

## CALLING THEM UP.

"SHALL I go and call them up—  
Snowdrop, daisy, buttercup?"  
Lisped the Rain: "they've had a pleasant  
winter's nap."  
Lightly to their door it crept,  
Listened while they soundly slept;  
Gently woke them with its rap-a-tap-a-tap!  
Quickly woke them with its rap-a-tap-a-tap!

Soon their windows opened wide—  
Everything astir inside;  
Shining heads came peeping out, in frill  
and cap;  
"It was kind of you, dear Rain,"  
Laughed they all, "to come again;  
We were waiting for your rap-a-tap-a-tap!  
Only waiting for your rap-a-tap-a-tap!"  
GEORGE COOPER.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 20, 1887.

## HEARING THE SERMON.

A LITTLE girl used to go to church. She was only between four and five years of age—quite a little girl. But she listened to the minister. She knew that he would tell her good things, and she wanted to learn. Once, when she reached home from church, she said: "Mother, I can tell you a little bit of Mr. H.'s sermon. He said, 'Touch not the unclean thing.'"

Wishing to know whether her little daughter understood the meaning of these words, the mother said: "Then, if Mr. H. said so, I hope you will take care in the future not to touch things that are dirty."

The little girl smiled, and answered: "O mother, I know very well what he meant. There were some things that made a Jew unclean if touched by him, but this is not what is meant in this place."

"What did he mean?" asked the mother.

"He meant sin," said the child; "and it is all the same as if Mr. H. had said, 'You must not tell lies, nor do what your mother forbids you to do, nor play on Sunday, nor be cross, nor do any things that are bad or wrong.' The Bible means that a sinful thing is an unclean thing, mother"—*Golden Words.*

## CLARA'S BAD DAY.

"COME, Clarissima," called mamma one morning early, "it is time to get up."

Clara raised her tousled little head and looked out of the window. "I don't want to get up," she said fretfully; "it's a mean, old bad day; it's raining or sleeting or something, and I can't have any fun: I don't want to get up."

But that would never do, and, being obliged to begin her dressing, the little girl was very cross about it, got petticoat strings into knots, broke buttons off her shoes, until it seemed as if she would not get any breakfast at all.

When mamma came to call her to prayers she was still without her dress, and was gazing out across the street. "Oh, mamma," she said, "I saw little lame Kitty just now, with her crutch under one arm and a bucket in the other hand, going for milk; isn't it hard she has to go out such a bad day?"

Mamma was glad her little girl was taking somebody else's trouble to heart.

"Suppose, Clara," she said, "you spend this bad day mending your old toys and dressing your last year's doll for Kitty and her little sisters?"

Was there ever such a nice plan? Clara was so busy and happy all day that the hours went by on wings; so her bad day was turned into the very nicest sort of one for herself, and for those other little children too who were made happy by her day's work.

## A THANKFUL HEART.

IN one of the side streets of a large city can be seen a little house standing back from the street, in which there lives a child with her mother. The little girl lies on the bed, a cripple in every sense of the word. Suffering is no stranger to her, for she has known its pangs from babyhood. And yet it is an inspiration to go into that plain home. A lady one day said to this little girl, for whom she felt the deepest sympathy:

"My darling, I shall be thankful when God releases you from this terrible suffering."

"Oh!" and the little face brightened, "I am so thankful for this life; it is so beauti-

ful, and God is so good to me to let me see some of this beautiful world."

The poor child had seen only glimpse of it from her window, but she had a thankful heart.

A sweet little girl was invited to lunch with a friend; she had always been used to hearing a blessing asked before commencing to eat, but as she waited, the gay talking did not cease, and the waitress commenced to pass the cold chicken, she watched each one help themselves, and saw no heads bowed in thankfulness. Finally it came to her, and she looked at the hostess and saw a wing, the part to which she was partial. She looked at her hostess, and before taking any, bowed her little head, and said in a low voice: "Thank you, for my wing, anyway." She had a thankful heart.

## ON TIME.

A BUSINESS MAN advertised for a number of boys applied.

Out of this number two were selected whose references were equally good, and whose appearance and manners were equally favorable.

He hesitated between the two, and after a private conversation with each one, he decided to call the next morning at nine o'clock when the decision would be made. A gentleman sat in his office at nine o'clock. Promptly, as the great clock outside sounded the hour, one of the boys appeared. He was engaged at once.

Five minutes later, the second boy came.

"Just five minutes too late," said the gentleman. "I made this appointment with you that I might see how much value you place upon promptness. The boy who is here on time is the boy for me."

Be prompt, boys. Time is money. Your time is money. Do not fancy your time is of little value, and so you use it as you please. "Take care of your minutes, and the hours will take care of themselves."

## THE FIRST FALSEHOOD

A FEW years ago a little boy told his mother a falsehood. It was a solitary thistle, and no eye but God saw him as he planted it in his heart. But it sprang up, and in a little time another seed dropped from the ground, each in its turn bearing fruit. The thistles; and now his heart is overgrown with bad habits. It is as difficult for him to speak the truth as it is for a gardener to clear his land of thistles after they have gained a footing in the soil.