

SATISFIED WITH JESUS.

BY HARRY W. BENTON,

Aged Ten Years.

JESUS died: he is the way
Now for you to life so bright;
Come, accept his love to-day,
Let him lead you into light.

Come to-day and be made whole,
Cast yourself at Jesus' feet;
You shall rise a ransom'd soul,
Satisfied with him,—complete.

Satisfied with him,—I dare
All, to follow in his track:
Satisfied with him,—no care,
Doubt, or fear can hold me back.

Satisfied with him,—my strength
Every day the Saviour gives;
Satisfied with him,—at length
I shall be where Jesus lives.
Durham, Ont., Methodist S.S.

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HAPPY DAYS

TORONTO, MAY 10, 1894.

OPENING THE HEART.

I KNEW a little boy, whose heart was touched by a sermon on the words: "Behold I stand at the door and knock." My mother said to him, when she noticed that he was anxious: "Robert, what would you say to anyone who knocked at the door of your heart, if you wished him to come in?"

He answered: "I'd say, 'Come in!'"

She then said to him: "Then say to the Lord Jesus, 'Come in!'"

The next morning there was a brightness and a joy about Robert's face, that made my father ask: "Robert, what makes you so glad and joyful to-day?" He replied, joyfully: "I awoke in the night, and I felt that Jesus Christ was still knocking at the door of my heart for admittance into it. I said to him: 'Lord

Jesus, come in!' I think he has come into my heart. I feel happier this morning than I ever was in all my life. How ungrateful and wicked in me to keep him outside so long!"

LITTLE CORNERS

GEORGIA WILLIS, who helped in the kitchen, was rubbing the knives. Somebody had been careless and let one get rusty, but Georgia rubbed with all her might, rubbed and sang softly a little song:

"In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your little corner,
And I in mine."

"What do you rub at them knives for-ever for?" Mary said. Mary was the cook.

"Because they are in my corner," Georgia said, brightly. "'You in your little corner, and I in mine.' I'll do the best I can, that's all I can do."

"I wouldn't waste my strength," said Mary. "I know that no one will notice." "Jesus will," said Georgia. And then she sang again, "You in your little corner, And I in mine."

"This steak is in my corner, I suppose," said Mary to herself. "If that child must do what she can, I s'pose I must. If he knows about knives, it's likely he does about steak." And she broiled it beautifully.

"Mary, the steak was cooked very nicely to-day," Miss Emma said.

"That's all along of Georgia," said Mary with a pleased red face, and then she told about the knives.

Miss Emma was ironing the collars: she was tired and warm. "Helen will not care whether they are done nicely or not," she said; "I'll hurry them over." But after she heard about the knives she did her best.

"How beautifully my dress is done!" Helen said, and Emma, laughing, answered: "That is owing to Georgia." Then she told about the knives.

"No," said Helen to her friend, who urged, "I really cannot go this evening. I am going to prayer-meeting; my corner is there."

"Your corner! what do you mean?" Then Helen told about the knives.

"Well," the friend said, "if you will not go with me, perhaps I will with you." And they went to the prayer-meeting.

"You helped us ever so much with the singing this evening." That was what the minister said to them as they were going home. "I was afraid you wouldn't be there."

"It was owing to our Georgia," said Helen; "she seemed to think she must do what she could, if it were only knives." Then she told him the story.

"I believe I will go in here again," said the minister, stopping before a poor little house. "I said yesterday there 'was no

use, but I must do what I can." In the house a sick man was lying; again and again the minister had called, but he wouldn't listen to him, but to-night he said "I have come to tell you a little story." Then he told him about Georgia Willis, about her knives, and her little corner, and her "doing what she could," and the sick man wiped the tears from his eyes, and said: "I'll find my corner too. I'll try to shine for Him." And the sick man was Georgia's father. Jesus looking down at her that day, said: "She hath done what she could." And he gave the blessing.

LITTLE SOBER-FACE.

MAMMA put me in the corner this morning.

What do you guess it was for?

Aunt Lucy came with her sleigh, and the horses, and the bells, and I wanted to go and take a ride with her. But mamma said I couldn't, because I had a cold.

What do you think I did then? I lay down on the floor and screamed and kicked. Mamma looked sorry. She took me up and put me in the corner, and said, "You must stay there for fifteen minutes, and if you are not good then, you must stay still longer."

You don't know how dreadfully long fifteen minutes are. They are as long as 'most all day, I think. I was good very soon, 'cause I was ashamed of being so naughty.

When I came out mamma told me to go and look in the glass.

I did. You don't know how queer I looked. My eyes were all red, and my lips were pouty.

Mamma says God makes little faces to be bright and sweet, instead of looking so. She says little mouths are for pleasant words and smiles, and little cheeks for dimples.

She says that when a little face gets cross, it makes everyone in the house feel unpleasant, but that when it is bright, it is just like sunshine.

I'm going to try to keep my face bright. Don't you think you had better try it too!

RED HOT.

It was a very hot day. The dust arose in clouds with every breath of air, yet that was better than the intense heat when the wind did not blow.

Georgie sat by the window, holding a great, palm-leaf fan, and trying to keep his temper as well as his body cool.

A great fly came buzzing in at the door that Katie had left open, and Georgie knew that mamma did not allow flies in the house.

So he watched him cautiously until he was still for a moment, then grasped him quickly.

"Oh! oh!" he gasped, letting him go again, "That fly is red hot, mamma. Oh, how he burned!"

That fly was a bee!—*Youth's Companion.*