

HER PARTY.

She twirled upon her tip-toes light,
Tossed back her tangled tresses bright,
And cried, "I'm truly tired of play;
I'll have a tea-party to-day!"
She set the table 'neath a tree,
With tempting tarts, and toast and tea,
Ten tiny cups upon the tray,
Ten plates and spoons in trim array,
Ten twinkling tapers thin and tall,
And then the feast was ready all.

The thrushes trilled and twittered sweet,
The turf was tender 'neath her feet,
Her tidy cap with lace was rimmed.
"Now here am I and here's the treat."
She cried, "But who is there to eat;
I am very thirsty for my tea;
I think I'll be the company."
And sipping now and tasting then,
She ate and drank for all the ten!

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 28, 1892.

WE ARE SAFE.

WHEN I was in England, a lady told me a sweet story illustrative of what it is to have Christ between us and every thing else.

She said she was wakened up by a very strange noise of pecking, or something of the kind, and when she got up she saw a butterfly flying backward and forward inside the window pane in great fright, and outside a sparrow pecking and trying to get in. The butterfly did not see the glass, and expected every minute to be caught; and the sparrow did not see the glass, and expected every minute to catch the butterfly; yet all the while that butterfly was as safe as if it had been three miles away,

because of the glass between it and the sparrow.

So it is with Christians who are abiding in Christ. His presence is between them and every danger.

I do not believe that Satan understands about this mighty and invisible power that protects us, or else he would not waste his efforts by trying to get at us.

He must be like the sparrow—he does not see it; and Christians are like the butterfly—they do not see it; and so they are frightened, and flutter backward and forward in terror. But all the while Satan cannot touch the soul that has the Lord Jesus Christ between itself and him.

A MOUSE IN THE PANTRY.

WHEN I used to be out of temper, or naughty in any way, if grandfather was here he would call to me, "Mary, Mary, take care! there's a mouse in the pantry!"

I often used to cease crying at this, and wondered to myself what he meant. I often ran to the pantry to see if there really was a mouse in the trap, but I never found one. One day I said "Grandfather, I don't know what you mean. I haven't a pantry, and there is no mice in mother's, because I have looked ever so often."

He smiled and said "Come, little woman, sit down here in the porch by me and I'll tell you what I mean. Your heart, Mary, is the pantry. The little sins are mice that get in and nibble away all the good, and that makes you sometimes cross and peevish and fretful, unwilling to do as your mother wishes; and, if you do not strive against them, the mice will keep nibbling till the good is all eaten away. Now, I want to show you, my little girl, how to prevent this. To keep the mice out you must set a trap for them—the trap of watchfulness, and have for bait good resolutions and firmness."

"But, Grandfather," said Nancy, now quite interested in the story, "wouldn't they nibble the resolutions away after awhile?"

"No, Nancy, not if the watch was kept strictly and the bait a good one. I did not exactly understand it when grandmother first told me, for I was such a very little boy, but I knew it was told for me, in some way, and after awhile I began to find out what she meant. She told me, too, that I might store my pantry with good things if I watched it well. Do you know what that means, Nancy?"

"To be full of good always," said Nancy, whose tears were dried now.

Yes, to store it with good principles, good thoughts, and kind feelings.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INNOCENTS.

BY MRS. K. N. FESTETITS.

"MAMMA mayn't my new hat be some thing like Alice Wilmers'? Hers is just lovely, with the handsomest bird I ever saw looking just as natural as life in its nest of velvet bows!"

"Poor little bird!" said Hele's mamma. "But it isn't alive, you know; it has been put to a cruel death, and it will never sit and sing upon its nest any more."

"Why, mamma!" expostulated Hele. "How can you say that! Just as if every body didn't wear birds upon their hats!"

"All the worse," said the mother. "That only shows how many of those innocent little creatures are being slaughtered all the time just to foster feminine vanity. But did you ever see me wear a bird on my bonnet?"

"N—no—I don't believe I ever did. But you wear ostrich plumes, mamma."

"Ah, but the ostriches do not have to be killed to get their feathers, any more than geese. If they did, I should never wear them. It is enough to have to kill creatures for food, and I can never see a bird used merely for ornament without thinking what a sweet little life has been ruined. I think of the innocent little creature working away so busily making their nests, just as lovingly as a mother prepares a cradle for her infant; I see the tiny pearly eggs, and the downy little brood that comes nestling by-and-bye; fancy the father bird flying abroad to seek food for the cunning little creatures while the mother bird stays patiently to watch them; I imagine them taking their first timid flight from the nest, and then I seem to hear the bang! of the cruel gun—somehow, Helen, I never feel as if I wanted to wear a bird on my bonnet."

I never thought about it before, mother, but I guess—I don't want to, either."

IN A MINUTE.

CHILDREN, don't say, "In a minute" when mamma or papa tells you to do something. It is a very bad habit, and gives them a great deal of trouble. It does not take any longer to pick up a basket of chips or run to the store as soon as you are told the first time than it will after you have been spoken to half a dozen times. And neither God, your parents nor yourself will be as well pleased with work done that way as with that done cheerfully and promptly. Promptly, meaning right off, you know.