

THE THING TO KEEP

I'm going to keep my temperance pledge
And come here when I can
Because I want to do some good
When I become a man.

For little boys and girls must learn
To study, and to think:
This meeting is a training-school—
We train to fight strong drink.

We are the hope of this fair land,
And as we live and grow,
True temperance principles you will
Observe in us, I know.

No wicked words shall pass my lips,
No stale tobacco breath;
The triple pledge I mean to keep
Till life shall close in death.

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HAPPY DAYS

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 19, 1892.

WHAT A LITTLE GIRL DID.

In this neighbourhood recently, a feeble church has been endeavouring to build a house of worship for itself, or perhaps it would be more proper to say that their more wealthy neighbours have been building it, but the church members have contributed according to their ability. Being anxious to raise more money than the people were able to contribute, one of the officers of the church procured some cards with the name of the church printed on one side, and on the other side these lines:

"If you cannot give your millions,
You can give the widow's mite;
The smallest gift for Jesus
Will be precious in his sight."

These cards were given to some of the children of the church to sell for ten cents each.

A little girl took some of them to a shop in which her father worked, and passed

around from one to another, soliciting purchasers, until she came to a man who was regarded by his fellow-workmen as one who had no interest in religious things, and was not disposed to give money to any object. "Will you buy one of my cards, sir?" said the child. "I don't want any cards, what is it for?" She explained that she was trying to raise some money to help build the church. "What! a little girl like you trying to build a church!" "Yes, sir," was the modest reply. "Read that to me," said he. She read the verse. "Well, here is ten cents for you," and he took the card. Expressing her thanks, the child turned away only to be recalled. "You can take the card," said the man, "and sell it to some one else and get ten cents more." "Thank you, sir," she said, this time looking at him with beaming face. She turned away the second time, but was again recalled. "Little girl," he said, "will you read me that verse again?" She read it, when, much to her surprise, the man took out his pocket-book and handed her a ten dollar bill. With reiterated thanks the child went away rejoicing.—*N. Y. Observer.*

LITTLE ONES' SAYINGS.

"WHAT is pride, my son?" said a gentleman to his little boy.

"Walking with a cane when you ain't lame," he said.

A little boy came to his mother recently and said: "Mamma, I should think that if I was made of dust, I would get muddy inside when I drink."

"Here now," said a mother to her little boy, "take this good medicine. It's sweet as sugar." "Mamma, I love little brother," the boy replied, "give it to him."

A little boy carrying home some eggs from the grocery, dropped them. "Did you break any?" asked his mother, when he told her of it. "No," said the little fellow, "but the shells came off of some of 'em."

A little girl who was thoroughly up in abbreviations in the spelling book, wrote a letter to her brother, in which she said: "There is Cc in the room while I am writing, and they talk so much that you must excuse all mistakes."

The other morning a little boy who was eating shad for his breakfast, became very much exasperated at the annoyance the bones caused him, when he yelled out. "Mamma, why don't somebody make shads without splinters in 'em?"

Little Freddie, who was writing a composition about hens, said he knew "where hens came from, but didn't know where they got eggs. People says that hens lay eggs, but I know better. My father keeps lots of hens, and when he wants any eggs he always sends me to the store for them."

The other day while visiting at a neighbour's house, a little girl came to me with a piece of bread and butter in her hand. Being afraid she would soil my clothes, I told her if she did not go away I would bite her head off. Whereupon she innocently offered me her piece of bread.

"Here, eat this if you are hungry"

Baby has been forgotten at the table. He reflects a moment, and then, turning to his neighbour, says: "Would you kindly give me a little salt?" "Some salt?" said the mother. "What are you going to do with it, my child?" Baby casts down his eyes, and replies timidly, "I am going to put it on my meat—when you give me some."

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

A YOUNG man carelessly formed the habit of taking a glass of liquor every morning before breakfast. An older friend advised him to quit before the habit grew too strong.

"O there's no danger," it is a mere nothing I can quit any time," replied the drinker.

"Suppose you try it to-morrow morning," suggested the friend.

"Very well; to please you I'll do so," I assure you there is no cause for alarm.

A week later the young man met his friend again.

"You are not looking well," observed the latter; "have you been ill?"

"Hardly," replied the other. "But trying to escape a dreadful danger, a fear that I shall be, before I have conquered. My eyes were opened to an imminent peril when I gave you that promise a week ago. I thank you for your suggestion."

"How did it affect you?" inquired the friend.

"The first trial utterly deprived me of my appetite for food. I could eat no breakfast, and was nervous and trembling all day. I was alarmed when I realized insidiously the habit had fastened on me and resolved to turn square about and never touch another drop. The squall off has pulled me down severely, but I am gaining, and I mean to keep the gain after this. Strong drink will never catch me in his net again."—*Ohio Christian Life.*

WHAT CHAUNCY FORGOT

"MAMMA," called Chauney, running up the steps, "mamma, I forgot something to

Mamma was busy putting the dishes in the room to rights. What could Chauney have forgotten? His lunch? No, for the red lunch-basket was gone off the table. His mittens? No, they were on her hands. His handkerchief? No, that was in his pocket.

Chauney had forgotten to kiss mamma good-by!

"It's such a long time 'fore I've fought I couldn't wait," said he, plaintively, "so I told the teacher I forgot something, and she said she'd excuse me if I would be so careless again, and I told her I wouldn't."

It was a very happy little boy who tripped lightly back to school.

"Did you find what you forgot?" asked the teacher.

"Yes, free of 'em," said Chauney.