

"WHOSOEVER."

THERE were children on the floor,
Conning Bible verses o'er

"Which word all the Bible through
Do you love the best?" queried Sue.

"I like Faith the best," said one,
"Jesus is my word alone;"

"I like Hope;" "and I like Love;"
"I like Heaven, our home above."

One more, smaller than the rest—
"I like Whosoever best,

"Whosoever, that means all—
Even I, who am so small."

Whosoever! Ah! I see;
That's the word for you and me.

"Whosoever will," may come—
Find a pardon and a home.

—Gleaning for the Young.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 21, 1886.

HOW GOD LOOKS AT SIN.

DURING last summer a Christian lady who was visiting a seaside place asked some little children to come to her every Lord's day afternoon to hear about the Lord Jesus.

One afternoon she wanted to tell them what God thought about sin, so she took a microscope and gave them some very small print to look at through it.

They all exclaimed: "How large the letters seem, and when we look at them without the microscope they are so very small."

So then the lady told them, "That is the way God looks at sin."

You see, God thinks sin is very big, while you and I think it looks very small. We need to look at it through a microscope,

as the children did at the small print to see how big it really is, though it looks so small to us.

Now, dear children, perhaps you think it is a very little thing to tell a story, or get out of temper, or be disobedient to your parents; but God does not think it a little thing. God thinks it so big that nothing but the blood of Jesus, his own dear Son, could wash it away; and God loved the world so much, and the dear little children too, that "he gave his only begotten Son" to die on the cross, so that his precious blood might wash away all their sins.
Good Cheer.

A FORTUNE.

THREE boys were walking along the street together. They were all manly-looking little fellows, and no one could well help admiring their bright eyes and animated faces. An old woman, walking with a crutch and carrying a big basket, came along. She stepped upon a bit of orange peel which some careless body had thrown upon the pavement, she slipped, the basket fell from her hand, and in a flash more she would have fallen full length, had not one of our three boys sprang forward and held her up, like the true little gentleman that he was. Then he picked up the basket, replaced the things that had fallen out, and with an "Excuse me, boys," took it upon his own arm, and said to the old lady, "I'll carry it for you, ma'am," and away the pair went.

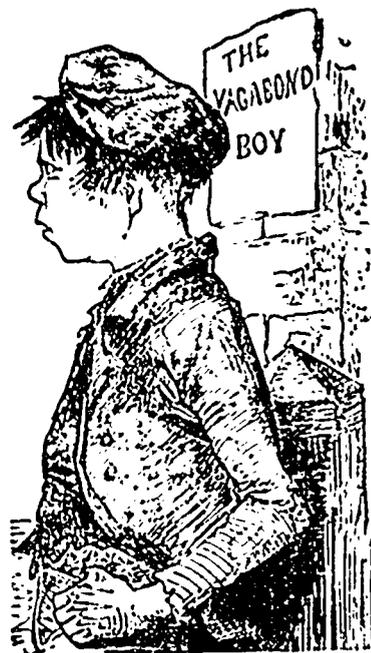
Two gentlemen stood looking on. One said to the other, "That boy has a ready-made fortune."

"Is he, indeed, heir to an estate?" asked his friend.

"O, he's the son of a poor widow, but he has a fortune in his quick eye, his clear head, his ready hands, and, above all, in his warm, generous heart. I have no fear for that boy's future. I have been watching him for months past, and to-morrow I am going to offer him a place in my counting-room."

The merchant was right. Ernest had a fortune already, and it was just such a fortune as any boy may have if he will. Ernest was a Christian boy, who loved God and all God's creatures. That made his eye quick to see if any one was in need of help, and moved his hands and feet on the errand of love. The spring, of course, was in his heart, and God sets that spring flowing for every one who asks it.

Ah! boys, the real fortune is in God! The world's poverty and wretchedness comes from not knowing this simple truth which is "revealed unto babes."



TWO BOYS.

THERE is a prophecy in the two pictures on these pages. The boys here represented will be men after awhile if they live. Any one can tell what kind of men they will be, for some one has said that the boy is father to the man. This is certainly true in one sense. "Boys are the stuff of which they make men" That is, as the boys grow older they grow into manhood, and the men will be just what the boys make of themselves.

Now look at these two pictures. See what a careless, lazy looking fellow the one boy is. He does not like work with hands or head. He has had a few good places where he might have earned a living for himself and been a blessing to his poor parents, but his carelessness soon led to his discharge. He thinks he is too big and independent to work for some one else, so he loafs about the streets, gets into bad company and perhaps drinks and steals a little when he gets a chance. He is on the way to ruin as fast as he can go. It is not hard to tell what kind of a man he will be. It is high time for him to stop and go the other way or else he will be what people sometimes call a "gutter snipe," or a "jail bird," even before he becomes a man. There is hope for him yet, if he will only try by the help of God to do better.

Now look at the other boy. See him hidden away by himself in a tidy room, instead of leaning against a hitchen-post. He has some difficult problems to prepare for school. The vagabond boy would say, "Oh, I can't do that and I don't care." The studious boy says, "It's pretty hard, but I'm determined to have it." He has only a tallow candle for a light, but he is