

KATIE'S MISTAKE.

SHE had heard herself and her orphan mates
 Called "motherless lambs," and "poor little birds;"
 But little knew she of bird or of lamb,
 Beyond the sound of the loving words!
 The idol, at last, of a beautiful homo,
 She sat at dinner, at "papa's" side;
 "And Katie must eat some lamb," was said;
 But her blue eyes opened big and wide,
 And she cried, with a sweet, reproachful look,
 Her baby-brain in a puzzled whirl—
 "O, papa! I couldn't eat lamb, at all!
 Did you cook a *boy* or a *little girl*?"

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 5, 1887.

A BOY'S RELIGION.

If a boy is a lover of the Lord Jesus Christ, he can't lead a prayer-meeting, or be a church officer, or a preacher, but he can be a good boy, in a boy's way and in a boy's place. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to run, jump, play, climb and yell like a real boy. But in it all he ought to show the spirit of Christ. He ought to be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco in every form, and have a horror of intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful, generous. He ought to take the part of small boys against large boys. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, to deceit. And above all things, he ought now and then to show his colours. He need not always be interrupting a game to

say that he is a Christian; but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because it is wrong or wicked or because he fears God or is a Christian. He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a bold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence.
 —Royal Road.

MY MOMENTS.

HAVE we ever stopped to consider the value of our moments? A moment is a very small space of time, and yet our lives are made up of moments. We live only one moment at a time, and it is well that God has given us only one at a time to take care of. But how do we take care of them? Are not many of them wasted, and many others even worse than wasted?

Here is a little prayer by that godly woman, Frances Ridley Havergal, who wrote so many precious things. Perhaps we can all learn these little couplets and make them our daily prayer. Let us try.

"Take my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise."

Have we really given our lives, our moments, our days, to God and his service, to be used only as he directs and as will please him? For those who have done this Miss Havergal changes the prayer in a few words. Let us also learn this:

"KEEP my life, that it may be
 Consecrated, Lord to thee;
 Keep my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise."

OBEDIENCE.

WHEN Franklin Allen was small, his father died. At two years of age he went to live with his uncle and aunt, who tenderly loved and cared for him. They believed the Bible, and did all they could to help him love Jesus.

The first time his auntie had occasion to punish him, she took a small twig from the garden and whipped him. He cried bitterly.

Afterwards he came to her and said, "Auntie, do you think you did right to punish me?"

"Yes, Frankie."

"I don't; what makes you think it was right?"

"Because Solomon, the wisest man who ever lived, says we should punish little boys when they do wrong.

"How do you know?"

"The Bible says so."

"Please read it to me."

His aunt took her Bible, found Proverbs xiii. 24, and read: "He that spareth the rod hateth his son; but he that loveth chasteneth him betimes."

Frankie was silent a little while, and then said, "All right, auntie, now I know you did right, for the Bible tells the truth."

A NEW LEAF.

HARRY WILDE says he has "turned on a new leaf." His teacher thinks he has, and his mother knows he has. "The boys, Harry's old companions, laugh a little and say, "Just wait awhile and you'll see!"

What has Harry done?

He has smoked his last cigarette; he has bought his last sensational paper, he has taken hold of his school work in earnest, he has turned his back on the "fast" boys, and says to them in a manly way, when they want him to join them in some of their old-time wicked fun; "I can't go into that with you, boys."

At home he is a different boy. There is no more teasing to spend his evenings on the street; no more slamming of doors when he is not allowed to have his own way; more sour looks and lagging footsteps were required to obey.

Just this: A looking-glass was held before Harry's eyes; in it he saw himself, selfish, conceited, wilful boy, on the road to ruin. The sight startled him, as well as might. He did not shut his eyes as he might have done, but he looked long enough to see that he was getting to bear the likeness of one of Satan's boys, and he said, "This won't do; I must be one of God's boys."

Harry soon found that he could not characterize one of his evil ways, so he was obliged to let God make the change in him; and it was indeed a great change.

Harry has chosen "the good part." Will you, dear boy? Will you, dear girl?—*Stray Advocate.*

WHAT IT WAS.

"Is it an angel?" little Floy asked, in a half-frightened whisper, as a flood of light from the window was cast over a statue on the side of the steps. Even her big brother did not answer right away; for the white new-fallen snow had wrapped it in a drapery so pure, and the light was so bright, that he did not think at first. But then he knew what it was in a moment, and told Floy. After that he laughed at her for thinking it was an angel; but she said, "It did look like one;" though I am sure she had never seen one, to know about that.