

THE CAT'S EXPLANATION.

You ask the reason little friends,
Why cats don't wash their faces
Before they eat as children do
In all good Christian places.

Well, years ago, a famous cat
The pang of hunger feeling,
Had chanced to catch a fine young mouse,
Who said, as he ceased squealing:

All good folk wash their faces,
Before they think of eating!"
And wishing to be thought well bred,
Puss heeded his entreating

But when she raised her paws to wash,
Chance for escape affording,
The sly young mouse then said good-bye,
Without respect to wording.

A feline council met that day,
And passed in solemn meeting,
A law forbidding any cat
To wash till after eating.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 25, 1894.

HOW BOYS AND GIRLS MAY SUCCEED.

BY D. WISE.

Is Miss Mary discouraged because she makes so little progress with her music or her composition? Is Master George in despair because he finds it difficult to solve his problems in algebra, or to commit his recitation to memory? If so, let me assure both Mary and George that they may succeed if they will take for their motto this short sentence, "Be in earnest and you are sure to succeed!"

A very uncouth minister, whom very few people cared to hear, and who was very desirous of being a successful speaker, asked a teacher of elocution one day what he must do to become such. The teacher

gave him the above motto. He put it into practice by striving with all his might to conquer his awkwardness, to be graceful in manner and correct in speech. It was hard work at first, but he kept on trying, and succeeded at last in becoming one of the most popular speakers in the land.

Thus you see that our motto is a sure guide to success. Let Mary, George, and all the disheartened readers of *Happy Days* try it, not by a short-lived spurt, but by steady, every-day, patient endeavour to make their very best efforts to do whatever is given them to do 'as well as they can. The result will be that their difficulties will soon vanish away, and they will pluck that success which is the fruit of all truly earnest work.

LOST SPECIMENS.

THE man who said jestingly that the chief use of going to school and college was to get stories to tell for the rest of one's life was not without a certain foundation for his words; since no anecdotes are more constantly repeated than those which belong to this part of life.

Graduates who left the Boston Latin School half a dozen years ago, for instance, are always pleased to tell what happened to a preceptor there who had awakened much interest in natural history among his pupils by the use of the microscope. He was in the habit of bringing specimens to school, and one morning an assistant found him grovelling about the floor, an empty box in his hand and an expression of the deepest consternation on his face.

"Oh, I've done the most dreadful thing!" he exclaimed. "I've dropped my box and spilled all my specimens."

"Can't you pick them up?" asked the other.

"Oh no," replied the naturalist, with a groan. "I haven't made out to catch a single one."

"What were they?" asked the assistant, obligingly stooping down to assist in the search.

"Forty live fleas," was the startling answer.

The assistant sprang up like a flash. "Don't you think," he said, laughing, "that the pupils may be trusted to pick up the whole forty, if you give them time enough?"—*Youth's Companion*.

HOW TALL?

LILIAN GRAY lived in a very beautiful house. Around the house was a large lawn, with lovely flowers, fine trees, and all sorts of shrubs. There was a great conservatory too, where flowers grew and blossomed all winter. An old Scotch gardener took care of the flowers. He was very a good and kind old man, who loved children, and children always loved him. Lilian used to like to slip away from her nurse sometimes, and talk with Macdonald.

One day she went into the conservatory to find him. He had a foot rule in his

hand, with which he was measuring stakes for the rose arbour.

"Oh, Macdonald, measure me!" demanded Lilian.

"And where's my little lassie's golden key?" asked the old man, smiling at her.

"Oh, please. I forgot," added Lilian.

"Surely! the weans forget easily. So I am to measure ye, am I? Well, stand up there. So! Shall I tell ye how tall ye are, or how wee?"

"What do you mean? I am not big, like you, but I am some tall. Tell me how much it is, please."

"Your body is four feet two inches tall. You're well grown, lassie. But your soul is that fine and big too, or is it wee and wizened?"

"What funny questions you do ask, Macdonald. How can I tell how big my soul is!"

"By the thoughts of your heart, lassie. If they are good, and pure, and bonny, your soul is grand; but if you're cross and proud, and think too much of your fine clothes, and if you're selfish and disobedient, your soul grows wee and dwarfed and withered."

Lilian stood still for a moment, with a very red face.

"I guess it's pretty small, Macdonald; but I'll try to make it grow."

"God bless ye, lassie. I believe ye will," said the old gardener, laying his hand gently on the child's head.

COMPOSITION ON HEAVEN.

THE following is a composition on 'e Christian heaven, or Heavenly Temple, as the Chinese call it, written by a Chinese girl of fourteen years of age, who is attending a mission-school in China.

"The heavenly temple is extremely brilliant, extremely holy; it is an illuminated city. It is also the heavenly Father's house; there there are many, many angels and former days' prophets, always singing and praising God. If we walk holily in this world, follow the Lord Jesus' example, do our duty in serving God, obey Jesus' commands then afterward the Lord will acknowledge us to be his children, and in heaven we receive happiness without end. There is no sorrow, also no tears, no hatred, but peace and love only, always with ten thousand angels praising God. Telling this happiness I can't finish it."

A MOSQUITO WITH A LANTERN.

MANY are the stories told on the Irish, illustrative of their wit. It is said that two once put up at a hotel where they were much annoyed by mosquitos. A ring of the bell brought a servant, who told them to put out the light and go to bed. Once in bed Patrick peeped from under the cover, and seeing a flash now and then from a lightning bug, said to his comrade, "Oh, Mike, it is no use! There is wan of them skaters a-hunting us with a lantern."