

MISSIONARY PENNIES

JESSIE H. BROWN

WHERE did my pennies come from ?
 Let me count them,—one, two, three.
 "One" is for always remembering
 To shut the pantry door ;
 "Two" is for minding the baby,—
 Our dear little cunning Ted ;
 "Three" is for not interrupting
 What the grown-up people said,
 "Four" is what Uncle John gave me
 When I bumped me, and didn't cry,—
 If some of you think it was easy,
 I only wish you would try.}

What shall I do with my pennies ?
 There are candies and toys, I know,
 And the children can always tell you
 How quickly the pennies go.
 But this barrel seems always saying,
 "Give your pennies to me, my dear,
 And send them across the ocean,
 That the heathen God's word may hear."
 I know they are only pennies,
 I know they are few and small,
 But I'll send a wee prayer along with them,
 And the barrel shall have them all.

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HAPPY DAYS

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OUR INHERITANCE.

EARLY in the last century a poor boy was attending a foundation school in an English village. He was a dreamer of dreams. In his play hours he would go off alone to the river side, and, sitting down under a spreading tree, would give himself up to thinking. One day, while his schoolfellows were busy elsewhere with their games, he had a great dream. Poor though he was, he was the heir of a family that had once been rich. The very scenes he gazed upon were once the property of his forefathers. As he sat there that day, turning the sad fact over and over in his mind, he formed in his heart the noble purpose of "winning back the inheritance his

ancestors had lost. The story of his life is the story of how that noble purpose was accomplished. Some friends of the old family took an interest in the boy, and got him sent out to India as a young clerk. He was well-behaved, attentive to his duties, and he was clever. Everything put under his care went well. He became a good soldier, a good leader of armies; he fought great battles, and won them; he rose to be Governor of India, and became very rich. Long years after, Warren Hastings returned to England, and he bought back the family estates, and became lord of those broad lands and stately mansions which his forefathers had lost; and thus the dreams of the noble boy were fulfilled.

Every child of God is the heir of an inheritance grander than any that could be purchased with gold. Christ has prepared a beautiful home of rest and purity. We have each, by diligence and devotion and faith, to strive to win that inheritance.

TIM'S DOVE

ONE day, when little Tim was picking berries in a field, he found a dove with a broken wing. He carried it home, and bound the wing close to the dove's side with a linen band. Soon the wing was as well as ever, and the dove could fly again; but it did not want to fly away from Tim, for it had grown very tame. Tim was glad to have it stay, for he had no toys or pets.

When he went to pick berries the dove would go too, perched on his shoulder. He named it Fairy, and taught it to come at his call and to eat from his hand. At night the dove would roost on the head of Tim's bed.

Tim's mother was taken very sick. There was no one to nurse her but Tim, and when she could not eat, and began to grow worse, Tim went for a doctor.

"She will get well if she has good food," said the doctor. "She must have chicken or meat broth."

Tim had no money to buy meat; but all at once he thought of his dove. He knew it would make good broth, but he could not bear to kill it.

He saw a neighbor going past the house, and he went out and put the dove in her hands. "Please kill my dove and make my mother some broth," he said; "she is so sick."

Then he ran to the house, and tried not to think of his poor little dove. He did not want his mother to see him cry, for she would have said the dove should not be killed.

In about an hour the neighbor brought some good hot broth; and when Tim's mother ate it she felt almost well again.

"You shall have some more to-morrow," said the woman. "I will make broth for you every day until you are well."

Tim followed the woman to the door as she went out, and said, so that his mother could not hear, that he had no doves and did not know how to get meat for more broth.

Before the neighbor could speak there

was a rustle of wings, and Fairy flew in and perched on Tim's shoulder.

"Coo coo!" she said, pecking at his cheek.

"You see I did not kill your dove," said the woman. "I made the broth from a chicken, and I have plenty more at home. You were a good boy to be willing to have your pet dove killed to make broth for your mother."

How happy Tim was! He loved his dove better than ever, now that he had it back again. His mother did not know until she was quite well how near she had come to eating poor little Fairy.

DIDN'T MEAN TO.

JOHN came home very angry. "Someone left the bars down," he said, "and the cows are gone. I cannot find them."

"Oh dear!" said Jenny; "when I went across fields I forgot to put them up after me; I didn't mean to."

So her father had a long hunt, and came home very tired. Next day Jenny was late at school, and had a black mark. "Why were you not in time?" asked the teacher.

"I stopped a minute to play with Katie Brown, and I did not think it was so long. I didn't mean to be late."

That same week she was playing with the little kitten one day, when the baby was sitting on the floor. Jenny did not look where she went, and ran against him, so that he fell over, and hurt his head very badly. He cried so loud that his mamma came.

"How did you get this great bruise?"

"I hurt him," said Jenny; "I did not mean to do it."

Then her mother told her that this didn't mean to, if she let it live, would grow into a great ugly giant habit, and make a slave of her.

So Jenny said she would try very hard to kill it while it was little; and she has grown so careful since then that you might play with her for a year, and not find out that she was the very little girl I have told you about.

LITTLE MARY'S TRUST.

ONE day, in school, a cry of fire was sounded. The children rushed toward the door, and crowded the passage. But one girl sat still in her place. The alarm was false, and the scholars returned to their seats. Then the girl next to Mary said, "Mary, how is it that you could sit so quietly, when we were all so frightened?" Mary answered, "My father told me if there should be an alarm of fire, it would be best for us to sit still in our seats and wait for the teachers to tell us what to do. My father is a fireman, and he knows best." This little girl trusted in her father's word; she obeyed him and was safe. If we trust in our heavenly Father and obey him, he will help us in every trial.