

THE WHITE KITTEN.

My little white kitten's asleep on my knee;
As white as the snow or the lilies is she;
She wakes up with a purr
When I stroke her soft fur;
Was there ever another white kitten like her?
My little white kitten now wants to go out
And frolic, with no one to watch her about;
"Little kitten," I say;
"Just an hour you may stay;
And be careful in choosing your places to
play."

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MAY 23, 1887.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

DEAR boys, God wants *you* in his kingdom. He wants you just as much as he does your father and mother. He wants your heart, your love, your service. He wants you to honour him and live for him. Christ died for you, boys, as much as for anyone. His invitation, "Come unto me," means you. You boys can serve him just as faithfully and acceptably and just as easily as older persons. Serve and honour him in your own boy-life and way; be boy-Christians. Being Christians will not make you any less happy and joyous; it will add new joys.

Christ wants you *now*. Do not wait to become older. It is easier to give your hearts to Jesus and commence to live for him now than it will be when you are older. Every day of delay may take you farther from the Saviour. Those who "seek early" have special promise of success in finding. Christ wants you now—every one of you who read this. Ask him to forgive your sins, however small they may be; for every little sin needs forgiveness, and he alone can give this. Give yourselves to Jesus now; and when you have done this, help your companions to do the same.

OUR GOOD QUEEN.

BY SARSON.

VICTORIA AS A MOTHER.

IT was at Buckingham Palace on November 21st, 1840, that her first baby, Victoria, the Princess Royal of England, was born.

In November of the next year, the booming of the Tower guns announced the birth of the Prince of Wales. There was great trouble both at home and abroad at that time. Thousands of our brave soldiers had perished in the Afghan war; vast numbers of workmen were out of employ; and the misery of the people made them discontented and envious of those to whom Providence had given great wealth and high station. Half-naked they talked with bitterness of the rich dress that would be worn at the Court, and the money that would be lavished on amusements.

When our Queen heard of it her heart was full of sorrow for her suffering subjects. She would not embitter them knowingly by a display of wealth and enjoyment when they were so poor; so for a year the Court was very quiet, the Queen dressed very plainly, and persuaded her ladies to do the same. When the Prince of Wales was christened, all the ladies present were arrayed in Paisley shawls, English lace, and materials manufactured at home.

As other children came to share the royal nurseries, the Queen found home cares multiply as well as the cares of State. She could not give all the time to her children that she wished, but she laid down excellent rules for their governesses and nurses. She regretted much that she could not be with the Princess Royal when she said her prayers, and expressed a hope that she might always be taught to think of God as a loving Father.

The Prince Consort devoted himself most earnestly to the care and culture of the royal children. It was his great wish to see them noble by nature as well as by rank. The Prince of Wales as future king had very special pains taken with him. The Princess Royal received much of her instruction from her father up to the time of her marriage with Prince Frederick William of Prussia, and after their beloved father had passed away, the Princess Alice pitied her younger sisters and brothers because they could not have the advantages which she had prized so highly.

Whether they were at Windsor, or in the Highlands of Scotland, or at Osborne, their intellectual and moral training was going on. Every refined and elegant taste was fostered in them: the boys were taught to garden and build little fortresses, make

bricks and work in a carpenter's shop; the girls to cook, keep pantry, closets, dairy and larder in order, and be little housekeepers in the beautiful Swiss cottage their parents had built for the purpose at Osborne.

How much do children, high or lowly, owe to those whom God has given them to their dearest and best friends, who think them, work for them, and try to prepare them for the world, that they shall be able to fulfil a good part in it when their heads are laid low.

UN-WRITING IT.

NINA was told never to make pencil marks in books; and trusting her to do, papa often loaned her his pencils. But one day some naughty spirit must have told her that it would be nicer to write, as she called her scribbling, on the blank leaves of one of papa's books than on the paper he had given her. When she saw the marks, though, she remembered what papa had said, then she thought that just the other day she had seen papa make marks and then rub them out with something on the other end of the pencil.

"I'll unwrite it again, as papa did, and then no one will know it."

So she rubbed and rubbed with the eraser; but while some of the pencil-marks disappeared, great, wide, dirty stains were left; and when she had rubbed almost through the paper, still it did not look as it had before written on, and the indentation of the pencil-point was still plain on the paper.

She learned that "un-writing" was not so easy to do. So it is with naughty actions or words: you can never rub them out perfectly that they won't leave some mark on the character.—*Morning Star*.

BRING YOURSELF.

A MINISTER had preached a simple sermon upon the text, "And they brought him Jesus." As he was going home his little daughter, walking beside him, said: "I like that sermon so much!" "Well," inquired her father, "whom are you going to bring to Jesus?" A thoughtful expression came over her face as she replied: "I think, papa, that I will just bring myself to him. Her father thought that would do admirably for a beginning.

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