

JESUS LAMB.

SEING I am Jesus' lamb,
Ever glad at heart I am
O'er my Shepherd kind and good,
Who provides my daily food,
And his lamb by name doth call,
For he knows and loves us all.

Guided by his gentle staff
Where the sunny pastures laugh,
I go in and out and feed,
Lacking nothing that I need,
When I thirst, my feet he brings
To the fresh and living springs.

Must not I rejoice for this?
He is mine and I am his,
And when these bright days are past,
Safely in his arms at last
He will bear me home to heaven:
Ah, what joy hath Jesus given!

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, APRIL 14, 1888.

GOOD LOOKS.

THERE are faces that might be beautiful were they not empty, telling of a starved soul so plainly that he who runs may read. There are other faces that might be beautiful were they not written all over with discontent and selfishness. An artist who had secured an unwilling Chinaman to sit as a model, said to him, "John, if you don't look pleasanter, I won't pay you." "No use," said John; "When Chinaman feelee ugly, he lookee ugly."

This, then, is the secret of an attractive personal appearance, high thinking and pure hearts, that shall shine out through the human face and transfigure it. Bright eyes and rounded cheeks are among the good and perfect gifts not to be lightly esteemed. But only when the beautiful face is the outshining of a beautiful soul has the world found its ideal.—*Christian Advocate.*

WANTING TO CONFESS.

SOME years ago, the wife of an American missionary was sitting on the verandah of her house in Burmah, at the close of the day. A native boy from the jungle came bouncing through the opening in the hedge which served as a gateway. Coming up to her, he asked, with great eagerness:

"Does Jesus Christ live here?"

He was a boy about twelve years of age. His hair was matted with dirt, and bristled in every direction like the quills of a porcupine. His clothing was dirty and ragged.

"Does Jesus Christ live here?" he asked again, as he crouched down at the lady's feet.

"What do you want with Jesus Christ?" she asked.

"I want to see him. I want to confess to him."

"Why, what have you been doing, that you want to confess?"

"Does he live here?" he continued, very eagerly. "I want to know that. Doing? Why, I tell lies; I steal; I do everything bad. I am afraid of going to hell! and I want to see Jesus Christ; for I hear that he can help poor sinners and save them from hell. Does he live here? Oh, tell me where I can find him!"

"But he does not help nor save people who go on doing wicked things," said the lady.

"I want to stop doing wickedly," said he; "but I can't stop. I don't know how to stop. The evil thoughts are in me, and the bad deeds come out of the evil thoughts. What can I do?"

"You cannot see Jesus Christ, my boy," said the lady; "but I am here as his servant to speak for him." Then she began and told him about Jesus; how he died to save us, and how he gives his grace and Spirit to help us. No poor man ready to die from thirst ever drank cold water more eagerly than this poor boy listened to what the missionary told him about Jesus.

The next day the boy was taken into the mission school, as a wild Karen boy. And one so eager to learn they had seldom seen. Every day he came to the teacher with some new question about Jesus. And soon he learned how Jesus pardons the sins of his people, and gives them grace to keep them from sinning any more. He was baptized, lived a joyful, consistent life for a short time, and then died a happy, Christian death.

This poor boy needed shelter and refreshment; and when he came to Jesus, and sat under his shadow as the true vine, he found them both in him.

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

THEY say our God lives very high!

But if you look above the pines,
You cannot see our God. And why?

And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see him in the gold,
Though from him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, he wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across his face—
Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

But still I feel that his embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things
made,

Through sight and sounds of every place:

As if my tender mother laid

On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,
Half-waking me at night, and said,

"Who kissed you through the dark, dear
guesser?"

—Elizabeth B. Browning.

EDDIE'S TEMPTATION.

EDWARD wrote grandma a letter. He said: "I want to tell you, grandma, how Satan almost caught me the other day. Mamma wanted me to go out and buy some tea. I was busy playing, and was just going to say, I can't go; send Mamie, when God spoke. 'Don't say that,' he said. Then Satan—I knew it was Satan—spoke right up: 'Say it, say it; Mamie can go as well as not.' Then God said again: 'Edward, won't you please me?' And I jumped right up, and said: Yes, I will. I was speaking to God, but mamma thought I was speaking to her. She gave me the money, and off I trotted. Satan comes when you don't expect him; doesn't he, grandma?"

HE LOVES US.

"Do you think Jesus loves you, Daisy?"

"O yes'm," she replied. "he loves me when I'm naughty and when I'm good. He loves me better when I do right, just as mamma do. They always love their little children, but of course they love them better when they are good. They are real sorry when their children are naughty."

Daisy understood. Jesus always loves us, but he cannot take joy and pleasure in us unless we obey him. If we do wrong, his love becomes grief and pity for us. Since he loves us so well that he was willing to die to save us from sin and everlasting death, how sad it is that we should grieve him by doing wrong! How much better it would be for us if we would always try to please him by doing his will!