

deal farther than she thought she had, and come near to that happy place where her mother was. Her mother had said that she was to live in a great mansion, and Birdie saw a little distance away an elegant mansion just like the one her mother had described, she felt sure.

She walked up to the house and saw a beautiful bunch of flowers lying on the ground. Birdie picked them up eagerly, nodding her head wisely and saying, "Yes, this's the place, sure 'nuf, 'flowers all the year,' mamma said."

Mrs. Emory, who owned this beautiful house, situated a couple of miles from the village, was a widow who lived all alone with her servants. Her children and her husband were dead, and in her eyes the place was dreary enough. She was very fond of flowers and insisted on having the vases filled with the freshest flowers, "I don't want to be reminded of death," she would say. "Never let the flowers become at all withered."

So the flowers that Birdie had found, though scarcely at all withered, had been thrown out of the house.

Birdie was marching along the snowy path to the front door in great glee, holding the flowers in her hand, when she saw coming up to her a richly dressed lady, in a long white ermine cloak. It was Mrs. Emory, but Birdie was sure it was an angel; so looking up at her and smiling she said, "Are you God's angel? Please, take me to mamma, dear angel. I've been so drefful lonely, 'caus aunty's pretty cross, you know, and she does not love me. But I'll love everyone here. Oh, dear, I'm glad I came. God will let me stay now, won't he? I didn't forget I was his little girl."

Mrs. Emory was bewildered and stood staring at the child, wondering where she had come from and what she could mean by her questions. Birdie's sweet, bright little face, locking up so earnestly into her own, drew Mrs. Emory strangely towards the little stranger, and she picked her up in her arms and carried her into the house, while Birdie chattered gaily about seeing her mamma and God and being so happy. Then she put her arms round Mrs. Emory's neck and kissed her again and again.

Birdie was sorely disappointed to learn that it was not heaven and that she could not see her mamma, but God was taking care of his little girl and was not going to leave her with her cross, old aunt any longer, where she would have grown up like an uncared-for weed. Birdie never left the beautiful mansion she had found. With the little girl seated on her knee, Mrs. Emory drew from her her story, by degrees, and after a long visit with Miss Nancy Land, she was able to keep Birdie as her own. Birdie was very happy in her new home, and Mrs. Emory was to her little adopted daughter a loving, kind and wise mother. She never forgot that she was "God's little girl" and tried to please him by her life, and grew to be a beautiful woman whom everyone who knew her loved.

"MY THREE LITTLE TEXTS."

I AM very young and little,
I am only just turned two,
And I cannot learn big chapters,
As my elder sisters do.

But I know three little verses
That my mamma has taught to me,
And I say them every morning
As I stand beside her knee.

The first is, "Thou God seest me."
Is it not a pretty text?
And "Suffer little children
To come unto me" is the next.

But the last one is the shortest,
It is only "God is love,"
How kind he is in sending
Such sweet verses from above.

He knows the chapters I can't learn,
So I think He sent those three
Short, easy texts on purpose
For little ones like me.

—Early Dew

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, FEBRUARY 10, 1894.

HIS HOME BEAUTIFUL.

HARRY didn't want to come in one bit when mamma called him. He was having the finest time building a snow-house, and as he rolled and tugged and piled one ball on another, as he panted and glowed and blew clouds of fog from his red lips, he kept thinking how nice it would be to have a house of his own to live in, and he really meant to finish it and live in it.

But the rowdy had gone out without hat or great-coat, or leggings or gum-shoes, so of course mamma had to call him in; and to drive away his pouting fit, she began to tell him that he already had a beautiful house all his own. It had two windows, and two doors for visitors to enter, and one door for himself to come through; it was of beautiful shape and

color, and as he grew older, the house would be enlarged for his use. Moreover, it was furnished with four good servants, and had many other wonderful furnishings.

By this time Harry's eyes were stretched so wide that the mother could not help laughing; but she looked sober again when he asked,

"Why, mother, where in the world did I get that house?"

"God gave it to you, my little boy," said she, "it is your body, don't you see? Your blue eyes are the windows from which your mind looks out; your two ears are the doors through which your friends' words and thoughts enter; your mouth is the door through which your spirit goes forth on words for wheels, and your hands and feet are willing, obedient servants."

Harry was laughing himself now at this merry fancy.

"But God means you to take care of this Home Beautiful," continued the mother. "If you catch cold and get sick, you injure it, and God will be displeased to see you so careless of his good gift."

The little boy sat down on the floor and pulled off his wet stockings with a very thoughtful face. "I 'spect I better take care of my house," he said to himself.

PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY.

THE grogshop is a two-edged sword and cuts both ways at once. It is a rotating machine for the snaring of souls. It catches our young men and boys before they reach the church and Sabbath-school—while they are on their way—or else it catches them on their return, and mars or neutralizes the blessed lessons there imparted. Between the two there is the old "irrepressible conflict" over again. It is war to the knife, and knife to the hilt, and only one can win. And in this warfare we of Christ's army are outnumbered; there are twelve saloons to every church, twelve barkeepers to one minister. The church opens its doors two or three days in the week; the saloon grinds on and on with its mill of destruction all the days of every year. That we are outnumbered is not all; we are outnumbered as well. The people of the rumshops purpose in their hearts not only to mar and neutralize, but to obliterate and displace the lessons of the church and Sunday-school. They have their series of lessons, with which our International series cannot at all compare. They have studied carefully the tastes, tendencies, and preferences of boys and young men—their natural and innocent taste for variety, fondness for amusement, preference for young company—and they pander to all these in ways that take hold upon death.

THE salvation of souls is the prime object of the Sunday-school; therefore the point to be gained is to lead pupils to leave the service of Satan and enter the service of God.