

## LITTLE LAMB.

LITTLE lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee,—  
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice?  
Little lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;  
Little lamb, I'll tell thee:  
He is called by thy name,  
For he calls himself the Lamb;  
He is meek and he is mild,  
He became a little child,—  
I a child and thou a lamb;  
We are called by his name.  
Little lamb, God bless thee!  
Little lamb, God bless thee!

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, MAY 12, 1888.

## CLEAR THROUGH.

A LITTLE boy only seven years old, who was trying hard to be a Christian, was watching the servant, Maggie, as she pared the potatoes for dinner. Soon she pared an extra large one, which was very white and nice on the outside; but when cut into pieces it showed itself to be hollow and black inside with dry-rot. Instantly Willie exclaimed, "Why, Maggie, that potato isn't a Christian!"

"What do you mean?" asked Maggie.

"Don't you see it has a bad heart?" was Willie's reply.

It seems that this little boy had learned enough of the religion of Jesus to know that, however fair the outside may be, it will never do to have the heart black. We must be sound and right clear through.

## LITTLE WIND AND BIG FIRE.

BY ELIZABETH P. ALLEN.

FIVE little people were in high glee in the play room. It was very snowy and blowy outside, and the rug-carpeted room was warm and snug.

All the come-at-able chairs and stools were ranged in a tandem row, and lo, a train of cars bound for California.

Mamma sat at work in her room smiling to herself at the sounds of glee from the would-be travellers; but suddenly the sounds changed.

"Willie Ray, you horrid boy; you've torn my dress!"

"Well, I didn't mean to do it, Miss Spit-fire Jane."

"Jane ain't a Spit-fire at all; it's just you old rough boys that make things disagreeable."

"O, yes, you are little angels, made of sugar and spice and all that's nice; that's what makes you look so sweet just now."

And so angry words flew about like bombshells, exploding on every side. Mamma laid down her work and went to the play-room door.

"Come here, little travellers, I want to show you something."

They crowded noisily into her room. She gave them seats, and told them to be very quiet and watch what would happen. Then, going to a little closet, she brought out a basket full of chips and kindling-wood and shavings. She laid them in a high pile on her pretty grate, where the children hardly ever saw a fire made, and with a pair of tongs brought a coal from the nursery fire, and dropped it in the midst of this pile.

"Now, Rosy-posy," she said to the wee-est of the little ones, "blow that coal."

Rosy got off her chair with a rather solemn face, and pursing up her lips, blew as hard as such a little girl could. In an instant a very pretty red flame started, and while the children looked and wondered what mamma meant, the whole pile caught, and a great, roaring brightness flashed up the chimney.

"Now, all of you together blow that fire out," said mamma.

All five pair of little cheeks were puffed in an instant, and they blew and blew till there was no breath left in them.

Did the fire heed their blowing? Not a whit. On it went, roaring and snapping and sparkling, looking almost as if it were laughing at their red faces.

"O, mamma, we can't blow it out," they all cried.

"No, I see you can't, said mamma; "and

there is another fire that one little breath can start and fan, until it gets so hot that all together you can't blow it out. What is it, little daughter?"

"I 'spect its getting mad," said Jane, with downcast eyes.

"Then go back to your play," said mamma, "and O, be careful not to start that blaze by any ugly word."

## THE BABY BROTHER.

JANE and Ida are very fond of their little brother, and indeed he is very cute, and so good-natured, laughing and crowing from morning till night. They never think it a hardship to take care of him while mother is busy; in fact, they will almost quarrel, sometimes, as to which shall be the one to carry or put him to sleep.

I am sorry to say that all sisters are not like these two little girls in this respect. I have known some who were cross and, shall I say it? ugly—when mother wished them to amuse baby for a while, thus, by their conduct adding to mother's anxiety and care. I hope that none of my readers are like them.

"But," I hear some one say, "babies are very different. Some are nice, and some are not nice to take care of." I agree with you, but must add, that some girls are nice and some are not nice, as nurses.

Do you suppose any baby, even the best-natured, likes to be jerked and scolded? Do you think that, as a rule he will continue to smile and crow if he finds his sister cross and ugly and sees that she does not care whether he is pleased or not? How would you like to be treated so by anyone? Do you think that you would be very amiable?

I think I will give you a text to help you, the next time you have to do something that you do not like. "Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as unto the Lord and not unto men." Think of it as something God has given you to do. Yes, even taking care of little brother or sister. Put your heart in it, a heart full of love for Jesus, and you cannot help but please.

## FOR PURE SPEECH.

A MAN, looking up from sawing his wood saw his little son turning two boys out of the yard. "See here! what are you about, George?" asked the man. "I'm turning two swearers out of the yard, father," said George. "I said I would not play with swearers, and I won't." That is the right time and place to say, "I won't." We wish every boy would take the same stand—no play with swearers. 'Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain.'