

So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to thee.

As with joyful steps they sped
To that lowly manger-bed;
There to bend the knee before
Him whom heaven and earth adore;
So may we with willing feet,
Ever seek thy mercy-seat.

As they offered gifts more rare,
At that manger rude and bare;
So may we with holy joy,
Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ to thee our heavenly King!

Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide.
Where no clouds thy glory hide.

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 11, 1886.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

WHILE walking along a country road a few Sundays ago, I met a man who was making his way to church some distance off, and as we were in conversation I asked him if his sins were forgiven.

The question evidently took him by surprise, and he said, "I should like to say they were."

"Wouldn't you?" I asked.

"Well, sir," he said, "I should like to know they were, but we cannot know for certain that God will forgive us; we must wait and see."

"Indeed!" I said; "that is something new to me. I do not find it in God's word, and may I ask where you are going?"

"To church, sir; for I am a Churchman."

"Do you join in the Apostles' Creed?"

"Of course I do," he indignantly replied.

"Then you say, 'I believe in the forgiveness of sins.' If you believe in the forgiveness of sins, how is it yours are not forgiven?"

He told me he had never thought of that; and as we walked on, I showed him how that God could be just, and the justifier of those who believe in Jesus, and could righteously forgive on the ground of atonement; and before he left me, he took God at his word, and said that he knew for a certainty that his sins were forgiven, and would be remembered no more.

"A MERRY CHRISTMAS."

BY JULIA M. DANA.

If you want a merry Christmas,
My little girls and boys,
I can tell you how to double
Your pleasures and your joys.
Go share your many blessings
With the suffering and the sad,
Where weary hearts are waiting
For you to make them glad.

There are homes in every city
Where Santa doesn't go,
For there no pretty stockings
Are tempting him, you know;
Where tender children hunger,
And want is at the door;
Suppose you had a little less,
And they a little more!

There was once a holy baby
Who in a manger lay;
He brought to you, my darlings,
This blessed Christmas day.
O keep his loving message
Within your memory:
"As ye do it to the least of these,
Ye have done it unto me."

DRINK.

THERE is something in the world that

Destroys health,
Ruins the home,
Increases poverty,
Never does anyone any good,
Kills both body and soul.

What do you think it is, children?
Read the first letter of each of these five lines, and see what word they will spell when all put together. And then resolve that this something shall never come inside your lips.

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips," that no poisonous drink go in.



THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTER.

FANNY GREY's father was a fisherman. He lived in a nice little cottage by the sea. Long ago, when Fanny was only a baby, her father and mother went to town to sell some of the fish and lobsters they had caught. Fanny was left in care of a neighbour, who did not pay much attention to her. She was playing at the top of the long stairs, leading from the cottage to the beach, and she fell and hurt her foot, so now you see she has to walk with crutches. In the picture she is nursing her little brother Ned. That queer-looking thing in one corner of the picture is a lobster-pot. Bait is put inside, and it is lowered into the sea; the lobsters go in to get the bait, and do not find their way out again, so the cunning old fisherman pulls up the lobster-pot, and catches the old fellows.

You see, hanging over a pole to dry, the nets for catching fish. They are kept up-right like a fence in the water, by lead weights at the bottom and cork floats at the top. The fish try to get through the meshes of the net, but can't; and when they try to get back, the threads get under their gills, and they are caught. In the background, you see the boats upon the beach, and the high cliffs further off.

A LITTLE child heard one man tempt another to drink, and just as the latter was raising the glass to his mouth the child said: "I wouldn't!" Those two words were the means of saving that man.