

## EASTER DAY.

WAKE with the world, O children!

Rise with the sun and sing:

Over our souls is risen

He who is Christ, our King.

May the glad dawn

Of Easter morn

Bring holy joy to thee:

May the calm eve

Of Easter leave

A peace divine with thee!

May Easter day

To thine heart say,

"Christ died and rose for thee!"

May Easter night

On thine heart write,

"O Christ, I live to thee!"

## OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly.....	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, 96 pp., monthly, illustrated.....	2 07
Methodist Magazine and Guardian together.....	3 50
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly.....	1 50
Sunday-School Banner, 32 pp. 8vo., monthly.....	0 60
Berean Leaf Quarterly, 16 pp. 8vo.....	0 06
Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 24c. a dozen; \$2	
per 100; per quarter, 50c. a dozen; 50c. per 100.	
Home and School, 5 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Pleasant Hours, 8 pp. 4to, fortnightly, single copies.....	0 30
Less than 20 copies.....	0 25
Over 20 copies.....	0 22
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 20 copies.....	0 15
20 copies and upwards.....	0 12
Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month.....	5 50

Address:

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

Methodist Book & Publishing House,  
78 & 80 King St. East, Toronto.

C. W. COATES,  
8 Hurry Street,  
Montreal.

S. F. HUESTIS,  
Wesleyan Book Room,  
Halifax, N. S.

## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 31, 1888.

## THE CHILD MINISTER.

OLD Betty Brown had never learned to read, and was very sorry for it in her old age. She sat weak and feeble for hours every day in her cottage thinking of the past, and of her early friends, who had all passed away. But a dear little girl, whose name was Nelly, said to her, one day, "Mrs. Brown, I can read now; would it please you if, sometimes, I came and read to you?"

"My darling little lady," said old Betty, "I would bless you if you did."

So, day by day, Miss Nelly went, for a little while, to read to the poor old woman holy words out of God's Book, and beautiful hymns. She was a young ministering angel to the old pilgrim, and did a loving work for Christ, that he saw; and she comforted old Betty, and got the blessings of her prayers.

## ONLY PLEASING SELF.

Do you know what it is to be selfish? Yes, I am sure there is no one who doesn't know what it is to be selfish, even if he can't tell what the word "selfish" means. To be selfish is to think more of one's own little self than of any other self in the world—to want the biggest piece, to try for the nicest place, to be always looking out for one's own comfort and pleasure. This is not a good thing; do you think it is, little people? It is so bad a thing that we must always be trying to get rid of the selfish spirit and to put away all thoughts of self from our minds. What have we told you that the holy child Jesus is for all little children? An example. Yes; we must all try to be like him. Now here is a text that will help you to become unselfish, if you are really trying to copy our Great Example in all things: "Even Christ pleased not himself." Say it after me: "Even Christ pleased not himself." Then must this little one think only of pleasing self? O no! not if he wishes to be like the holy child Jesus.—*Young Christian Soldier.*

## HE ALWAYS KEEPS HIS WORD.

BY FLORA B. HYDE.

"GOOD evening, Mrs. Ellis, what are you doing out here in the cold?"

"Why, good morning, Mrs. Allen, come in. I was looking for Eddie. He was sent to the lower end of the town on an errand more than an hour ago, and he has not returned yet. I feel a little worried, for he is always back so quick when sent on an errand."

"Perhaps the boys have coaxed him over on the ice. Our James is gone. There was no peace at home until we let him go. But he promised to be back before this," sighed Mrs. Allen.

"Oh, no, Eddie is not on the ice; for I have told him not to go unless he first obtained our consent. He never goes anywhere without leave from us first."

"Yes, I know, Mrs. Ellis, that yours is a very obedient child, but you know the boys may have persuaded him to go; and boys are so thoughtless they forget their promises when any pleasure is in view."

"Ah!" answered Mrs. Ellis, "but Eddie never forgets; he always keeps his word."

Mrs. Allen looked sad as she said, "I wish I could say as much about James. Here comes Eddie now," she added, as a manly little fellow of ten years bounded up the steps.

"Mother, dear, were you worried? I really could not get here sooner; for I met papa, who had to leave the store to overtake

a waggon which had gone away without some things; and papa was so tired he said I could run fast and overtake it better than he could, as it was to stop at the mill. I just reached the mill in time, too, for it was just about leaving. I hurried back as fast as I could, only stopping to tell papa it was all right. He says he cannot leave the store yet, so you should not wait supper." So saying, Eddie took the basket to bring in chips for morning.

Mrs. Allen sighed again, saying, "Oh, I do wish I could depend on James as you can on Eddie. What a blessing it is to have such a boy."

How true were Mrs. Allen's words! It is a great blessing for parents to have such children. They are sure to make noble men. A boy of his word will become a man of his word, respected and loved by every one; and he will be an honour to the community in which he lives.

Boys, let me ask, are you kind and obedient to your parents? Can they say of you, "He never forgets; he always keeps his word?"

## THE LITTLE ARMY.

THERE'S a funny little army  
Clad in armour silver-bright;  
Though it stands in warlike columns,  
Yet 'tis never known to fight;  
Very sharp these little soldier,  
Always useful, night or day:  
People think it quite an honour  
To be called as neat as they.

Often missed when they are needed,  
Though they don't march to and fro;  
It has ever been a puzzle  
To determine where they go.  
Only pins upon a cushion,  
Yet be very proud we might  
Were we, like this little army,  
Always useful, neat and bright.

—*Good Times.*

## THE WREN.

BACK again, little wren? You must like this hole under our roof. Here you have built your nest for many a year. If you should find it shut up, what would you do? Look around for another in the house, or barn. You would even take the farmer's old coat-sleeve or hat for a home. A man who was cutting grass left his coat on the fence two or three days; when he tried to put it on he found a little nest in the sleeve. Did you ever hear of such a sociable little fellow as the wren? And how sweetly he sings! Shall not I too sing God's praise?