

A SCHOLAR.

"YES, I am five years old to-day!
Last week I put my dolls away;
For it was time, I'm sure you'll say,
For one so old to go
To school, and learn to read and spell;
And I am doing very well;
Perhaps you'd like to hear me tell
How many things I know.

"Well, if you'll only take a look—
Yes, this is it—the last I took,
Here in my pretty picture-book,
Just near the purple cover;—
Now listen—Here are one, two, three
Wee little letters, don't you see?
Their names are D and O and G;
They spell—now guess!—*Old Rover!*"

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 13, 1889.

A NOBLE YOUNG SOUL.

A BOY about nine years old was bathing one day, when, by some mischance, he got into deep water, and began to sink. His elder brother saw him, and ran to save him, but, lacking strength or skill, he also sank to the bottom of the river. As the two drowning brothers rose to the surface for the last time, they saw a third brother, the youngest of the family, running down the bank for the purpose of trying to save them. Then it was that the dying nine-year-old boy acted the part of a hero. Struggling as he was with death, he gathered all his strength, and cried to his brother on shore, "Don't come in, or father will lose all his boys at once!"

Noble little fellow! Though dying, he forgot himself, and thought only of his father's grief. He was a genuine hero. His brother obeyed his dying command, and was spared to comfort his father when his two

dead sons were taken from the river, clasped in each other's arms.

Boys, you are not called to be heroes in this way; but you are called to consider the feelings of your parents, and to study how to avoid giving them pain. Blessed are those children whose words and deeds make sweet music in their parents' souls!

USE BEFORE BEAUTY.

A HEN, a goose, and a peacock lived in a yard together that was in charge of Rover, the watch-dog. One day the hen was scratching for her breakfast; the goose was standing by, while Rover was lying in the shade of the wall, looking on. Just then the proud peacock came along, and flying up to the limb of the tree, spread out its fine tail that the morning sun might shine on it and make it more beautiful.

"Ah," said the peacock to the hen; "do you not wish that you were as handsome as I am? Then you would never have to scratch for your food, but would be fed, and taken care of and admired."

"No," said the hen; "I do not wish to be a peacock. There is something that our mistress prizes more than beauty; and that is usefulness. I think she would rather have my fresh eggs than your fine feathers."

"That's my view," said the goose. "If I were not a goose, I should like to be a hen. I wouldn't be a lazy peacock."

"She is quite right," said Rover, "you are beautiful indeed to look at, Mr. Peacock, but that is all you are good for. Take comfort in your fine feathers, but don't boast."

Now, it so happens that there are some boys and girls—mostly girls, perhaps—who are like this peacock, very beautiful to look at, but of no great use in the world. They admire their fine feathers, fine hats and dresses, and expect other people to do the same, but are not good for useful work. Little ones, don't be peacocks.

IT WAS NOT FUN.

"You had better be careful, and not slide up near the end of the pond where the big tree grows. I saw 'air-holes' there as I came past to-day," said Jack's father, as he saw Jack preparing to go to the pond with some boys to slide over its smooth surface. "I guess father thinks I'm a baby," said Jack to himself. "He never wants me to go where the fun is." For awhile the boys thought "the fun" was near the big tree, seeing how near they could go to the edge of the "air-holes," and away again in safety. But when Jack fell in, he didn't think it was so much fun. It is never "fun" to do wrong and disobey our parents.

THE EASTER LILY.

BY MRS. CLARA DOTY BATES.

THROUGH all the winter chilly
There slowly grew a lily,
From fresh bud thrust above the bulb,
To soft expanding leaf;
Though scant the sunshine that it felt
Long as the days were brief.

We knew a lovely blossom
Was hid within its bosom,
And that its one green calyx-sheath
Did tenderly unfold
A snow-white flower, upon whose breast
Would shine a dust of gold.

We watched, and ah, we waited,
It seemed so long belated;
We gave it freely light and drink,
Though filled with fear and doubt;
Would ever that green prison burst
And let its captive out?

Behold, on Easter morning,
With no unusual warning,
Our lily stood in perfect bloom,
All gloriously white!
And thus our question had reply;
Our doubt became delight.

Out from its folded prison
We felt it had arisen
To prove to us life's narrowing bounds
Will blossom and unclose,
Until the soul is freed and fair,
As Christ himself arose.

THE DAUGHTER'S ROOM.

THE care of the sitting-rooms and kitchens comes under the management of the grown-up portion of the family, but every little girl from ten years old and upwards loves to think that her bed-room is her very own, her special domain, where she may reign absolutely, with none to dispute her right. Here, then, is the mother's chance, if she is only judicious enough to turn it to account. Encourage the little one by all means in the belief that the room is hers—hers to beautify and adorn in any way which her fertile little brain may devise; hers to retire to when she wishes to be alone, either to do stern battle with her lessons, or, girl like, to dream her wonderful day-dreams; and hers above all to keep in perfect order and neatness. This knowledge will go a long way towards fostering in the child all those elements of character so essential in the woman, and all will be the means of making her gradually exercise her individual tastes and ideas, and thus acquire an interest in domestic concerns which under our circumstances, she might never obtain.