

THINKING.

BY JENNIE HARRISON.

THINKING of the long days,
Bright days,
Glad days,
When the school-books put away,
She has time to run and play
Under wide blue country skies,
With the bees and butterflies!

Thinking of the long days,
Dull days,
Sad days,
When the children poor and ill,
Must stay in the city still!
No big sky to glad their eyes;
No green fields to give surprise!

Thinking of the long days,
Hot days,
Tired days!
When those little ones so sad,
Have no change to make them glad;
No vacation-time, to go
Where the flowers and grasses grow!

Thinking how, perhaps, can she,
Try to help just two or three
Of God's little ones so sad,
Give her time, to make them glad!
Best days!
Always!
Those earning God's praise.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 13, 1894.

TRAIN THE GIRLS.

WHEN a girl is ten years old, she should be given household duties to perform according to her size and strength, for which a sum of money should be paid her weekly. She needs a little pocket-money, and the knowledge how to spend it judiciously, which can so well be given by a mother to her little girl. She should be required to furnish a part of her wardrobe with this money. For instance, if she gets

sixpence per week, she should purchase her stockings, or all her gloves, as her mother may decide; and doing this under the mother's supervision, she will soon learn to trade with judgment and economy. Of course the mother will see that the sum is sufficient to do this and yet leave a trifle for the child to spend as she pleases. This will supply a healthy stimulus; it will give her a proper ambition and pride in her labour, and the ability to use money properly. As she grows older these household duties should be increased, with a proportionate increase of money paid for the performance of them. We know a lady who divides the wages of a servant among her three daughters. There is a systematic arrangement of their labour, which is done with a thoroughness and alacrity rarely found, either with a hired girl or daughter who feels that she has to do it with nothing to encourage or stimulate her in the work.

THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

JAMIE had been reading a story of Captain Kidd and his buried treasure, and he was constantly poking about in dark corners and sounding the panels in the wainscoted halls, hoping to discover some hidden treasure. In vain his brother and sister laughed at him; he kept on digging and sounding and turning over rubbish. One morning, his brother Frank came running up to him, and said: "I've found a hidden treasure, really and truly. Come on to the timber land and I'll show you where it is. You'll have to be careful not to let the fellow who's burying it see you, though. He watches pretty sharply, I can tell you, to see if anybody's looking; but we can catch him in the very act if you're only cautious enough."

Mollie was with Jamie, and declared she was coming too. So all three ran across lots to the edge of the woods. There was a steep bank just by the woods, and Frank made Jamie and Mollie hide behind that while he stole a peep.

"Yes, he's there. Come on; but crawl up the side of the hill as quietly as you can, and look through this tangle of weeds," he whispered.

Jamie looked and looked, but saw nobody at all.

"It's a chipmunk, Jamie; Frank is fooling you. See, the little fellow is burying nuts under that old tree. Isn't he 'cute, the dear little thing?"

When Jamie saw what his brother had brought him so far to see, he was at first very angry, then he laughed, and said: "That's what I call mean, Frank. You did fool me well, though. I've about made up my mind that nobody buries treasures in these days. But wouldn't I like to have lived in those days when there were pirates, and Indians, and buccaners, and Tories, and caves, and underground passages, and all those things. I tell you, it would have been jolly and exciting."

"Hum! you'd find it a heap pleasanter to read about those old times than to have to

hide for days at a time in some cellar or cave, with nothing to eat, and afraid to show your head for fear of having your scalp taken off, or not being able to see your friends or attend to business," said Frank.

"Well, I don't believe that would be very jolly," admitted Jamie.

As they went back to the house, Mollie recited to them this little poem she had read a few days before in the *Independent*.

THE CHIPMUNK'S HARVEST.

Busily toils the chipmunk now,
Running about from early morn,
Gathering in a harvest rich,
Of nuts and yellow corn.

Quickly he runs from tree to tree,
Picking his little store of food,
Heaping his cellar full and high,
With everything that's good.

Gathering grasses long and soft,
Making himself a cosy nest,
Where in the long, long winter days,
In comfort he may rest.

Thus he will work till all is done,
Waiting the snow and frost and rain,
Then to the world he says, "Good-night,"
Till sunshine comes again.

FUN FOR TWO.

"I DON'T want to learn my text," said Robbie.

"I don't either," said Ned; "I'd a great deal rather go out into the woods. But I guess I'll do it."

Ned sat down to learn his text. But Robbie idled about and did not open his lesson leaf.

"You'd better learn it," said Ned.

"It's too hard," said Robbie.

"It isn't hard when you just tackle it and say, I will."

After a while Ned jumped up, saying, "I've got it all ready to say to mamma to-night."

"There comes papa," said Robbie. "I wonder what he wants."

"I've come," said papa, "to see if there are any boys here who have done all their lessons."

"I have," said Ned.

"Because," said papa, "if there are I want to take them for a ride."

"Hurrah! hurrah!" cried Ned. "I've done. I can go."

He danced about in great glee, waving his hat.

Robbie leaned back with his hands in his pockets, looking very sorry.

"Come, then," said papa.

Ned followed him out. Then he said, "Papa, could you wait a little while?"

"Yes," said papa.

Ned ran back to his brother. "Say, Rob," he said, "let's hurry up your text. I'll help you all I can."

In just fifteen minutes it was learned. Then there were two happy boys instead of one. And Ned, I think, must have been about four times as happy as if he had gone without his brother.