

knew them at first, and was very much inclined to bark at them.

They had "lots of fun," as Willie afterward said, and were so busy in their amusement that they did not notice the half-open door through which mamma was watching them, until she laughed outright at some of their comical speeches.

They got tired of their fun after awhile, and took off their fancy dresses. They put the horse into his stable, leaving the carriage in the parlour where it belonged.

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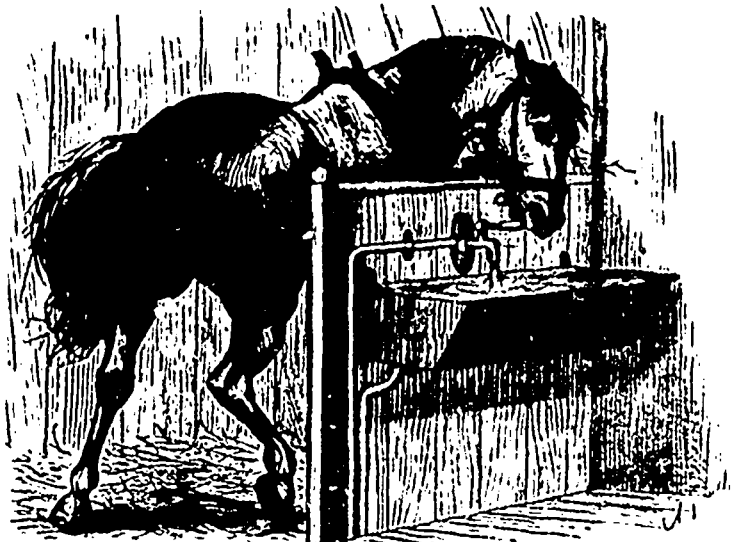
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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 17, 1886.

"GOD KNOWS ME, ANYHOW."

FRANK had beautiful long hair hanging over his shoulders, and his parents were very proud of his appearance. One day he got his mother's scissors, went to a looking-glass, and cut off all his fair locks. His father and mother were much displeased with him for so doing, and resolved to punish him in this way: When they were all seated at the dinner-table his father, pointing to him, said to his mother: "What little boy is that?" "I'm your little Franky, papa," he at once said, not giving his mother time to reply. "Nonsense," was the father's answer, "my little Franky has beautiful long hair; I would not give my Franky for half a dozen boys such as you." Franky now turned to his mother, and said, "Ain't I your little Franky?" but mamma only shook her head. Matters were now looking serious, and Franky, becoming alarmed, could not make any progress with his dinner. He now appealed to his brother, and asked if he was not little Franky; but his brother only shook his head. He was becoming very unhappy at the thought that father, mother, and brother no longer recognized him, and at last he burst into tears, saying as he did so: "Well, it don't matter much, for God knows me, anyhow." Tears were now in other eyes as well as Franky's.



OLD JIM.

EASTER TIME.

The little flowers came through the ground
At Easter time, at Easter time;
They raised their heads and looked around
At happy Easter time,
And every pretty bud did say,
"Good people, bless this holy day!
For Christ is risen, the angels say,
"This happy Easter time."

The pure white lily raised its cup,
At Easter time, at Easter time;
The crocus to the sky looked up,
At happy Easter time.
"We hear the song of heaven!" they say,
"Its glory shines on us to-day;
Oh! may it shine on us alway
At holy Easter time!"

'Twas long and long and long ago,
That Easter time, that Easter time;
But still the pure white lilies blow
At happy Easter time.
And still each little flower doth say,
"Good Christians, bless this holy day!
For Christ has risen, the angels say,
At blessed Easter time!"

—Laura E. Richards.

KATIE'S PRAYER.

KATIE climbed up into the broad window-seat, to have a nice time with her new picture book. And just as she was beginning to dream a lovely dream about two little girls in a picture, Robbie came and wanted to get up there too. Now Katie wanted to be alone very much, and when she saw Robbie coming, she felt just like saying, "Go away." Shall I tell you what she did? She whispered a little prayer to Jesus, like this: "Dear Jesus, make me a good little sister to Robbie." And then she put out her hand and helped him up, and they had a happy time together. I think Jesus answered Katie's prayer; don't you?

OLD JIM.

JIM is a fine large horse. He lives in the engine-house, and draws the hose-carriage. His stall is so made that when the alarm-bell strikes it opens in front of him, leaving the way clear for him to rush out and take his place in front of the hose-carriage.

Outside of his stall, on one side, is a watering trough, where Jim is taken to drink. The water comes through a pipe, and is turned on by a faucet. Two or three times the water was found running, so that the trough overflowed, when no one had been near to meddle with it.

At last the men suspected that Jim was the rogue, and they kept very still and watched one night till Jim thought he was all alone. Then they saw him twist himself about almost double in his stall, stretch his long neck out, take the faucet in his teeth, turn on the water, and get a good drink.

The firemen think Jim a most amusing horse; and they sometimes say that he understands as much as some people do, and can do almost everything but talk.

LIKE A CHRISTIAN.

I HEARD of two children—boy and girl—who used to play a good deal together. One day the boy came up to his mother, and said:

"Mother, I know that Emma is a Christian."

"What makes you think so, my child?"

"Because, mother, she plays like a Christian."

"Plays like a Christian?" said the mother, the expression sounding a little odd.

"Yes," replied the child; "if you take everything she's got, she don't get angry. Before, she was selfish, and, if she didn't have everything her own way she would say: 'I won't play with you; you are an ugly little boy.'"