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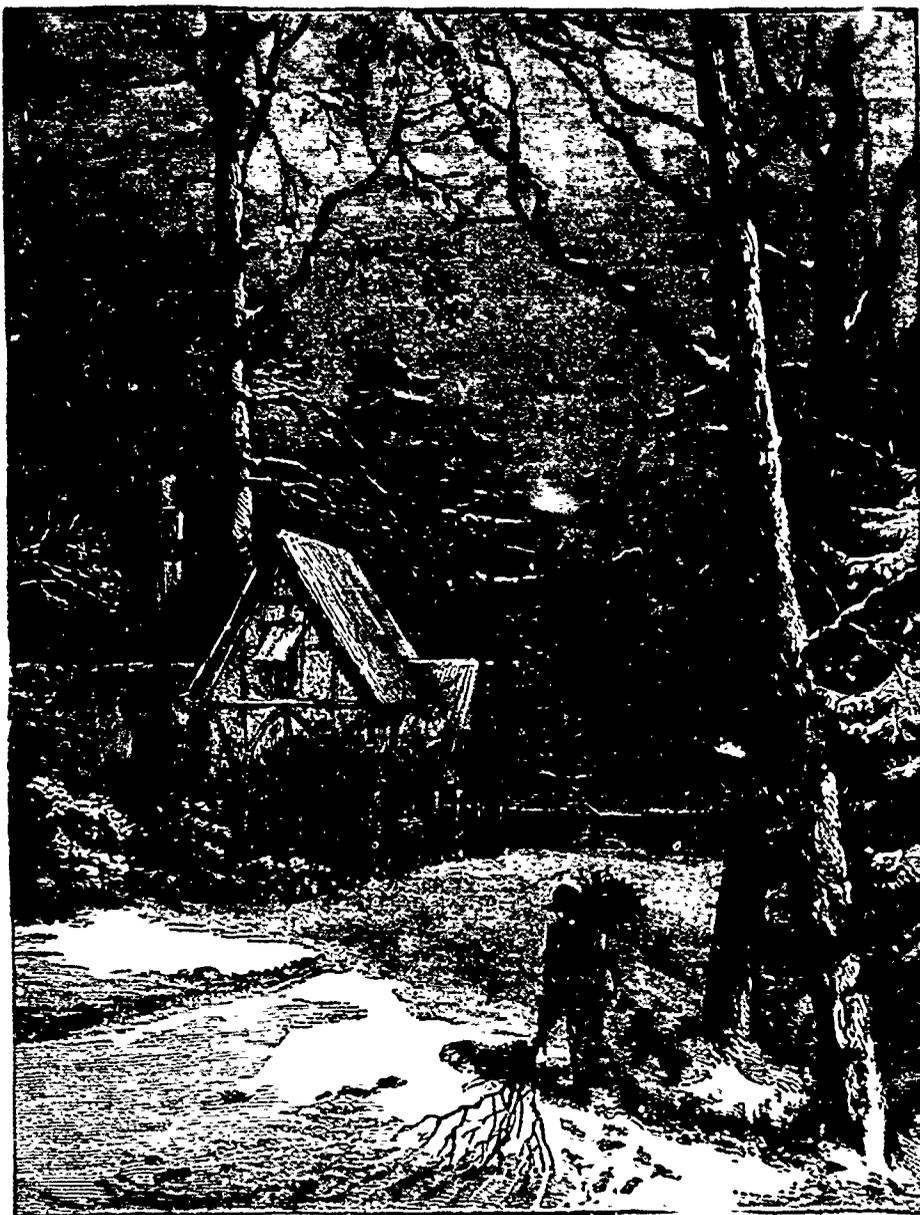
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# Happy Days

## CHRISTMAS EVE.

OUR picture shows a  
 ant old lodge at the  
 ance to an English  
 . The old-fashioned  
 er framework is  
 what you see in  
 hreds of English  
 ges. It is Christ-  
 ove, and the good  
 is bringing home  
 ristmas tree on his  
 lder, and a dead  
 ch for fuel. To  
 ge and hall Christ-  
 brings its joy and  
 n alike. Thank  
 for his great Christ-  
 Gift to all man-



CHRISTMAS EVE.

