

MOLLY

SWEET little Molly  
Took her new dolly  
To look at the chicks in the pen;  
But being alone  
She tripped over a stone  
And out flew the angry hen!

Poor Molly screamed out,  
And the hen tried to flout,  
And pecked at the poor little maid;  
Nurse came along quick,  
Picked up a big stick,  
Which she threw at the old hen's head!

Sweet little Molly  
Looked about for her dolly,  
And where do you think 'twas found?  
Just inside the pen  
Of that cross old hen,  
While the chicks stood staring around.

Nurse picked up the two  
Without more ado,  
And shut the old hen in the pen—  
Though there is no fear  
Molly will go near  
To look at those chicks again.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 14, 1894.

LITTLE HELPS.

"DEAR me! How I should like to do that."  
Kitty was sitting in an easy-chair reading. Her book was in large print, with fine pictures. She had just been reading about a little girl whose baby brother was in danger of being badly burned. His clothes had caught on fire, and she had run to him with a blanket and put out the fire.  
"Kitty," called her mother from the next room, "will you bring me my thread bag?"  
"Yes, mamma." But she did not stir from her chair.

"She saved her little brother's life. How everybody must have praised her! Once I heard of a girl that snatched some one off a railroad track when a train was coming. What a fine thing it must be to save one's life."

"Kitty," called mamma, "I wish you would come and stay with the baby."

"Yes, mamma." Still Kitty sat with her book.

"What a brave girl! I'd be if there was some brave thing to do! I wouldn't be a bit afraid. Why—what's that?"

There was a noise and a cry. Kitty ran into the next room to find that the baby had fallen out of his cradle, and struck his pretty head against the rocker:

"O, I wish I had come before," said Kitty, in real sorrow, as mamma came running in fright. "Why, mamma, I was just thinking how glad I would be to do something to save his life."

"It will be a great deal better, my little girl," said mamma, "to do at once the little things which you can do, than to think of great things which are not likely to be needed."

A SMALL FISHERMAN.

BY J. H. J.

RALPH was going fishing with papa and mamma, uncle and auntie. He said he was sure that he could catch "five or nine fishes all his own self, if he had a chance."

When they stopped under some trees near the water, mamma and auntie said they would rest in the shade awhile. Papa and uncle said they would go on to the best fishing-place.

"I want to fish now. Please let me, papa," begged Ralph.

"You can't go with us," said papa; "but if you will promise to keep quite still till mamma comes for you, I will let you sit on the bank yonder, and cast your line into the water."

"I'll sit still as anything," promised Ralph; and so papa left him where mamma could see him. He sat on the bank holding his stalk of a rod, and dangling the line as eagerly as possible.

But somehow the fishes did not seem to care anything about his hook. They just let it alone. The young fisherman drew it up and dropped it again as deep as he could. He thought he felt something, and pulled quick. The line broke and floated away on the water. It had caught on some roots growing out of the bank.

Just then Ralph thought he saw a fish wiggle its head in the water. How he did want to crawl down after his line! "But I mustn't," he said. And he did not.

Presently mamma came, and by this time the line was out of sight.

"I could have caught a big fish for you, mamma, if I could have picked up my line; but I sat still;" and the young fisherman told all about his mishap.

Mamma hugged him tight. "You would have fallen in if you had gone down to the water," she said. "I would rather have a boy who can be trusted to do what he is told than all the big fishes that ever swam."

SLEEPY MAN.

BY G. D. ROBERTS.

WHEN the sleepy man comes with the du  
on his eyes,  
(Oh weary, my Dearie, so weary!)  
He shuts up the earth, and he opens the  
skies,  
(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

He smiles through his fingers and shuts u  
the sun;  
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)  
The stars that he loves he lets out one by  
one,  
(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

He comes from the castles of Drowsy-boy  
Town;  
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)  
At the touch of his hand the tired eyelid  
fall down.  
(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

He comes with a murmur of dream on his  
wings,  
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)  
And whispers of mermaids and wonderful  
things.  
(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

Then the top is a burden, the bugle a ban,  
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)  
When one would be faring down Dream-a-  
way Lane,  
(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

When one would be wending in Lullaby  
Wherry  
(Oh, weary, my Dearie, so weary!)  
To Sleepy Man's Castle by Comforting  
Ferry,  
(So hush-a-by, weary, my Dearie!)

A TOUCHING story was told of Tamberlik, the tenor singer, says the *Youth's Companion*. Passing through Madrid one bright, spring morning, he visited the bird market, and bought every bird in it. He ordered the cages to be carried into the Plaza, and opened. The sunny air was filled with a fluttering host, and from hundreds of tiny throats burst songs of delight. Tamberlik looked after them with tears of pleasure in his eyes, crying, "Go, and be free, my brothers!"

A similar story is told of a kindly old Virginian, who used to celebrate the fourth of July by buying up all the caged squirrels, rabbits, and birds in the neighbourhood, and then setting them free, that they, too, might rejoice in the day of Independence. The creatures to whom he gave happiness are long since dead, but the children who saw his kindly act have carried its influence through their lives.

It is one proof of the power of Christianity upon modern life that animals receive more humane treatment at our hands than formerly.—*Sunday Afternoon*.

THE Lord's people love the Lord's Day for the Lord's sake, and spend it in the Lord's service, with a view to his glory.