

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

MERRY Christmas! Happy Christmas!
Day of joy to all the earth!
Listen to the angelic chorus—
Hail the infant Saviour's birth!
Hallelujah! Let us sing
Joyous anthems to our King.

Glory, glory in the highest!
Children, catch the enraptured strain:
Peace on earth, goodwill to mortals,
Christ has stooped our bliss to gain.
Hallelujah! Praise our King:
Life and hope from Jesus spring.

See the shepherds seek the Saviour—
See the magi from afar
Bring their gifts and bow before him,
Guided by the earthly star.
Hallelujah! Let us bring
Grateful off-rings to our King.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 22, 1888.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

THANK God for Christmas! It has a face so cheery that our own faces brighten as we look into it. It is so merry with bell-music and carol-singing that we find ourselves joining in its songs. And it is a friend so true and warm that we welcome it with all our hearts.

Christmas is coming; let us make it a merry one. Let sorrow chasten and subdue, but not render us selfish and hard. Rather let us be more tender because of its presence—more anxious to lighten the burden of it for others. Let us do without something that a sick child may be fed, or a cold room warmed. Let us invite as the guest of the festival some solitary individual; let us send parcels to the poor, and greetings to the aged. Let us think what he whose birthday we celebrate would do if he were in our

place, and then let us do it joyfully and for his sake. What did he do? Feed the hungry? Heal the sick? Yes; and when he could no longer do this he said, "Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done."

Dear friends, God give you a happy Christmas!—*Marianna Farnham.*

BE TRUTHFUL.

"WILLIE," said little Annie one day, after working for a long time over her slate, "won't you tell me just what this rule means? I forget what Miss Acton said about it."

"I can't," replied Willie. "I've got lots to do to get ready for my lessons to-morrow. I shall not have a minute to myself all the rest of the day."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Annie, as she bent her little tired head over the slate again.

Just then Edward Ellis came rushing into the room.

"Come on, Willie," he said, "we're all going off to Mr. Jones' woods for nuts. You've got time to go along, haven't you?"

"All right. Of course I've time," cried Willie, springing up and flinging his books away. "I'll put off my studying until evening."

And within five minutes he was on his way to the woods. Should you call Willie a very truthful little boy that afternoon?

THE BEST CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

It was the day before Christmas, and the children were all preparing their presents—each one a present for every other one in the family. Although little Annie (as we shall call her) was but nine years old, and attending school at the time, she had employed her spare moments for months in preparing the gifts; nor was it her intention to confine them to her family, but grandma and uncles and aunts were also to be included in the list. Papa's slippers, which cost her so much labour—perhaps more than all the rest together—were finished, and returned from the shoemaker's all complete. Annie felt then that her task was done, and that the pleasure of presenting the gifts the next morning would amply repay her for all her toil.

After retiring that night she said to herself: "Now I have a present ready for every one I love dearly." After a moment's reflection she added, "Except Jesus—and I love him—I wish I could send him a present." Musing in this way she fell asleep, but was first to waken in the morning. She was in great trouble. She felt that her best friend had been neglected by her, and presently began to sob with grief. But just then a

new and happy thought took possession of her—the thought was this: "I will give myself to him." And kneeling at her bedside, she said: "Dear Jesus, I have no present for you but myself—take me." That Saviour who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not," was pleased with the gift, and gave her in return such joy as she never before experienced; and as she gave her friends the paltry gifts that morning, she added: "I have given myself to Jesus."

More than a dozen years have passed away. Annie is now a "sunbeam" Christian woman and the wife of a minister, and says she will ever remember with joy the bright Christmas morning on which she and her Saviour exchanged gifts.

WATCHING FOR THE NEW YEAR.

LITTLE Miss Blue-eyes shook her head
At nurse's call, "Come, time for bed!"

"O no! O no, indeed! not yet!
I'm 'stonished at you! you forget
That I and all my family
Must watch the old year out, you see,
And I must be the first to say
To all, 'A happy New Year's day!'"

"O bless your little heart, my dear!"
Said nurse, "the new year won't be here
Till midnight hour; your curly head
Must long ere then be snug in bed."
But Blue-eyes answered, "No, no, no!
Please, nurse, do not make me go!
I mean to keep awake, and hear
The bells that ring in the new year."

But, when the nurse came back to peep,
A minute later, sound asleep
Was little Blue-eyes on the floor;
And still she slept while nurse bore
Her softly to her pretty bed
Which waited for the curly head.
And the new year was bright with sun
Ere little Blue-eyes' sleep was done.

Then the gay sunbeams kissing her
Caused the small, drowsy limbs to stir,
Caused the blue eyes to open wide,
And see her mother at her side;
And "Happy New Year!" all things said
To this same little sleepy head,
Who meant to be the first to say,
'To all a happy New Year's day!'"

THE minister was returning from his appointment on a Sabbath evening. The evening star was shining brightly before him. His little boy, Willie, was watching it with much delight, when suddenly a cloud passed over it. He cried out, "There, it's gone in a hole."