

THE FIRST EASTER.

MARY to the Saviour's tomb
Hastened at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved, had gone.
For a while she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice;
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 2, 1887.

"THE SEE OF AN ANGEL"

MAMIE was a sweet, bright darling, between four and five years old. She loved to think and talk about heaven and the angels, and her little heart was full of love for all good things. One morning she said,

"Mamma, I woke up last night, and it was all dark and still, and at first I was 'fraid. But then I looked all around the bedstead to see if I couldn't get the see of an angel, and I wasn't afraid any more."

Mamie believed just what she had been taught—that the angels watch around our beds at night, and she thought that if she could only get the sight of one, all was safe. Her simple faith saved her from fear, and that is just the kind of faith our Father wants us to have.

Dear little Mamie sees the angels now, for she has gone, in all the sweet purity of her young life, to live among them; and as

one who knew and loved her truly said, "She belongs there." Hear the sweet words of Jesus: "In heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

MARY'S FATHER.

"WILL you come see my father? he's awful sick," was the word poor little Mary Shannon brought to the missionary in a great hurry one afternoon; and Mr. Merwin, taking the shoeless child by the hand, hurried along the streets to her home.

Could it be called a home? It was a wretched cellar, only lighted by a dim lamp hanging from a beam. There was not a chair or a table to be seen. A crowd of men and boys stood around, but they moved to make a place for the minister and the child.

Mr. Merwin went up to the bed and looked at the man. His eyes were shut; his face was white; he scarcely breathed.

The minister bent down and spoke softly and kindly to him. "My brother, are you ready to die?" he asked.

The man slowly opened his eyes. "I'm a great sinner," he said, slowly, "but I'm hiding away."

"Where are you hiding?"

"In Jesus."

"Will he die, mister?" asked Mary.

"No, Mary," said her father, trying hard to speak to his little girl. "Those that love Jesus never die; I am going to heaven." And in a moment more poor Tom Shannon's soul had gone to its Saviour.

"It was a miserable place to live in," said Mr. Merwin, "but a good place to die in." And he kneeled and prayed that they all might take refuge in this same safe hiding-place—Jesus, the Redeemer of sinners.

Mr. Merwin took little Mary home with him. She never forgot that hour. She used to say that she now had two fathers in heaven.

MAKING OTHERS HAPPY.

A LITTLE boy was riding along with his father, and there was an empty seat behind them. Presently they overtook a tired-looking man, walking. "Father," said the boy, "it is a pity to have an empty seat while somebody needs it." So the father asked the man to ride, for which he was very grateful. It is often a pity to keep things we cannot use, when somebody else needs them. If you have a doll, or a ball, or something else to spare, try to think of some one who may be made happy by giving it to him.



MISS VANITY.

HERE you see little Miss Vanity lying back among her soft pillows admiring herself. True she has a pretty face, but there is no reason why she should waste her time gazing at it.

When she was a wee bit of a girl, one day her big sister suddenly entered the room, and caught Miss Vanity on a chair before the glass, saying, "I see a pretty girl, isn't I?" She often gets her sister's ribbons, and ties them on her, and then asks her mamma if she doesn't look lovely.

I hope none of my readers are like Miss Vanity in the picture, thinking of nothing but how she looks.

USEFUL TO THE END.

THE "Apostle of the Indians," John Eliot, on the day of his death, in his eightieth year, was found teaching the alphabet to an Indian child at his bedside.

"Why not rest from your labours?" said a friend.

"Because," said the venerable man, "I have prayed to God to make me useful in my sphere, and he has heard my prayer; for, now that I can no longer preach, he leaves me strength enough to teach the poor child his alphabet."

Eighty years of age, and bedridden, he is still at work for others! And shall we young find nothing to do for those about them?

THE CROOKED FINGERS.

WHILE shaking hands with an old man the other day, I noticed that some of his fingers were quite bent inward, and that he had not the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact, he said, "In the crooked fingers there is a good text for talk to children."

"Let us have it, if you please," I said. "For over fifty years I used to drive a stage, and these bent fingers show the effect of holding the reins so many years."

The old man's crooked fingers, dear children, are but an emblem of the crooked tempers, words, and actions of men and women.