## BY THE BRIDGE WAS CROSSED.

MOTHER," said a  
 girl, "what did  
 d mean when he  
 'Preserve me, O  
 for in thee do I  
 ny trust?'"

Do you remember,"  
 her mother, "the  
 girl we saw walk-  
 with her father in  
 woods yesterday?"  
 Oh, yes, mother,  
 n't she beautiful?"  
 he was a gentle,  
 g, little thing, and  
 father was very  
 to her. Do you

ember what she said when they came to  
 arrow bridge over the brook?"  
 don't like to think about that bridge,  
 er; it makes me giddy. Don't you  
 it is very dangerous, just those two  
 planks laid across and no railing? If

she had stepped a little on either side, she  
 would have fallen into the water."

"Do you remember what she said?" re-  
 peated the mother.

"Yes, mamma, she stopped a minute as if  
 afraid to go over, and then looked up into

his face and asked him  
 to take hold of her hand  
 and said, 'You will  
 take hold of me, dear  
 father, I don't feel  
 afraid when you have  
 hold of my hand.' And  
 her father looked so  
 lovingly upon her, and  
 took tight hold of her  
 hand as if she were very  
 precious to him."

"Well, my child,"  
 said the mother, "I  
 think David felt just  
 like that little girl when  
 he wrote those words  
 you have asked me  
 about."

"Was David going  
 over a bridge, mother?"

"Not such a bridge  
 as the one we saw in  
 the woods; but he had  
 come to some difficult  
 place in his life—there  
 was some trouble be-  
 fore him that made him  
 afraid, and he looked  
 up to God just as that  
 little girl looked up to  
 her father and said,  
 'Preserve me, O God,  
 for in thee do I put  
 my trust.' It is just as  
 if he had said, 'Please  
 take care of me, my  
 kind, heavenly Father,  
 I do not feel afraid  
 when thou art with me

and taking hold of my hand'"—S. S.  
 Visitor.

Ask the Lord to help you be a good child  
 all this week. He loves to help his dear  
 little ones all the time,

## LITTLE SOLDIERS.

Are you fighting for the Master,  
Little soldier, brave and true?  
Are you working in the vineyard?  
There is room and work for you.

There are many little soldiers  
In the mighty ranks of right.  
Many little ones are marching  
Upward to the Land of Light.

They are happy in God's service,  
Little ones so pure and fair,  
Faithfully their hearts are keeping,  
Lest the tempter enter there.

Tiny hands are often strongest  
To perform their deeds of love;  
Strong to draw the lost and straying  
To the Shepherd's fold above.

—Selected.

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## HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 10, 1887.

## NO ROOM FOR JESUS.

No room for Jesus! No room for the Babe of Bethlehem, for him who gave up the riches and glory of heaven, and became so poor he could not pay for a night's lodging, and so humble he must sleep in a stable, that we might be made rich! No room for him who died for us, that we might live in heaven and be happy forever! He stands outside just now, saying: "Let me in." Do you hear him? How hardhearted and wicked we are if we keep him out. How happy you would be if you would let him in. I suppose he never went back to that inn again. If you drive him away to-day, he may never come back to you again. If you do not let him into your heart, when you come up to the gate of heaven and ask to get in, Jesus will say to you, "No room." If you open your door to him, he will open

his door to you, and say, "Welcome! Come in!" and you will be safe and happy forever.—*Missionary Visitor.*

## HOW TO BE HAPPY.

ONCE there was a king who had a little boy he loved. He gave him beautiful rooms to live in, and pictures and toys and books. He gave him a pony to ride, and a row-boat on a lake, and servants. He provided teachers who were to give him knowledge that would make him good and great. But for all this, the young prince was not happy. He wore a frown wherever he went, and was always wishing for something he did not have. At length, one day, a magician came to court. He saw the boy, and said to the king: "I can make your boy happy. But you must pay me my own price for telling the secret."

"Well," said the king, "what you ask I will give."

