

THE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life and bade thee feed
By the stream, and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight;
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice;
Making all the vales rejoice?

Little lamb who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
He is called by thy name,
For he calls himself a Lamb;
He is meek and he is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child and thou a lamb
We are called by his name.

Little lamb, God bless thee;
Little lamb, God bless thee.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JULY 21, 1888.

SPEAKING TO GOD FOR US.

A CLASS was asked one day, "What is intercession?" A little boy answered, "It is speaking a word to God for us, sir."

That is what Christ does for us, now he has gone up to heaven. Our prayers are poor and mixed with much of sin, but if they come really from the heart he will offer them up to his Father without a flaw. For Christ's sake, God will freely give us all things.

There was a noble Athenian who had done the State great service, in which he had lost a hand. His brother for some offence, was tried and condemned, and about to be led away to execution. Just after the sentence had been pronounced the other came into court, and without speaking a word held up

his maimed hand in sight of all, and let that plead his brother's cause. No words could have been more powerful, and the guilty one was pardoned.

So, I think, if Christ did not speak a word for us, but only held up to his Father's view that pierced hand, it would plead for us as we could never plead for ourselves. It is for Christ's sake only that we are forgiven and made dear children of that blessed household above.—*Youth's World*.

BED-TIME TALES.

"I HAVE both ears open," said the Little Snuggler, by way of a gentle hint to the Big Storymaker, whom she took for granted was always wound up, like a thirty day clock, and ready to run.

"Once there was a dear old lady—very old, mind you," he began with a sigh. "Nobody knew just how old she was, for you see she had no mother or grandmother to remember for her—she lived before there were any mothers.

"And she was as healthy and plump as she was old; people said she was just a little broader than she was long, though I never could see that with my own eyes, notwithstanding I met her every day.

"How such a portly and aged lady would ever have taken care of herself, I cannot tell, I am sure, had she not been so fortunate as to have four handmaidens to dress her.

"These did not all wait on her at one time, but divided the work equally; and the strange part of it was that she changed her dress four times a day, and each one was allowed to choose the colour of dress she should wear, instead of the lady herself.

"So, when the first one began, she selected a robe of brightest green for her, only dotted here and there with specks of white, yellow, red and blue.

"A very pretty robe it was, so much admired by everybody that when the turn of the second one came, she did not attempt to change the costume, but only dyed it a deeper green, and adorned it with more bright colours.

"When it came the turn of the third, she decided so much bright colour was in bad taste, and changed to a dress of brown, trimmed in scarlet and old gold.

"This provided a very handsome costume, but the colours were not fast, and soon faded and grew very ugly; everyone feared they would, and so no one was surprised, one morning, to waken and find that the fourth handmaiden had changed it entirely for one of pure white. The children were delighted, and glanced in glee.

"When the old lady got her white robe on, she seemed to think it was intended as her night-gown, for she at once went to sleep, and took a long nap. Poor old creature! she must have been very tired changing so much."

"Take me to see her some day," pled the Little Snuggler.

"I think you will see her just outside your window in the morning, dressed in white."

"Pooh! that's only snow!" was the doubtful exclamation next morning.

"That's what I told you," was the wise answer. Are you wise enough to know what he meant?—*Our Morning Guide*.

A CHILD'S CHRISTIANITY.

LITTLE Mabel's mother had long been dead, and while her papa was away from home she had no companions but her governess and the servants. Her father had often told her not to admit to the house any person with whom she was not acquainted. One cold, wintry day a poor, ill-dressed woman stopped at the door and asked permission to warm herself by the kitchen fire.

"But," said Mabel, "my papa doesn't know you."

The woman was shivering with the cold, and the rain and the sleet dropped from her thin wraps.

A bright idea soon entered the child's head.

"Say," said she, "do you know Jesus?"

Tears started to the poor woman's eyes, and she began to tell how kind the Saviour had been to her.

"Well," said the child, "if you know Jesus, you may come in; for papa knows him, and I'm sure he won't care."

Thus should the manifestation of a knowledge of the Redeemer's love for him be the countersign by which we are to know all true Christians.

"IT IS MY MOTHER."

As the children belonging to a class in a Sabbath-school were reading one afternoon, the teacher had occasion to speak to them of the depravity of human nature, and afterward asked them if they could remember the name of any one person that lived on earth who was always good. A little girl, about eight years of age, immediately said, in the full simplicity of her heart, "I know whom you mean; it is my mother." The teacher told her that Jesus Christ was the person meant, but she was happy to hear that the dear child had so good a mother, and that she thought so much of her.