

"ROB'S BATTLE."

"There isn't any use in my trying to do good, mother," said Rob Winter one Sunday afternoon. "I've tried this week so hard, but it didn't do any good. I get mad so quick. I think every time I never will again, but the next time anything provokes me, away I go before I know it."

"You can conquer your enemy if you meet him the right way, Rob; remember how David went out to meet Goliath; who would have thought that he, with only his sling and the little stones he had taken from the brook, could defeat the mighty Philistine? But he did, because he went in the name and strength of the Lord of hosts."

"Now, your temper is your giant. If you meet him in your own strength, he will defeat you, but if, like David, you go in God's strength, you will overcome. Try again to-morrow, Rob; ask God to go with you and help you, and when your enemy rises up against you, fight him down. Say to him that he shall not overcome you, because you fight with God's help and strength."

"Well," promised Rob, "I'll try; but I can't help being afraid."

Everything went smoothly the next day until afternoon recess. The boys were playing ball, and one of them accused Rob of cheating. Instantly his face crimsoned, and he turned towards his accuser, but the angry words died on his lips.

His conversation with his mother flashed into his mind. "I will try if God will help me," he thought. It was a hard struggle for a minute. He shut his eyes tight together, and all his heart went out in a cry for help, and he conquered.

"David killed Goliath, and that was the end of him," said Rob that night, "but my giant isn't dead if I did conquer him once."

"I know," said his mother; "but every victory makes you stronger and him weaker, and when the warfare is over there is a crown of life promised to those who endure to the end."

A miserable-looking man went into a grocer's shop in York and begged for bread. The grocer thought that he knew the man, and asked him if his name was not —, who once had a fortune and house of his own. Yes, it was the same man. The grocer spoke kindly to him, and inquired how he became so poor. "Ah, sir," he replied, "I am suffering for my bad conduct to my widowed mother. I used to wish her dead, that I might have her property; but when I got my desire, I never prospered; the money was soon squandered, and now I am reduced to want." Let all boys and girls take warning from this. God has said that he will bless those children who love and obey their parents, but his curse shall be upon the disobedient.—*English Paper.*