

EASTER CAROL.

SING, children, sing! The lilies white you bring
 In the joyous Easter morning for hopes
 are blossoming;
 And as the earth her shroud of snow from
 off her breast doth fling,
 So may we cast our fetters off in God's
 eternal spring;
 So may we find release at last from sor-
 row and from pain,
 So may we find our childhood's calm de-
 licious down again.

Sweet are your eyes, O little ones, that
 look with smiling grace,
 Without a shade of doubt or fear, into the
 future's face:
 Sing, sing in happy chorus, with joyful
 voices tell
 That death is life, and God is good, and all
 things shall be well.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 9, 1892.

A BRAVE LITTLE GIRL.

THE following incident, related of a little heathen Bengalese girl, shows what children in those far off countries sometimes suffer for the sake of their religion.

A little girl came to school a few days ago with a severe bruise on her forehead, and on being asked by Mrs. M. what had caused it, would give no answer, but looked ready to burst out crying. But another child, a relative, was not so reticent, and said her father, having observed that she had not done her "puja" for a great many days, asked her why she so neglected her devotions, to which she replied: "Father, I have not neglected my

devotions, I have prayed every day to Jesus. I do not pray to idols, because I do not believe in them."

This so enraged the father that he seized her, by the neck, took her before the idol, and, having first bowed reverently before it himself, forcibly bent the child's head several times, striking it so violently on the ground that it bled profusely, the child bitterly crying the whole time. But she smiled happily enough when this was related in school, and said that she did not much mind, adding, "I cannot believe that trees and wood and stone will save me."

HOW SADIE HELPED MAMMA.

SADIE was only five years old, but she loved very much to help her mamma. Mamma was very poor; she went out almost every day to wash, and left Sadie in the kind care of the woman who lived in the next room. One cold morning mamma went out to buy some flannel to make a dress for her little girl and left that little girl asleep on the bed, she said to herself she would be back in fifteen minutes, but it was a long hour before she got home. And what do you think she saw when she opened the door? She saw a little girl in her nightdress, standing on a stool close by the stove, stirring something in the big iron pot with the long poker.

"I'm helping, mamma!" she cried; "I'm making soup."

"Oh, dear!" cried mamma, for there in the big iron pot Sadie had poured all the food her mother had in the house, and she had not one cent to buy any more. Half a pound of coffee went in, one pound of tea, part of a box of oatmeal, one quart of buttermilk, and one dozen eggs.

Sadie's mamma was very angry and sorry to have her food wasted. Sadie wanted to help but she did not know how. Next time she will say, "Mamma, tell me how to help you."

A NOBLE LAD.

A POOR boy, whose name no one knows, but we hope that it is in the Book of Life, found three little children who, like himself, had been washed ashore from one of the many wrecks, wandering along the dreary coast in a driving sleet. They were crying bitterly, having been parted from their parents, and not knowing whether they were drowned or saved.

The poor lad took them to a sheltered spot, plucked moss for them, and made them a rude but soft bed, and then taking off his own jacket to cover them, sat

by them all the night long, soothing their terrors till they fell asleep.

In the morning, leaving them still asleep, he went in search of the parents, and his great joy met them looking for their children, whom they had given up for dead. He directed them where to find them, and then went on himself to find some place of shelter and refreshment.

But when the parents were returned with their recovered little ones, they found their brave preserver lying quite dead upon the snow, not very far from where they had parted from him.

The long exposure in his exhausted state was too much for his little strength, and having saved his little charges—a stranger to them as they to him—he lay down and died.

A sad story this, and one that moves our heart. How much more should our hearts be moved by the story of him that gave his life that he might save us from eternal death.

"THE HEATHEN HAVE BEAT."

ONE day Robert's uncle gave him a penny.

"Now," said he, "I'll have some chocolate creams, for I've been wanting some for a long while."

"Is that the best way you can use your penny?" asked his mother.

"Oh, yes! I want the chocolate creams very much." And he hurried on his way and ran off in haste.

His mother was sitting at the window and saw him running along, and then he stopped. She thought he had lost his penny, but he started off again, and so reached the door of the shop; and then he stood there awhile with his hand on the latch and his eye on the chocolate in the window. His mother was wondering what he was waiting for; then she was more surprised to see him come off the step, and run back home again without going in.

In about one minute he rushed into the parlour with a bright face as he exclaimed:

"Mother, the heathen have beat, the heathen have beat!"

"What do you mean by the 'heathen have beat?'"

"Why, mother, as I went along I kept hearing the heathen say, 'Give us your penny to help to send us good missionaries. We want Bibles and tracts. Help us little boy, won't you?' and I kept saying, 'Oh, I want the chocolate cream.' At last the heathen beat. I am going to put my penny into the missionary box."