

CHRISTMAS MORNING.

LAST Christmas morning golden
Of these one of the least
Was glad in the light of heaven
As it came from over the East.

"How good every one is growing!"—
Said she with a loving kiss;—
"How happy, cheery, joyous!
Will it always be like this?"

We aided hope with a blessing
And strove with a New Year zest;
But frost fell down, and the summer
Was covered with leaves like the rest.

But her wish is theme for a chorus
To extend the season of bliss:
Old world! whirl on in thy current
And be forever like this!

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 7, 1889.

THE BEAUTIFUL SNOW.

WHAT a familiar thing the snow is, and in the winter-time it is so common that we hardly think about it; yet this substance is one of the most wonderful and beautiful things in the whole world.

When found in a very still atmosphere, it takes the shape of the lovely and curious figures seen in pictures. It forms small six-rayed stars, varying in infinite shapes—never two alike. Think what a variety, when you remember the countless snow-flakes!

Only God can number them, every one, and give them these forms of beauty.

How wondrously he works! "Marvellous things doeth he, which we cannot understand." Power, beauty, order and endless variety mark his skilful handiwork. He never repeats himself, either in snow-

flake or forest-leaf, tinting, shaping, polishing the most minute and insignificant things.

Let us find in him our Father and Friend to whom we can carry every thought and life-plan, and whom we shall delight to acknowledge in all our ways.

GOD'S LIFE-BOOK.

WILLIE was a bright, lively boy, six years of age. His mother was reading to him about the Lamb's Book of Life, which St. John tells us of in the Revelation. Mamma told him that the Lamb is Jesus Christ, and that he keeps the names of all who give their heart to him, so that on the judgment-day, when the books are opened, not one of those who love Jesus will find his name forgotten.

"Mamma," said Willie, "how do people get their names put in the Life-book?"

"By asking Jesus to write them there," was the reply. Then mamma said, "Willie, is your name in the Lamb's Book of Life?"

Willie's eyes grew very earnest as he said—

"No, mamma; but 'twill be to-night."

Willie was sometimes a thoughtless little boy, and his mother feared he would soon forget his Sabbath lesson; but at night, when he knelt with his little brothers by the bedside, the first words of Willie's prayer were, "O God, won't you please to put my name into your Life-book?"

Do you not think Jesus loved to hear this prayer? And when the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books are opened, shall we not be sure to find Willie's name? I hope he tries every day to live as a child should whose name Jesus is keeping with such tender love.

Dear children, if your names are not written in the Book of Life, remember that the Bible says that "whoever was not found written in the Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire."

Go now, like Willie, and ask the Saviour to make you his children. We know he is gathering child-names for the precious book, for he says, "Suffer little children to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

LOOK AT HOME.

"NED, I'm ashamed of you," said Silver, the white cow. "Really, with that clog on your leg, I wonder you attempt to mix with respectable people."

"Your servant, ma'am," answered the donkey. "I don't see that I am to be blamed for it, seeing that I did not put it on myself."

"No, you were not likely to do that, if you hadn't taken to opening the gates with your nose, and wandering off, nobody knew where, so that you could never be found when you were wanted, the master wouldn't have fettered you. You needn't look me so boldly; it's a disgrace, and you ought to be ashamed of it."

"I ask your pardon, ma'am," said Ned, looking steadfastly at the knobs on the end of Silver's horns; "but I was so taken with looking at those things which the master put on your horns the day you broke down the hedge, and tried to toss the dog, that I did not quite hear you. Please say it again."

THE CHILDREN'S GIFTS.

THE Christ-Child lay in the manger,
The angels sang above,
And the wise men came to worship,
Bringing their gifts of love.

But how shall the children serve him,
As did those men of old?
Small gifts of myrrh or spices
Their little hands may hold.

But better than breath of incense,
Or gold that may grow dim,
Are the loving hearts of the children
They bring as gifts to him.

FUN AND HAPPINESS.

"OH, what fun!" cried the White children one winter morning as they looked out of the window. "It snows! it snows!"

As soon as breakfast was over the children started out for the fun. They had plenty of warm clothes, had eaten a nice breakfast of brown bread and milk, and were all ready to have a good time. Fun they were after, and fun they had.

Down the road little Johnny Green started out for something besides fun that same morning. He was as glad as could be to get out of the snow, "For now, mother," he says, "I can earn some money. I'll buy some 'tate for dinner, and we'll have a nice dinner for once, wont we? May I get a quarter of a pound of butter, mother? a half a quarter so we can have a real feast. And I'll get some tea and sugar for you."

"No sugar, Johnny, only tea. We'll have the butter instead of the sugar to-day."

"O mother! you can't put butter in your tea; of course you can't. You must have some sugar. Just for once we'll have both good mother. Hurrah! here I go!"

Johnny worked hard until noon, and came home with half a dollar in his pocket, and four bundles in his hands, as happy as a bird.

Which is better, the happiness of Johnny Green or the fun of the little Whites?