

THE OUTCAST.

ARTHUR BAKER.

Poor little outcast found dead in the street,
Bare was his head, and no shoes on his feet.
White with the snow was his curly black
hair,

Clasped were his hands as though lifted in
prayer.

Homeless and friendless, unheard his last
call

Savo by the ear that is open to all;
O'er his wee form had the snow and the sleet
Gathered themselves as a covering sheet.

Homeless no longer, for Christ in his love
Took him away to the bright home above;
Home where earth's hunger and thirsting
are o'er—

Home to his Saviour and joy evermore.

Take him up tenderly, carry with care,
Breathe o'er his form for the outcasts a
prayer,

He now is free from all sin and all strife—
They are still fighting the battle of life.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MAY 25, 1890.

THE JESUS-TEACHING.

At a meeting in Japan where a number of Christian girls were gathered together, the subject was,—“How to glorify Christ by our lives.” One of the girls said: “It seems to me like this: One spring my mother got some flower seeds, little, ugly, black things, and planted them; they grew and blossomed beautifully. One day a neighbour coming in and seeing these flowers said, ‘Oh, how beautiful! I must have some, too; won't you please give me some seed?’ Now, if this neighbour had only just seen the flower seeds, she wouldn't have called for them; 'twas only when she

saw how beautiful was the blossom that she wanted the seed. And so with Christianity. when we speak to our friends of the truths of the Bible, they seem to them hard and uninteresting, and they say: ‘We don't care to hear about these things; they are not as interesting as our own stories.’ But when they see these same truths blossoming out in our lives into kindly words and good acts, then they say, ‘How beautiful these lives! What makes them different from other lives?’ When they hear that 'tis the Jesus-teaching, then they say ‘We must have it, too!’ And thus, by our lives, more than by our tongues, we can preach Christ to our unbelieving friends.”

A BOY'S OPPORTUNITIES.

“WELL, what is it, my boy?” asked Mrs. Leonard, as Frank came in from school one Thursday afternoon, and pettishly threw his books upon the table. Twirling his hat in his hands, Frank answered:

“It's everything, mother. You know it's composition day. Well, the subject is, ‘My Opportunities.’ I don't believe I have any opportunities. I think I might write about some other person's opportunities, though. Only think, the boys have all gone over to the cricket ground this afternoon, and here I have got to stay shut up in the house to write that miserable composition. The other boys can write theirs this evening, while I am tied up to that old store. That's just the way all my opportunities slip from me—my opportunities for sport, at any rate.”

“I am glad you added that last clause,” said his mother; “but you know you could have gone with the boys.”

“Why, mother Leonard! do you think I would give up my chance of going to college for an afternoon's fun? When I promised father I would save him the expense of hiring a clerk by helping in the store evenings and Saturdays, so he could better afford to send me to college, I meant to stick to it. But, you see, the fathers of the other fellows are able to send them to college without their having to pinch and dig for it.”

“Frank, you are looking only at your opportunities for sport. Just think of some of your opportunities for making a noble, strong-minded, educated man of yourself. You forget how many boys there are who cannot possibly receive so good an education as you, because they haven't the advantage. There is Tom Howard. You have often told me what a desire that boy has for learning. And there's a whole family looking to him for support, on account of the father's intemperance. But the boy is

fast learning many things that neither books nor schools could teach him.”

“Frank lifted his face with a penitent yet eager look, and said, “Mother, I had entirely forgotten that blessed old Tom. I am afraid I have been—well, at least, cracking the tenth commandment. Preach away, ma'am!”

“I know you would come round to the right view,” she answered. “In missing the sport, you are gaining something better. By being obliged to depend on yourself in part for the expense of your education, you are learning self-reliance, which will be of inestimable value to you in your future life. I think, too, that you will improve—and are improving—your opportunities for learning, better than if you were at no trouble to obtain it. We always prize a thing that costs something.”

“Thanks for your sermon, mother,” said Frank. “I believe ‘My Opportunities’ will make a first-rate subject for a composition.”

PETER PUTOFF.

I KNOW a little boy whose real name we will say is Peter Parsons, but the boys call him Peter Putoff, because he has such a way of putting off both business and pleasure.

He can learn his lessons well, but he is almost always at the bottom of his class, because he has put off learning his task from one hour to another until it is too late. He can walk or run as fast as any boy in town, but if he is sent on an errand, the errand never gets done in season, because he puts off starting from one moment to another; and for the same reason he is almost always late at school, because he never can be made to see that it is drawing near to nine o'clock.

If letters are given him to post, they never get in in time for the mail; and if he is to go away by the boat or train, the whole family has to exert itself to hurry Peter out of the house, lest he defer starting till the hour be past.

He delays in his play as in his work. He puts off reading the library-book until it is time to send it back; he waits to join the game until it is too late; and generally comes up a little behind-hand for everything, from Monday morning until Saturday night, and then begins the new week by being too late for church and Sunday-school. Peter is quite conscious of his own fault, and means to reform some time, but he puts off the date of the reformation so constantly, that manhood and old age will probably overtake this boy, and find him still only worthy of the name of Peter Putoff.