

CONTENTMENT.

BY ANNA M. PRATT

I'M glad I am a little girl,
And have the afternoons for play,
For if I was a busy bee,
I s'pos I'd have to work all day.

And if I was an owl, I'd be
Afraid to keep awake all night,
And if I was an elephant,
How could I learn to be polite?

And if I was a Jersey calf,
I might forget my name and age;
And if I was a little dog,
I couldn't read the Children's Page.

My sakes! When I begin to count,
It makes my head go all awlirl,
There are so many reasons why
I'm glad I am a little girl.
— *Youth's Companion.*

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1894.

BAD COMPANY.

A YOUNG lady of sixteen, who had been piously brought up, was invited to a party at which certain persons of undisguised infidel sentiments were expected to be present. Her father objected to her going.

"I know, papa," she said, "that they speak against the Bible and against Jesus; but you can be quite sure that they will do me no harm. I will be in the room where they are—I can't help that—but I shall not allow them to affect me in the least."

"My child," said the father, inventing an excuse for the sudden request, "my work can't be interrupted; I have need of a cinder; will you be kind enough to fetch me one?"

"Do you want a live coal, papa?"
"No, one that is dead—burned out."

The coal was brought. The young lady had brought it in her hand.

"Didn't it burn you, my child?" asked the father.

"Why, no, papa—how could it? it's dead!"

"Of course it couldn't; but look at your hand, Florence."

"Oh, papa, how black my fingers are! I must go and wash them."

"Wait a moment, Flossie; here is a little lesson for you while you are washing them. It is this: Companionship with the wicked and worldly may not necessarily burn you and destroy, but it will certainly soil you. Remember all your life-time what the apostle says: 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

THE LITTLE MILKMAID.

ANNIE's father keeps a big dairy farm. Do you know what that means? It means that he has a great many cows, and sells milk and cream and butter.

Annie loves her father dearly, and she is always trying to help him. She had three little buckets made, and she has learned to milk. These three buckets just hold the milk from her own little cow, and she is very proud that she can fill them twice a day.

This milk she puts in a marked can by itself, for it is to be used in a hospital for sick babies, away off in the city. You see that Annie desires that only the best shall go to the sick.

The money for the milk is her very own. And what do you think she does with it? One-tenth of it goes to the Mission Band, and the rest she saves to buy her father books and magazines for her Christmas present to him. She says she wants her Christmas presents to be truly presents. She says that to coax papa and mamma for money and then buy something for them with it is making them buy their own presents. She always embroiders something pretty for her mother.

THE PRIZE PICTURE BOOK.

THERE were twenty little girls in Miss Green's school, but not one of them liked to learn the multiplication table. Wasn't that strange?

Now Miss Green knew that these little girls ought to learn it by heart, without making a single mistake. And so she offered a prize to the one of her scholars who would learn it so perfectly that she could skip all about, and begin at twelve times twelve and go through to two times one without even hesitating. They were to have one month to learn it.

How those girls did work! At recess there was a perfect buzz of nine times nine, and seven times eight and eight times nine.

At last the day for the final trial came. Elsie Brown was sure she knew the whole table, but in skipping she missed on eleven times eleven. Jennie Starr failed on seven

times six; and so it went until all were down except Lucy Bates. Miss Green tried again and again, but Lucy never once even hesitated. She had learned the multiplication table perfectly.

Miss Green gave her a beautiful picture book for a prize, and all the girls said she had earned it.

BABY'S BOAT SONG.

Steer you straight for sleepy land;
Drowy sailor, O,
See across the shining sand,
Happy children go.
Shadows dark are softly creeping,
Starry lights are outward peeping,
Silently, my sailor, row,
Soon we shall be there.

Sleep, my darling; sleep, my sweeting;
Gently flows the water near;
Joy is coming, trouble fleeting,
Sleep, my darling; sleep, my dear.

Nodding are the dreamy flowers,
Slowly to and fro;
Nodding are these heads of ours,
Eyelids drooping low.
In the trees the birds are sleeping,
Only crickets watch are keeping,
Round and bright the moon doth glow,
While our boats slip by.

Softly, slowly, surely gliding,
From all care and worry free;
Day from us her face is hiding,
Safe in slumberland are we.

THE BITE SIDE DOWN.

A STAGE-COACH stopped at grandpa's door; it brought Allen and Nellie.

"How strong and rosy they will grow here!" said their mother. Allen was a stout boy, but something was always the matter with Nellie.

"Can it be green pears, now?" thought her mother, when they had been a week at grandpa's, and Nellie was paler every day.

Rows of nice little trees stood like armed soldiers in grandpa's garden. Once in a while they fired a hard but tempting bullet. Allen was never hit; of course not—the boy that minded mother; and nobody saw sly little Nell pick up anything under the trees. She looked guilty one morning, however, when Dinah, the nurse girl, came out of the porch door.

"I didn't touch that pear," said Nellie, pointing to one that lay at her feet.

Dinah picked it up. There were the marks of little teeth, and one bite had been taken by somebody. "Now, miss," said Dinah, "you must show that pear to your mamma."

"Must I?" said brown-eyed Nellie. "Then I shall hold the bite side down."

"No matter which way you try to hold it," said wise Dinah, looking like a minister, with her white tie and apron, "when one had been doing wrong, the 'bite side' always comes up."