

## THE CHILD AND THE YEAR.

(BY CELIA THAXTER)

SAID the child to the youthful year,  
"What hast thou in store for me,  
O giver of beautiful gifts; what cheer,  
What joy dost thou bring with thee?"

"My seasons four shall bring  
Their treasures—the winter's snows,  
The autumn's store, and the flowers of  
spring,  
And the summer's perfect rose.

"All these, and more, shall be thine,  
Dear child—but the last and best  
Thyself must earn by a strife divine,  
If thou wouldst be truly blest.

"Wouldst know this last, best gift?  
'Tis a conscience clear and bright,  
A peace of mind which the soul can lift  
To an infinite delight.

"Truth, patience, courage and love!  
If thou unto me canst bring,  
I will set thee all earth's ills above,  
O child, and crown thee a king!"

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 3, 1892.

## A NAUGHTY LITTLE RUNAWAY.

BERTIE was naughty. He would run away whenever his nurse turned her back for a moment. He tried to be good, but he was always wanting "to see something," and he always forgot to ask if he might, or else "there wasn't time to ask," and so he made a great deal of trouble, and frightened his mother and nurse a great many times.

Once Bertie slipped away and was gone all day long. Papa searched all through the town for him, mamma made herself ill crying because he was lost, and cook spoiled all the bread and cakes going to the kitchen door so often to look for him and forgetting the things in the oven.

Where was Bertie? He had followed a tin peddler's cart to Farmer Green's, and the good farmer had harnessed up and brought him home in the evening.

Bertie seemed sorry, but that did not cure him of running away.

At last papa thought of a way to keep Bertie from slipping away from nurse.

As soon as Bertie was dressed in the morning he was tied by a cord to his nurse. Wherever nurse went Bertie had to go, and he couldn't run away, no matter what he saw. It was hard on nurse, but it was a success.

## WHAT SHE SAW.

THE Germans have a short 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, 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.

## CAPTAIN FRANK.

LITTLE Frank wanted very much to go out driving with mamma, but she had said "No," and there was not the least use in teasing. When Mamma Ray said "No," she meant it.

Little Frank was so disappointed that he forgot, and asked "Why?"

"Frank," said mamma, "don't you know you are a little soldier, and I am your captain? Soldiers never ask their captains why they give their orders; they simply obey. Usually the captains have the best of reasons for their orders, but even if they make mistakes, the soldiers must obey. Once, in a great war, six hundred men were ordered to charge right in the face of cannons. The soldiers knew it was a mistake, but they charged just the same, and nearly every man was killed. A poet

wrote a grand poem about them, called "The Charge of the Light Brigade."

Mamma read the poem to him before she went out, and Frank liked it so much he learned part of it while mamma was dressing.

When she came home she heard such noise in the nursery she ran up to see what was the matter. Frank was sitting on a stump of his hobby-horse, whipping it, shouting, while only three of his wooden soldiers were whole.

"Why, Frank," she said, "what have you been doing to your horse and soldiers?"

"It's 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' mamma. I am captain, and I ordered them 'into the valley of death.'"

"Very well, captain, you must be court-martialled."

"What is that?"

"You must be tried for needlessly recklessly exposing your soldiers' lives. Captains have duties as well as soldiers, and have no right to make such mistakes. Frank had a long time to think, mamma made him sit still for an hour last he asked: 'Mamma, are there any captains that never make mistakes?'"

"Yes, one," answered mamma. "You need never be afraid to obey him. Jesus, the Captain of our salvation."

## EDDIE'S "WABBITS."

EDDIE is very fond of hearing stories of adventure and hunting, and often asks what he will do when he's a man. He has a dog which is not much larger than a cat, but very fierce, and a gun. The dog's name is Gyp, and the gun is a wooden one. One night he snuggled up on a sofa beside Ray and asked him to tell him a story. To tease him a bit Ray told him one. "Once there was a little boy, his name was Eddie, and he was a real soldier boy. He had a brave dog named Gyp, and a pretty red gun. So he went out hunting. And what do you think? He shot two great big rabbits! He was in great hurry to show them to his mamma, and did not stop to go home by the usual way—by the road; he started across a pond, where the ice was so thin that it would break it. Of course he fell in. Gyp pulled him out. Wasn't he a brave dog?"

"Did I lose the wabbits, Way?" interrupted Eddie.

"Yes; a big pickerel carried them away. There! what do you think of that?" Master Ed. asked Ray.

Eddie looked at him very soberly sometime, thinking the story over, beginning to end. Then a satisfied smile stole across his rosy face, and he asked eagerly: "Did I do dat? It's good. I wanted mamma to see the wabbits. Give me another, Way."

A LITTLE girl wanted more but she was told that she'd had enough, and that more would make her sick. "Well," said she, "give me another, and send for the doctor."