So the magician took the boy into a private room. He wrote something with a white substance on a piece of paper. Next he gave the boy a candle, and told him to light it, and hold it under the paper, and then see what he could read. Then he went away and asked no price at all.

The boy did as he had been told, and the white letters on the paper turned into a beautiful blue. They formed these words: "*Do a kindness to some one every day.*"

The prince made use of the secret, and became the happiest boy in the kingdom.—*Our Sunday Afternoon.*

## THE LITTLE CAPTIVE MAID.

I DO not know the little maid's name, but I do know that it seemed as if her heart would break when the soldiers came and spoiled her home and carried her off to be a slave in a strange land. I am sure that all during that long journey in the train of the army she was longing to hear her mother speak to her just once more. And at last, when the journey was over, I am sure she felt glad when the captain of the soldiers came and took her to be his wife's little serving-maid. I think the mistress must have been kind and gentle to the poor little captive, for the Bible-story reads as if the little girl's heart was very warm toward her.

She often wondered what she could do for her master and mistress. They had a beautiful home and were very rich and powerful. Even the king was her master's friend. But at last she heard something that made her heart give a great bound. The master had that dreadful disease called leprosy, and the servants shook their heads and

whispered that pretty soon he must die, and no one knew any cure for the disease.

Now, the little maid remembered that in her own country there was a good prophet named Elisha, who did many wonderful things. Perhaps she had played with a little boy whom he had raised from the dead. At any rate, she felt sure that the prophet could cure her master. The next time she went in to wait on her mistress she would tell her all about it. I dare say the little maid's voice trembled a little as she spoke to the great lady. The Bible tells us the very words she said: "Would God the Lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria; for he would recover him of his leprosy."

Oh how glad the servants ran with the news till it came to the captain's ears! And then the good news spread to the king's palace. If you want to know how the captain went to the prophet and was healed, last, you can find the whole story in the fifth chapter of the second book of Kings. But the lesson I want my little boys and girls to learn is in the part of the story I have told you. It is that no one can be a slave so low and mean that he cannot do something for others. If it is only to tell where help can be found, do that just as the little maid did, and somebody will be thankful for your doing it.

## RAIN FROM HEAVEN.

ONCE a little girl came to her clergyman with three dollars and fifty cents for missions.

"How did you collect so much? It all your own?" asked the clergyman.

"Yes, sir; I earned it."

"But how, Mary? You are so poor."

"Please, sir," answered the child, "I thought how Jesus had died for me, and I wanted to do something for him, and I heard how money was wanted to send good news out to the heathen; and as I had no money of my own, I earned this collecting rain-water and selling it to washer-women at a penny a bucketful; that is how I got the money for missions, sir."

"My dear child," said the clergyman, "I am very thankful that your love to your Saviour has led you to work so long and patiently for him. Now I shall put down your name as a missionary subscriber."

"O no, sir! please not my name."

"Why not, Mary?"

"Please, sir, I would rather no one knew but him: I should like it to be put down 'Rain from Heaven.'"—*Church Mission News.*

### THE CHILDREN.—FROWNS OR SMILES.

WHERE do they go, I wonder—

The clouds on a cloudy day,  
When the shining sun comes peeping out,  
And scatters them all away?

I know—they keep them and cut them down  
For cross little girls who want to frown.  
Frowns, and wrinkles, and pouts—oh, my!  
How many 'twould make one cloudy sky?

I think I should like it better

A sunshiny day to take,  
And cut it down for dimples and smiles—  
What beautiful ones 'twould make!  
Enough for all the dear little girls  
With pretty bright eyes and waving curls,  
To drive the scowls and frowns away,  
Just like the sun on a cloudy day.

—St. Nicholas.

### LITTLE MARY'S THOUGHT.

LITTLE Mary had just come from the window, where she had been gazing out with evident pleasure, and sat down on her little stool at papa's feet.

It was just at sunset; a most glorious sunset it was. The western sky was mantled with clouds of the most gorgeous hues, upon which the little girl gazed with thoughtful pleasure.

"Papa," she said at length, "do you know what I think when I see those pretty clouds?"

"No; what do you think of them, Mary?"

"I always think they are God's veils. Doesn't he have beautiful veils, papa, to hide him from us?"

