

WAITING TO GROW.

LITTLE white crocuses, just waking up,
Violet, daisy and sweet buttercup,
Under the leaves, and the ice, and the
snow,
Waiting to grow.

Think what a host of queer little seeds,—
Flowers and mosses and ferns and weeds,
Under the leaves, and the ice, and the
snow,
Waiting to grow.

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender brown fingers about,
Waiting to grow.

Nothing so small or hidden so well,
That God cannot find it and presently tell
His sun where to shine and his rain where
to go,
Helping them grow.

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

| | |
|--|--------|
| The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular. | |
| Christian Guardian, weekly | \$1 00 |
| Methodist Magazine and Review, 96 pp. monthly, illustrated | 2 00 |
| Christian Guardian and Methodist Magazine and Review | 2 75 |
| Magazine and Review, Guardian and Onward together | 3 25 |
| The Western, Halifax, weekly | 1 00 |
| Sunday-school Banner, 60 pp., 8vo., monthly | 0 60 |
| Onward, 8 pp., 16o., weekly under 5 copies | 0 60 |
| 5 copies and over | 0 50 |
| Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 16o., weekly, single copies | 0 30 |
| Less than 20 copies | 0 25 |
| Over 20 copies | 0 24 |
| Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 10 copies | 0 15 |
| 10 copies and upwards | 0 12 |
| Happy Days, fortnightly, less than 10 copies | 0 15 |
| 10 copies and upwards | 0 12 |
| Dow Drops, weekly, per year | 0 07 |
| Per quarter | 0 02 |
| Berean Leaf, monthly, 100 copies per month | 5 50 |
| Berean Leaf, quarterly | 0 06 |
| Quarterly Review Service. By the year, 21 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100. Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; 60c per 100. | |

Address—WILLIAM BRIGGS,
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
29 to 33 Richmond St. West, and 29 to 33 Temperance St.,
Toronto.

C. W. COATES, S. F. HUERTER,
217 St. Catherine Street, Wesleyan Book Room,
Montreal, Que. Halifax, N.S.

Happy Days.

TORONTO, MAY 1, 1897.

"BEHOLD WHAT MANNER OF LOVE!"

A MOTHER in Chicago was arrested for intoxication, and arraigned before the judge. "Seven dollars and sixty cents is the fine," said the judge sternly. But the woman had not a cent. Her seven-year-old boy said to his tiny sister:

"Come on, we've got to git that money or mam'll hev to go to gaol. Jest wait, Mr. Judge, and we'll get it."

The children hurried out of the courtroom, and going from store to store, solicited contributions to "keep mam from going to gaol," the boy bravely promising to return the money as soon as he could earn it.

Soon he came back, and laying a handful of change on the magistrate's desk, exclaimed:

"There's two dollars, Mr. Judge, and I can't git no more now. I ain't as big as mam, and I can't do as much work; but if you'll just let me go to jail 'stead o' her, I'll stay longer to make up for it."

The bystanders wiped their eyes, and a policeman exclaimed:

"Your mother shan't go to gaol, my lad, if I have to pay the fine myself."

"I will remit the fine," said the judge. The mother, clasping her boy, sank upon her knees and solemnly promised that she would lead a better life and be worthy of such a son.

The love of this boy for his mother helps us to faintly comprehend the wonderful love of Him "who his own self," in a sense we can never know, "bare our sins in his own body on the tree" (1 Pet. 2. 24), and of whom it is written, in words we cannot comprehend, "The Lord hath made the iniquity of us all to meet on him."

LOVING BACK.

LITTLE Alice was playing with her doll while her mother was writing. When her mother had finished the writing, she told Alice that she might come and sit on her lap, and Alice said:

"I'm so glad! I wanted to love you so much, mamma."

"Did you, darling?" and she clasped her tenderly. "I am very glad that my little girl loves me so, but I fancy that you were not very lonely while I was writing; you and Dolly seemed to be having a happy time together."

"Yes, mamma, we were; but after a while I got tired of loving her."

"And why?"
"Oh, just because she never loves me back."

"And is that why you love me?"
"That is one why, mamma; but not the first one, nor the best."

"And what is the first and the best?"
"Why, mamma, don't you guess? It's because you loved me when I was too little to love you back; that's why I love you so."

That was a very good reason, and even mamma herself could not have given a better one. That is one reason, also, why we should love the dear Lord: because he first loved us, and died to redeem us from our sins.

A RAINY DAY.

"Oh, dear! raining again; there is nothing a fellow can do to have any enjoyment on a rainy day."

Grandma, sitting by the widow, her knitting in hand, looked up, a smile of amusement on her gracious face. "What about all your nice games and books, Edgar?" she said.

"I'm tired of them. I wanted to ride on my wheel and fish in the pond," and the eyes, usually so mirthful, filled with tears.

Grandma laid her knitting aside; the

matter was assuming a most serious aspect if Edgar was moved to tears.

"Edgar, dear," she said, "if you cannot spend the day in gratifying your own wishes, suppose you do something to make some one else happy?"

"Why, grandma, what?" the child exclaimed with an interested look.

"Well, there are many things possible for even a child to do to lighten the cares of others. For instance, baby had a restless night; couldn't you make mother happy by trying to amuse her?"

"Oh, Grandma, there's no fun in that."
"No fun, perhaps, but a joy, deep and lasting, born of the consciousness of having done one's duty. Just try to spend the day unselfishly, dear; make sunshine within even if there is gloom without, and see if you do not find that the hours have been well spent."

Edgar was a boy who when he had made a decision was resolute in carrying it out. So, a few moments later, when mamma entered the room with baby Ruth in her arms, he said pleasantly, "Let me have her, mother; you know she likes to be with me."

The tired expression faded from mother's face. "Why dear," she said, "I expected you would be too disappointed to be of much use to-day."

Baby Ruth was happy; she put her arms around his neck and pressed her rosy cheeks against his. "Nice brother, kind brother," she lisped.

So the hours sped by. Edgar, with grandma's help, prepared a pretty book of pictures for a little crippled boy in the hospital ward. Then he dried the dinner dishes for mamma, and afterward, covered with his mackintosh, went out to post a letter for grandma. In the afternoon the baby awoke from a refreshing nap and laughed with delight when she found Edgar beside her ready to amuse her. He piled high the blocks, and shouted with baby sister when they tumbled over. He sang two of his kindergarten songs for her, going through the motions, to the enjoyment of grandma and mamma as well as Ruth.

"What a short day this has been, grandma," he said.

"Yet the rain is not over, Edgar," was the smiling answer. "Indeed, my dear child, you will find that the days are short and happy if you start out determined to fill the hours with loving words and deeds."

WHO IS LOVE?

BESSIE and sue were going to have lunch, With only one paer for the two; So mother had said, "Remember my dears, Let love divide this for you."

"I wonder who Love is?" said dear little Sue,

I wonder why mother said so?
O! now I remember, I'm sure it must be,
For 'God is Love,' Bessie, you know."