

BABY SLEEP.

"Go to sleep, my baby dear;
Mamma's with you, do not fear;
Soft as down your little bed,
On its pillow rests your head;
By your side her watch she'll keep—
Shut your eyes and go to sleep.

"She will hold your chubby arm
In her hand so soft and warm;
With your fingers clasp hers tight,
From your eyes shut out the light,
Out of them you must not peep—
Shut your eyes and go to sleep."

(This is mother's cradle-song,
As she lays her baby down;
And the sleepy eyes close up,
By its side the tired hands drop;
In the blanket tuck the feet;
Baby dear has gone to sleep.

NEW SCHOOL-BOOK PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, & the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	32 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly	2 00
Guardian and Magazine together	2 00
Min. and Guardian and Onward together	1 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 00
Sunday School Banner, monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 25
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 15
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 15
Roman Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month	6 00
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; per 100	0 60

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West and 30 to 32 Temperance St.,
TORONTO.

G. W. COATES, 3 Bleury Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HURSTIE, Meth. Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 24, 1894.

GOD CARES FOR EVERY BIRDIE.

A TRUE STORY BY BEA JONKSS,
HOWMANVILLE.

[The writer of this story is only nine years old.—Ed.]

ONCE I had a pair of birds named Jenny and Dicky. One day my father and mother were in Toronto and bought me a nice cage. We put the two birds in the cage together and Jenny made a lovely, soft, downy nest in the top of an old stocking which mother had put in the cage for that purpose. And in a few days four tiny eggs appeared in the bottom of the nest.

One day two or three weeks after when I went to the cage I heard a squeaking noise, and would you believe it, there were two little birds in the nest. They were not very pretty to be sure. But in a few days they began to get feathers, and how we watched them! They were very pretty—one all yellow and the other had a green

ring around its neck. One day they got out to try their wings and we all thought we would see them fly from the nest, but when no one was looking one of them flew down, and I only saw it at the bottom of the cage.

That night they both slept on the highest perch as close together as they could get, and never once offered to go to their birth-place again. After a while we parted them. They were both good singers, and I had decided to give them to two of my best friends. One day my brother accidentally knocked down one of the cages and away went Dicky. At first he flew into a tree in front of the house, but did not stay there long enough for my brother to catch him, but flew on the roof of the barn.

My brother then got a big straw hat and was within an inch of him when he flew away. That night we asked God to keep him safe and send him back to us. Next morning we looked at our Scripture calendar, and what do you think the verse was? "Ye are of more value than many sparrows, and your heavenly Father feedeth them." It seemed like an answer to our prayers, and we felt sure that Dicky was safe. After breakfast papa opened the door and there he was on the veranda. Now, I think you will know why I gave that pretty name to my story. Dicky was always content to stay in his cage after his little trip.—*Statesman.*

TOLD IN THE DARK.

LEO was in bed. He lay very still for some minutes, and then he burst out: "Mother, perhaps you'll think it wasn't so; but I saw them with my own eyes—and she's down in the kitchen, and you'll say 'yes'; won't you, mother?"

Mother smiled. She stroked the little brown fist.

"What was the strange sight, and who is 'she'?"

"Well, it was this way. We boys were coming home from skating, just dark, an' a cat scatted across the road, an' all the fellows snowballed her—I did too, mother, an' she tried to squirm through a picket fence an' got caught an' couldn't get through, or back either, an' all the boys yelled—an' that very minute the East Enders fired on us from over the wall, an' we had a reg'lar fight, an' drove 'em all the way back, just like the minute men that time at Lexington.

"Then it was dark an' I came home from the corner alone. An' along in the pine-woods—this is true, mother, 'tis, I saw it with my own eyes—I saw that kit's face in the dark, in the air—an' lots of other kittens' faces—the dark was full of them, an' all the eyes looked at me, so beggin' like! I was so sorry—an' a little bit afraid too—an' I just started an' run."

"Did you leave the kitten faces behind when you ran home?"

"I didn't run home—I—I run back the road where we snowballed the kit; an' there she was, stuck fast in the fence, an' mewin' just awful—an' I got her out an

brought her home, an'—an'—she's down the kitchen now!"

The little brown fingers squirmed around mother's as he went on doubtfully, "An' you will say 'yes'; won't you, mother? I couldn't help it—I really couldn't, mother—an' we've only three other kits, you know—only three, mother!"

Mother lifted the little brown fist and kissed it. "We will take care of her somehow," she said.

Leo was very still for the next minute or two, then he suddenly asked, "But the faces, mother, the kittens' faces in the dark—how came they there? Such a many kits' faces—and such eyes!"

Mother kissed Leo again, this time on his red lips, as she replied, "Perhaps it was the doing of the little knight of right."—*Little Men and Women.*

THE BABY ALLIGATOR AND LITTLE SNAKE.

I ONCE saw a funny combat between a baby alligator and a tiny snake. Quite a number of both were in a glass tank provided with a pond, rocks, and growing plants. You would have thought it a perfect nursery for the babies to grow and be happy in.

But while this thought was passing through my mind I saw an alligator make a sudden snap as a little snake was slipping over him, and in a moment the poor little thing found its head held tight between the needle-like teeth of the alligator. Wriggle and twist as he might, he could not get away. In vain he tried to choke his enemy by closely encircling his neck; the alligator held his head perfectly rigid, and finally shut his eyes with an air of self-satisfaction, as if it were a most ordinary thing for him to have a snake tying double bowknots around his neck.

After a long time, either because he forgot his prize and yielded to a desire to yawn or because he thought the presumption of the snake in crawling over him had been sufficiently punished, the baby alligator opened his jaws, and away went the snake, seemingly none the worse for his adventure.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE BROKEN PITCHER.

JACK was a good boy to help his mother. He brought water for her in a pitcher. One day, when he put the pitcher down under the spout to catch the water, he saw that there was a hole in the side of the pitcher, and the water ran out of the hole. When Jack showed it to his mother she said: "That is like you, my boy."

"How is it like me, mother?" said Jack. "Because I try to teach you good things, and then you say, 'I forgot.'"

"Yes, mother, sometimes."

"Isn't your head a little like the pitcher, then? It does not get full of good things, because you let them leak out."

Who of our little readers forgets, like Jack?