"True enough, little one," thought I. "The clouds which veil him from our sight now are beautiful. There is a rainbow on them, if we will see it; they shine with mercy and truth."

Was not that a pretty thought of little Mary's and does it not remind you of the time when the veil shall be parted, and he shall come with the clouds, and every eye shall see him?

### LOST OUR WAY.

WHEN I was a boy, I and a number of my playmates had rambled through the woods and fields, till, quite forgetful of the fading light, we found ourselves far from home—we had lost our way. It happened that we were nearer our home than we thought, but how to get to it was the question. By the edge of the field we saw a man coming along, and we ran to ask him to tell us. Whether he was in trouble or not I do not know, but he gave us some

very surly answer. Just then came along another man, who, with a smile on his face, said. "Jim, a man's tongue is like a cat's it is either a piece of velvet or a piece of sand paper, just as he likes to use it, and to make it. You seem to use your tongue for sand paper." And then he pleasantly told us the way home. Try the velvet, children — *anon.*

### THE TRUE STORY OF FRANKIE SMITH.

ONE night, when he was three years old, Frankie said his prayers and went to bed. He was not sleepy, so his sister began to talk. "If you did not speak your prayer right out of your heart truly, it was not any prayer at all," said she. "Wasn't it? Well, then, I have not prayed. I'll begin now." So Frankie folded his hands and spoke truly to "heavenly Jesus," for so he called the Lord. Now, Frankie had been a very wilful child. His high temper had made his friends afraid. But, only think: from that time he became good and gentle; and he grew up to be as sweet as he was bright and cheerful. Jesus helped him as soon as he prayed truly. Try that way of prayer, dears. It is the one right way, which God answers.

### THE CHANGED TITLE.

Who ever heard of a saloon-keeper being called Mr? Instead of this he is almost always called Pat or Bill or Dan or perhaps Old So-and-so. People, you see, haven't the least bit of respect for the man who sells liquor.

In a little town in New Hampshire there was a tavern-keeper, the only one in the place, who went by the name of Old Burns. He never drank the liquor himself, but he made it his business to get other people to drink until he had gotten all their money away from them, and then he would clear them out of his bar-room quick enough. He had been arrested ever so many times for the bad things he had done, but he had plenty of money and would pay his fine and go right on with his wicked business again.

At one time the people held temperance meetings in the town for a whole week. Every evening there was a meeting. All the ministers were interested and the people, young and old, went. Some one persuaded Old Burns to go. He was willing enough.

"I never drink the stuff," he said; "I don't approve of it."

"Then why do you sell it?" some one asked.

"Oh, there are plenty of fools that will

have it," said he, "and I may as well sell it as anybody else."

But after he had been to several of the meetings God's Holy Spirit touched his heart and he began to see that his business was wrong and he gave it up. But he did not really become a Christian for some time. That followed, however, and then the man began to study the Bible in earnest. How he loved it!

Once in a meeting he said this: "You have all looked upon me as a very wicked man, and so I was, but let me tell you that during all these years of sin I never lay down upon my bed at night without kneeling and saying the prayer my mother taught me when I was a child, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'"

So we see it is a good thing for mothers to teach their little ones this prayer. They do not know what a hold it may have upon them when they are grown up.

This man now became Mr. Burns. His name, you notice, or his title was changed as soon as he began to lead a respectable life. And after a few years it became Rev. Mr. Burns, for he went into a new business, that of trying to win souls for Jesus. Before he had tried to lead souls to destruction. How sorry he felt for it now and how earnestly he prayed that he might lead them from this time in the ways of truth!

### GOOD ADVICE.

"You ought to be very happy and contented, Dolly. Look at that trunk full of lovely things, and think what good care your own mamma takes of you all the time. I'm sorry to see that you do not seem to think about these things. I'm afraid I shall have to put you in a closet, and leave you to yourself for awhile. Now, I will tell you what I think, Dolly. I think that a little girl who has everything she wants to eat and drink and wear, and a good, kind mamma to take care of her, and plenty of kind friends to love her, ought to be a happy little girl, and not fret and worry one bit."

