

WHITER THAN SNOW.

"FEAR not, little flock,"  
Says the Saviour divine,  
"The Father has willed  
That the kingdom be thine.  
  
Oh! soil not thy garments  
With sin while below,  
My sheep and my lambs  
Must be whiter than snow."

Far whiter than snow,  
And as fair as the day,  
For Christ is the fountain  
To wash sin-stains away.

Oh! give him, poor sinner,  
That burden of thine,  
And enter the fold  
With the ninety and nine.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 28, 1888.

CHRIST WELCOMING SINNERS.

WE are told that in stormy weather it is not unusual for small birds to be blown out from land on to the sea. They are often seen by voyagers out of their reckoning and far from the coast, hovering far over the mast on weary wings, as if they wanted to alight and rest themselves, but fearing to do so. A traveller tells us that on one occasion a little lark, which followed the ship for a considerable distance, was at last compelled through sheer weariness to alight. He was so worn out as to be easily caught. The warm hand was so agreeable to him that he sat down on it and buried his little cold feet in his feathers, and looked about with his bright eye not in the least afraid, and as if feeling assured that he had been cast amongst good, kind people whom he had no occasion to be backward in trusting. A touching picture of the soul who is aroused

by the Spirit of God, and blown out of its reckoning by the winds of conviction, and the warm reception which the little bird received at the hands of passengers conveys but a faint idea of that welcome which will always greet the worn-out sin-sick souls who will commit themselves into the hands of the only Saviour.—C. H. Spurgeon.

MOTHER'S EARS.

"I've had the beautifullest time!" said Tommy Downs to his mamma, coming in at bed-time from spending the evening with his playmate Phil Porter.

"What have you been doing?" asked Mrs. Downs, smiling on her noisy, stirring boy.

"Oh, we've made all the noise we wanted to, I and Phil, and the girls. We marched for soldiers, and I whistled while Phil beat his drum, and we played 'I spy' and 'Stage Coach' and 'Puss-in-the-Corner.' Then we each took a comb and some tissue paper, and played on them as loud as we could—had a regular comb concert."

"And it didn't disturb Mrs. Potter at all?"

"Not a bit. She just sat and read all the evening, and paid no attention to us. I wish you was as deaf as she is!"

"Why, Tommy?"

"Well, I do," persisted Tommy. "It would save you so much trouble with your headaches and my noise, for I know I'm a noisy boy. I believe you'd take lots more comfort than you do now."

"Don't you think I like to hear the music of my little boy's voice?"

"The trouble is you hear it too much and too loud," laughed Tommy.

A few days after he went to see Phil again. It was fine sliding, so he and Phil and a dozen other boys were sliding down the hill back of Mrs. Potter's house.

"I'm dreadful thirsty," said Tommy to Phil. "I'll run down to your house for a drink of water."

"You won't need to go in," said Phil. "You can get it from the cistern in the back room." The cistern was under the floor, the water low down and Tommy's arm short. It was icy, too, around the trap-door, and it was no wonder that Tommy slipped in.

He caught the edge of the board and held on with all his might, screaming for help. Through the open outside door he could see Mrs. Potter sitting by the back parlour window, sewing, and she could easily have heard him scream, if she only hadn't been deaf.

The boys on the hill made too much

noise to hear him. He was hanging in the ice-cold water almost to his waist, and his hands and arms were so tired that he thought he must let go and drop in, when little Nell came and stood by the window where her mother sat, and she caught sight of Tommy.

He saw her pull her mother's sleeve, and point to him, and then it was no time at all before Mrs. Potter had him out of his cold bath and into the house in hot blankets.

"Mother," said Tommy that night, "I can't be glad enough that you are not deaf. I don't wonder that Jesus said, 'Blessed are your ears, for they hear!'"

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

SOME little children were in the school-room, talking.

Said Sue Langdon, "I wish I had a dress all silk and velvet, like Amy John's. It's lovely!"

"I wish I had a bag full of money," said her brother Tom, "and I'd buy it for you; and lots of things for myself too."

"Books, and sleds, and tools, and everything," put in little Johnny. So all were telling what they wanted most. One little girl in the group said nothing, till the question was put right to her. Then she answered softly, "I'd rather have a clean heart. Mamma says that's worth more than silver and gold and diamonds; and we can get it by just asking for it."

The little girl was right in her choice, and right in her thought as to how it could be obtained. Of all the blessed things Jesus said we could have, none is more precious than this: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

A BIRD STORY.

LAST spring one of the old birds in Dr. Prime's collection—a gray sparrow—became blind. Straightway a little dark brown-and-white bird, known as a Japanese nun, and named Dick, became the sparrow's friend. The sparrow's home had a round hole as a door-way. Little Dick would sit down on a perch opposite the hole and chirp. The blind bird would come out, and guided by Dick's chirps would leap to the perch and so on to the seed cup and water bottle. But the most curious part of the performance was when the blind sparrow would try to get back into the house. Dick would place the sparrow exactly opposite the hole by shoving him along the perch. When opposite, Dick would chirp, and the blind bird would leap in, never failing.—Selected.