

BABY'S FIRST WALK

BY A. P. S.

With lingering steps the baby starts;
He has no far to go,
From mamma's dress to sister's hands,
Where treasure tempts him so.

He wishes they would let him creep:
It's 'way down to the ground,
He's sure he cannot trust his feet
They are so fat and round.

He wishes he could see his toes,
Safe cuddled in each shoe.
Dear little things, how well he knows
They'll try to help him, too.

He wishes that he'd brought his wings
When he came down to earth:
One step, two steps, the walk is done;
He crows in baby mirth.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 18, 1899.

FREDDY'S OBJECT LESSON.

Freddy Reed's grand-uncle, Hiram Lee, had gone to California when the "gold fever" was raging, years and years before Freddy was born. Indeed Freddy's mamma could scarcely remember him, but she was glad to see him when he came to visit her.

He was very fond of little boys and Freddy was soon on the best of terms with him. One morning Freddy came in with a pretty red bird, that he had caught in his trap, perched on his arm.

"Poor thing," said his mamma. "See Freddy, its wing is broken."

"I know," answered Freddy unfeelingly, "it will soon heal up."

"You mean to keep it then," said Uncle Hiram in surprise.

"Of course," Freddy replied.

Uncle Hiram did not say another word then, but thought to himself, "That boy is going to grow up cruel, unless somebody teaches him a practical lesson. I believe I can do it myself." Several hours later, as Freddy was passing along the upper hall, he heard a queer noise in his uncle's room. Peeping through the half-open door he saw a little engine on the centre table, puffing and blowing away for all the world like a real one. The next minute Freddy was by the table examining the little beauty. He took hold of the wire handles, but when his fingers began to sting he found he could not let it go. His screams brought his uncle and mother to his help, and as soon as he was released, he began to find fault with his uncle for setting such a trap for him.

"It is a new kind of a battery that I bought for my rheumatism," explained Uncle Hiram, "and if you had not been meddling with what did not belong to you, there would have been no trouble."

"But you left the door open," insisted Freddy.

"And you left the door of your trap open to entice the bird into your net, and it got its wing broken, which is much worse than getting your fingers full of needles. You know now how it feels to be a wounded prisoner, and I hope you will have more pity for the birds hereafter."

Freddy let the red bird go as soon as it was able to fly.

ARCHIE'S MISTAKE.

BY SIDNEY DAYRE.

"A stormy Saturday! Oh dear!" Archie's face was doleful as the gloomy sky outside, and he fretted about in a way which made the weather in the house seem as dreary as that out of doors. I wonder how many children stop to think how much they have to do with the home weather?

"I must write in my diary," said Elsie; "I did not do it last night."

"I think you ought to play with me," whimpered Archie.

"I will afterwards."

"Then will you show me what you write?"

"No," said Elsie, laughing; "I never show it to anybody."

It was an old grievance. The only reason for Archie wishing very much to see his sister's diary was that she did not wish him to. It must have now been that the weather had affected him badly, for almost without thinking Archie did a very rude thing. He came behind Elsie and peeped over her shoulder.

"There! there!" he cried. "No wonder you don't want me to see your old diary!"

"What is the trouble, Archie?" asked mother.

"She's writing mean things about me. She wrote, 'I do not like my brother!'"

With a merry little laugh Elsie showed her diary to her mother, who laughed too and said:

"Come here, Archie, and see what comes after the words you do not like."

Archie came and read:

"I do not like my brother to think I am unkind, so I will stop writing and go and play with him."

How he coloured with shame as mother and Elsie still laughed.

But I think it served him right for looking over Elsie's shoulder—don't you?

DOODLE-BUGS.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.

Helen and Sallie Yarnall are two little girls who live down in Virginia. They know all about opossums and chincapins and the luscious persimmons which all Southern children love to gather after the heavy frosts in the autumn.

But what pleases them most are the funny little doodle-bugs that come up out of the ground at their call.

Sometimes the girls go out in the pine woods where doodle-bugs make their holes in the warm sand, and there they play with them for hours, calling the bugs up with a funny little sing-song tune:

"Doodle dan-dy, doodle dan-dy,
Doodle up, doodle up."

They say the last line in a quick voice.

Then after the doodle-bugs have come up from their holes, the song is changed to:

"Doodle dan-dy, doodle dan-dy,
Doodle down, doodle down,"

and the bugs will hurry back into their holes again.

Sometimes the doodle-bugs will not obey promptly, and the girls have to sing their little song two or three times, but generally they come up at first call. You would think there was some understanding between the little girls and the bugs.

ANIMALS THAT LIVE WITHOUT WATER.

"My!" said Herbert, as he lifted his glass and drank the clear, cool water in it, "I'm glad there's plenty of water. It's so good, and nothing can live without water, can there, father?"

"Some things do, Herbert, though most things can't. Isn't the Lord good when he gives us plenty of the things we can't live without—air and water and light? But there are some animals that can't get water, and so the Lord has made them able to do without it."

"What animals are they, father?"

"One kind is the llama. Llamas live away off in Patagonia, and never taste a drop of water in their lives. Then out West on the hot, dry plains of the desert there is a little mouse which does not know what a drink of water tastes like."

"Isn't that queer?" said Herbert. "Why, I thought everything had to drink sometimes."

"No, even in France there are herds of cows who almost never drink.

"Do they give milk?" asked Herbert.

"Yes; and such good milk that from it is made a very famous cheese called Roquefort."