

## JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

SINCE I'm Jesus' little lamb,  
Happy in my soul I am;  
He will teach me, he will guide me,  
And will walk so close beside me;  
He will always love the same,  
And he knows my real name.

Going out and coming in,  
He will keep my heart from sin;  
To his pleasant pastures lead me,  
With his gentle precepts feed me;  
Keep my feet from straying far,  
Show me where sweet waters are.

Ah, how sweet it is for me  
Jesus' little lamb to be!  
In his bosom safe he folds me,  
With his strong arm he upholds me;  
If he leads me every day,  
Never shall I go astray.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, JANUARY 8, 1887.

MR. 1887.

BEFORE this reaches many of you, children, "there will be a new face at the door and a strange foot on the floor." It makes us just a little sad to say good-bye to the old year. It is like parting with an old and tried friend. But we have a cordial welcome for this new friend, who will stand before us ready to make our acquaintance in a day or two. We have had a very happy year together, my dears, and I hope Mr. 1887 will make himself as pleasant and agreeable as his predecessor.

I found this little poem among some old papers in my desk a day or two ago, and as it voices for me just the counsel I would give you for making the New Year a happy one, I will print it for you.

The book of the new year is open,  
Its pages are spotless and new;

And so, as each leaflet is turning,  
Dear children, beware what you do.

Let never a bad thought be cherished;  
Keep the tongue from a whisper of guile;  
And see that your faces are windows  
Through which a sweet spirit shall smile.

And now, with the new book, endeavour  
To write its white pages with care;  
Each day is a leaflet, remember,  
That is written, then turned—beware!

And if on a page you discover  
At evening a blot or a scrawl,  
Kneel quickly and ask the dear Saviour  
In mercy to cover it all.

## YOUTH AND AGE

"WHY do you always make such a fuss over your grandmother?" asked Lily of her favourite friend, Nelly Fordyce.

"I don't fuss over her, I only take care of her," said Nelly, brightly.

"But I should think you would rather be playing with us than looking after that old lady."

"I like play well enough," confessed Nelly; "but when father died he said I was to be sure and look after his mother, because he couldn't live to do it. He was going home to my mother, he said; and he told me to give all the love and reverence to grandmother that I should have given to him and mother. And he said I should have the blessing promised to obedient children."

"Blessing promised?" asked Lily, somewhat puzzled.

"Yes; don't you know God says that we are to honour our parents, and then it shall go well with us?"

But Lily liked her own way best, and laughed at the earnestness of her young companion. Yet Nelly kept faithfully to God's word, and reaped many a rich blessing. Even when she was quite grown up she still gave loving devotion to her grandmother; and it was a pretty sight to see her going down the village street with the old lady on her arm, tenderly caring for her every step, while grandmother thought there was no one in the world like Nelly. Can you wonder?"—*Our Darlings*.

## THE MEASURE OF LOVE.

A LITTLE boy once called out to his father, who had mounted his horse for a journey: "Good-by, papa; I love you thirty miles long!" A little sister quickly added: "Good-by, dear papa; you will never ride to the end of my love!" This is what Jesus means to say: "My love has no limit; it passeth knowledge."

## PATTY'S LITTLE PRAYER.

PATTY was ready for bed and came to mamma to say her little prayer. Mamma was washing her hands, and said, "Yes, dear, in a minute."

"Jesus will have to wait a minute or two, won't he?" said the little girl. "No, I dess I will say it alone."

She began to repeat her little prayer, and said a line or two, when she stopped and said:

"I dess you will have to wait a minute or two, dear Jesus, for I've forgot."

She spoke just as she believed, and felt that Jesus was right there and heard what she said.

And the dear Saviour is always so near that he hears the simplest words a child speaks; and he loves to have the little ones speak to him, and tell him all their wants, just as they do their parents.

When you kneel down to pray at night, I want you to feel that Jesus is standing close by, ready to hear you, and ready to bless you, although he is far away up in heaven also.—*The Little Ones*.

## A CHILD'S EXPLANATION.

A LITTLE girl was wearying over her spelling-book. At last, in a distressful tone, she said to her brother, a few years older than herself: "O Paul, where do all these lots of miserable words come from?"

"Why, Gracie, you duncie, don't you know? It is because people quarrel so much. Whenever they quarrel, one word brings on another, and that's the reason we have such a long string of them."

"I wish they'd stop it," sighed Gracie.

"then the spelling book wouldn't be so big." Paul's explanation was funny, if not quite correct. One part of it, however, hit the mark: "Whenever they quarrel, one word brings on another"—that is, another angry word. So better not quarrel.

## JESUS A LAMB.

"I do wonder why Jesus is so often called a Lamb in our lessons?" said little May. "I will tell you," said her teacher. "It is because he was so gentle and kind and because he died to save us from our sins." A long time ago the Jews offered lambs on their altars, putting them to death, and burning a part of their bodies. The priests sprinkled some of their blood on the people, and the people confessed their sins, and God forgave them. Jesus called "the Lamb of God which takes away the sin of the world." The blood of Jesus washes away our sins.