

THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

A poor wayfaring man of grief
Hath often crossed me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief
That I could never answer, Nay.

Once when my scanty meal was spread,
He entered—not a word he spake—
Just perishing for want of bread.
I gave him all; he blessed and brake.

'Twas night: the floods were out, it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.

In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.

Then in a moment to my view
The stranger started from disguise;
The token in his hands I knew—
My Saviour stood before my eyes.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MARCH 30, 1889.

A WHOLE FAMILY IN HEAVEN.

THE following eloquent passage is from the pen of Albert Barnes: "A whole family in heaven! Who can picture or describe the everlasting joy? No one absent. Nor father, nor mother, nor son, nor daughter away. In the world they were united in faith, and love, and peace, and joy. In the morning of the resurrection they ascend together. Before the throne they bow together in united adoration. On the banks of the river of life they walk hand-in-hand, and as a family they have commenced a career of glory which shall be everlasting. Their hereafter is to be no separation in that family. No one is to lie down on a bed of pain; no one to sink into the arms of death.

Never, in heaven, is that family to move along in the slow procession, clad in the habiliments of woe, to consign one of its members to the tomb. God grant that, in his infinite mercy, every family may be thus united!"

WEAVING SUNSHINE.

"You can't guess, mamma, what grandma Davis said to me this morning, when I carried her the flowers and the basket of apples!" exclaimed little Mary Price, as she came running into the house, her cheeks red as twin roses.

"I am quite sure, darling," said mamma, "that I cannot; but I hope it was something pleasant."

"Indeed it was, mamma," said Mary. "She said: 'Good morning, dear; you are weaving sunshine.' I hardly knew what she meant at first, but I think I do now; and I am going to try to weave sunshine every day."

"Mother," concluded Mary, "don't you remember that beautiful poetry, 'Four little sunbeams,' you read to me one day? If those sunbeams could do so much good, I think we all ought to be little sunbeams!"

After a few moments' pause a new thought seemed to pop into Mary's little head, and she said: "O mamma! I have just thought. When Lizzie Patton was here she told me that her Sabbath-school class was named 'Little Gleaners,' and I know another class called 'Busy Bees.' Now, next Sunday I mean to ask our teacher to call our class 'Sunshine Weavers,' and then we will all go weaving sunshine."

It is a good plan. Sunshine weavers will be kindly remembered long after cross, hateful people have been forgotten.

LET THE LITTLE GIRLS ROMP.

MOST mothers have a dread of romps; so they lecture the girls daily on the proprieties, and exhort them to be little ladies. They like to see them very quiet and gentle and as prim as possible. The lot of such children is rather pitiable, for they are deprived of the fun and frolic to which they are entitled. Children—boys and girls—must have exercise to keep them healthy. Deprive them of it, and they will fade away like flowers without sunshine. Running, racing, skipping, climbing—these are the things that strengthen the muscles, expand the chest, and build up the nerves. The mild dose of exercise taken in the nursery with calisthenics or gymnastics will not invigorate the system like a good romp in the open air. Mothers, therefore, who counsel their little girls to play very quietly,

make a mistake. Better the laughing, rosy-cheeked, romping girl than the pale, lily-faced one who is called every inch a lady. The latter rarely breaks things, or tears her dresses, or tries her mother's patience, as the former does; but, after all, what does the tearing and breaking amount to? It is not a wise policy to put an old head on young shoulders. Childhood is the time for childish pranks and plays. The girls will grow into womanhood soon enough. Let them be children as long as they can. Give them plenty of fresh air and sunlight, and let them run and romp as much as they please. By all means, give us hearty, healthy, romping girls, rather than the pale-faced little ladies, condemned from their very cradles to nervousness, headache, and similar ailments.

DID FRANKIE REALLY WANT IT?

FRANKIE was playing with his new drum. He went up and down the room beating it with both sticks, and making enough noise for half a dozen little boys. Then he stopped and asked: "Mamma, may I have a cookie?" Mamma would have said: "Yes, go and ask Jane for one," but that he went straight on with his drumming. After a while he asked again: "May I have a cookie?" But he went right on with his play, as before, so mamma did not trouble herself to answer. After a long time he said: "Why, mamma, I asked you ever so long ago if I could have a cookie." "But you didn't really want it, or you would have stopped your drumming to see if I would give it to you," she said.

That is the way it is with our prayers sometimes. We ask God for things, and then, without waiting to see if he is going to give them to us, we go on with what we were doing. That is not the way the men who brought their friend to Jesus did. They wanted something very much, and they worked and waited till they obtained it.

WHY WAS IT?

"I'm going to let Tom Brown ride on me sled. He and I will take turns, and we'll have real fun," said Willie.

"I'm not going to let anybody ride on mine. If any of the other fellows want to coast, why don't they get sleds of their own?" I say. You're a goose for sharing yours," answered his brother Charlie.

So Willie and Tom "took turns," and Charlie coasted by himself all the time. When they went home, Willie said he had had a splendid time, and didn't know why Charlie was so cross and unhappy. Can any of my little readers tell why it was?