

AN EASTER MESSAGE.

O LET this joyful message ring
Throughout the world once more,
"The blessed Christ, our Lord, has risen!"
Hear it from shore to shore!

Rejoice, O favoured children! Lift
Your faces toward the sky:
Christ's glorious resurrection means
That you shall never die.

Proclaim the news to those who sit
In darkness far away,
Till echoes sweet to them repeat:
"This is your Easter Day!"

Give, freely give your gold, that soon
Their crosses may, like ours,
Because of Jesus' love, be wreathed
With fragrant Easter flowers.

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, APRIL 17, 1897.

SAVED BY ITS SONG.

A LITTLE bird in a certain town owes its life to its perseverance and habit of singing while in trouble. A gentleman heard for nearly a month the small songster's persistent notes near his window. At last he called the attention of a friend to its song. This friend soon discovered that the bird was a prisoner in its nest. A ladder was brought and the bird and nest were taken down and examined. One leg had become ensnared in the wool with which the nest was lined, and it was only after twenty minutes of careful effort with sharp instruments that the limb was loosed.

This done, the spectators were surprised to see birdie fly away to a near-by apple tree, apparently as well as though never tied. The bird's parents or some of its friends must have kept it supplied with food during its imprisonment.

A SHELL WITH WINGS.

BY EMMA C. HEWITT.

DOES not this pretty creature look exactly like a shell with two graceful wings? And yet, in reality, he is even more separate from his shell than most other shell-fish are. Unlike most of his kind, he is nowhere fast to the house that holds him, nor is he even the shape of it. He builds his beautiful eggshell covering himself, expanding its dimensions to suit his growth. During his lifetime the shell of the Nautilus is thin and somewhat elastic. It is as clear as what is commonly known as "eggshell china," but does not become as brittle as that material until some little time after the animal has been removed.

It has been thought, until quite lately, that the Nautilus used his upper arms, if we may call them so, as sails, but this an error. The only means of propulsion with which he has been provided, is the same as that given to his big brother, the Octopus or Cuttle-fish. This is a tube into which the animal draws up water. To move himself forward, he rapidly ejects it, and the action sends him on his way. He is the happy possessor of eight arms (or legs), two of which he hoists over his shell, and six of which he clasps around it, to keep it from contact with anything that might injure it, although, should it be broken, he can soon repair it. Every Papa Nautilus is his own carpenter. His home is the Mediterranean, but even there he is seldom seen until just after dusk. If he is caught, he will slip out of his shell, if he can, into the sea.

THE NORTH WIND.

ONE day North Wind wanted to go and play. So he asked his father and was told, "Yes; if you will not stay too long and will remember about being gentle." Away ran North Wind with a merry shout, banging the door behind him. As he ran along he came to a fine large apple-tree full of green apples and he called to it, "Oh! come and play with me." But the apple-tree said, "Oh, no! I cannot play. I must be still and help all these apples to turn red for the children." "Puff," said North Wind, and he said it so hard that all the apples fell to the ground, and the poor tree was very sad.

Then North Wind saw a pretty little flower growing by a window, and he ran up to her and said, "Will you play with me?" But she, too, said, "Oh! no, I cannot; for the farmer's little girl is sick and she watches me from the window every day. She would miss me if I went away to play." North Wind touched her very gently, but she hung her little head and never looked up again.

"I CAN always tell a dogwood tree
When I walk in Central Park,"
Said Jack, "for can't you plainly see.
You can tell it by its bark?"

EASTER.

BY EMILY BAKER SMALLE.

MY sweet little neighbour Bessie
I thought was busy with play,
When she turned, and brightly questioned,
"Say, what is the Easter Day?"

"Has no one told you, darling—
Do they 'feed his lambs' like this?"
I gathered her to my bosom,
And gave her a tender kiss.

Then in words most few and simple
I told to the gentle child
The story whose end is Easter—
The Life of the Undeified.

Told of the manger of Bethlehem,
And about the glittering star
That guided the feet of the shepherds
Watching their flocks from afar.

Told of the lovely Mother,
And the Baby who was born
To live on the earth among us
Bearing its sorrows and scorn.

And then I told of the life he lived
Those wonderful thirty years,
Sad, weary, troubled, forsaken,
In this world of sin and tears.

Until I came to the shameful death
That the Lord of Glory died,
Then the tender little maiden
Uplifted her voice and cried.

I came at length to the garden
Where they laid his form away,
And then in the course of telling
I came to the Easter Day—

The day when sorrowing women
Came there to the grave to moan,
And the lovely shining angels
Had rolled away the stone.

I think I made her understand
As well as childhood can,
About the glorified risen life
Of him who was God and man.

This year the fair Easter lilies
Will gleam through a mist of tears,
For I shall not see sweet Bessie
In all of the coming years.

When the snow lay white and thickest
She quietly went away
To learn from the lips of angels
The meaning of Easter Day.

We put on the little body
The garments worn in life,
And laid her deep in the frozen earth
Away from all noise and strife.

Were it not for the star of Bethlehem,
And the dawn of Easter Day,
It would be to us most bitter
To put our darling away.

But we know that as the hard brown earth
Holds lilies regal and white,
So the lifeless, empty, useless clay
Held once an angel of light.

And I hope on the Easter morning
To look from the grave away,
Thinking not of the child that was,
But the child that is to-day.