

## JESUS MY SAVIOUR.

AND I, a little straying lamb,  
May come to Jesus as I am,  
Though goodness I have none,  
May now be folded on his breast;  
As birds within the parent nest,  
And be his little one.

And he can do all this for me,  
Because he died on Calvary  
For children's sins to atone;  
And having washed their sins away,  
He now rejoices day by day  
To cleanse the little one.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 27, 1888.

## NOT LONELY.

A GOOD minister of the gospel was visiting among the poor one winter's day in a large city in Scotland. He climbed up into a garret at the top of a very high house. He had been told that there was a poor old woman there, that nobody seemed to know about. He went on climbing until he found his way into that garret room. As he entered the room he looked around; there was a bed, and a chair, and a table with a candle burning dimly on it, a very little fire on the hearth, and an old woman sitting by it, with a large Testament on her lap. The minister asked her what she was doing there. She said she was reading:

"Don't you feel lonely here?" he asked.

"Na, na," was her reply.

"What do you do here all these long winter nights?"

"Oh," she said, "I just sit here, with my light and with my New Testament on my knee, talking with Jesus."

If a man is polite and honest he is well-bred, I don't care whether he has any ancestors or not.

## FINDING TIME.

"SIXTY seconds make one minute, sixty minutes make one hour, twenty-four hours make one day," studied Johnnie. "Twenty-four hours make one day, seven days—"

"Third class in arithmetic," called the teacher, and Johnnie's mouth puckered into a whistle—almost an audible one. This was his class, and he had just begun studying the lesson. Of course he failed.

Miss Atwood looked grave—cross, Johnnie called it.

"The third imperfect lesson this week! What's the matter?"

"Couldn't find time for it," pouted the boy.

"Very well. You may search for time after school. The lost must be found."

It was nearly dark when he reached home.

"Run right out and shut up the chickens, and chop the kindlings for morning," his mother said.

"All right." But John was spinning his top, and before he had finished he forgot all about the chores.

"Everything done?" asked mamma, as he was going to bed.

"O I forgot! And then, you see, it was so late when I got home I couldn't find time."—By Julia A. Tirrell

## TEMPERANCE.

HARRY'S ARITHMETIC.

HARRY WILSON had just got a new arithmetic, and was delighted with its figures and study. He had been in mental arithmetic for some time, but now he had a book and a slate of his own, everything for him seemed to turn into sums and calculations.

He was sitting by the table working at a sum in division, when he heard his father speaking to his mother, saying:

"Johnston got beastly drunk at the club last night, and disgraced himself abominably. He drank ten glasses of wine, and it went to his head; and he acted so foolishly we were all disgusted with him; and finally he was so drunk that he had to be taken home in a carriage."

Harry, full of his arithmetic, caught the sound of the word ten, and then looking up, said:

"Ten! and how many did you drink, father?"

"Only one, my son," said the father, looking down with a smile to his little boy, of whom he was very fond.

"Then, father, was you one-tenth drunk?" said Harry, reflectively, thinking, perhaps, more of his figures than of anything else.

"Harry!" said his mother sternly, "what

do you mean?" But Harry who was thoroughly absorbed in his calculation went on talking to himself

"Why, yes; if ten glasses make a man all drunk, then one glass will make him one-tenth drunk; and if one is beastly drunk, then the other must be one-tenth beastly drunk, and—"

"There, here," said his father, biting his lips to hide the smile that would come, "guess that is arithmetic enough for to-night."

But as Harry went on with his sums his remarks started a train of thoughtfulness in the mind of the father, who said to himself:

"If Johnston had not taken the first glass he would not have gone on to ten; and, the whole, it is safe for myself, and best, an example to my sons that I never again take the first glass, lest I, or they should, on to the ten."

And from that day the father became total abstainer from all intoxicating drink

## "HE'S SO OBLIGING."

I CAN'T make out how it is that Bill Pratt always gets such good places, said Harry Underwood, the basket-maker's son, to another lad, as they sat cutting rushes by a brook side.

And Harry was not the only one who thought thus, for "Bill Pratt's luck" was the surprise of many like himself. Bill was certainly no pattern of cleverness, of beauty, or strength, he could not do more than other fellows as many; but for all that, it was quite true that he always had good places, good wages, and a good character. When he left one master to go to another, it was generally said, "I would not part with him if I could help it, he is a good boy, and so obliging."

This was the secret of his being so much liked, and his "good luck"—he was "obliging."

## SAY IT TO MY CHRIST.

ONCE when a good woman, Catharine Brettorge, was lying on a sick-bed, Satan annoyed her very much by calling up all her past sins. He would point her mind to these, and then whisper, "How can you hope to be saved after such a sinful life?"

At last she said to him:

"Reason not with me. I know I am a weak, sinful person. If thou hast anything to say, say it to my Christ, he is my advocate, my strength, my righteousness. Say it to him."

This is the meaning of the words, "We shall lay any thing to the charge of God elect? . . . It is Christ that died."