

EVERY LITTLE STEP I TAKE.

EVERY little step I take
Forward in my heavenly way,
Every little effort make
To grow Christ-like day by day;

Little sighs and little prayers,
Even little tears which fall,
Little hopes, and tears, and cares—
Saviour, thou dost know them all.

Thus my greatest joy is this,
That my Saviour, loving, mild,
Knows the children's weaknesses,
And himself was once a child.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 15, 1887.

WHO IS JESUS?

HAVE you ever read in the big Bible about a little child that was born in Bethlehem in the land of Judea, and who, when he was a man, said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me?" I think you have all read it many times; but do you know who Jesus is? Before asking you to come to him, I wish you to know who he is.

He was a little babe in the manger, the boy of twelve years in the Temple with the doctors of the law, the grown man who was baptized in the river Jordan, who opened the eyes of blind Bartimeus, who raised the dead Lazarus, cast a legend of demons out of the man among the tombs, who was taken by wicked hands and nailed to the cross; and who, for three long dreadful hours, hung upon the cross, and died, was buried, but rose from the grave the third day, and ascended to his Father in Heaven.

But he was more than man; he was the divine Son of God; the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Father of the everlasting ages, the Prince of Peace and the Word of God. He is the Alpha and Omega, the first

and the last, the mighty God, Jehovah, King of kings, and Lord of lords; and God hath given him a name above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee shall bow and every tongue confess that he is Lord. He said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

A HINT TO BOYS.

I STOOD in the store the other day when a boy came in and applied for a situation.

"Can you write a good hand?" was asked.

"Yaas."

"Good at figures?"

"Yaas."

"That will do—I do not want you," said the merchant.

"But," I said, when the boy had gone, "I know that lad to be an honest, industrious boy. Why don't you give him a chance?"

"Because he hasn't learned to say 'Yes, sir,' and 'No, sir.' If he answers me as he did, when applying for a situation, how will he answer customers after being here a month?"

What could I say to that? He had fallen into the habit, young as he was, which turned him away from the first situation he had ever applied for.—*New London Day.*

"HAVING SOME FUN."

"Now, boys, I will tell you how we can have some fun," said Charlie to his companions, who had assembled one bright moonlight evening for sliding, snow-balling, and fun generally.

"What is it?" asked several at once.

"You shall see," replied Charlie. "Who's got a wood-saw?"

"I have." "So have I," replied three of the boys.

"Get them, and you and Freddy and Nathan each get an axe, and I will get a shovel. Let's be back in fifteen minutes."

The boys separated to go on their several errands, each wondering of what use wood-saws, and axes, and shovels could be in the play. But Charlie was a favourite with all, and they fully believed in his promises, and were soon assembled again.

"Now," said he, "Widow Maude, in yonder cottage, has gone to a neighbour's to sit up with a sick child. A man hauled her some wood to-day, and I heard her tell him that unless she got some one to saw it to-night, she would not have anything to make a fire of in the morning. Now we could saw and split that pile of wood just as easy as we could make a snow-man on her doorstep, and when Mrs. Maude comes home, she will be most agreeably surprised."

One or two of the boys objected, but the majority began to appreciate his fun, and to experience that inward satisfaction and joy that always results from well-doing.

It was not a long and wearisome job for seven robust and healthy boys to saw, split and pile up the widow's half-cord of wood and to shovel a good path. And when they had done this, so great was their pleasure and satisfaction, that one of them, who objected at first, proposed that they should go to a neighbouring carpenter's shop, where plenty of shavings could be had for the carrying away, and each bring an armful. The proposition was readily acceded to, and this done, they repaired to their seven homes, more than satisfied with the "feeling of the evening." And the next morning when the weary widow returned, from watching by the sick bed and saw what was done, she was pleasantly surprised and afterwards, when a neighbour (who had, unobserved, witnessed the labour of the boys) told her how it was done, by fervent invocation, "God bless the boys!" was of itself, if they could have heard it, abundant reward for their labours.

A WORD TO THE BOYS.

DEAR boys, God wants you in his kingdom. He wants you just as he does your father and mother. He wants your heart, your love, your service. He wants you to honour him and live for him. Christ died for you, boys, as much as for any one. His invitation, "Come unto Me," means you. You boys can serve him just as faithfully and just as acceptably, and just as easily as older persons. Serve and honour him in your own boy-life and way; be boy-Christians. Being Christians will not make you any less happy and joyous; it will add new joys.

Christ wants you now. Do not wait to become older. It is easier to give your hearts to Jesus, and to commence to live for Him now, than it will be when you are older. Every day of delay may take you farther from the Saviour. Those who "start early" have special promise of successful finding. Christ wants you now—every one of you who read this. Ask him to forgive your sins, however small they may be; every little sin needs forgiveness, and only he can give this. Give yourself to Jesus now; and when you have done this, help your companions to do the same.

As to Jesus of Nazareth, I think the system of morals and his religion, as he left them to us, are the best the world ever saw or is likely to see.