

baby butterfly, where it lies so snugly wrapped up, that though it may be overtaken by winter before it is time to come out into the world, and the chrysalis be entirely coated with ice, the little creature will retain its life, and come forth blooming and beautiful, just at the time when its favourite flowers have blossomed out to welcome it!

"The splendid specimen, in the centre of our picture, known as the Swallow-tail, with its brilliant golden wings, richly striped and spotted with black, purple, and white, has been known to spend its winter thus, in an ice-coated cradle.

"The large yellow butterfly, at the left hand, is called, from its colour, the Brimstone, even its eggs being a bright yellow. This is usually the first to greet us, and lingers latest. The smaller varieties above, are known as the Argus, from their spots like eyes, and the handsome fellow, in the right hand corner, is commonly called Silver-spot. All these have very fine classical names, which are rather too hard for childish tongues: but even the smallest may see in the wonderful changes in the life of the butterfly, an emblem of the immortality of the soul."—*Kate Neely Hill.*

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 26, 1886.

THANK YOU, LORD JESUS.

HAS your mother taught you how to say "Thank you," whenever any one gives you something good? It is right always to speak your thanks, and to let people see that you enjoy what they give you.

We tell Jesus "Thank you" every day at family prayers. But we ought to do more. We ought to take a whole day to tell him our thanks.

BE thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.

EMMA'S PRAYER.

"O PLEASE mend the cup; please mend it. I didn't mean to break it." And poor little Emma on her knees by the sofa poured out her whole soul in this petition. Then she opened her eyes and looked around to see if the cup was mended. No; there it lay all in fragments just where she had dropped it, and she prayed again: "O my Father, I didn't mean to break the cup, and you can mend it if you want to. Amen." And she looked around again, but it still lay there unmended. Then the poor little girl prayed once more. "O please mend it. If you don't, mamma will know I took the sugar after she told me not to. Please make it all whole. Amen." And again she looked, but it was broken as before, and she rose from her knees.

"There! I won't pray any more, never, never, never. You hateful old cup, stay broken if you want to!" And she gave it a spiteful kick.

"What ails my little girl?" said mamma, coming in from her walk. "Why, Emma, how came my sugar-cup here, and broken too? Did you take sugar while I was gone?"

"But I prayed about it," said Emma, sobbing. "I prayed three times. Why didn't God mend it. You said he would answer prayer."

"My dear child," said mamma, "we cannot escape the consequences of our wrong acts by asking God to help us cover them. That would be praying that he would help us deceive, and he cannot do wrong. 'Lead us not into temptation,' is a prayer he delights to answer. Remember that the next time, dear."

Emma has grown to be a woman now, and she always remembered the lesson of that day.—*Child's Paper.*

A GOOD COUNSEL.

A LADY who had charge of young persons not of kindred blood, became on one occasion perplexed with regard to her duty. She retired to her own room to meditate, and being grieved in spirit, laid her head upon a table and wept bitterly. She scarcely perceived her little daughter, seated quietly in a corner. Unable to bear the sight of her mother's distress, she stole



THE WOODCOCK.

softly to her side, and taking her hand in both of her own, said:

"Mamma, once you taught me a pretty hymn:

"If e'er you meet with trials,
Or troubles on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray."

The counsel of the little monitor was taken, and relief came. The mother was repaid for rightly training her child by having her become her blessed teacher.

"Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings God hath ordained praise."

THE WOODCOCK.

THE woodcock has an odd way of rearing her babies. The first nest is made in a very dry spot in the forest, where it is very difficult to get food for the fledglings. The mother, however, will not let her children starve, but soon takes them to moist feeding-grounds. But how do you think she manages that? It was long thought she put them between her feet, and so flew with them from place to place. It is now believed, however, that her claws are not strong enough to bear such a weight, but that she clasps her little one tightly between her legs, and thus the baby-woodcock is carried safe and sound to his new abode. Here, as everywhere in the study of Nature, we are filled with wonder at the instructive wisdom given by God to his creatures. If he cares for birds, will he not care also for us?

KEEPING God's commandments is better and more pleasing to him than building churches.