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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 20, 1894.

A CHRIST-LIKE DEED.

THE following touching incident, which drew tears from my eyes, was related to me a short time since by a dear friend who had it from an eye-witness of the same. It occurred in the great city of New York, on one of the coldest days in February last.

A little boy, about ten years old, was standing before a shoe store in Broadway, bare-footed, peering through the window, and shivering with cold.

A lady riding up the street in a beautiful carriage, drawn by horses finely caparisoned, observed the little fellow in his forlorn condition, and immediately ordered the driver to draw up and stop in front of the store. The lady, richly dressed in silks, alighted from the carriage and went quietly to the boy, and said:

"My little fellow, why are you looking so earnestly in that window?"

"I was just asking God to give me a pair of shoes," was the reply.

The lady took him by the hand and went into the store, and asked the proprietor if he would allow one of his clerks to go and buy her half a dozen pairs of stockings for the boy. He readily assented. She then asked him if he would give her a basin of water and a towel, and he replied, "Certainly," and quickly brought them to her.

She took the little fellow to the back part of the store, and, removing her gloves, knelt down and washed those little feet and dried them with the towel.

By this time the young man had returned with the stockings. Placing a pair upon his feet, she purchased and gave him a pair of shoes, and tying up the remaining pairs of stockings, gave them to him, and, patting him on the head, said:

"I hope, my little fellow, that you now feel more comfortable."

As she turned to go, the astonished lad took her hand, and, looking up in her face, with tears in his eyes, answered her question with these words:

"Are you God's wife?"

RAIN IN SUMMER

How beautiful is the rain!
After the dust and the heat—
In the broad and fiery street,
In the narrow lane.

How beautiful is the rain!
How it clatters along the roofs,
Like the tramp of hoofs!
How it gushes and struggles out
From the throat of the overflowing spout,
Across the window-pane.
It pours and pours;
And swift and wide,
With a muddy tide,
Like a river down the gutter roars
The rain and welcome rain!

WHAT A TIMELY SMILE DID.

GERTRUDE WHITE, a sweet little girl about nine years old, lived in a little red brick house in our village.

She was a general favourite in Cherryville; but she had one trouble: Will Evans would tease her because she was slightly lame, calling her "Tow-head" whenever they met. Then she would pout, and go home quite out of temper. One day she ran up to her mother in a state of great excitement: "Mother, I can't bear this any longer! Will Evans has called me 'Old Tow-head' before all the girls."

"Will you please bring me the Bible from the table," said the good mother.

Gertrude silently obeyed.

Now, will my little daughter read to me the seventh verse of the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah?"

Slowly and softly the child read how the blessed Saviour was afflicted, oppressed, yet "opened not his mouth."

"Mother," she asked, "do you think they called him names?"

And her eyes filled with tears as the sorrows of the Son of God were brought before her mind.

When Gertrude went to bed that night, she asked God to help her bear with meekness all her injuries and trials. He delights to have such petitions.

Not many days had passed before Gertrude met Will Evans going to school, and remembering her prayer and the resolution she had formed, she actually smiled at him.

This was such a mystery to Will Evans that he was too much surprised to call

after her—if, indeed, he felt any inclination; but he watched her until she had turned the corner, and then went to school in a very thoughtful mood.

Before a week passed they met again, and Will at once asked Gertrude's forgiveness for calling her names. Gertrude was ready to forgive, and they soon became fast friends, Will saying: "I used to like to see you get cross; but when you smiled I couldn't stand that."

Gertrude told Will of her mother's kind conversation that afternoon, and its effect upon her. Will did not reply; but his moistened eyes showed what he felt, and he said he would never call her names again.—*Dr. Newton.*

BAD TASTE.

THE buying of articles of dress or of household decoration at the most approved places does not insure harmonious results if the purchaser lacks the skill and art properly to combine what he has purchased. This is especially true in matters of personal adornment, as is neatly illustrated by the reply of a Frenchman to an English lady.

He had complained that he had found the English women very badly dressed.

"They have no taste," he said; "no originality. They are a terror as compared to my countrywomen."

"I do not see how you can say that," the lady responded. "I am sure we buy almost all our clothes in Paris."

"That is very possible," the Frenchman replied; "but if you will pardon my saying it, it is you who select them."

NED and Frank have a fine dog whose name is Don. He is very fond of going to walk, but he never likes to go alone, and often begs the boys to go with him. If Frank said, "Ned, do you want to take a walk?" Don would hear even if he had been asleep, and would jump up and go with them. When the boys did not care to have the dog go, they would spell the words, "Do you want to take a walk?" But very soon Don learned to know those letters, and when "D-o-y-o-u-w-a-n-t" was spelled, he would wag his tail and be in a great hurry to start.—*Mayflower.*

NATURAL.

YOUNG people who do not stop to think of the full meaning that their remarks may have, frequently utter the "things one would rather have left unsaid."

A group of young ladies were talking of their presents, when one of the party, a lady not so young as some of the others, remarked:

"My father has always given me a book on my birthday."

"Oh!" exclaimed a sixteen-year-old, "what a library you must have by this time!"