

WHO? WHY? HOW LONG?

Who should work for missions,
God's kingdom to advance?
Each and all, both great and small,
Whoever has a chance.

Why? Because he bids it—
Because so great the need,
If one wants bread he must be fed,
Or he will starve indeed.

How long shall we keep at it?
How soon may labour cease?
We must keep on till all are won
Who'll serve the Prince of Peace.

And so here, from year to year,
Keep up our mission band:
We must not pause, for still the cause
Needs every heart and hand.

—Children's Work for Children

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JUNE 9, 1888.

LITTLE PILLOWS.

"Our Lord Jesus Christ, who died for us."—
1 Thess. v. 9, 10.

DIED for us? who else ever did as much
for you? who else ever loved you as much?
Only think, now, what it really means, be-
cause it is really true, and surely it is most
horribly ungrateful when one for whom
such a great thing has been done does not
even think about it.

You would think it hard to be punished
for some one else's fault, but this is just
exactly what your dear Saviour did—let
himself be punished for your fault instead
of you.

Suppose some cruel men were going to cut
off your leg, what would you think if your
brother came and said, "No; chop mine off
instead?" But that would not be dying
for you. And "our Lord Jesus Christ died"
for you.

It was the very most he could do to show
his exceeding great love to you. He was
not obliged to go through it. he might
have come down from the cross at any
moment. The nails could not have kept
him there an instant longer than he chose;
his love and pity were the real nails that
nailed him fast to the cross till the very
end, till he could say, "It is finished," till
he "died" for us.

It was not only because he loved his Father
that he did it, but because he loved us;
for the text goes on, "Who died for us, that
whether we wake or sleep, we might live to-
gether with him." So he loved us so much
that he wanted us to live together with him;
and as no sin can enter his holy and beauti-
ful home, he knew our sins must be taken
away before we could go there. And only
blood could take away sin, only death could
atone for it; and so he bled that we might
be washed in his most precious blood, he
died, "that whether we wake or sleep, we
might live together with him."

"There is a word I fain would speak,

Jesus died!

O eyes that weep and hearts that break,

Jesus died!

No music from the quivering string

Could such sweet sounds of rapture bring;

Oh, may I always love to sing,

'Jesus died! Jesus died!'"

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

BLIND TOM IN INDIA.

Is there one who has not heard of Blind
Tom? No one ever listened to his playing
without being lost in wonder. But there is
another blind Tom. I heard of him for the
first time last evening. A native of India,
who speaks the English language as well as
you or I can, told us about the wonderful
continent he lived in.

I was deeply touched when he told us
about his blind Tom. Tom is a man who
has been blind for many years. He learned
to speak English without much trouble, for
he had nothing else to do. The teacher who
told us his touching history said that Tom
heard from him the wonderful story of Jesus
and his love, and believed it. He came one
day to his teacher and said to him: "Teacher,
I want something."

"Well, Tom, what is it?"

"Why, teacher, I want to learn to read."

"But, Tom," said the teacher, "I can't
help you."

"Why not?"

"Because you can't see, and we have no
books for the blind."

"But, teacher, can't we pray to God to

put it into the heart of some one in your
country to send us a book in raised print?"

"We can try it," said the teacher.

But that teacher did not really expect
such a book. Tom did. He prayed in
earnest.

Two or three months after this interview
a ship came in from America. She brought
supplies for the missionaries. But what is
that package? It looked like a large book.
When opened it proved to be the Gospel
according to St. John in raised print for
the blind. No one in America had ever
heard of blind Tom in India.

The good teacher sent for him at once
"Tom," said he, "what do you think of this?"

"Think of it!" said Tom; "why, I knew
it was coming."

Then Tom began to learn a letter at a
time in raised print. Of course he soon
learned to read, for his heart was in it. But
that was not enough. He had an object in
view. He must tell others the wonderful
truth he had found in his precious book.
He went from village to village, and crowds
came to hear him.

It was a strange sight to those heathens
when they saw a blind man reading English
words with his fingers translating them into
their language.

God blessed his labours among his igno-
rant countrymen. They sometimes gave
him money. Every little while he comes
in and says: "Teacher, here is something
for Jesus; take it and use it for him." And
then lays down a rupee. The coin is worth
about fifty cents.

To-day, blind Tom in India is giving
more money for missionary purposes than
many rich men in this country are giving.—
Selected.

A LESSON FROM BABY'S STOCKING.

LITTLE GRACIE was one day washing baby's
stockings, when she let one fall and got a
spot on it.

She first tried to scrape it off with her
fingers; then finding she could not succeed
in that, she ran to her mother, saying:

"Mamma, I can't get this spot off; will
you please try?"

Her mother then took it and began wash-
ing it, and it soon came off.

This is the way with our hearts. First
they are all clean; then we do a little wrong
thing, and that makes a spot. We think
little of it at the time—only try to scrape
it off by excusing ourselves, which makes
it worse. Then we ought to run to Jesus
and ask him to wash it off in his blood,
which was shed for sinners. And, if we ask
sincerely, he is sure to grant our wish.