

Pretty soon the bird chirped, and Freddie thought it was calling him. So he climbed upon the table again. Naughty Freddie, not to mind his mamma! In a little while he got the door of the cage open, and birdie flew out. But the pussy cat was in the room, and she caught the little bird and killed it.

Mamma would not have let the bird out of the cage when the cat was in the room, but Freddie did not think of the cat. If he had only obeyed his mamma, he might have had his little bird yet.

#### OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly	2 00
Guardian and Magazine together	3 50
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sund. School Banner, monthly	0 50
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 50
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 25
Less than 30 copies	0 25
Over 30 copies	0 24
Munbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Bervan Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	5 50
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen: \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen: per 100	0 50

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,  
Methodist Book and Publishing House,  
25 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 30 to 36 Temperance St.,  
TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, 3 Heury Street, Montreal, Que.  
S. F. HUBBIS, Meth. Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 30, 1892.

### MARY'S PRAYER.

LITTLE Mary's mother had occasion to correct her the other night. Mary was angry, and when she said her prayers, instead of asking God to bless papa and mamma, as she was wont to do, she said: "God bless papa, and don't bless mamma." Her mother took no notice, and Mary jumped into bed without her good-night kiss. By-and-bye she began to breathe hard, and at length she whispered: "Mamma, are you going to live a great while?" "I don't know," was the answer. "Do you think you shall?" "I cannot tell." "Do many mothers die and leave their children?" "A great many." "Mamma," said Mary, with a trembling voice, "I am going to say another prayer," and clasping her little hands, she cried: "God bless papa, and the dearest, best mamma any little girl ever had in the world." That's the way, children. If you knew your mothers were going to die very shortly, you could not be half kind enough to them. But do you not know that, be they long

or short lived, there lies before you, written so plainly that he who runs may read, "Honour thy father and thy mother?" Remember that every wrong committed against loving parents will, when they shall have passed from earth, bite like a serpent and sting like an adder

### WILLIE'S QUESTION.

BY C. H. LUORIN.

WHERE do you go when you go to sleep?  
That's what I want to know.  
There's loads of things I can't find out,  
But nothing bothers me so

Nurse puts me to bed in my little room  
And takes away the light;  
I cuddle down in the blankets warm  
And shut my eyes up tight.

Then off I go to the funniest place  
Where everything seems queer;  
Tho' sometimes it is not funny at all,  
Just like the way it is here.

There's mountains made of candy there,  
Big fields covered with flowers,  
And lovely ponies and birds and trees,  
A hundred times nicer than ours.

Often, dear mamma, I see you there,  
And sometimes papa, too,  
And last night the baby came back from  
heaven,  
And played like he used to do.

So all of this day I've been trying to  
think,  
Oh, how I wish I could know,  
Whereabouts that wonderful country is  
Where sleepy little boys go.

### NEP AND THE BABY.

NEPTUNE lives next door to our house. He is Dr. Lane's dog, and is eight years old. The butcher comes three times a week, and when meat-day comes Nep trots down to the corner of the road and waits for the butcher. He is very fond of the doctor's baby, who is two years old. He takes care of him almost as well as a nurse.

But the strangest thing is that Nep is fond of picture-books. He will stand up with his fore feet upon the table, and paw open the leaves of "Mother Goose" or some other book. When he finds a picture of a dog, he will wag his tail and say "Bow-wow!" Sometimes he pulls the book upon the floor. Then he lies down and turns over the leaves, and he and baby look at the pictures together. It would make you laugh to see them:

### GIVE AND TAKE.

THE following story may not be true. Indeed, it probably is not; but we may say that if it were true, it would teach a lesson as well as excite a smile. We find the story in a New York paper.

When Jay Gould arrived in Boston a few days ago, he was confronted by a youngster with an usually dirty face, who shouted, "Mornen' paper, only two cents!" The millionaire bought a paper, and gave the boy a five-cent piece, saying, "Keep the change, and buy a cake of soap to wash your face with."

The newsboy counted out three cents, and dropped them into Mr. Gould's hand. "Keep your change," said the boy, "and buy a book on politeness."

### THE BLACK SHEEP.

IT was such a poor, forlorn little thing that Farmer Green was going to kill it out of pity, but the children begged hard for it.

"It's only a black sheep it will be if it lives at all. Sure, its own mother won't have a thing to do with it, and you'll find it a deal of trouble. You'd better let me knock it on the head," he said.

But Master Tom set up such a screaming and kicking that the farmer called out:

"Whist, now, me boy, here's your little sheep, and its a bad sort, I fear. you'll find him."

The little sheep that its own mother wouldn't own was, in truth, a troublesome pet. At first it was almost impossible to teach it to take the warm milk Milly offered it; but after it had once learned to drink, it seemed to be always hungry.

How it did grow! and how mischievous it was! It followed Tom and Milly everywhere; into the house, up stairs, down stairs, out of the gate, and to church too, if he was not locked up.

One day he followed Tom into the school room, and in a playful mood began to butt him down. As fast as Tom got up, down he went again. At last Tom grew angry, and seized his slate to defend himself, but the sheep thrust his head through his slate, knocked over a chair and Tom together. Milly laughed until she could scarcely stand, but she did not dare stir for fear the black sheep would turn upon her.

The noise brought up the children's father, who drove the sheep out of the house. He was soon sent to the pasture with the other sheep, as he was too big and strong to be the children's playmate.