

"DANIEL PURPOSED IN HIS HEART."

BY JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

I have made up my mind, God helping me,

That I will not stain my lips
With the ruby wine, with its sparkle and shine,
No, not in the tiniest sips!

I have made up my mind—for I can choose—

That I'll keep God's temple pure,
As Daniel of old, of whom we are told,
Who was brave and strong to endure.

I have made up my mind, yes, once for all,
I've a purpose high and grand.

In myself I'm weak, but His strength I seek
Who is able to make me stand.

I have made up my mind, 'tis not so hard,
If a boy in time begins.

In the battle of life, in the toil and strife,
'Tis the brave "I will" that wins.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, JUNE 17, 1905.

DOLEFUL DOTTY.

BY ELIZABETH B. WALEE.

"How do you, Dotty Dumps?" cried father, coming into the dusk of the sitting-room, and finding a forlorn little figure on a chair. "Do you know where my little girl is, the one who runs to meet me?"

The cross Dotty scorned to answer. He called, "Dotty, Dotty, dear! where are you hiding?"

He opened closets and looked behind curtains and then sat down and pretended

to cry. "My dear, lost Dotty! What shall I do without your bright face?"

Dotty laughed in spite of herself. "Silly father!" she said.

"Why, there you are!" cried father, rushing to catch her in his arms before the laugh faded. "I thought this was some strange little cross-patch!"

"I am cross," said Dotty.

"Pray, why?" asked father, surprised.

"Boy Blue broke my doll."

"That's too bad," said father, "but not worth being miserable about. Did baby mean to do it?"

"No," admitted Dotty. "He wanted to hold Blanche, and I let him, and he dropped her."

"What did you do?"

"I scolded."

"And poor baby was frightened and cried, and mother ran to take him from his cross sister, and she sat here and pouted."

"How did you know?" wondered Dotty.

"I know," said father.

"I didn't want my doll broken," said Dotty.

"Suppose it was Boy Blue, or mother, or father?"

"You couldn't be broken," laughed Dotty.

"We might be sick or hurt. Haven't you much to be glad about?"

Dotty suddenly felt ashamed. "I'll run kiss baby. I'm glad it isn't Boy Blue!"

DAISY'S WAY.

BY M. E. KENNEY.

The sky was clouded, and it was a dreary gray day out of doors—and within doors, too, for that matter, for Daisy had the measles, and so she could not go out and play; nor could she have any of her little friends come and play with her, for she did not want to share the measles with them, and they were not very anxious to divide with her. She could not use her eyes, for they were weak, and she did not want to have nurse read aloud to her. She did not feel able to play with her dolls; so you can see that, altogether, she was not in a very happy frame of mind.

"O dear! It is so dreadful to have the measles and not be able to go out and have a good time!" she said to the doctor.

"I suppose it isn't very pleasant," the doctor answered; "but I don't think that you have very much to complain about, when you have so much to make you happy and so many to do all they can to pass the time away. Now if you were the little girl I am going to see next, you might think that you had something to complain of."

"Why?" asked Daisy, "has she got the measles, too?"

"Yes; she has the measles," the doctor

answered; "and she is quite ill with the disease, so that she has to stay in bed. Her mother has to go to work in a factory every morning, and leaves Nannie alone all day.

"Why, who takes care of her?" asked Daisy, in surprise.

"She has to take care of herself," the doctor answered. "Before her mother goes away in the morning she puts everything Nannie is likely to want during the day on a chair by the bedside; and when Nannie wants anything, she reaches over and gets it. Sometimes one of the neighbors comes in and sits with her for a while, but not often, because all the people in the house where Nannie lives are too busy with their own work to have an time to spare to take care of a little sick girl, unless she should need them very much indeed."

"Oh, that must be perfectly dreadful!" said Daisy. "I wouldn't like that one single bit. It's bad enough to have the measles, when you have plenty of folks to take care of you, but I don't know what I should do if I had to do as Nannie does. Does she cry all the time?"

"Not a bit of it," answered the doctor.

"She is the bravest, brightest little patient I have; and whenever she has anything at all that she can give away, she tries to make a little sunshine for some one else. The other day a lady sent her some oranges, and she knew that I was going to see some other sick children who did not often get fruit or have any friends to send them some, and so she made me take half of the oranges to the other children, and it seemed to make her happier than if she had eaten them herself."

"I believe I will try to make some sunshine for Nannie," said Daisy, thoughtfully. "Would you mind taking her some things to-morrow, doctor, when you go to see her?"

"No; I should like to take them very much indeed," the good doctor answered; "and I think you will have a happier day in trying to make some one else happy than if you fretted about yourself."

All the rest of the day, when Daisy felt strong enough to do anything, she looked over her treasures, and picked out things to send patient little Nannie; and when the doctor came next morning, he smiled to see what a collection she had made.

"Now didn't you make sunshine for yourself when you were trying to make it for Nannie?" he asked, as he pocked the last of the pretty picture-books into his bag, and looked up at Daisy with a smile.

"Yes, indeed," Daisy answered.

"It's a rule that always holds good," the doctor went on. "If you are not happy the way to become so is to make some one else happy. It is a rule I never knew to fail, and I have seen it tried a great many times."