

JESUS.

CHILDREN, can you tell me why
Jesus left his home on high?
Left the glorious angels there
For this world of tears and care?
Left his Father's glorious face
For this dark and sinful place?
Tell me, children, tell me why
Jesus came to bleed and die.

"O it was for us he came,
And endured the cross and shame;
'Twas for us the thorns he wore,
'Twas for us the cross he bore,
'Twas because he loved us so
That he bore his dying woe;
Yes, that each with sin defiled
Might become a holy child."

Seek him, then, dear children, now;
Low in prayer before him bow;
Trust your precious souls to him—
He can pardon all your sin;
He can give you joy in dying,
If in his dear arms you're lying.
O dear children, this is why
Jesus came to bleed and die.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 26, 1887.

HOW WE SHOULD GIVE.

WHEN God gives us blessings, he does not mean us to be selfish with them. He is not pleased with us unless we share them with those around us. He says: "When I give you things so freely, you should give them just as freely to others."

Maybe you think if you have not money to give that you can't give anything. But that is not true. You can give kind words, and pleasant smiles, and loving deeds, and thoughtfulness. One day, a little boy wanted to help build a church. He had no money; but he said he would go every

day for a month, out of school hours, and help the workmen. He gave up all his play-time to help build the church. He was very careful not to get in their way; but he handed them tools, and held things, and did errands. Wasn't that helping to build God's house?

We can always give to Jesus loving hearts; and that is the best gift that anybody can give.

WHICH WILL YOU CHOOSE?

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

Said Sue: "I wish I had a new 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 girl in the group said nothing, till the question was put right to her. Then she answered softly,

"I'd rather have a pure 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."

BOYS AND MEN.

You are boys now, but you will soon be men. Then you will have your own way to make in the world. Do you mean to be idle and fretful, and deceive people, and give them a bad opinion of you? Or do you intend to go to work, and act bravely and nobly, and do your duty, and leave a name behind you when you die which the world will love and respect? Take care—now is the time! Did you ever notice a large tree that grew crooked, and was an ugly eye-sore on that account? Perhaps it stood on the lawn, right in front of the porch, and your father would have liked very much to have straightened it. It was impossible to do so. A hundred horses could not have dragged it erect. And yet think of the time when the large tree was a small sapling. A child might have straightened it then, and it would have grown properly, and every one would have admired it. By this we mean that boys should grow straight, not crooked. You are young now, as the tree was once; begin in time,

and you will be as straight as an arrow when you are a man. If you wait, it will be too late. The way to make men brave and noble is to take them when they are boys, and show them that there is nothing in this world so noble as doing their duty. Once more, we say, remember that, though you are boys now, you will be men soon.

You may do good or evil. If you do false and worthless, you and everybody else will have a hard time of it. You may be soldiers, judges, statesmen, and presidents. What you say or do may decide the fate of millions of other people. These will look to you; and, more than all, God will watch you, and hold you to a strict account. If you are brave and true and unselfish, heaven will bless you, and every one who knows you will love and respect you. If you are mean and cowardly, and think of nothing but your own pleasure, God and man will be displeased with you. What will you be? The best of all things is to be pure and do your duty.

HOW MUCH DO YOU WEIGH?

"PAPA, I got weighed at Uncle Will's. How heavy do you think I am?" asked Harry. "Give it up," said papa. "How heavy are you?" "I weigh forty-nine and a half pounds." "And I weigh thirty and a half pounds," chimed in his little brother. "So papa has eighty pounds of boys. Are you sure Uncle Will's scales were right? I once read of a king who thought himself very heavy. But when God weighed him in his scales he weighed nothing. Who can guess who this king is? What must we take with us in order to be light in weight?—Selected.

WELL TOLD.

DR. WILLIAM F. BROADBENT used to tell of a little girl who, in the days when the conversion of children was not the subject of as much prayer as now, applied for membership in a Baptist church.

"Were you a sinner," asked the deacon, "before this change of which you now speak?"

"Yes, sir," she replied.

"Well, are you now a sinner?"

"Yes, sir; I feel I am a greater sinner than ever."

"Then," continued the deacon, "what change can there be in you?"

"I don't know how to explain it," she said; "but I used to be a sinner running after sin, and now I hope I am a sinner running from sin."

They received her, and for many years she was a bright and shining light, and lived where there is no sin to run from.