

never come in contact with the ground), they enable him to move towards his victim with a stillness even greater than that of the snake, who creeps along the grass and is not perceived until he is coiled around his prey.

VOICES CALLING.

HARK! the voices loudly calling,
Wafted hither o'er the sea,
And in tones entreating, tender,
Even now they summon thee.
Calling ever, ever calling,
Hark! the message is to thee:

Heathen mothers bowing blindly,
Unto gods of wood and stone,
By their cries and tears they call thee
Now to make the Saviour known.

Little children, sad and sinning,
Bid them seek to be forgiven
Tell them of the blessed Saviour,
Say he waits for them in Heaven.

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, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 00
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	2 00
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp., 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp., 8vo.....	0 06
Quarterly Review Service, by the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2 per 100; per quarter, 6c. a dozen; 60c. per 100.	
Home and School, 8 pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 4pp., 4to., fortnightly, single copies.....	0 20
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
30 copies and upward.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upward.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 50

Address:

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book & Publishing House,
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES,
3 Bleury Street,
Montreal.

S. F. HERRIS,
Wesleyan Book Room,
Halifax, N. S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 12, 1888.

A CHILD'S FAITH

A LITTLE boy some years of age, whom we will call Charley, while playing one day near an open hatchway, accidentally fell in, and but for a basket of shavings, which fortunately stood beneath, would probably have been killed. The family were quite impressed by his providential escape, and frequent allusions were made to it during the day. At night, after Charley had been put to bed and left to himself, his little voice was heard in prayer. In tones full of faith and love the little fellow poured out his heart-felt petition: "O God! please keep that cellar door shut; but if you can't do that, won't you always keep a basket of shavings there?"—*Temperance Banner.*

TASTING DEATH.

In a time of great darkness, when priest-craft and intolerance were doing their worst to suppress Divine truth, a party of soldiers, under a very cruel leader, were one day riding along a road in Scotland when they met a lad carrying a book. Upon being questioned as to the nature of the work, he replied, with a fearless upward glance:

"The Bible."

"Throw it into the ditch!" shouted the fierce commander.

"Na," returned the boy, in his broad northern accent, "it is God's Word."

A second order to the same effect only caused him to grasp his treasure more firmly. A very cruel command followed.

"Then pull the cap over your eyes." was the mocking retort. "Soldiers, prepare to fire!"

For a moment the soldiers hesitated, but their leader's face was stern. The lad never flinched; he was not afraid to face death, or taste its bitterness, because he knew he should pass through it into the immediate presence of the Lord who loved him, and who redeemed him at the cost of his own precious blood. He heard a voice, unheard by others, whispering to his inmost soul, "Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life."

"I will not cover my eyes," he said, firmly. "I will look you in the face, as you must look me in the face at the great judgment day."

Wonderful words from one so young at such a time of peril! Another moment and he lay shot through the heart, but his spirit was with the Lord who gave it.

Dear readers nowadays few are called upon to die for their faith; but do you esteem God's Word your dearest treasure? Would you have all fear of death removed? Then look in simple trust to him "who by the grace of God, tasted death for every man."

NOT AFRAID TO DIE.

ALMOST the only printed matter found in the far North when the relics of Sir John Franklin's expedition were discovered in that icy region was a leaf from Todd's *Student's Manual*, with this dialogue on it:

"Are you afraid to die?"

"No."

"Why does the uncertainty of another state give you no concern?"

"Because God has said, 'Fear not; when thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.'"

The poor victim perhaps treasured the page, read and reread it and gazed on it until the mists of death crept over him. He was not found, but the page told those who were searching how one, at least, of those brave seamen had died.



MADGE MADCAP.

LITTLE Madge Madcap got her second name because she was such a wild, harum-scarum little thing. Her hair always looked as if it had not been combed for a week, and she was a regular romp and tom-boy, tearing her clothes and breaking her toys. Instead of sitting down on the swing, as any sensible child would, she used always to stand up, as you see in the picture, and one day she got a terrible fall. But nothing cured her, and I am afraid Madcap Madge will come to a terrible end some day if she don't take care.

A GENTLE BOY.

"BE gentle with little Gracie, Charlie," said his mother as she tucked up the little girl in her carriage all ready for a ride. "Be a gentle boy."

"Oh, mother, boys are never gentle," answered Charlie. "I don't want to be called a gentle boy."

"Yet a few years from this time if you should not be called a gentleman you would feel very badly," answered his mother. "And you cannot be a gentleman unless you are a gentle boy first—kind and considerate to all around you, gentle to the weak and courteous to those whom you meet every day. You are forming your character now, and it will be too late for you to change when you are grown up. You will want to be considered a gentleman then, so try to be a gentle boy now. There is nothing unmanly in being gentle and courteous. Now, think about this while you are giving Gracie her ride, and don't think it is not manly to be gentle to your little sister."

I hope all the little boys that read the HAPPY DAYS will remember that gentlemen are made of gentle boys.