

SOMEONE'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

WHEN mamma scolds her little girl,
Or papa sugar-plums has brought her,
She says with saucy emphasis,
"I'm papa's little daughter"

When papa chides, or frowns at her,
For naughty ways we have not taught
her,
She says, with sweet, coquettish stress,
"I'm mamma's little daughter."

When papa and when mamma too,
Must scold her for wrong in which they've
caught her,
She sobs in broken-heartedness,
"I ain't—nobody's daughter."

But when she's sweet, and kind and true,
And sees the good that love has brought
her,
She says with loving promptitude,
"I'm bofe you's little daughter."

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 3, 1894.

SISTER NELL.

"COME up to my room and take off your things," said Gracie Lee to her little visitor, Irma Martyn.

Irma was from the city, and was staying for a few days with her grandmother, Gracie's nearest neighbour. The two little girls had met at Sunday-school, and Gracie had invited Irma to come to see her the next day. So now, as the two little girls went up to Gracie's room, they felt already quite well acquainted.

"Oh, what a pretty room!" said Irma. "And what a lovely photograph that is on your bureau. Who is it, Gracie?"

"That is sister Nell," answered Gracie. "Isn't she pretty?"

"Yes. I have a sister who is a regular beauty too, so folks say."

"How nice! I do miss sister Nell so."

"Miss her! Is she dead?" asked Irma.

"Oh, no indeed! She is only away at boarding school."

"Hem! I wish my sister was away at boarding school, or anywhere else. She looks as sweet as an angel, but—well, she just isn't, that's all. Say, Gracie, do you really love your sister, or do you only say it because she is your sister, you know?"

"Why, Irma Martyn! What a question? I wouldn't say what isn't true; and besides, if you only knew my sister Nell, you would love her as much as I do. She helps me with my lessons; she mends my gloves and dresses; she makes the loveliest dolls' dresses and paper dolls for me; when I'm sick she reads to me, and tells me stories; she—she—why she's almost as lovely as mother, and I miss her every minute of my life."

"I wish all sisters were like her," sighed Irma.

"Sister Nell is a Christian. Maybe that makes a difference," answered Gracie.

"I shouldn't wonder if it did," said Irma, thoughtfully as they went downstairs.

JIP AND THE JACK IN THE BOX.

JIP was a fox-terrier. He came to Teddy in a box by express, the day that Teddy was five years old, and Jip was five months old.

Jip soon learned who was his master, and although he liked everybody in the house he was especially devoted to Teddy.

All day long he followed Teddy wherever he went, and at night he slept on the foot of Teddy's bed.

He was very fond of playing ball, and whenever his sharp teeth destroyed one ball, somebody was sure to buy him another.

Like dogs in general he was very jealous. Whenever Teddy petted a cat or another dog, or even a baby, Jip would jump and bark, and try to get into Teddy's lap. It was very funny to see him sometimes; he was so unhappy until Teddy took him and put away whatever he had been petting.

One day, Teddy's mamma went to the city for a short visit, and when she came back she brought Jip a fine new ball, and Teddy a "Jack in the box."

Teddy was of course, delighted with his new toy. Jip was out in the kitchen eating his dinner when the "Jack in the Box" was given to Teddy, and so his little master had time to show it to everybody before Jip saw it.

The new ball was lying on the front steps near Teddy, and Jip pounced upon it at once, and had quite a romp. Then Teddy thought of his "Jack in the Box," and called Jip to come to see it. The box was closed, but as Teddy released the catch the lid flew up and Jack popped out. How Jip did bark and growl! It seemed as if he would tear himself to pieces, he was so angry

Teddy laughed until he almost fell over. Jip never got used to the new plaything, and always barked as furiously whenever he saw it as at first. He was jealous of it. I suppose he thought it a new kind of baby, and was afraid that his little master would love it better than him. His dignity was hurt in being laughed at too, I think.

MISSIONARY APPLES.

THE other day I read a story about a missionary apple tree. A good many years ago a missionary was entertained by an English lady. When he was going away he thanked her for her kindness to him and wished to pay her for her attention, but the lady would not receive any money.

"Then," said the missionary, "I will plant an apple tree in your garden as a token of my gratitude."

So he planted the tree and went away. The tree grew finely, and when it began to bear apples the lady said they should be missionary apples. And she sold them and gave the money to missions. It seemed as though the tree had a blessing on it, for it bore every year more than any other tree in the garden; and the neighbours, knowing its history, were always glad to buy the fruit and offered a specially good price for it.

When I read this story I thought, surely our little readers can think of some way to help the missionaries when they hear of what this lady did.

THE AFTERNOON NAP.

WEE Bessie was very tired and sleepy, but she did not know what was the matter. Mamma knew, and she took her upstairs to the cool, dark room and undressed her and laid her in her little bed. But Bessie kept crying, "Don't want to go to bed. Want to go see the pitty flowers." And mamma was afraid that she would have to take her out and put her in the corner awhile, when sister Sue slipped into the room.

"See, Bessie," she whispered, "the pitty flowers' have come to see you. They say it's very hot out there in the sun, and they'd like to take a nap in this nice, cool room."

Bessie took the daisies and looked at them. In a moment she was fast asleep, with the flowers held fast in her little fat hand.

OFTEN the most useful Christians are those who serve the Master in little things. He never despises the day of small things, or else he would not hide his oaks in tiny acorns, or the wealth of the wheatfield in bags of little seeds.

HERE is the way one lady spells "mite society": she calls it "a *might* society." She was thinking of the great things it *might* do