

FROGS AT SCHOOL.

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Twenty froggies went to school,
Down beside a rushy pool;
Twenty little coats of green,
Twenty vests, all white and clean.
"We must be in time," said they:
"First we study, then we play;
This is how we keep the rule
When we froggies go to school."

Master Bullfrog, grave and storn,
Called the classes in their turn;
Taught them how to nobly strive,
Likewise how to leap and dive;
From his seat upon the log
Showed them how to say "Ker-chog!"
Also how to dodge a blow
From the sticks which bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast;
Bullfrogs they became at last;
Not one dunce among the lot,
Not one lesson they forgot;
Polished in a high degree,
As each froggie ought to be;
Now they sit on other logs,
Teaching other little frogs.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 16, 1894.

TRANSMIGRATION OF SOULS.

WE have recently read an interesting story. A coloured man, just before he died, told his wife that he should probably come back to her as a yellow dog.

It closes thus:

"Standing at the door, the old lady watched her visitors going and gazed reflectively toward the asparagus bed, where the feathery branches waved mysteriously.

"'Suthin's in there!' she said. Presently the muzz'le of a yellow dog appeared and after it his lank body. Slowly he crept up to her.

"Well, I never! Where'd you come from? Sho! Go 'way!' But the dog was at her feet, and something in his dark appealing eyes held her spell-bound. A chill seized her. She breathed fast; then rallying, grasped a broom.

"'Gib ouden th' yard!' The dog crouched and licked her shoe.

"'He said how's he might come back a pore yaller dog!' The broom dropped weakly. 'John Bascom, ef so be your spirit is come back to me in this beast, as ye said, gimme a sign!' Two shaggy paws leaped upon her shoulders and there was a dog's warm tongue on her cheek.

"'Well, John,' she said 'ef so be as it is you, why stay an' I'll try to get used to you!'

"But a queer twinkle came into her face as she added, 'Now it's my turn to hev th' lead. Git under th' stove and stay there, John Bascom!'—*Our Dumb Animals.*

THE INNER VOICE.

I SAW a little spotted turtle sunning itself in the shallow water. I lifted the stick in my hand to kill the harmless reptile; for though I had never killed any creature, yet I had seen other boys, out of sport, destroy birds, squirrels, and the like, and I had a disposition to follow their wicked example; but all at once something checked my little arm, and a voice within me said, clear and loud, "It is wrong." I held my uplifted stick in wonder at the new emotion, till the turtle vanished from sight.

I hastened home, and told the tale to my mother, and asked what it was that told me it was wrong. She wiped a tear from her eye, and, taking me in her arms, said: "Some men call it conscience, but I prefer to call it the voice of God in the soul of man. If you listen and obey, it will speak clearer and clearer, and always guide you right; but if you turn a deaf ear or disobey, then it will fade out little by little, and leave you all in the dark without a guide. Your life depends, my boy, on heeding that little voice."—*Parker.*

WHERE ARE THEY?

"It's strange where Ed and Willie hide their treasures, the candy they made, the nuts they bought, the new books, and all!" cried Maud, their sister.

"And themselves too," cried Susie, their other sister.

"I've hunted everywhere! In the barn, the hen-coop, all the trees, in the garret!" cried Maud, again.

"I hear 'em now. Don't you? Listen!" cried Susie.

A low hum of voices near them could certainly be heard.

"It's somewhere about this woodhouse, though I can't see where, for the wood is piled to the very top," cried Maud.

Susie had already pulled off her shoes, and climbing first on the fence, then into a tree, was on the roof of that building in a minute.

A little trap-door opened, and Ed's head peeped out; Willie's too.

"They've caught us!" cried the boys "Come in, ladies, and take a seat."

What had these boys done? Out a square hole in the roof of the woodhouse, put hinges on it, thrown out the wood underneath, and lined their nest with hay

"Please pass the 'freshments!' said the girls.

THE WINTER LAND.

BY W. E. LITTLEWOOD.

INTO a desolate land
White with the drifted snow,
Into a weary land
Our truant footsteps go;
Yet doth thy care, O Father,
Ever thy wanderers keep;
Still doth thy love, O Shepherd,
Follow thy sheep.

Over the pathless wild
Do I not see him come—
Him who shall bear me back,
Him who shall lead me home?
Listen! between the storm-gusts,
Unto the straining ear
Comes not the cheering whisper,
"Jesus is near"?

Over me he is bending;
Now I can safely rest,
Found at the last and clinging
Close to the Shepherd's breast.
So let me lie still the cold-bells
Sound on the homeward track,
And the rejoicing angels
Welcome us back!

HOW THEY KNEW DINAH.

LILIAN, Gertrude, Harold, and Stuart had a sweet little kitty named Dinah. She was very black and very cunning. One day, just before supper, a strange black kitten walked into the house, and they all agreed that she must go away, as some other children might be waiting for her to come home; and so they put her out of doors, and drove her off. While they were eating supper, a little scratching was heard and the children, looking around, saw a black kitten on the window-sill, trying to get in.

"It's Dinah!" "It's the strange kitten!" "It is Dinah!"

"Well, children," said papa, "now let each one tell why he thinks it is, or is not, Dinah."

"I think it is Dinah because it is black, and just her size," said Lilian.

"Gertrude looked carefully, and exclaimed: "I don't think it is Dinah, because her eyes are larger and wilder!"

"Do you see the white spot on her throat?" asked Harold. "It is smaller than Dinah's."

"Now, Stuart," said papa, turning to the youngest, "is it Dinah or not?"

"It is not." "Sure?" "Yes." "Why?"

"Dinah is under the table!"—*Sunday School Times.*