

THE WORD SHE REMEMBERED.

"You remember the sermon you heard, my dear?"

The little one blushed, and dropped her eyes,

Then lifted them bravely with look of cheer,
Eyes that wore blue as the summer skies.

"I'm afraid I forgot what the preacher said,
He said so much to the grown-up men,
And the pulpit was 'way up over my head;

But I told mamma that he said, 'Amen.'

"And 'Amen,' you know, means let it be,
Whatever our Lord may please to do,
And that is sermon enough for me,
If I mind and feel so the whole week through."

I took the little one's word to heart;
I wish I could carry it all day long,
The "Amen" spirit which hides the art
To meet each cross with a happy song.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 13, 1892.

LITTLE GIRL BRIDES.

DEAR little folks, I must tell you that in India, that great far-away heathen country, many of the little girls have to leave school and marry when they ought to be playing with their dolls. Think of a little bride just nine years old! Isn't it a dreadful custom? They never know what it is to be little girls, and to have the pleasures and innocent amusements you do. You ought to see the pictures of some of these little brides. I know they would bring the tears to your eyes.

A missionary in India tells of a little

girl whose mother was very anxious for her to marry. The little girl, whose name was Monomat, was a very bright, sweet little girl, and her teacher loved her dearly.

One day while Monomat was at school, she had an offer of marriage through her parents. The one who had proposed to marry her wanted to know how tall she was; so they sent an old servant with a cord to measure her. The cord had a knot at one end. This told the height of the intended bridegroom. If Monomat measured up to the height he desired, then it would be all right. He would take her for his bride.

But, to the teacher's great delight, Monomat lacked an inch or more of the height. So, as the missionary wrote home, Monomat's fortune really hung upon a thread, for the cord was nothing more than a very coarse thread.

Dear little folks, isn't it dreadful to think of these poor little brides—nothing but tender children—having to leave their play and act like grown people?

O little boys and girls of the mission bands, how much you ought to try to do to send the gospel to those heathen lands!

COUSIN HELEN.

WHAT SHE SAW.

THE Germans have a story about a little girl named Jeannette, who once went out to see a grand review. She found a good place from which to see the soldiers pass. She noticed a poor old woman in the crowd trying very hard to get where she could see.

Jeannette said to herself: "I should like to see the soldiers march, but it isn't kind in me to stay in this nice seat, and let that old woman stay where she can't see anything. I ought to honour old age, and I will." So she called the old woman, and placing her in the nice seat, she fell back among the crowd. There she had to tip-toe and peep, and dodge about to catch a glimpse of the splendid scene, which she might have seen fully and easily if she had kept her place. Some of the people said she was a silly girl, and laughed at her, but Jeannette was rewarded in her heart for her kindness to old age.

A few moments later a man, covered with lace, elbowed his way through the crowd, and said to her, "Little girl, will you come to her ladyship?" She could not imagine who her ladyship was, but she followed the man through the

crowd to some raised seats. A lady met her at the top of the stairs, and said, "My dear child, I saw you yield your seat to the old woman. You acted nobly. Now sit down here by me; you can see everything here." Thus Jeannette was rewarded a second time for honouring old age.

CHARLIE'S PLANS.

"WELL, my bonnie Charlie, upon what is that curly head of yours so busily pondering now?"

"I'm just thinking sis, what I shall do when I am quite grown up. I mean to be a soldier like father, and wear a big sword and a cap on the side of my head—so. And then I shall marry some nice, pretty lady with lots of money and grand dresses and live in a fine, beautiful house, and—"

Here Charlie paused for breath. Sis had much ado to keep from laughing, but she answered gravely:

"What then?"

"Why, then," and a shadow crept over "bonnie Charlie's" face, "I shall grow old, I suppose, and have to die; but I don't want to think about that."

"But, Charlie dear, you must think about it. You may live to enjoy your grand wishes, or God may call you away while you are young; but, sooner or later, death will come, and then—"

Charlie was silent, so she went on:

"Dear little one, then comes the judgment, when the small as well as great must stand before God to answer for all their forgetfulness of him and naughty ways. Think of that, Charlie. There, no one can help you—no one shield you but him whom you have left out of all your plans—the Lord Jesus. Oh, seek him first; the knowledge of him as your Saviour is the one thing needful—for your happiness now, your safety hereafter."

SAY "NO," AND MEAN IT.

"How is it you never go with bad boys, or get into any bad scrapes?" asked a little fellow of his playmate. "Oh," said the other, "that's because I don't say 'no easy.' We thank that boy for his secret. It is worth a good deal more than a bag of money. I have no doubt that saying 'no' easy has ruined many a child, and man and woman, too, saying 'no' as if you did not quite mean it. When a bad boy or girl tries to coax you to do a doubtful thing, say 'No' as if you meant 'no.' When sin whispers an excuse for doing wrong, say 'No' very loud."