

MOTHER EARTH'S FOUR QUILTS.

FOUR quilts are ready to fold and spread
On Mother Earth's old trundle bed.

The first, a brown-and-white old thing,
She puts it on in early spring.

The summer one is green and bright,
With daisies nodding left and right.

And then when winds begin to blow
She spreads a red quilt on, you know,

And sews it through with yellow thread;
It makes an autumn leaf bed-spread.

And by-and-bye, all in a night,
She'll spread her quilt of snowy white.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 6, 1897.

ALL FOR GOD.

A POOR little girl came one day and brought to her Sunday-school teacher an old rag doll. Evidently it was very dear to her, for she looked at it longingly, tearfully, before she gave it to the lady. Then suddenly she held it out and said with a sob: "They said that we must bring something for Christ. This is all that I have to bring. Oh, I hate to let it go, but—take it! I want to give something."

Now that's the spirit which Christ wants us to manifest. We must give something, and the more we love that something the better he prizes the gift, because in giving it we prove how much we are in earnest. It must be a complete surrender of our wills, ourselves, to God; and not until we have made that surrender do we know the blessedness that comes of giving up everything for God. Then we find out that what was given up is as nothing compared with what we gain. But there must be this giving up—it's the test of our sincerity.

ST. BERNARD DOGS.

If a St. Bernard dog which had seen service in the Alps could write out his adventures, what a thrilling narrative of hair-breadth escapes and perilous undertakings would there be to read! A gentleman, who visited the St. Bernard monasteries recently, says the utmost pains are given in training the dogs. The training begins when they are mere puppies. At meal-time the little animals are required to sit in a row, each having before him a tin dish containing his food. Grace is said by one of the monks, the dogs, meanwhile, sitting with bowed heads. Not one of them stirs until the amen is spoken; if some young puppy, not well enough schooled in table-manners, happens to begin to eat before the proper moment, he is reminded by a low growl or a tug at the ear, that he is misbehaving. After a severe snow-storm, or an avalanche, two dogs are sent out from the monastery. Around the neck of one is fastened a flask of cordial, and to the back of the other is bound a heavy blanket. Should a traveller happen to be buried in the snow, their keen scent soon enables them to find the place. They then search for the spot where the snow is softest, for they know that the traveller's breath must have made it soft, and, therefore, that his head must be just beneath. They scratch away the snow, and, with their powerful paws, smite the man on the chest, barking, meanwhile, to arouse him from his stupor. Recovering his wits, the half-dead man drinks the cordial, revives, and to his great joy, finds himself shortly under a friendly roof.

THE FLOOD.

FOUR little boys were talking about the flood. One, being asked what he would have done if he had been living at the time of the flood, replied: I would have gone into my mother's bedroom and shut the door." The second said: "I would have climbed to the top of a big tree." The third said; I would have climbed to the top of a high mountain." The fourth said: "I would have gone to the door of the ark and said: 'Mr. Noah, please let me in.'"

The first three boys, who would have tried to save themselves, would have been lost; and the fourth boy only, who would apply for help, would have been saved. Neither young nor old can save themselves; all who want to be saved must go to Jesus.

WATER-CARRYING IN INDIA.

IN many places in India, good water is so scarce that it has to be brought great distances by people who sell it. A large flat leather bag, hung on each side of an ox, is filled with water, at a funnel-shaped opening at the top, behind, and is emptied by a little pipe at the front bottom corner, fastened by a thong. If you lived in some parts of India, you would see one of these oxen thus laden with full water-skins, the contents of which his driver would be very

glad to sell to any one who may want water. Smaller bags, like pillow-cases in shape are made for less quantities, and are carried by a man, slung across his shoulders, before or behind, as may be the handiest. The water for some purposes has very often to be bought, as that in the wells is generally brackish, frequently so much so as to be quite useless for washing. In India, the people drink scarcely anything but water, and therefore know its value. Indeed, they think so much of its importance and different kinds that they never ask if a place or climate agrees with you, but, "How does the water of such a place suit you?"

FREDDIE'S LESSON.

FRED was dressed in his first pants, and felt very proud. He thought that he was almost a man. He was in the habit of kneeling with his sister every morning to ask God's help and blessing for the day; but this morning he looked at his new pants, and when his sister began to pray, "Lord Jesus, please take care of Freddie to-day and keep him from all harm," he stopped her.

"No, Jennie, don't say that: Freddie can take care of himself now."

After breakfast they went to the garden, and both climbed up a tree to get some cherries. While reaching for some "great big red ones," down fell Freddie, head-foremost, into a place between the tree and the fence, and was held fast. All he could do, there he stuck, and his sister could do nothing for him. In this sad fix he cried out, "Jennie, Jennie, pray! Freddie can't take care of himself after all!"

Jennie did pray, indeed, and soon after she spied a man down the road. He saw the little boy, and with his strong arms soon got him out. Fred never forgot this. He felt ever afterward that he needed God to take care of him by day and by night..

'JESUS, IT'S ME.'

AT a religious meeting in the south of London a timid little girl wanted to be prayed for; she wanted to come to Jesus, and said to the gentleman conducting the meeting, "Will you pray for me in the meeting, please? but do not mention my name." In the meeting which followed, when every head was bowed and there was perfect silence, the gentleman prayed for the little girl who wanted to come to Jesus, and he said: "O Lord, there is a little girl who does not want her name known, but thou dost know her. Save her precious soul!"

There was perfect silence, and away in the back of the meeting a little girl rose, and a little voice said, "Please, it's me, Jesus; it's me."

She did not want to have a doubt. She meant it. She wanted to be saved, and she was not ashamed to rise in that meeting, little girl as she was, and say, "Jesus, it's me."