

## LIKE JESUS

LAMB of God, I look to thee  
Thou shalt my example be,  
Thou art gentle, meek and mild;  
Thou wast once a little child.

Fain I would be as thou art,  
Give me thy obedient heart  
Thou art pitiful and kind;  
Let me have thy loving mind

Loving Jesus, gentle Lamb,  
In thy gracious hands I am;  
Make me Saviour what thou art  
Live thyself within my heart!

I shall then show forth thy praise,  
Serve thee all my happy days,  
Then the world shall always see  
Christ, the Holy Child, in me.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 8, 1894.

## THE NARROW CROSSING.

"You never signed the pledge, did you, Uncle John?"

"I never signed a pledge on my own account, Harry. I presume I have signed several as an example or aid to others," replied Uncle John. "When I was a boy, a great deal smaller than you, I lived in a small town in Vermont. There was a large creek by the village, and at a place called 'The Mills' there was a beautiful fall of water, of ten or twelve feet, pitching off from an even-edged, flat rock. Reaching quite across the creek, a distance of twenty feet, over this fall of water was a bridge spanning the stream, over which several of us children passed each day on our way to school.

"The sides of this bridge were boarded up some four feet high. These side pieces were capped by a flat railing of boards of from four to six inches wide. Some of the more daring school-children used to walk on this narrow capping board when crossing the bridge, and more than one fall and serious injury happened.

"There was one thing that saved me

from getting hurt or killed by the dangerous crossing. You would like to know what that was. The easiest thing in the world. It happened from the small circumstance that I never had either the courage or the disposition to walk there at all! In other words, I wasn't sure of my head, and I was sure on the broad, open bridge.

"I can think of a great many places that men and boys try to pass safely which are quite dangerous, and where multitudes fall and ruin themselves, and perhaps perish, both soul and body, forever. The safest way is never to take the first step on a dangerous path."

## HOW BIRDS LEARN TO SING.

A WREN built her nest in a box on a New Jersey farm. The occupants of the farmhouse saw the mother teaching her young how to sing. She sat in front of them and sang her whole song very distinctly. One of her young attempted to imitate her. After proceeding through a few notes its voice broke, and it lost the tune. The mother recommenced where the young one had failed, and went very distinctly through with the remainder. The young bird made a second attempt, commencing where it had ceased before, and continuing the song as long as it was able; and when the notes were again lost, the mother began again where it had stopped, and completed it. Then the young one resumed the tune and finished it. This done, the mother sang over the whole series of notes the second time with great precision, and again the young one attempted to follow her. The wren pursued the same course with this one as with the first, and so with the third and fourth, until each of the birds became a perfect songster.—*Musical Messenger.*

## WHAT THEY COULD DO.

THERE was once a great forest on a mountain side with a brook flowing through it. One morning all the things in the wood thought they would tell what they could do.

The oaks told how they were so strong that they were made into boards, which made the great ships that sail over the ocean. The pines told how their straight, tall trunks made the masts of the ships. The firs spoke of the pleasure they gave at Christmas time to many happy children. The violets and ferns told of the joy they brought to those who picked them. The brook spoke of its good work in watering the meadows. All the things in the wood had spoken, but the mosses were silent.

"What do you do?" asked the trees and flowers.

"Our work is very small," was the answer. "We can only catch the little drops of water and hold them, so that when the sun shines hot and the brook dries we may give you moisture."

Theirs was humble work, but how useful! So a little child may do a humble work and fill a small place, but still be very useful.

## BROKE!

"Owl! oh! oh! his head's come off!" cried Rob.

"Well, that's a queer kind of a horse I should say!" said Uncle Hal, with a twinkle in his eye.

But it was a very serious matter with Rob. You see it was the finest horse in all the country round, and Uncle Hal gave it to him last Christmas.

While Rob stood there holding the head in one hand a good many thoughts passed through his little head. Would Uncle Hal get him another? And how long would it be before a birthday or Christmas? And why did folks wait for birthdays and Christmas before they could give a fellow a present? And, oh, why couldn't the blacksmith mend Prancer's head!

"I think I'll take him right round to the blacksmith," said Bob.

"Better go to the carpenter," said Uncle Hal, "and I'll go along."

Would you believe, the carpenter fixed that head almost as good as new!

And then Uncle Hal went to a shop and bought a string of balls to put around Prancer's neck, and Rob was happy.

## TOO INQUISITIVE.

DID you ever read about "Meddlesome Matty?" When I was a child I had a book that told her history. She was always touching this and that and would not attend to her own business; she would not let grandpapa's spectacles alone, or rest content till she had peeped here, there, and everywhere. One day she found a curious-looking little box; she knew she should not touch it, but she was too inquisitive to resist the temptation, so she bent down over it, and she had a dreadful attack of sneezing, for it was full of strong snuff. Poor Matty was punished for her curiosity indeed. I have read also of a prying boy who overturned some gunpowder and caused a dreadful fire, and of a child who peeped about here and there, and swallowed some mustard in mistake for custard! Also a boy who ate soft soap in mistake for stewed figs. Don't interfere in other people's concerns, boys and girls; "mind your own business" is a very good motto, unless people are in trouble, and then you must interest yourself in their grief, and try to help them.

## TOO MUCH.

A LITTLE boy had his first pair of rubber boots, and could not be contented till his mother went down to the brook with him, to see him wade.

With loving care he dragged a board across the brook for her to walk upon, while he waded beside her in water which came nearly to his boot tops. Suddenly, as if he had just realized what she was deprived of in being a woman in shoes, he took her hand and said, with affectionate earnestness:

"Indeed, mamma dear, I will not wade another minute where you can see me. It must be too tempting for you to bear."