

## TRY AND WILL.

SHAN'T and Won't were two little brothers,  
Angry, and sullen, and gruff,  
Try and Will are dear little sisters,  
One scarcely can love them enough.

Sha'n't and Won't looked down on their  
noses,

Their faces were dismal to see;  
Try and Will are brighter than roses  
In June, and blithe as the bee.

Sha'n't and Won't were backward and  
stupid,

Little indeed did they know;  
Try and Will learn something new daily,  
And seldom are heedless or slow.

Sha'n't and Won't loved nothing, no, noth-  
ing,

So much as to have their own way,  
Try and Will give up to their elders,  
And try to please others at play.

Sha'n't and Won't came to terrible trouble;  
Their story is awful to tell:

Try and Will are now in the school-room,  
Learning to read and to spell.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 2, 1892.

## WANTED—BOYS.

THERE are plenty of boys in the world. If you have any doubt on the subject, advertise in a morning paper for an office-boy at three dollars a week, and you will soon be convinced. And yet business men find it hard to make a satisfactory selection. They want one who is honest, industrious, intelligent, active, and polite. But, alas! such boys are rare.

There is always an opening for a boy

who has all these good qualities. Hundreds, nay thousands of places are waiting for them now. The market is full of worthless specimens, who cannot keep a situation when they obtain it. The world has need of boys of a better stamp, with higher motive and aim. Those who really possess the required qualifications need not fear that there is no room for them.

## HOW THE CAT WAS GOOD TO A BIRD.

I CAN tell you a strange story of a cat. Is it true? Yes, it is true. A friend of mine had a pet cat and a tame bird. The name of the cat was Fun; and Fun was so fond of the bird that he would play with it for an hour at a time.

The bird would hop out of its cage and fly down to the cat, and the cat would put out its paw and give the bird a soft pat on its head, as much as to say, "How do you do? I am glad to see you!"

And then the bird would sit and sing to the cat, and the cat would say, "Mew, mew, mew," as if it would like to say, "Thank you." And then the bird would fly a short way off, and the cat would run to try and catch it; and then the bird would hop off once more, and the cat would run and jump and do all that it could to get up to the side of the bird, and then the two would have a game of play.

One day when these two were at high romps, all at once the cat made a great spring, took the bird, and ran with it out of the room. Did it harm the bird? You shall hear. It was all done in so short a time that my friend could not stop the cat. As quick as she could, she got up from her chair, and went to see what the cat had done with the bird. But just then what should she spy but a strange cat, that lay hid like a thief at one end of the room. So my friend drove the strange cat from the room, and then called, "Fun, Fun, Fun! Come here, Fun!"

And then in came the bird, hop, hop, hop; hop, hop, hop; and our good cat Fun came close by its side. And when Fun saw that the strange cat was gone, it put its soft paw on the bird, and gave it a pat, as much as to say, "There, now you are safe, quite safe! That strange cat is gone, now we may play and romp again."

And the bird sang a little song that seemed to say, as plain as words, "My good cat, my brave Fun, how I thank you."

## MISS DAINTY.

ISN'T that an odd name? Well, it is the name of a lady, nor of a little girl, nor even of a doll, although folks do give very queer names to dolls, sometimes. It is the name of a very pretty kitten, and this is the way she got it.

Loulie Severn had no pets—that is, no pets. Of course, she had a doll, but she does get so tired of dolls, sometimes, and longs for something that can love her; and return for all her devotion to it.

Loulie lived in a country village, some distance from any neighbours. One morning she heard a queer sound.

"Why, mamma," she said, "that sounds like a kitten mewling." She ran to the window, and sure enough! there in the front yard stood a pretty gray and white kitten mewling pitifully.

Loulie ran to the door, and called, "Kitty, kitty, kitty!"

Now most cats who were out in the snow would have raced into the house as soon as the door was opened, but this kitten took one step forward, then lifted her foot and shook the snow off from it. Then she took another step forward and shook the snow off from that paw. So she did with every step, until she reached the house. As soon as she was inside the door, she carefully washed each pretty paw, then purred and ran to Loulie, and rubbed her head against her.

"Isn't she the daintiest little thing," exclaimed Loulie.

Pussy had on a fine, fresh, blue ribbon tied around her neck, and she certainly did look very dainty. Loulie always called the kitten Miss Dainty. No one ever came to claim it. Loulie thinks some little girl must have dropped her accidentally from a sleigh, and not have missed her in time to go back and look for her.

## HOW GOD FORGIVES.

A LITTLE girl knelt to pray, but the memory of a wrong done that day came between her soul and Christ. She had disobeyed her father. She rose and went to his room. "Papa," said she, as the tears filled her eyes and choked her voice, "I have come to tell you something that I did that was wrong to-day. I want to ask you to forgive me." "My dear child, was the answer, "I do not want you to tell me. I forgive you freely without." She dried away her tears and sent her father rejoicing. As she knelt once more for her heavenly Father's blessing, the remembrance of her earthly father to forgive her was her a type of divine forgiveness.