

JESUS ONCE A CHILD.

EVERY little step I take
Forward in my heavenly way,
Every little effort make
To grow Christ-like day by day.

Little sighs and little prayers,
Even little tears which fall,
Little hopes, and tears and cares—
Saviour, thou dost know them all

Thus my greatest joy is this,
That my Saviour, loving, mild,
Knows the children's weaknesses,
And himself was once a child.

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HAPPY DAYS.

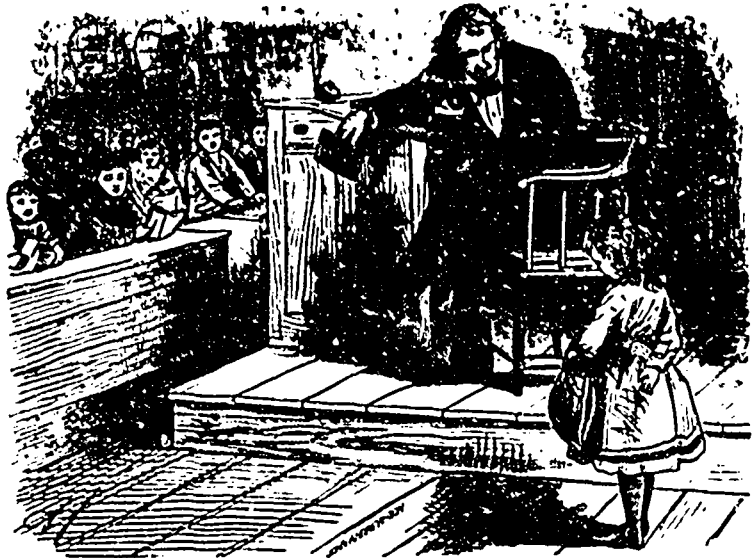
TORONTO, JULY 24, 1886.

THE LIGHT WITHIN.

HAS it ever been a part of your work to cleanse and polish a lamp chimney? If so, then you can scarcely have failed to notice how easily deceived one is as to when the work is thorough and complete. We look at the glass, and it seems quite bright and clear, with not a blur or blemish. But wait till evening comes, and the bright flame is lighted within. Ah, how many a blur before unseen, how many a blemish unnoticed, how much less clear and stainless than it appeared in the ordinary daylight!

And it is just so with the heart. We brighten it hastily, as it were, with the usual daily devotions and imperfect self-examination, and glancing at it think it does well enough. But when something suddenly touches a match to the wick of conscience within, and there flames up the clear, steady light of God's pure law, how many a blur and spot uncleansed, how many a stain stands forth revealed, obscuring the perfect holiness which should shine forth in those who are as lights in the world.

Then, if we would know when our work



LATE AT SCHOOL.

is pure and perfect, let us light that flame within oftener, and be not satisfied with the polish which is only in outward appearance.

THE TOUCH OF NATURE.

A BOY ten years old was pulling a heavy cart loaded with pieces of boards and laths taken from some demolished structure—an every-day sight in all our large cities. Tired and exhausted, he halted under a shade-tree. His feet were sore and bruised, his clothes were in rags, and his face was pinched and looking years older than it should. The boy lay down on the grass, and in five minutes was fast asleep. His bare feet just touched the curb-stone, and the old hat rolled from his head and fell on the walk. In the shadow of the tree his face told a story that every passer-by could read. It told of scanty food, of nights when the body shivered with cold, of a home without sunshine, of a young life confronted by mocking shadows.

Then something curious happened. A labouring man—a queer old man with a wood-saw on his arm—crossed the street to rest for a moment beneath the same shade. He glanced at the boy and turned away, but his look was drawn again; and now he saw the picture and read the story. He too knew what it was to shiver and hunger. He tiptoed along until he could bend over the boy, and then took from his pocket a piece of bread and some meat—the dinner he was to eat if he found work—and laid them down beside the lad. Then he walked carelessly away, looking back every moment, but keeping out of sight, as if he wanted to escape thanks.

Men, women, and children had seen it all. A man walked down from his steps and left half a dollar beside the poor man's

bread, a woman walked down and left a good hat in the place of the old one; a child came with a pair of shoes, and a boy with a coat; pedestrians halted and whispered, and dropped dimes and quarters beside the first silver piece. The pinched-faced boy suddenly awoke, and sprung up as if it were a crime to sleep there. He saw the bread, the clothing, the money, the score of people waiting around to see what he would do. He knew that he had slept, and he realized that all these things had come to him as he dreamed. Then what did he do? Why, he sat down, covered his face with his hands, and *bbed*.—*Selected*

NOT AFRAID.

I CARRIED my little boy, sick and weary, one night over by a back way to a neighbour's house where we were invited over to tea, and I had him climb on a chair and get on my back; then his mother threw a shawl around him, so that he was completely covered up, and I started out. The ground was covered with ice, and you may be sure I walked very carefully. I had the boy on my back, and I said to him as I walked along slowly in the darkness, "My son, are you afraid?" "No, papa." "Why are you not afraid?" "Because you have got me." "My precious boy," said I, "all through this dark life hold on to Jesus; he will hold on to you."

RULES FOR TO-DAY.

Do nothing that you would not like to be doing when Jesus comes.

Go to no place where you would not like to be found when Jesus comes.

Say nothing that you would not like to be saying when Jesus comes. *The Lord is at hand.*