

WHAT IS IT MAKES A LADY?

WHAT is it makes a lady?
 Asked my little girl of me,
 One sunny summer morning,
 As she stood beside my knee.

And I told her that it is not
 Fine dress nor shining gold,
 Nor all the flashing gems
 The caves of ocean hold.

But it is a gentle temper,
 And thoughts of peace and love,
 A mind that seeks in all things
 Some goodness from above.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 3, 1886.

BELIEVING IN GOD.

MANY of you do not know all that is meant by "believing in God." Had you been in Paul's place wouldn't you have been a little afraid of the storm, even though God had told you he would keep you free from harm?

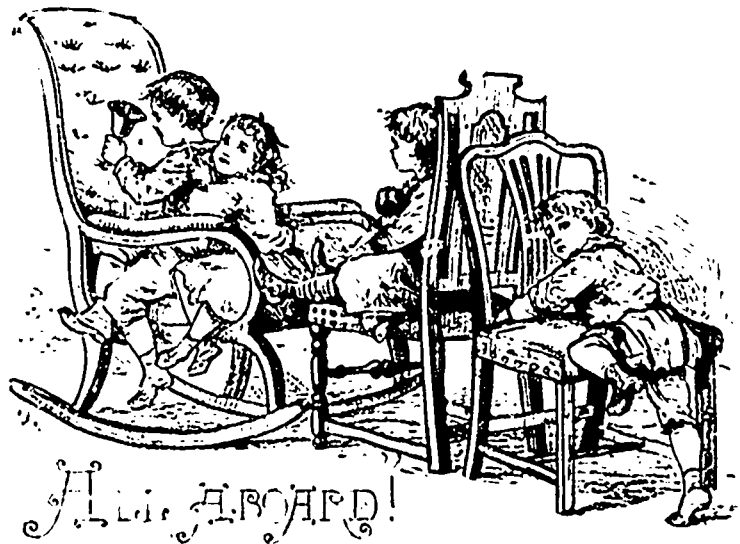
The other day Bessie was walking with her papa when a cow ran at them, bellowing and shaking her head. Bessie was dreadfully scared, and said, "O papa! do let me run, quick."

But papa held her hand tight and said, "Stand perfectly still, and you shall not be hurt."

And when she looked up and saw that he was calm and even smiling, she felt safe, and only clung closer to him.

The cow ran up close, and stopped and licked her papa's hand, for she was a pet, and ran to him, because she was glad to see him, and expected to be fed. But before Bessie knew this she felt safe, because she believed her father when he said she should not be hurt.

That is the way God wants us to believe



in him. He tells us that he will forgive our sins for Christ's sake and wants us to feel perfectly sure that we are saved, because he has promised it. He is so much greater and stronger than your father that it ought to be easier to believe him. The winds and waves and lightnings are as harmless with him as the pet cow with Bessie's papa.—
Our Children.

WHICH WILL YOU BE LIKE?

Two little sisters, named Fan and Bess, lived in a pleasant home in the country. One day Fan went to the brook near by, to get a pitcher of water. On the way she met an old woman who asked her for a drink. "Get your own drink," said Fan, very crossly. "It's trouble enough for me to get what I need."

The next day Bess went to get a pitcher of water, and met the same woman, who made the same request. "Why, gladly, aanty. You look very old and tired, so I am happy to help you," said Bess, as she gave her the water. Then the woman said, "You are so kind that every time you open your mouth, there will be diamonds and pearls drop from it." Bess was so pleased she went home and told Fan all about it. So the day after Fan wanted to go and get the water, hoping to meet the old woman again.

Surely enough she met her, and at once gave her the water she asked for, but instead of saying what Fan expected her to, she said: "You were so cross the other day, and now kind only for hope of reward, that whenever you open your mouth, scorpions and snakes will fall from it."

Of course she did not mean *real diamonds*, or *real scorpions*, but the beautiful things that made Bess's life happy, and the rude, ugly ones, that made Fan's unhappy.

ALL ABOARD!

ALL ABOARD! Hold on, Mr. Conductor, not so fast. They are not *all aboard* yet. Master Mort has not taken his seat yet, and here you are ringing your bell, all ready to start. The train does not seem to be going very fast, though, and I think he can easily get on. Mamma Gertie has been telling daughterdell that she "will take her to 'Lantic City, and they will have a boo'ful time." Eva only puts her arms around brother conductor, and says she "will go wherever he does. He isn't quite sure yet where he is going, only "to travel." Well, that is very nice kind of travel for little people; it is safe. Mother can leave them for a whole afternoon, and will know just where to find them when she comes to look after them.

A REMARKABLE SET.

AN old farmer, with a house full of boys, was one day tugging away at a large piece of timber. Finding it rather hard work, he called his boys, one after another, at the top of his voice, but received no response. Finally, after he had no need of them, they all came.

"Where," said he, "have you been, and what have you been doing? Didn't you hear me call?"

"Out in the shop, settin' the saw," replied one.

"And you, Dick?" continued the farmer.

"Out in the barn, settin' the 'Len."

"And you, Jack?"

"Up in Granny's room, settin' the clock."

"And you, Tom?"

"Up in the garret, settin' the trap."

"And now, Master Fred, where were you 'settin'?" asked the farmer amused at the peculiarity of the replies.

"On the doorstep, settin' still!" replied the youngster.