

IMPORTANT LESSONS.

Just to be tender, just to be true ;
 Just to be glad the whole day through ;
 Just to be merciful, just to be mild ;
 Just to be trustful as a child ;
 Just to be gentle, and kind, and sweet ;
 Just to be helpful with willing feet ;
 Just to be cheery when things go wrong,
 Just to drive sadness away with a song.
 Whether the hour is dark or bright ;
 Just to be loyal to God and right ;
 Just to believe that God knows best ;
 Just in his promise ever to rest ;
 Just to let love be our daily key ;
 This is God's will for you and for me.

—Selected.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1904.

CLIMBING UP.

Baby had thrown away her dolly, unbuttoned her own shoes, and pulled pussy's tail until Pussy ran away where baby could not catch her. Then the bright eyes looked about for something else to do. Gracie ought to have been watching the little one, but she was studying a picture book instead; and baby, finding the door unfastened, crept out into the hall.

"Why, where is baby?" mamma asked, coming in two or three minutes later.

A merry little laugh sounded from the hall, and baby was found half-way up the stairs, and brought back in time to save her from a fall.

"Baby wants to do what our Sunday-school teacher told us yesterday," said Gracie; "climb a little higher." Teacher said that every good deed lifted us a little

higher, and every bad habit overcome was a step to climb on.

"So when Gracie learns to forget her own pleasure and take care of her little sister she will have climbed above a step of selfishness and will stand on the higher one of usefulness," said mamma.

POLITENESS.

"O, he's just as polite!" said little Mabel ecstatically. "He picks up things, and runs for things, and says: 'Excuse me.'"

"Who?" I asked.

"That Carver boy," she said, pointing to a handsomely dressed little fellow across the room.

"That boy!" I cried. "Why I'm visiting at his house, and he bangs the door, and whistles while his mother is talking, and says, 'Don't bother me' when she asks him to shut the window. Are you sure it is that boy?"

"Yes," answered Mabel mournfully; "though folks do say his manners are all put on away from home."

Just so. When do you put on your manners, and when do you take them off.—Selected.

A LITTLE BOY'S DOINGS.

It is only a few years since our missionaries were first allowed to preach the Gospel in the kingdom of Corea. Perhaps the very first Gospel seeds were sown by a converted Chinese lad, who had learned in one of the mission schools at Ningpo to love the Saviour. When he was about nine years old, his father took him with him on one of his trading expeditions to the Korean capital. While there the boy was stolen and sold to the governor, who gave him to his wife as a present. He became her page, and would often try to tell of the Saviour he loved and trusted, but she would not listen.

One day this woman's dear little baby girl died. She felt very sorrowful and lonely. Then she remembered the words her little page had said about the love of Jesus. She called the boy to her, and asked him to tell the story again. Day by day did this little Christian lad talk of the Saviour, until his mistress came to believe in and love Jesus as her Friend and Redeemer.

Do any of you speak of Jesus to those who know him not? See what the little Chinese boy, only nine years old, could do; and how he taught the rich and noble lady to love Jesus, and then ask yourself: "What can I do for my Saviour?"

Truth is a plant that grasps the soil and seeks the sun. From a firm foundation it rises higher and higher.

GOD'S DAY.

Daisy is a little girl. When she comes down to breakfast on Sabbath morning it is usually with a more winsome smile than usual on her rosy face; and her voice is always softer and sweeter, it seems, than on other days.

"I wonder how it is, mamma," said Mr. Denton one day, "that our Daisy is so much happier on Sabbaths than on week-days?"

Then Daisy spoke bravely from her place on her father's knee: "You see, papa, the Sabbath is God's day, and I want to make it as nice a one for him as I can."

"Bless you, dear," said the father tenderly; "it's right for you to do so, and for everybody else to do likewise."—S. S. Advocate.

SOMETHING WHICH MAY BE LOST.

A wee little maid, with a bright little face,
 Climbing up on the railing one day
 Which guarded the pansies—a slip and a fall,

And down 'mid the blossoms she lay.
 No very bad bruises were found on her knees,

And very few tears in her eyes;
 "The child lost her balance," grandma declared;
 May listened in wondering surprise.

They missed her, and down in the pansies she knelt,

Now peering first this way and that;
 "Tis gone! some one stole it," she calmly announced,

Looking up from the depths of her hat,
 "And what did you drop?" asked her mamma, surprised

(And kissed the cheeks all aglow);
 They laughed at her answer and kissed her again;

"My balance—I lost it, you know."

DAVY'S BATTLES.

Davy was studying history, and as he read of the great generals and the battles that they fought he longed to be a man and do some great thing himself. "Oh, dear!" he said, "a boy has to wait so long and learn a lot before he can begin."

"You are mistaken, Davy," said his sister Ella; "there is a battle for boys and girls, as well as for men and women."

"How?" asked Davy.

"You must fight with yourself when you don't want to obey mother, and when you feel angry. Make yourself obey."

"I believe that I will try, sis," said Davy.

"Here is a verse that will help," said Ella; "He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city."