

CHRIST AND NICODEMUS.

THERE is a land immortal,
The beautiful of lands;
Beside its ancient portal
A silent sentry stands,
He only can undo it,
And open wide the door,
And mortals who pass through it
Are mortal never more.

Though dark and drear the passage
That leadeth to the gate,
Yet grace attends the message
To souls that watch and wait;
And at the time appointed
A messenger comes down,
And guides the Lord's anointed
From excess to glory's crown.

Their sighs are lost in singing,
They're blessed in their tears;
Their journey heavenward winging,
They leave on earth their fears:
Death like an angel seemeth;
"We welcome thee!" they cry;
Their face with glory beameth—
'Tis life for them to die!

OUR SUNDAY-SCHOOL PAPERS.

PER YEAR—POSTAGE FREE.

The best, the cheapest, the most entertaining, the most popular.

Christian Guardian, weekly	\$2 00
Methodist Magazine, monthly	2 00
Wesleyan and Magazine together	2 50
Magazine, Guardian and Onward together	4 00
The Wesleyan, Halifax, weekly	1 50
Sunday School Banner, monthly	0 60
Onward, 8 pp., 4to., weekly, under 5 copies	0 60
5 copies and over	0 50
Pleasant Hours, 4 pp., 4to., weekly, single copies	0 30
Less than 20 copies	0 25
Over 20 copies	0 24
Sunbeam, fortnightly, less than 20 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Happy Day, fortnightly, less than 10 copies	0 15
10 copies and upwards	0 12
Barren Land, monthly, 100 copies per month	3 50
Quarterly Harvest Service, By the year, 24 cents a dozen; \$2 per 100 Per quarter, 6 cents a dozen; per 100	0 50

Address—**WILLIAM BRIGGS,**
Methodist Book and Publishing House,
2, to St. Richmond St. West, and 20 to 22 Temperance St.,
TORONTO.

C. W. COATES, 31 Mercury Street, Montreal, Que.
S. F. HURST, Meth. Book Room, Halifax, N.S.

HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 16, 1893.

CONFESS YOUR FAULTS TO GOD.

"If we confess." How often little children are troubled with such a question as this: "If I confess, what will happen?" If I tell mother I have eaten the sugar, or John I have broken his kite, or Kate I have spilled ink over her work-box, what will they say? How will they look?

Sometimes a man has stolen money, and wishes to admit it; but the dread of the prison is before him if he confesses. He

has done wrong, and now he fears to do right lest he should be punished for doing wrong.

It is always right to own it when we have done any one a wrong or an injury, even by accident; yet I suppose there is not one of us who has not had to struggle with this thought at some time, "What will happen if I confess?"

Sometimes a sinner goes to a priest, and ponders as he goes, "What will be the penance if I confess?" We may go with our sins, not to a priest, but to him who imposes no penance; who, "if we confess our sins, is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." You have nothing to dread when you come to God, humbly confessing your faults. He will meet you as the father did the prodigal son, while he was yet a great way off, and give you his pardon and his blessing, and fill your hearts with his peace.

THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

A GENTLEMAN who was well known for his liberality was besieged by many children who were selling tickets for a fair. A dozen filed into his office at once. He could not be expected to buy of all, yet he hesitated to refuse any without a good cause. Said he—

"I will buy tickets of all who can say the ten commandments."

Of the twelve not one could make the required recitation, and all belonged to the same Sunday-school and the same class.

Another energetic young sales-woman made her appearance.

"How many commandments should you say there were?" she was asked.

"Sixteen."

"You place the figures rather high; but let's hear what you know."

"Well," she said, slowly, "I know but four."

"Say the four for me, then."

A moment's pause,

"I don't believe I know but two."

"We will hear the two, then, if you please."

"I've forgot them," said the vendor of tickets; a member of the same Sunday-school and the same class before mentioned.

"Well, then, I guess I can't deal with you;" and she was dismissed.

As many as fifty applied at that time, yet none could say the commandments except one little girl, of whom tickets were bought.

A JAPANESE FAMILY.

THE Japanese are a very pleasant and hospitable people. The first thing they do is to make you feel at home. They are kind, too, in their families. The children in Japan have nothing like the hard life the poor children in China have. Indeed the most of them have a bright, happy home life. What a queer picture the inside of a Japanese home often presents.

Here is what a missionary who has travelled a good deal in Japan had to say of one home she visited: "The children are very curious at the ways of the visitor, and watch him use a knife and fork, which he had brought with him, with as much interest as we should watch a Chinaman eat with chopsticks. They were very happy indeed when he gave them some of his bread to taste, as they had never seen bread before. But they were curious things, too, for an English missionary to see. A handsome white horse lived in the house, and strutted about, crowing and cackling. There were hutches full of rabbits, which every now and then the smoke from the fire filled the room, for there was no chimney. Yet this was not the house of a poor man: in fact, there were signs of his being well off. Some handsomely painted screens formed the door into the sitting room. There the most curious thing I saw was a saddle mounted on a sort of dog-kennel to keep it from harm."

Japanese pillows are of wood, and are used to support the neck so that the head need not be disarranged at night. Some of these pillows have a drawer to hold hair-pins and other articles in.

Burning incense is a custom of the Japanese. They say they burn it to please the gods, because the gods like to smell. The incense is made from an evergreen tree, and making it is quite an industry in Japan. The burning incense has quite an agreeable odour, reflecting credit upon the good taste of their gods.—*Little Worker*

A BRAVE BOY.

A LITTLE boy was tempted to pluck some cherries from a tree which his father had forbidden him to touch.

"You need not be afraid," said his companion, "for if your father should find it out he is too good to hurt you."

"Yes," said the brave little fellow, "I know that and it's the very reason why I won't take any. He wouldn't hurt me but it would hurt him to know I did not mind him."