

of the cider, which he craved, that he did not weigh his words. He said more than he meant to, and did not realize what the words fully meant when he shouted, "Go back to your work; you shall never draw another pitcher of cider for me again!"

"Oh, goody, goody!" shouted Bennie, in high glee, as he ran off to the hay-field. If the father was tempted to tell the boy after that to get his cider, he was reminded by his wife of what he said when the old "cider pitcher" was broken, and had to either go himself for the cider or do without it.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 15, 1962.

THE STRENGTH OF A KIND WORD.

Even the dog, the cat, and the horse, though they do not know what you say, can tell when you speak a kind word to them.

A man was one day driving a cart along the street. The horse was drawing a heavy load, and did not turn as the man wished him to do. The man was in an ill-temper, and beat the horse. The horse reared and plunged, but he either did not or would not go the right way. Another man, who was with the cart, went up to the horse, and patted him on the neck, and called him kindly by his name. The horse turned his head, and fixed his large eyes on the man, as though he would say, "I will do anything for you, because you are kind to me;" and, bending his broad chest against the load, he turned the cart down the narrow lane, and trotted on briskly, as though the load were a plaything.

Oh, how strong is a kind word!

HOW THE CHILDREN SAVED HAMBURG.

Look at your map, and find the city of Hamburg in Germany, then I will tell you a story. Many years ago there was a war and that city was besieged; that means that soldiers were all around the city, and they would not allow any food to be taken in. They meant to stay there until all the food in the city was eaten, and when the people were nearly starved then they hoped the city would be given up to them—the enemy.

One morning a merchant named Wolff walked along the streets very slowly to his home. Along with the other merchants of the city he had been helping to defend the walls against the enemy; and so constant was the fighting that for a whole week he had worn his armour day and night. And now he thought bitterly that all his fighting was useless, for on the morrow want of food would force them to open the gates.

As he pressed through his garden he noticed that his cherry trees were covered with ripe fruit, so large and juicy that the very sight of it was refreshing. At that moment a thought struck him. He knew how much the enemy were suffering from thirst. What would they not give for the fruit that hung on the trees of his orchard? Might he not, by means of his cherries, secure safety for his city?

Without a moment's delay he put his plan into practice, for he knew there was no time to lose if the city was to be saved. He gathered together three hundred of the children of the city, all dressed in white, and loaded them with fruit from his orchard. Then the gates were thrown open, and they set out on their strange errand.

When the leader of the enemy saw the gates of the city open, and the band of little white-robed children marching out, many of them nearly hidden by the leafy branches which they carried, he at first thought it was some trick by which the townspeople were trying to deceive him while preparing for an attack upon his camp. As the children came nearer he remembered his cruel vow, and was on the point of giving orders that they should all be put to death.

But when he saw the little ones close at hand, so pale and thin from want of food, he thought of his own children at home, and he could hardly keep back his tears. Then, as his thirsty, wounded soldiers tasted the cool, refreshing fruit which the children had brought them, a cheer went up from the camp, and the general knew that he was conquered by the power of kindness and pity.

When the children returned, the general sent along with them waggons laden with food for the starving people of the city, and the next day he signed a treaty with those whom he had vowed to destroy.

For many years afterwards, as the day came around on which this event took

place, it was kept as a holiday, and called "The Feast of Cherries." Large numbers of children in white robes marched through the streets, each one bearing a branch with bunches of cherries on it. But the old writer who tells the story is careful to say that on these occasions the children kept the cherries for themselves.

You will agree with me that this is a pretty story, and you will like it all the better because it is true.

There is a war going on now between the forces of good and evil. Satan commands one and the Lord God the other. Whom will you serve? One way to defeat old Satan is to enlist yourself on God's side and help on every good cause. Even the youngest, smallest child can do something in our Temperance Army. Have you enlisted? Will you? You can all be soldiers, with Christ as your Captain. Can you say:

"Surely the Captain may depend on me
Though but an armour-bearer I may
be?"

THE CHILD'S PRAYER.

Father, hear me from above;
Guard me with thine arms of love,
Keep me safe from every sin,
Pure without and pure within;
Let, oh, let no evil word
From my lips be ever heard!
Let, oh, let my heart be fraught
With no vain or idle thought!
Keep my soul from folly free;
Let me fully trust in thee.

Help me to be kind and true,
Gentle, pure, and faithful, too;
Guard me from the tempter's power;
Save me in each dangerous hour;
Keep me in the path of truth;
Let me serve thee well in youth;
And when life's short dream is o'er,
Lead me to the heavenly shore;
Where all hearts from sin are free,
Happy through eternity.

NEDDIE'S PURPOSE.

Two boys were talking over their plans, telling each other what they meant to do and be when they grew to be men. Neddie, a younger brother, and I had been listening. Turning to Neddie, I asked: "What is your plan in life, Neddie?"

"I am not big enough for a plan yet," said Neddie; "but I have a purpose."

"That is good; it is not every one who has a purpose. What is your purpose, Neddie?"

"To grow up a good boy, so as to be a good man, like my father," said Neddie; and by the way he said it it was plain he meant it. His father was a noble Christian man, and Neddie could not do better than follow in his steps. A boy with such a purpose will not fail to make his mark.