

LOST.

SHE wandered up and down the street,
With slow and silent tread,
And to the many passers-by,
In sobbing tones she said.

"I've lost my mamma and myself,
I've lost my home and street;
I'm very, very hungry, too,
I want some bread to eat.

I dropped my doll and broke her
head—
A lot of cents she cost,
I wish that you would find me,
Because, you see, I'm lost."

"Tell us your name," said one, "and then
We'll find your home for you;"
And then the little one replied,
"You see, I've lost that, too."

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 27, 1892.

SECRETS.

It is not safe to listen to anything that you must not speak to mother or father about. It is not safe to read one page of a book that must be pushed behind you or under your apron when somebody enters the room; show the book to mother and abide by her judgment, even if it is so enticing and some of the other girls are crazy over it.

Share your secrets—and you may have some happy secrets—with one who loves you, not only best, but wisest. Still, you know that some things are best kept to yourself; a disappointment that nobody can help; wishing for something that nobody is ready to do for you or give you. Keep your "blues" to yourself; your ill

temper, your headaches, your dislike of people, the faults you see in them—let these disagreeable things be well-kept secrets.

Your Father in heaven knows all your secrets. Are you glad? Tell him when you cannot tell any one else.

THINK BEFORE YOU STRIKE.

I REMEMBER reading in my boyhood about a merchant trave ling on horseback, accompanied by his dog. He dismounted for some purpose, and accidentally dropped his package of money. The dog saw it; the merchant did not. The dog barked to stop him, and as he rode farther, bounded in front of the horse, and barked louder and louder. The merchant thought he had gone mad, drew a pistol from his holster and shot him. The wounded dog crawled back to the package, and when the merchant discovered his loss, and rode back, he found the dying dog lying there, faithfully guarding the treasure.

The following little story told by a friend of mine is not as painful, but adds force to the thought. Think before you strike any creature that cannot speak:

"When I was a boy, and lived up in the mountains of New Hampshire, I worked for a farmer and was given a span of horses to plough with, one of which was a four-year-old colt. The colt, after making a few steps, would lie down in the furrow. The farmer was provoked and told me to sit on the colt's head, to keep him from rising while he whipped him, 'to break him of that notion,' as he said. But just then a neighbour came by. He said, 'There's something wrong here; let him get up and examine.' He petted the colt, looked at his harness, and then said, 'Look at this collar; it is so long and narrow, and carries the harness so high, that when he begins to pull it slips back and chokes him so he can't breathe.' And so it was, and but for that neighbour, we should have whipped as kind a creature as we had on the farm, because he lay down when he could not breathe."

It was only the other day I heard of a valuable St. Bernard dog being shot, because having a wound on his head concealed by the hair, he bit a person who handled him roughly.

Boys, young and old, please remember that these creatures are dumb. They may be hungry, or thirsty, or cold, or sick, or bruised, or wounded, and cannot tell you.

Think before you strike a creature that cannot speak.

MABEL'S LESSON.

MABEL is going to recite a piece of poetry at the school-closing, and so she has seated herself in one of mamma's high-backed chairs in the drawing room to study her piece quietly. Mamma is going to give her a large doll if she says her piece nicely, because this is the first time Mabel has ever recited in public. She looks rather cross in the picture, but she is a very sweet-tempered little girl and is only thinking deeply, and has a very pure little heart inside. So, children, do not judge a book by its cover.

MINNA'S "WHATSOEVER."

THE prize was to be a lovely little red Testament with gilt clasps. Miss Lucy had promised to give it to the one of the infant class who should learn the Sermon on the Mount the best.

"I think I can get it," said Minna to herself. "I know Charlie is quicker than I am about learning, but then he is a very careless little boy, he'll forget to study the verses and I won't remind him."

So the days went by. Both children learnt the first two chapters, and said them over to mamma, then Charlie, who was, as Minna had said, a careless little boy, got interested in his rabbit traps, and forgot about the Sermon on the Mount and the little red Testament, while Minna kept on studying. She had gotten as far as the twelfth verse: "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

"If you had forgotten about the prize," whispered conscience, "you would like Charlie to remind you."

Minna hesitated a while, and then said with a sigh: "Yes, I 'spect that's my 'whatsoever,'" and a little later you might have seen her hearing Charlie say his chapter.

When the infant class met at Miss Lucy's to try for the prize, Charlie won it, he had by far the best memory of them all.

"But please, Miss Lucy," he said, as he saw the teacher take her pen, "write Charlie and Minna Brent in it, 'cause if my sister hadn't reminded me, I never would have got that last chapter learned in time."

"Ah!" said Miss Lucy, "I see some of my little people have got this beautiful sermon by heart as well as by memory."

And then underneath the two names she wrote in red ink, just the colour of the backs, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."