

MOTHER AND BABY.

"GOOD-NIGHT," say the little chicks,
"Peep! peep! peep!"
"Good-night," say the little birds,
"We're going to sleep."

"Good-night," say the little lambs,
"We're sleepy, too,"
"Good-night," says the mooley calf,
"Moo! moo! moo!"

They all love their mother,
And come at her call—
But baby has the very best
Mother of all.

When the round sun sets,
And stars are in the sky,
She holds baby in her arms
And sings "Rock-a-by."

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 20, 1897.

THE LORD'S CHILD.

THE great piazza of the hotel was full of gay people. Suddenly in the drive in front appeared a stylish phaeton drawn by two handsome ponies. The driver was a lovely young girl; beside her sat an old coloured laundress, whose basket of fine clothes reposed at her feet. In a half-hour the phaeton and ponies appeared again, but the young girl was alone. Throwing the reins to the man who came to wait upon her, she jumped out of the phaeton and approached the hotel.

"Miss Baker, I am surprised," said a young gentleman, laughingly. "Couldn't you find anyone but that old coloured woman to take out driving?"

"I didn't try," she answered merrily; "I was too glad to have her. I have not seen her before for five years. She was our cook at that time, and a good one, I can assure you. I would have known her if I had met her in Egypt, but I met her

on the avenue with a basket of clothes so heavy that she fairly tottered under the burden. So I gave her a lift; I couldn't help it, you know." And Gertie Baker's smiling face disappeared within the doorway.

"Just like Gertie Baker!" exclaimed an admiring friend. "She is gentle and courteous to everybody."

"One of the privileges of nobility," remarked another.

In a little cabin a mile from the hotel sat an old coloured woman. The perspiration was running down her cheeks, but her eyes gleamed with pride and joy as she talked to her only child, a middle-aged woman, whose look told its own sad story. "Jus' t'ink, Lindy, honey," she said, "I was a-limpin' 'long in de hot sun, my back 'mos' broke, when who should I see drivin' 'long but Judge Baker's daughter, Missie Gertie, de lubliest pictur I's seed in a good while, her face a-smilin', an' her blue eyes a-gleamin', an' her yeller curls a-flyin'. Lemme see, she mus' be fo'teen years ole, 'cause she war nine when I lef' dar; but she's de same dear chile she allus was. When she seed me, she reined up her ponies side ob de curb, an' calls out, 'Howdy do, aunty?' An' den when she foun' out I war lame, an' had a mile to walk wid dese hebbly cloes, she axed me to git inside wid her. Almos' tuk my breff away, but I got in; an' I tell ye, Lindy, honey, I didn't git tired o' nothin' home. An', Lindy, Missie Gertie is comin' to see yer, an' she's goin' to bring yer flowahs an' nice t'ings to eat."

"Flowahs! Did you say flowahs, mammy?" asked Lindy, a look of delight in her tired eyes.

"Yes, honey, flowahs, an' fruit an' a spring chicken to brile," joyously.

"O mammy, what make 'er so kin' an' good to us?"

"De Lawd, chile; she's de Lawd's own chile, bress her!"

SO SELFISH.

JOHNNIE and Jennie were having a tea-party.

"You can pour out the tea, Jennie," said Johnnie, graciously.

"Well," said Jennie, greatly pleased.

"And I will help to the cake," went on Johnnie.

"We-ell," repeated Jennie doubtfully.

So Jennie poured out the tea and Johnnie cut up the cake. Mamma had given them quite a large piece. Johnnie cut the large piece into five smaller pieces. They were all about the same size.

He helped Jennie to one piece, and began to eat another himself. Jennie poured out another cup of tea, and the feast went on. Mamma, in the next room, heard them talking peacefully awhile; but presently arose a discussion, and then a prolonged wail from Johnnie.

"What is the matter?" asked mamma.

"Jennie's greedy, and selfish too," cried Johnnie between his sobs. Then he cried again.

"What is the matter?" repeated mamma, going in to find out.

"Why," exclaimed Johnnie, as soon as he could speak, "we each had two pieces of cake; and there was only one left, and Jennie—she took it all!"

Mamma looked perplexed.

"That does seem rather selfish of Jennie," she said with regret.

"Yes, it was," Johnnie wept, "'cause I cut the cake that way so's I could have that extra piece myself."

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CATERPILLAR.

IT was a warm day in October, and Ray sat on the grass playing with his little red express waggon. After a while he ran off to get some acorns, and when he came back what do you suppose he found? A fuzzy brown caterpillar right down in the corner of his waggon.

Soon it was supper time, so he put the waggon away in his play-room, but bright and early the next morning he came back to see how the caterpillar liked its new home, and he found that something very strange had happened. The little brown visitor was gone, and in the waggon was only something that looked like a tiny bundle rolled up in coarse spider webs. When Ray's mamma saw the bundle, she told him that it was a cocoon, and that the caterpillar was fast asleep inside.

The cocoon lay on the shelf all winter. One early summer morning when Ray went to look at it he found a little hole in it, and you can never guess what had happened to the caterpillar. Instead of being a brown worm any longer, when it crept out of the cocoon it was a beautiful butterfly that spread its dainty wings and flew away into the sunshine.

PETER.

PETER lived on the prairie. When he was three years old the first railroad train came through. Uncle Peter carried the small boy to see it.

A train-boy threw a peach to Peter. He ate it, and laughed and squealed with delight.

"Don't throw away the stone," said Uncle Peter. "We'll plant it."

Peter's chubby, brown little hand patted the soft earth over it. That first season he watched the green shoot break through and send out a few leaves. The next season it was tall enough for Peter to jump over it. The next season it was so tall he couldn't.

When Peter was eight years old there were seven peaches on his tree. One for each of the family, and not one of them had ever tasted anything so good before. He planted all the stones.

To-day Peter is a big boy. He has eight well-grown peach trees, which carry health and delight to all the neighbourhood. And he has a young orchard coming on which will some day bring more money than all his father's crops.