

## HOW THEY RIDE

BRAVELY comes the gentleman,  
Trotting nimbly as he can,  
Lifts his hat to Meg and Dot  
As he passes—trot, trot, trot.

Now the postman follows fast,  
Gallop, gallop—ah, he's past,  
Sparos not spur, but shakes the rein,  
Gallops on with might and main.

Next there comes the country boy,  
Many a jump, and hobbledyhoj.  
Bumpety-bump!—if he fall down,  
Ten to one he cracks his crown!

Pace, and gallop, and trot, my dear,  
So they've travelled for many a year;  
But none of them all can happier be  
Than Goldilocks on her father's knee!

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## HAPPY DAYS

TORONTO, JUNE 30, 1884.

## WHAT CAN ONE DO?

ONCE upon a time, there was a beautiful garden full of lovely flowers. All who passed that way stopped to admire it. Tired men, hopeless women, and discouraged children came with frowning brows and sad faces, paused to drink in the beauty of the scene, and went away with smoothed brows, peaceful smiles, and shining eyes, better and happier for the lovely sight.

But by-and-bye there came a sad change over the beautiful garden. The sun shone fiercely upon it, day after day. The flowers hung their heads, the green leaves drooped and turned brown under the scorching heat that was drying up their juices; and upon the hot wind came the sound of faint means: "Water, water; give us water, or we die!"

Up in the sky a little cloud paused just over the dying flowers, and looked down. "What a pity," it sighed; "but I can do no good, I am too small," and so it passed on. Soon another cloud came, and another,

and another, but they too shook their heads and passed by. After a while, another paused and looked down.

"Ah! poor blossoms; they are dying for want of water. I am only one little cloud. I am too small to do much good. But perhaps the few drops I carry may save one flower. I can but try. All I have I will give gladly, only I wish there were more." So down she fell.

Now there were ever so many more tiny clouds coming that way, and one said to the other:

"We have not much water, but we too can give what we have."

"So we can," answered the rest. "Let us hurry down and help our sister. She cannot do much alone."

Down they scurried, and so many more clouds came running up to see what the first were doing, that soon there was a dense mass of them. All grew eager to help, and every one dropped down and poured its few drops upon the thirsty garden, as if in real sympathy.

"Dear me!" said the very first cloud that fell; "I'm so glad I gave my little store of rain, for all my brothers and sisters have followed me; the garden has had a regular soaking, and the lives of all these lovely flowers have been saved."

And as she tripped back to heaven on the rainbow's arch, she sang softly and sweetly, "I'm only a little cloud, but I have helped; I have helped."

## "I AM COMING."

A LITTLE girl who was playing near the edge of a precipice suddenly felt the ground give way under her feet, and, before she time to spring back to a place of safety, had slipped over the brow of the abyss. With the instinct of despair, and with that love of life implanted in us all, she snatched at the grass and tall weeds within her reach. Her little fingers dug deep into the ground, and stayed her downward course. There she hung suspended in the air. Moments seemed ages until she heard a voice, which sounded very far off, saying in a firm, encouraging tone: "I am coming; keep looking up!" Instinctively she obeyed: she never glanced downward, but clung faster to her only chance of safety. Again the voice, this time nearer, spoke hopefully: "I am coming; keep looking up!" In another moment two strong hands had seized her own in a firm clasp, and she felt herself drawn gently and cautiously upward. Then she was lifted into great, loving arms, and closed her eyes upon her father's breast.

WHEN Robert Hall was a boy, he had a very passionate temper. He knew that he ought to try to conquer it; so he resolved that whenever he felt his temper rising he would run away to another room, and, kneeling down, would use this short prayer: "O Lamb of God, calm my mind." So completely was he enabled, by the help of God, to overcome this sin that he grew up to be a man of remarkably gentle temper.

## WHAT I WOULD DO.

If I were a rose  
On the garden wall,  
I'd look so fair,  
And grow so tall  
I'd scatter perfume far and wide,  
Of all the flowers I'd be the pride.  
That's what I'd do  
If I were you,  
O little rose.

Fair little maid,  
If I were you,  
I should always try  
To be good and true;  
I'd be the merriest, sweetest child  
On whom the sunshine ever smiled,  
That's what I'd do  
If I were you,  
Dear little maid!

## CHINESE PETS.

Boys and girls in China are just as fond of pets as American boys and girls. But the Chinese are a queer people, and they have a queer way of caring for their pets. Besides cats and dogs, the chickens, and often the pigs, live under the same roof with the family.

No animal is more common in China than the dog. Every country cottage has one, and he always makes sure to bark furiously when strangers come near. These dogs are never tied up and never have a kennel. They are not well fed, and so are lean and hungry-looking.

Cats are not allowed to run about like our pussies, but are always tied up; sometimes to the table-legs. This is because if they were let run about they might be stolen for their fur.

The Chinese never build any chicken houses, and the chickens run about the streets and in the stores. At night they do not go to roost; they settle down anywhere on the floor. Sometimes a large bamboo basket is turned over them, and then in the morning you can hear the muffled tones of these early singers.

## STRAIGHT LINES.

A COMMERCIAL traveller entered the office of a hotel, as reported by one of our exchanges, and picking up a pen, proceeded to make several perpendicular lines upon the register.

When he had made half-a-dozen, more or less, he threw down the pen, with some exclamation about its being unfit to write with. Then he took up another, and making more straight marks like capital I's with the shoulders cut off.

By this the clerk was angry, and informed the "drummer" that the register was intended for signature, and must not be defaced in that manner.

"Oh, don't get mad about it," said the man with the pen.

"He made a few horizontal dashes, and giving the register a swirl, showed the angry clerk that he had only been writing his name, which was H. H. HILL.