

THE PLOUGHMAN.

He's a stealthy old fellow, the ploughman,
He comes when you're "cross," so
beware!

And makes but the faintest of furrows
At first with his heavy ploughshare.

But little by little they deepen,
Until, by-and-bye, on your brow,
Are left all the marks of the furrows
The ploughman has made with his
plough.

And then 'tis quite useless to worry,
To fret, and to frown, and despair,
For every one sees the deep furrows,
And knows that the ploughman was
there.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 1, 1899.

DOLLY'S MISSIONARY CAT.

BY MARY WHITING ADAMS.

Such a doleful "me-ow! me-ow!" as that stray kitten kept up down in the garden! Mother told Frances and Dolly to put on their hats and search for it, and then they could give it a saucer of milk.

But they had a long hunt for it. They would hear it cry, and then it would run away from their outstretched hands and hide under the hedge. At last they coaxed it out, and Dolly carried it nearly to the house. Then Max, the good-natured old dog, came out to meet them, wagging his tail, and the kitten jumped from Dolly's arms in wild fright, and bounded into the hall, and on to a chair back, arching its back and spitting defiance at them all.

It was certainly a queer little kitten, coal-black, without a white hair on it, and so wild and starved. Mother gave it two saucers of milk after it came down from the chair, and even then it started to one

side whenever she or the children tried to touch it. But after an hour or so it made friends, and before the day was over it was quite at home.

"Mother," said Dolly—she was older than Frances and belonged to the Children's Missionary Band—"I'd like to make a missionary kitten out of this one."

"A missionary kitten!" said mother, smiling. "What do you mean, dear—Surely you could not send the kitten to the heathen? It couldn't preach, and the people in some mission lands might be tempted to eat it, I am afraid!"

"Oh, no! Of course I do not mean that. But I heard Miss Marsden say the other day that she wanted a black cat—all black, without a white hair—and that she'd be willing to pay something for it. So I'd like to take her this one and get something for my mission box."

"Very well," said mother. "But first you must find out whether any neighbour has lost the kitten—though it seems too wild for a pet."

So next day Dolly asked, at school and afterward, about the kitten, but it was nobody's cat, it seemed. Then she made a tour of the neighbours' houses, but still she could find no owner for the kitten. That afternoon it was packed in a basket and taken to Miss Marsden.

"Well! well!" said Miss Marsden, taking it in her lap, "just the kitten I want! The poor thing is wild and scared now, but we shall soon become friends, I know. How fine it will be to have such a beautiful pet! And it is for missions, too. That makes it a great deal nicer. And how much do you ask for your missionary kitten?"

Dolly hadn't thought of the price. "I—I don't know," she said. "Is ten cents too much?"

The kitten purred, yawned and stretched itself. It was certainly a very pretty one. Miss Marsden laughed. "I never bought a kitten before," she said, "so I don't know the market price. But I couldn't think of giving less than a quarter for it, Dolly."

"Oh—oh!" said Dolly. Even ten cents had seemed large, and now to get a silver quarter! "Thank you, Miss Marsden," she said. "I do hope the kitten will grow up to be the nicest kind of a cat!"

And the missionary kitten must have heard her—for, do you know, it turned out the best mouser in the village!

WHAT ELSIE ASKED FOR.

BY PANSY.

Mrs. Harland was reading to the children what they called their good-night story, from the Bible. It was about Jesus going to the village of Sychar and sitting down on a well to rest.

Little Elsie was trotting about the room putting her dolly to bed. They thought she was too young to listen to such Bible readings.

When her mother read the words, "Who-soever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst," she stood

still in the middle of the room, her dolly in her arms, and thought.

When she had tucked the dolly carefully away under the blankets, she came over to her mother with her little silver cup in her hand.

"Mother," she said, "Elsie is often very 'firsty.' Yesterday, down town, don't you know how 'firsty' I was? And there wasn't any water to drink. Mother, can't you ask Jesus to fill my little silver cup with the water that he said he would give to that woman? Then I'll drink it all up and I won't never be 'firsty' any more."

Elsie's sisters looked at each other and laughed, but Mrs. Harland took the little girl on her lap and explained:

"Darling, Jesus did not mean water such as we put into your cup. He meant what the soul needs, that part of Elsie which thinks and feels and loves. Elsie's soul needs what only Jesus can give it, and needs it just as badly as her little body needs water when it is thirsty. That was what Jesus promised to give to the woman if she would ask him for it?"

"Well, I'll ask him," said Elsie. "Will he give it to me, mother, now, while I am a little bit of a girl?"

"Yes," said mother very gravely; "Elsie need not wait one hour for that gift."

"Then I'll ask him now," said Elsie. She slipped down on her knees and prayed this prayer: "Dear Jesus, please give Elsie's soul a drink that will last always; so it needn't ever be 'firsty.' Amen."

The sisters laughed over this a good deal. They thought it was funny. But that was years ago. Elsie is a woman now, and she has loved Jesus all these years, and been a bright and happy Christian. She says that Jesus took her for his child that evening when she asked him to do so, and that he has never left her alone for a moment.

MARY ROSALIE'S VISITOR.

BY KATE W. HAMILTON.

Now, Mary Rosalie, listen to me,
And stop looking down at your toes!
What if you're dressed in your nicest
gown?
It's silly to think about clothes.

There's a little boy come to visit you,
And he's sort of ragged and stained,
But you needn't be proud; you'd look so,
too,
If you'd been left out when it rained.

I guess its rheum'tism that makes him so
stiff,

But that's just why you should be good,
And make him feel nice and comfortable,
And behave like a lady should.

Now mind what I say, Mary Rosalie!
You mustn't judge folks by their dress,
'Cause spots in your clothes are not half
so bad
As proud, naughty feelings, I guess.

Always tell the truth, and you will never
lose your self-respect.