

THE WISE ELEPHANT.

BY E. C. H.

An elephant sat midway of the stairs,
He looked them up and he looked them
down:

"I'll sure break my back
To carry that pack
To the top!" he said to himself with a
frown.

Then came o'er his face a broad, broad
smile

And he went on again right merrily,
"I'll no'er make a stop
Till I get to the top,
For then I can slide down again!" laughed
he.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JANUARY 7, 1899.

COURTESY TO WOMEN.

This does not refer to such acts as taking off one's hat to every woman or girl one knows, says Harper's Round Table, nor to any of the ordinary acts of politeness. Such are understood in these days. It does refer, however, to slight matters that mark the man or boy who knows what good manners are, and who invariably bears himself well in the presence of others. Such a boy never speaks to a girl or woman, if she is standing, without rising himself.

I saw at a large restaurant, a short time ago, a man approaching three women and three men who were eating supper. No one of the three men knew the fourth personally, but as he approached and spoke to a friend among the women, all three arose, and remained standing until the newcomer was gone. It was not a mark of courtesy to the fourth man; it was a signification to the three ladies that for the time being the new arrival was allowed the privilege of speaking to any of them if they chose to invite it.

That is merely an example of a small point, which, perhaps, was not necessary; but the action not only pleased the women, but certainly stamped the men as gentlemen.

Many a boy fails to rise from his chair when his mother enters the room, while he would get up at once if a stranger entered; and one would suppose that his mother, who is more to him than the rest of womankind put together, should, to say the least, have from him the same marks of courtesy as strangers.

In fact, you can tell a boy's character pretty accurately in the way in which he treats his mother; for, as a mother has done and will do more for her son than any other woman, with perhaps one exception, will ever do, so he ought, in return, to treat her as his most valuable possession. His courtesy, his chivalrous and knightly bearing, toward her are never thrown away.

HEART SUGAR.

"I think it's mean!" exclaimed Marian, leaning against the window and watching the sleety rain that spoiled her day's outing.

It was a sullen-faced little girl who followed mother up to the morning-room, and seemed to find comfort in making every one else uncomfortable. Arnold was soon in tears from Marian's crossness, and even laughing Baby Ruth resented six pinches by a lusty yell.

"Marian," said mother at last, "go to your room and stay alone till your heart gets sweeter."

Marian flung out and into her room. Soon happy sounds floated across from the one she had left. Baby cooed and talked happily to herself. Arnold was lost in a mimic captain of imaginary soldiers, and mother's sweet voice sang a bit of ballad. It all made Marian very lonely.

"Mother said to stay till my heart got sweeter!" she thought. "How funny! I haven't any heart sugar."

She put her head out of the door.

"Mother!"

"What is it?" called mother's ready voice.

"When shall I know that my heart's sweeter?"

"When you want to do kind things instead of ugly ones."

A few minutes passed, and then a cheerful voice said, "I am ready now, mother."

"Come then," said mother. Drawing the little girl to her, she said, "We've missed the sweet-hearted Marian this morning."

"What do you mean by that?" puzzled.

"Well," said mother, "it's out of our hearts that our doings come. You know if you feel happy and loving, you can't find enough kindness to do."

"No," assented Marian.

"Some hearts," said mother, "make me think of stagnant pools, covered with slimy green, and bringing disease and evil to every one near. And some are like springs of sweet water that bring blessing w^hether

they stay in pools or overflow. God can make our hearts like pure springs, but we must not let ugly thoughts and feelings get in and defile them, or our deeds will be ugly."

A LITTLE GIRL'S VICTORY.

Two little girls were playing together. The older one had a beautiful doll in her arms, which she was tenderly caressing.

The younger crept up softly behind her, and gave her a sharp slap upon her cheek.

A visitor, unseen and unheard, was sitting in the adjoining room and saw it all. She expected to see and hear another slap, a harder one, in retaliation. But no! The victim's face flushed, and her eyes had a momentary flash of indignation. She rubbed her hurt cheek with one hand, while she held the doll close with the other. Then, in a tone of gentle reproof, she said: "O, Sallie, I didn't think you'd do that!"

Sallie looked ashamed, as well she might, but made no reply.

"Here, Sallie," continued the elder girl, "sit down here in sister's chair. I'll let you hold dolly a while, if you'll be very careful."

Sallie's face looked just then as if there were some "coals of fire" somewhere around; but she sat down with the doll on her lap, giving her sister a glance of real appreciation, although it was mingled with shame.

The hidden looker-on was deeply touched by the scene. It was unusual, she thought, to see a mere child show such calm dignity and forgiveness under persecution. Presently she called the child and questioned her: "How can you be so patient with Sallie, my dear?"

"O," was the loving answer, "I guess it's 'cause I love Sallie so much. You see, Sallie's a dear girl," excusingly, "but she's got a quick temper, and--Sallie forgets herself sometimes. Mamma said if Sallie would do angry things to me, and I should do angry things to her we'd have a dreadful time; and I think we would. Mamma said I should learn to give the 'soft answer,' and I'm trying to."

The lady took her in her arms and kissed her.

"My little dear," she said, fondly and earnestly, "I think you have already learned the lesson."

THE SWEETNESS OF GIRLHOOD.

Girlhood and young womanhood are such pure and sweet and beautiful things, when they are what God intended them to be, that it fills one with unspeakable regret to see a young girl's life fall short of its appointed beauty, and every young girl's life falls short of this beauty if it lacks in modesty, in dignity, in purity of thought and speech, in gentleness and kindness. The bold girl of pronounced dress and speech, the girl who is noisy and who seeks to be "dashing," the girl whose parents sorrowfully admit that she is "beyond them"—this girl is treading on dangerous ground, and her life is falling far short of the sweetness of girlhood.