

JESUS ONLY

We sing our little song of praise,
To Jesus, Jesus only,
To him both heart and voice we raise
To Jesus, Jesus only.
He loves and leads us every day,
He guides and guards us on our way,
Our debt of love to him we pay,
To Jesus, Jesus only.

Since every little heart may sing
To Jesus, Jesus only,
A gift of love each heart may bring
To Jesus, Jesus only.

O Jesus, for thy love to me,
Thy tender love, so full and free,
My little heart I give to thee,
To Jesus, Jesus only.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, AUGUST 13, 1892.

WHO IS JESUS?

DEAR children, have you ever read in the big Bible about a little child that was born in the city of 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 the 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 was transfigured on the mount, who opened the eyes of blind Bartimous, who raised the dead Lazarus, cast a legion 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, faithful

hours, hung upon the cross, and died, was buried, but arose 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 the Omega, the first and the last, the mighty God; Jehovah, King of kings, and Lord of lords; and God that hath given him a name above every name, that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow and every tongue confess that he is Lord. He said, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

HOW AGNES TRIED TO HELP HER SAVIOUR.

ONE Sunday Agnes, when she got out of bed, went to the little cradle in which her dollie had lain all night. She took out the pillow and put on it a clean pillow-case. Then all church-time Agnes hugged that pillow close to her breast. When it was time to go to church her papa said: "Come, get ready for church." But for some reason she did not go.

When her papa and mamma and the rest of the family came home the maid said, "Agnes has hugged that pillow to her breast all the morning. I don't know why, but every time I have tried to take it away she has cried." By this time the pillow-case was very dirty. When the dinner-bell rang she came to the table with her pillow. Soon it was time to go to Sunday-school, and Agnes said, "I must have my pillow." Her papa said, "O, you can't take that to Sunday-school. What do you want to take it for?" A heart-broken look came over her face and tears were in her eyes as she burst out that she must "take the pillow to Sunday-school, for my Jesus, he has nowhere to lay down his head at all, at all."

Her father, touched to see her anxious to do something for Jesus, said, "You wouldn't want to take such a crumpled, soiled pillow-case as that to him, would you? Besides that isn't the kind of pillow he needs. Let us go to school and we will try and find out what kind of a pillow he needs."

Agnes, like the dutiful little girl she was, said, "I loves my papa," and went to school.

Was it not beautiful for her to wish to help her Saviour? She is older now, and still loves Jesus, and has found that the kind of pillow he needs is made of loving hearts and willing hands.

PRAYING AND DOING.

"BLESS the poor children who have got any beds to-night," prayed a little just before he lay down in his nice, warm cot on a cold, windy night.

As he rose from his knees his mother said: "You have just asked God to bless them: what will you do to bless them?"

The boy thought a moment. "Why I had a hundred cakes, enough for all families, I would give them some."

"But you have no cakes; what then are you willing to do?"

"When I get money enough to buy the things I want, and have some over, I will give them some."

"But you haven't enough money to buy all you want, and perhaps never will have what will you do to bless the poor now?"

"I will give them some bread."

"You have no bread; the bread is mine."

"Then I shall earn money and buy loaf myself."

"Take things as they now [are—] know what you have that is your own what are you willing to give to help the poor?"

The boy thought again. "I'll give thee half my money. I have seven pennies. I'll give them four. Wouldn't that be right?"

THE CROOKED FINGERS.

WHILE shaking hands with an old man the other day, I noticed that some of his fingers were quite bent inward, and he did not show the power of straightening them. Alluding to this fact, he said:

"In these crooked fingers there is a good text for a talk to children."

"Let us have it, if you please," we said.

"For over fifty years I used to drive a stage, and these bent fingers show the effect of overholding the reins for so many years."

This is the text. Is it not a suggestive one? Does it not teach us how an old repeated act becomes a habit?

The old man's crooked fingers are but an emblem of the crooked tempers, words, and actions of men and women.

When you see men and women persist in doing and saying things that are wrong, and making themselves and others unhappy, remember that when young they never, perhaps, thought of being so wicked, but they said wrong words and did wrong actions and continued so doing until, like the old man's fingers constantly used in driving, they became fixed in the course they had begun.