

EASTER EMBLEMS.

A little nest hid 'neath the leaflets green,
A tiny egg—a sleeping life within;
God's touch; and lo, the pearly casket
breaks,
And from its tomb the joyous bird awakes.

A folded bud, a tiny emerald tomb,
A prison germ asleep within the gloom;
God's touch, and lo, the portals green un-
close
And rich with life the radiant flower
glows!

A lifeless worm within its tomb fast
sealed;
God's touch, and lo, two dazzling wings
revealed,
That soaring high, with bird and flower
say—
"God's little prophets, we, of his great
Easter Day!"

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, MARCH 29, 1902.

HELPFUL DOLLIE.

BY J. E. MAY.

Dollie May, who was making a long visit at her uncle's farm, thought it was fine fun to gather the fruit. She helped pick the pears, when they were ripe (the Sheldons and Bartletts) and made herself very useful. Gathering the apples was more of a task, because the orchard was large and the trees were loaded. It was a good apple year. The largest and choicest apples were picked by hand and carefully packed in barrels. Most of these went to market. There were big Golden Pippins, Seekn. of furthers, Baldwins,

and other kinds with glossy red skins, besides russets and greenings. The last named we know make good dumplings and pies in winter. Her uncle said Dollie could pack a barrelful to send home, and she really put eleven different kinds in, and you may be sure not one specked one could be found in the lot. She had her pick.

"What do you do with the specked apples, Annie?" she asked.

"The hogs eat most of them. We will save out enough for a barrel of cider," said Annie.

"Cider!" cried Dollie, in great surprise. "Why, I thought uncle was a good temperance man, and that's why I wanted to help. I can't gather apples for cider." The girl was so surprised that she allowed all the apples she was carrying in her apron to fall to the ground.

They all laughed. "Don't be afraid," said Mary, "father won't drink any of it, nor will any of us. It will all turn into cider vinegar, which mother says she must have for pickling."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" said Dollie, with a sigh of relief. "I'll help more than ever now," and she made herself so useful to Joe, who was high up on the ladder, and to the others, that they declared they could not do without her.

AN EASTER LESSON.

BY MAUDE ROLFE STACKPOLE.

Little fuzzy caterpillar,
You bring a song to me,
A song that breathes of present good
And immortality.

You gather food from leaf to leaf,
Moving in graceful curls,
Tormenting thrifty husbandmen,
And frightening little girls.

Some day, my friend, your pretty coat
Will miss its furry gloss,
Your symmetry of form depart,
Your powers suffer loss.

Clothed in a shroud of ashen gray,
You then will fall asleep,
While Nature's angels round your tent
Their faithful vigil keep.

When, from that slumber wakening,
Again to crawl you try,
Lo! you will mount on golden wings,
A tenant of the sky!

Your life, it is a mystery
No sage can understand;
My life, it is a mystery,
Yet both are in God's hand.

In faith I wait the larger life
That Easter morning brings,
When I shall lose this robe of flesh,
And find my golden wings.

AN ANT HILL.

Whether you live in the city or the country, you can surely find an ant hill. How the little ants hurry about! Let us watch them. In each tiny ant hill there is one mother with many, many baby ants. Each baby ant has a nurse. Every day each nurse-ant takes her baby, or *pupa*, as such a baby is called, up out of the ant hill and leaves it in the sun for an airing. When it begins to rain, or any danger comes near, how fast the little nurses scamper to pick up their babies and hurry them down into the house! The mother is called the queen ant. She never goes out into the sun, but always stays down in the ant hill home. She does no work, and all the little nurses scamper about and wait upon her; but she lays the tiny eggs from which all *pupae*, or baby ants, are hatched.

Some children destroy every ant-hill they find; but I think it is much pleasanter to sit down by these dear little homes and watch the busy little workers, and learn all about them; don't you?

DILLYDALLY.

Dillydally was almost seven years old. See if you can guess why he came to have such a funny name.

"O Dillydally! Where are you, dear? Run quickly with this pail to the grocer's and get it full of molasses, and don't spill a bit. I want it for—well, no matter. I want it."

That molasses was for molasses candy. His mother had just remembered that it was his birthday.

Dilly took it and ran out of the door. He was always quick enough at starting. His trouble came afterwards. In the hedge by the garden gate he spied a yellow breast. He heard a sweet note, that made him stop to see what the leaves hid. That took a minute. "O, I must hurry!" he said, and started again; but this time Mr. Toad hopped out in a friendly way to make him linger. A dozen things stopped him. He had to play a game of marbles with some boys he knew. He saw a balloon up in the sky, and watched it till it was a speck like a black pin's head. It was almost dark when he came in sight of home.

"O Dilly! Dilly!" said his mother, "where have you been all this time? It was your party; and all the little boys and girls I sent for had to go home, it grew so late. I had to cut the cake to give them all a piece, and there wasn't anybody to play games or anything. It was too bad!"

Wasn't it? Dilly thought so. A boy's birthday party without any boy to it!

"O Dilly! Dilly!" said his mother, sorrowfully, "why don't you earn a better name?"

Dillydally says that he's going to. How do you suppose he will do it?