

A LITTLE TEMPERANCE MAN.

BY FANNIE L. FANCHER

YES, I'm a little temperance man,
Not very big or old,
But mamma says she wouldn't sell
Me for Australia's gold.

Yet dear and precious though I am,
I might be ruined quite,
If I should let old Satan tempt
Me from the path of right.

If I should smell, or touch, or taste
His wicked, sinful bowl,
Which spoils the body we can see,
And God's word says the soul!

Then help, ye voters: shut saloons,
Close up the wretched devil's den
Which ruins now so many boys
That would grow temperance men.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 23, 1892.

MARY'S PRAYER.

LITTLE Mary's mother had occasion to correct her one night. Mary was angry, and when she said her prayers, instead of asking God to bless papa and mamma, as she was wont to do, she said "God bless papa, and don't bless mamma" Her mother took no notice, and Mary jumped into bed without her good-night kiss. By and by she began to breathe hard, and at length she whispered "Mamma, are you going to live a great while?" "I don't know," was the answer. "Do you think you shall?" "I cannot tell." "Do many mothers die and leave their children?" "A great many." "Mamma" said Mary, with a trembling voice, "I am going to

say another prayer," and clasping her little hands, she cried: "God bless papa, and the dearest, best mamma any little girl ever had." That's the way, children. If you know your mothers were going to die very shortly, you could not be half kind enough to them. But be they long or short-lived, there lies before you, written so plainly that he who runs may read, "Honour thy father and thy mother" Every wrong committed against loving parents will, when they shall have passed from earth, bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.

WHAT WILL YOU ANSWER?

ALL of the boys and girls I have ever seen think a deal about how they are going to look and what they are going to do when they are grown men and women. Do you? If I could show you pictures of how you will look then, how many of you would like to see them? How many of you have seen pictures of yourselves when you were very little children? Do you think that pretty little children always grow up to be either lovely women or noble-looking men?

There are drunkards in nearly every community. Do you think they were ever some mother's darling—bright-eyed, sweet-faced, innocent? How do their eyes look now? King Solomon, in the Bible, asks, "Who had redness of eyes?" What will you answer? Instead of being sweet-faced and innocent, what do drunkards often have upon their faces? Cuts and bruises. If they had done right would those wounds be there? King Solomon asks, "Who hath wounds without cause?" What will you answer? How many of you have ever heard the foolish talk of drunkards? Do any of you know what King Solomon called it?

He asks, "Who hath babbling?" What will you answer?

Are all drunkards usually kind and gentle, or are they "full of fight?" King Solomon asks, "Who hath contentions?" What will you answer? Do you think a drunkard is happy-hearted or full of sorrow? I want to tell you a story of one drunkard's sorrow, and perhaps you will know of others that you can tell afterwards.

Once a man killed his wife. He was so drunk he did not know anything about it. The police shut him up in prison. He was so drunk he did not know anything about that either. After a while his drunken fit went off, and he looked about him, wondering where he was, the place looked so

strange. He asked the jailer, "Where am I?" He was answered, "In prison." "What for?" "For murder." "Does a wife know anything about it?" asked the terror-stricken man. "You have murdered her." Hearing this, the man became maniac.

King Solomon asked, "Who hath sorrow?" What will you answer?

Can you think of anything that would be worse for the drunkard than of the things we have named? Not to get heaven!

Listen to what the Bible says about this: "Neither thieves nor drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of God." King Solomon asks, "Who hath woe?" What will you answer?—*Youth's Temperance Banner.*

A BEDTIME STORY.

I ONCE heard a German mother telling her little one a bedtime story. It was only a simple little bit of what some would call a fairy tale, but it meant more than that to me. What does it mean to you, ye young folks with the quick ears and the far-seeing eyes?

When the sleep angel has made his rounds, and the day is closed, the great white angel who keeps the records of a day comes down to earth to gather the days of the little children and take them to the heavenly Father.

When the angel takes a day that has been full of loving, good deeds and of kind words, and unselfish thoughts and actions, that day turns into a ball of gold, pure and shining, to put into the Father's treasure-house among his precious things. But when the day has been full of selfish, unloving thoughts and unkind words and deeds that hurt others and make them sad, then those days break like a bubble in the angel's hand, and there is no treasure to bear to the Father in place of the day that has given to his little child.

WORK FOR CHILDREN TO DO

"MAMMA," said a little child to his mother one day, "I can't tell which I will be when I grow up, a jewellery shop or a minister." But little children do not need to wait till they grow up before they can begin to be ministers. When Christ was on earth he took a little child and set him in the midst of his disciples to teach them a lesson. He does that often now. And every child can teach other children a lesson, and sometimes older people too, not by talking about religion, but living religion.