

## CANDYMANTOWN

BY T. B. HOLMES.

A WONDERFUL place is Candyriantown;  
Its streets are paved with joy,  
And on the corner, wherever you turn,  
Stands a beautiful sugar toy

A peaceful place is Candymantown,  
There is never a street brawl there,  
And, strange to say, the peppermint lamb  
Lies down with the cinnamon bear.

The cats that live in Candymantown  
Are made of sugar and spice;  
And they never think of such a thing  
As eating the chocolate mice.

The dogs that live in Candymantown  
Are as good as good can be,  
For they, like the sweet-natured cats, are  
made  
Of sugar and spice, you see.

There are lions and tigers in Candyman-  
town,  
Rabbits and elephants too;  
They live together in houses of glass,  
And are happy the whole year through.

A wonderful place is Candymantown,  
With its beautiful sugar toys;  
And it was built to please the hearts  
Of little girls and boys.

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## Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 20, 1897.

## SALLY'S OFFERING.

"DON'T you think that you could spare at least a penny a week for the little brown sisters across the sea?" The teacher asked the question as she looked into the bright, interested faces before her in the class. It was Missionary Sunday, and Miss Moore had been taking her girls a "pretence" journey to far-away India. They had crossed the sea, visited some of the beautiful temples and palaces, and

peeped into some of the homes. They had seen the tiny child wives and the poor, sad little widows shut up in their dull, miserable lives, and the warm, loving hearts were touched with pity for these little India sisters, and they all wanted to help in some way or somehow.

The missionary box was passed around, and right merrily did the brown coins tumble into its open mouth. But when it came to one little girl she could only shake her head and let it pass. Then, looking into her teacher's face, with eyes big with tears, she whispered: "Please, teacher, I's never got nothing to give; I never does have a cent of my very own."

"Never mind, dear; Jesus Christ knows all about it; he quite understands."

But little Sally's heart was very sad as she went to her poor attic home. It did seem a bit hard to be the only one every Missionary Sunday who had nothing to give, she thought. Not once in her whole life had Sally ever possessed a penny that she could call her own. No; not for her were the delights of the candy shops or the ice cream stands. But this never troubled her. It was just to help the dear Lord's other children that she wanted it.

As she sat at home that evening her mother noticed that the usually sunshiny face wore a cloudy look, and she asked her what was the matter. Then Sally told her all about it.

Now Sally's mother was very poor indeed, but after a little thought she said: "I'll tell yer what I'll do. If yer gits up every mornin', without missin', at five o'clock and lights the fire and cleans up a bit, I'll give yer a penny a week, I will."

With one shriek of delight Sally rushed at her mother and gave her a hug. "O mamma! you dear, I will do it real well."

So every morning, day after day, all through the cold winter, too, little Sally was down by five o'clock. When you and I were still fast asleep in our warm beds she was working away with a will, and I believe that there is no happier maid in all the city than Sally when on Sunday afternoons she drops her penny into the Sunday-school missionary box.

## WINDMILLS.

BY HELEN A. HAWLEY.

IN Asia Minor, windmills had their origin; so the historian Gibbon tells us. The Saracens brought them into Europe, where in some countries they have been largely used. Indeed, in our thoughts we picture Holland as the especial home of windmills.

Until recent years, windmills have been rare in America, and the few ancient ones were considered curious landmarks, their quaintness worthy of the artist's sketch-book.

A windmill may be described, in general terms, as a pyramidal tower, with a revolving dome. To this dome, vanes or sails are attached, which, being struck by the wind, cause it to move. It is connected with machinery at the base of the

tower, which machinery is thus set in motion.

The old-time windmills had four arms or sails extending from an axis. These were not "flapping" sails, but were fastened securely on their frames. As a rule the towers were not very high. In appearance these towers resembled odd-shaped buildings, pierced with small windows. The modern windmill, now become so common a sight, hardly needs description. It is usually a tall, lattice-like structure, the vanes set as fans in a great wheel.

The highest windmill tower in the world is claimed to be over a well of mineral water, at Well's River, Vermont. This tower is 176½ feet high, and the well is 80 feet deep; making the extent of machinery 256½ feet.

Longfellow has a fine, sturdy poem, entitled "The Windmill." This was the old-fashioned kind, not one of the airy, modern structures. One stanza of the poem is a lesson in courage:

"I stand here in my place,  
With my foot on the rock below,  
And whichever way it may blow,  
I meet it face to face,  
As a brave man meets his foe."

## A SMART DOG.

ONE afternoon a group of little children were playing on a pier which ran far out into the water of a deep lake.

While engaged in a game of romps, one of the boys stepped back and fell into the water. His little friends cried loudly for assistance, but no one came.

As he was sinking for the third time, however, a noble Newfoundland dog rushed down the pier, jumped into the water and pulled the little boy out.

The children now divided into two bands. One was to take the rescued child to his mother and father; the other was to lead the dog to a baker's shop, where he was fed on cakes until he could eat no more.

The next afternoon the same group of children were playing on the pier. The brave dog came trotting down to them with many friendly wags and nods.

The children stroked and petted him, but offered no refreshments. "Why do they give me nothing to eat?" the dog asked himself. "Ah, I see! it is because I have pulled no little child out of the water to-day."

Upon this he went up to a little girl who stood near the edge of the pier, and gave her a gentle push into the water. Then he sprang in after her and gravely brought her to the shore. Of course he was treated to cakes again.

But on the next day the children were forbidden to play on the pier, so he had no further chance to earn his supper by rescuing a child from the water. Was he not a smart dog?

GIVE God your heart; for he asks it, and it is his due.