

"Why he says so, and he died for you. He wouldn't die for folks if he didn't love 'em, and you're one of 'em. It doesn't make so much difference if there isn't anybody to wait for you in your home down here, you know, 'cause that home up there is a great deal better, and they're waiting for you there."

Old Ben could not have told why he let the childish voice run on as he did that day. Something of the story it told he had doubtless heard before, but it had not wounded quite as it did now. The child was so sure she was telling what was meant for him, and then, though he would not have acknowledged it for the world, her faith in him touched and pleased him. His voice was almost pleasant, when on their return, he said to her: "There, sis, ye can run home now an' I'll think about it."

Did he really mean what he said? Not at all; he meant to forget it as soon as possible. Yet, however unwillingly, it was a promise he was forced to keep. On his second trip he met with an accident. He slipped and fell, and some of the driftwood rolled upon him, crushing one leg. Those who released him found him unconscious and carried him over to the hospital at the Point. There, lying in his white bed he had long days for thinking—days when he could not stop thinking if he would. On the wall where his eyes constantly rested upon it, hung a text, "God is love." He might have bestowed little attention upon it but for Nelsie's words, but the text constantly recalled her and her story. More and more clear it grew as earth and life ebbed away. And when he lay at rest at last, with such a smile upon his face that no one would have thought of calling him "surlly Ben," his few effects—a trifle in money, an old silver watch, and his boat—were left "to the little girl who told of One who loved old Ben."

I WAS SO AFRAID.

ONE morning last winter we were summoned to the bedside of a dear young girl, who had been for some time sick.

"Last night," she said, "I was so sick, that I thought I was going to die, and I was so afraid."

"Why were you so afraid?" we asked. "You are trusting in the Lord Jesus, are you not? Why, then, should the thought of being called into his presence terrify you so?"

"Oh," she replied, "because I have not been living as near Jesus as I ought to have been living. I have been careless and forgetful. Oh, if he only spares me this time I will try to do better."

Then we told her how ready and willing Jesus was to forgive and help her. Nor did we leave her until her fears were gone, and she felt that her heart was at peace once more.

"I am so afraid!" Alas, how many there are who must use these words when death comes near, or when thoughts of dying come near to them! And yet it is

not at all necessary that we should be afraid. If we put our trust in Him who said, "Let not your hearts be troubled," it is our privilege to look even death calmly in the face. Oh, young people, accept this blessed One before it is too late!

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MAY 5, 1894.

FORGIVE THOSE WHO HAVE OFFENDED OR INJURED YOU.

"I'LL pay him back, see if I don't!" exclaimed Tommy as he came running into the house with a flushed and angry face.

"Who are you going to pay back?" asked his mother.

"Walter Jones. He took my marbles and ran away," said Tommy.

"I hope you'll pay him in a good way," said his mother.

Tommy hung his head and said nothing; for he was ashamed to tell just how mean he was going to treat Walter.

"I'm afraid you intend to act just as badly as Walter has done. Think better of it, my son, and return good for evil. If you do not forgive you cannot ask to be forgiven."

That night, when Tommy came to the place where it says, "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors," he stopped.

"Why don't you go on?" asked his mother.

"I can't, I haven't forgiven Walter," said Tommy.

"Then you had better to ask Jesus to help you forgive him right now."

Tommy did so, and when he had finished his prayer, he went to bed with a happy heart.

Dear children, how can you ask God to forgive you, while you carry a bitter and unforgiving spirit within you. Forgive, return good for evil, and then when you pray to be forgiven, you can feel that God hears and answers your prayer.

GOD'S CARE.

THERE is no mousey quite so small
But mother mouse comes at his call,
And brings him many crumbs of bread,
With which the little one is fed.

There are no birdies quick and bright,
Who through the garden take their flight,
But have their thick warm feather clothes,
To shelter them from rains and snow.

There is no flitting butterfly,
No little worm so soon to die,
But finds a bud or finds a leaf,
And eats of it and knows no grief.

No creature is there on the earth,
But has its chimney-place and hearth,
With food and bed within its house,
From highest man to tiny mouse.

And who has thought of all of this?
The loving God! The work is His!
He lives o'er all with gentle sway,
And makes for us both night and day.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE.

LONG ago at the end of the twelfth century was the period of the Crusades. There was a great uprising of children in different parts of Europe; they gathered together from far and near to march to Palestine and take possession of the holy sepulchre. They were drawn together by songs and banners and it is said that no less than one hundred thousand boys and girls left their parents and their homes to go forth on this fruitless errand, believing that they were following God's commands.

Thousands of these children perished from cold and hunger, and many of them dropped out of the ranks, and after many a weary day found their way back to their homes, or were never heard of again; but the greater number of them pushed on, and finally reached the border of the Mediterranean Sea. They expected the sea to open before them and allow them to march through. They waited in vain, however, for the water continued to flow on, and at last they embarked on seven ships. It was a terrible voyage. A storm arose, and two of the ships were dashed to pieces; and so we read that "in 1212 two ships laden with fair and hopeful youths who had taken the cross under the guidance of one Stephen of France, were wrecked in a storm at the foot of the Hermit's Rock."

Years afterward, on the island of San Pietro, a church was built as a memorial of the lost children, and was called the "Church of the Innocents." The bones of the children that were scattered along the shore were gathered and buried inside the church. To-day the ruins of that old church may be seen looking out over the blue sea in which so many young children perished.

In these days the boys and girls are not called upon to go away from their homes on a hard and fruitless journey, but they are called to enlist in the army of the King and serve him just where each one is