

THE TEMPERANCE GIRL.

A jolly temperance girl am I,
With honest heart and true;
Striving to do with all my might
Whate'er I find to do.

No wine or brandy e'er I'll put
In pudding, sauce, or pie;
Ah, no, indeed! that's 'gainst the rule,
For a temperance girl am I.

No whiskey pickles will I taste,
Nor set before a guest;
But in the temperance cause I'll work,
And do my very best.

No brandy peaches or homemade wine
Shall on my table find a place;
Though Edward VII. should with me
dine,
I would not thus our cause disgrace.

For, am I not a temperance girl,
Pledged honest heart and hand?
Yes! I'll fight for right with all my might!
For God and Home and Native Land.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 25, 1902.

TAKE CHRIST WITH YOU.

Three little girls were playing at "jump the rope," but only one of them was having a very good time. Two turned the rope, and the other jumped until she missed, stopping now and then to rest. The one who was having a good time was jumping. Her name was Effie. She had gone on and on, and it seemed as if she never would miss. She could take pretty little steps as she jumped, and could spin round and round. The other girls began to think that they were not going

to have a turn at all. It wasn't much fun to stand and turn the rope so long. Suddenly Effie remembered that, too. Only last night grandmother had said to her: "Take Christ with you in your good times, my dear. Don't forget to try to please him with your pleasures."

"I'll take your place, Nan," said Effie: "I've been jumping long enough."

"You haven't missed yet," said Nan honestly.

"No, but it isn't fair for one to jump so long. After this I'll jump just twenty times, and then I'll stop. You see, I've practised so much that it wouldn't really be right for me to keep on till I missed."

So everything went on happily. If Effie had not remembered about taking Christ with her in her play, there might have been a quarrel which would have spoiled the afternoon's fun. Will you not try to imitate Effie's example!—*Westminster Lesson Leaf.*

A BOY MARTYR.

Among the native Christians in China who were killed by the Boxers was a little lad named Chen Jen Yi. A missionary tells his story: "This little fellow, only ten years old, had been baptized as an infant. The child was caught and asked if he were a Christian, to which he replied that he was. Asked again if he would forsake Jesus, he refused most boldly, and was cut down there and then. Two brothers and two nephews, although not baptized, died at the same time."

There are many boys and girls in our Sabbath-schools who think that they are too young to call themselves followers of Christ; others are afraid that they would not be able to stand up for Christ among their companions; but this Chinese boy was not too young to declare himself to be a Christian, and the Saviour gave courage to him, as well as to men and women, in the time of fierce trial.—*The King's Own.*

HELPING GRANDMOTHER.

The two boys were visiting grandmother. One day it rained, and the new path was full of holes.

"O dear!" said grandmother, "that path ought to be rolled before the sun bakes the earth. But Tom isn't here. I had to send him to town for more hay."

"Can't we do it, grandmother?" asked the boys.

"I suppose you could, both of you together, but it's hard work; and then you want to go fishing after the rain."

"That doesn't matter, grandmother dear; we can fish another time. What's the use of having grandchildren if they can't help you once in a while?"

Grandmother's eyes filled with happy tears as she watched the dear boys tugging away so manfully to help her.—*Selected.*

LOVE.

There was once a king who had two young daughters, called Love and Self-Love, whom he loved very dearly. He gave each a beautiful room of her own, large and sunny, and filled with everything that the girls loved to have—books full of pictures, vases of green plants and flowers, photographs and paintings on the walls, music boxes that played sweet melodies, singing birds in cages, and many dolls and charming toys. He asked them to take care of these treasures, and to keep everything fresh and neat.

Love often said: "Dear papa, how I wish that I had something nice to give you! Won't you come and sit in my pretty room when you are tired, and listen to some soft music, and let me give you some sweet roses and violets?" But Self-Love never remembered to invite him into her room.

One day the king called his daughters into his library, and said: "There has been a flood in the town near by, and many children no older than you have lost their parents and their homes. I have had them brought to my palace to see what I can do for them, but I have not room for so many. There are not enough beds where all can rest and sleep. I have no clothes to fit the little girls, and no maids to dress them, and I have no playthings with which to cheer them and help them to forget their sorrows. Can you advise me what to do?"

Then Love answered quickly: "O darling papa, let me have a lot of them in my room! I have plenty of clothes for them. I need only one suit myself, and I own so many. And I will help dress them; I know how. Some of them may have my bed to-night. It is large and soft, and I can lie on the floor until you have new beds made; and I will give the poor children my flowers and birds to cheer them, if you will let me; and I will read and sing for the little ones, and let them play with my dolls and my many pretty toys, and I'll try to make them happy."

"And what do you say, Self-Love?" asked the father, as he drew his little Love close to his heart.

"Why, papa, I should not like to take strange children into my room," she replied slowly. "They might be dirty and naughty, and spoil the nice things that you have given me. I think that they'd better go to some other town for help."

The king looked sad when he heard her answer; but Love kissed him, and coaxed him to make haste and take her to the poor, lonely, sorrowing children, who so much needed their help.—*Our Little Ones.*

"Mother," said a little boy, "I wake up thanking God." That is waking up beautifully. A child waking up so will never come downstairs cross or find fault with his breakfast.