This is Susie's advice to Dolly. Don't you think it is a very good advice?

### SHORT GRAVES.

ONCE a young prince asked his teacher to tell him how to prepare to die.

"Plenty of time for that when you are older," answered the teacher.

"No!" answered the prince. "I have been to the churchyard and measured the graves: and many of them are shorter than I am."



COAXING GRANDMA.

## COAXING GRANDMA.

THIS little girl is surely trying to coax her grandma. Either she does not want to learn her lesson, and does want to play with her doll; or she wants some special Christmas gift; or perhaps, better still, she wants grandma to keep the secret of the present she means to give her papa and mamma.

## A BOY'S RELIGION.

IF a boy is a lover of Jesus, he can't be a church officer or a preacher, but he can be a godly boy, in a boy's way, and in a boy's place. He ought not to be too solemn or too quiet for a boy. He need not cease to be a boy because he is a Christian. He ought to play like a real boy. But in all he ought to show the spirit of Christ and be free from vulgarity and profanity. He ought to eschew tobacco and intoxicating drinks. He ought to be peaceable, gentle, merciful and generous. He ought to discourage fighting. He ought to refuse to be a party to mischief, to persecution, to deceit. He ought to show his colours. He need not always be interrupting a game to say he is a Christian, but he ought not to be ashamed to say that he refuses to do something because it is wrong and wicked, or because he fears God or is a Christian.

He ought to take no part in the ridicule of sacred things, but meet the ridicule of others with a cold statement that for the things of God he feels the deepest reverence.—*Royal Road.*

## DO BIRDS BURY THEIR DEAD?

You are all familiar with the story of "The Babes in the Wood," and remember how the robins, finding the babes lying dead, covered them with leaves.

In a tree near an old-fashioned farm-house in Vermont, two robins built their nest. A lady watched them day by day as they brought straws, a bit of cotton or thread, and weaved them deftly in, to form their summer home. One morning she found three blue speckled eggs in the nest, and on another, three tiny little birds in their place. How busy the father and mother birds were, providing for their wants, and how tenderly they cared for them!

When they were large enough they gave them lessons in flying. While they were trying their wings one day, a cat caught one, and before the lady could rescue it, it was injured beyond recovery. She put the trembling little creature back in its nest and left it for the mother-bird to nurse back to life if possible.

It was of no use. The cat's cruel claws

had done their work, and the birdie died. A few days after, the lady went to the nest and found the father and mother birds had built a thatched roof over the poor little bird, and there he lay on his back, with his claws sticking up through the straw. They had buried their dead and deserted the nest.

## THE DARK.

WHERE do the little chickens run  
When they are made afraid?  
Out of the light, out of the sun,  
Into the dark—the shade.  
Under the mother's downy wing  
They fear no care for anything.

Where do the little violets creep  
When comes the time of snow?  
Into the dark to rest and sleep  
And wait for spring; they go  
Under the ground, where storms can't  
reach,  
And God takes tenderest care of each.

Are you afraid, dear girl or boy,  
Afraid of the dark of death?  
Jesus will raise you full of joy  
To the world of light, he saith:  
And where the little violets sleep,  
Your body safe the Lord will keep.

—Selected

## PLEASING GOD.

"AUNTIE," asked little Mabel, "why was God pleased with his Son, Jesus, when he had gone away from him to be just like a man? I should think he would rather have had Jesus stay with him in heaven, than to come down here and suffer so."

"That was just why he was pleased with him, dear, because he was brave enough and loving enough to do the thing which was not so pleasant as that which he might have done had he pleased. And he said those words, when John baptized Jesus, that he might know that he was pleased with us when we give up our own way for the sake of others, and give up our best things to make them happy."

Mabel caught the idea, and, slipping down from my lap, she stole away to the corner where she kept her doll things. She came back bringing her best last year's dollie.

"If I give this up to Sue, will God say he is well pleased with me?" she asked, with a curious look in her eyes.

"He will be pleased, dear, for that is the very kind of a sacrifice, in its way, which Jesus made for us—he gave up what was richest to him."

And away she went, lugging the doll.—*Our Children.*