

WHAT WOULD JESUS DO?

A young and earnest pilgrim,
Travelling the King's highway,
Coming over the lessons
From the guide-book every day,
Said, as each hindrance met him,
With purpose firm and true,
"If on earth he walked to-day,
What would Jesus do?"

It grew to be his watchword,
In service or in fight;
It helped to keep his pilgrim garb
Unsoiled, pure and white.
For when temptation lured him,
It nerved him, through and through
To ask this simple question:
"What would Jesus do?"

Now, if it be our purpose
To walk where Christ has led,
To follow in his footsteps
With ever careful tread,
O, let this be our watchword,
A watchword pure and true,
To ask in each temptation:
"What would Jesus do?"

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Happy Days.

TORONTO, SEPTEMBER 10, 1904.

THE EYES OF THE LORD.

One day the children took a pail and went to pick blackberries. They told their mother that they would bring her enough to make "bushels of jam."

"Here are splendid ones," said Harry, as they were passing through Mr. Copley's meadow. So they began to eat and fill their pails.

"Hush!" said Sam, "don't make a noise, and keep behind the bushes, so that nobody will see us."

Pretty soon Kitty stopped picking, saying, "I'm afraid somebody sees us."

"Why," said Sam, in great alarm, "do you see the hired man about?"

"No," said Kitty, "but I'm afraid God sees us, for you know the Bible says, 'The eyes of the Lord are in every place.'"

The children looked at each other, perfectly shocked. They had forgotten that they were breaking God's commandment by taking what did not belong to them. They got out of the meadow quickly.

"What shall we do?" said Mary.
"We must pick enough from our own lot to make up for what we've eaten, and take them all to Mr. Copley and tell him about it," said Sam.

It was hard to do, but they did it. Then they had only time to pick one small pailful before going home to dinner.

Their mother said she would rather have done without berries altogether than have stolen ones. She said they did right in telling Mr. Copley all about it, and they must not forget to confess their wrongdoing to God and ask his forgiveness.

ZULU DOLLS.

The little Zulu girl has plenty of leisure. She has no clothes to put on, no beds to make, no floors to sweep, and very few dishes to wash. She does not attend school, and therefore has no lessons to learn. Sometimes she is sent to drive the monkeys away from the garden patch where they have come to steal the pumpkins, or she brings water from the spring, or digs sweet potatoes for dinner.

These small duties, however, do not occupy much of her time. And how do you think she spends the bright days in her pleasant summer land? Let me tell you. She plays with dolls just as you do—not waxen ones with real curls and eyes that open and close, but clay and cob dolls which she makes with her own little black fingers. She mixes the clay and moulds it into small figures, baking them in the sun; then she takes a cob and runs a stick through the upper part for arms. She thus finds herself the owner of two styles of dolls. It is not the fashion for either the little mother or her dolls to be dressed, owing to the great heat, so there are no clothes to be spoiled by wading in the brook or rolling in the sand.

Some time ago a little Zulu girl had an imported doll given to her. She was so pleased that she hardly knew what to do. All day long she ran around among the small huts to show her "white little baby," as she called it. When night came she was unwilling to go to sleep until her treasure had been fastened to her breast; she was so afraid it might be taken from her while she slept.

When we heard this story we wished

many others in Zululand could be made happy in the same way. Then we thought how all the pleasant things of life come to us because we know Jesus. When ever he is unknown there is ignorance, poverty, nakedness and cruelty. Will you all the boys and girls who read this story more of their pennies, that they may see the story of Jesus to the children of the heathen lands and so bear to them the best of all gifts—the precious Saviour of the world?—Ex.

SNOWDROP AND SWEEP.

My name is Mabel Dennis. I have been to see Nurse Young, who lives in the cottage in the park; she was mamma's nurse when mamma was a child.

Nurse Young often says I am just like what mamma was when she first knew her. I hope I shall grow up like mamma for everybody loves her.

I put on my new velvet hat and my new cloak to go and see Nurse, because she likes to see all my things; but she always says, "Remember, my dear Miss Mabel, that God looks into the heart, and if the house is a fit dwelling-place for him, we shall not think too much of our fine clothes."

Nurse's little grandchild, Lucy, was sitting on a footstool before the fire, mending a black kitten.

Now, I have a white kitten, and I tell you how it came. It was found one morning crying at the door, and when the door was opened it came in, for it was cold weather and there was snow on the ground; and Nurse brought it up to the nursery to show me, saying, "Poor little thing! How cruel for anybody to do that in the snow like that." And I said, "Nurse, don't you think we had better call it 'Snowdrop'?" and then Nurse laughed; and when she told Nurse Young she laughed too, and said, "That's just what your mamma would have said, Miss Mabel."

I asked Lucy Young what her kitten's name was, and she said she called it "Sweep"; and she asked me if I would like to nurse it, and I said "Yes." Sweep did not like to stay with me, so I kept jumping back on Lucy's lap; and she said, "I wonder why Sweep loves Lucy so much?"

"Because, dear," said Nurse Young, "Lucy loves Sweep, and love begets love, you know, dear Miss Mabel. A loving spirit casts sunshine all around it, and smooths our paths through life; and you know, dear, there is One above of whom it is said, 'We love him because he first loved us.'"

"Will you remember that, dear, the loving Father watches over his children, little and big alike; and try to be like him in return?"

"Yes, dear Nurse," said I. "And am trying." Will you try, too, dear little reader?