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# Happy Days

## SNOWBIRDS.

FLOWERS and birds we think of when we think of bright, warm summer days. But when the sharp frosts come and the ground is covered with snow the brave little snowbirds and our hardy little sparrows hop about as merrily as if they were holding a first of July festival. Sometimes, poor little birds, they have a hard time seeking for crumbs or grain for food. They are as brave as the little red blossoms that grow on the snow away up near the North Pole and should make lazy little boys and girls who cry because they have to go to school through the snow ashamed of their cowardice.

## WHAT TO PRAY FOR.

We are so apt to think that we ought to manage all the lesser concerns of life without the help of God. If we fear God we would hardly undertake any important matter without taking it to God in prayer, but in minor things we seem to be forgetful that in them we also need God's help and blessing. But

it is our privilege to take everything, great or small, to the Lord, and this, too,



SNOWBIRDS.

whether we are young or old. God is no respecter of persons, neither is he of age. Every time of life has its peculiar trouble.

We may ask God confidently to help us, and if we do our duty, he will always bring to pass what is best for us.

les and trials, and the way to the loving heart of our heavenly Father is open to us.

Many years ago we knew a little boy by the name of Sammy, who has now grown up to manhood and is the superintendent of one of our Sunday-schools. Sammy's mother had sent him for something to the shop. On his way back he was detained by something, and in a moment he lost the change. Of course he did not miss it until his mother asked him for it. He at once went back, hunted for it, but could not find it anywhere. With weeping eyes he turned homeward. All at once it came to his mind that if he would pray to God, he could surely direct him to the spot where the lost money was. He knelt down behind a large pine stump, and in simple words he told the Lord his trouble, and asked him to help him to find the money. Comforted and assured that he would succeed in his search, he rose from his knees and before many minutes he hit upon the very spot where he had dropped the money.

CONTENTMENT.

BY ANNA M. PRATT

I'm glad I am a little girl,  
And have the afternoons for play,  
For if I was a busy bee,  
I s'pos I'd have to work all day.

And if I was an owl, I'd be  
Afraid to keep awake all night,  
And if I was an elephant,  
How could I learn to be polite?

And if I was a Jersey calf,  
I might forget my name and age;  
And if I was a little dog,  
I couldn't read the Children's Page.

My sakes! When I begin to count,  
It makes my head go all awirl,  
There are so many reasons why  
I'm glad I am a little girl.  
— *Youth's Companion.*

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HAPPY DAYS.

TORONTO, DECEMBER 1, 1894.

BAD COMPANY.

A YOUNG lady of sixteen, who had been piously brought up, was invited to a party at which certain persons of undisguised infidel sentiments were expected to be present. Her father objected to her going.

"I know, papa," she said, "that they speak against the Bible and against Jesus; but you can be quite sure that they will do me no harm. I will be in the room where they are—I can't help that—but I shall not allow them to affect me in the least."

"My child," said the father, inventing an excuse for the sudden request, "my work can't be interrupted; I have need of a cinder; will you be kind enough to fetch me one?"

"Do you want a live coal, papa?"  
"No, one that is dead—burned out."

The coal was brought. The young lady had brought it in her hand.

"Didn't it burn you, my child?" asked the father.

"Why, no, papa—how could it? it's dead!"

"Of course it couldn't; but look at your hand, Florence."

"Oh, papa, how black my fingers are! I must go and wash them."

"Wait a moment, Flossie; here is a little lesson for you while you are washing them. It is this: Companionship with the wicked and worldly may not necessarily burn you and destroy, but it will certainly soil you. Remember all your life-time what the apostle says: 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

THE LITTLE MILKMAID.

ANNIE's father keeps a big dairy farm. Do you know what that means? It means that he has a great many cows, and sells milk and cream and butter.

Annie loves her father dearly, and she is always trying to help him. She had three little buckets made, and she has learned to milk. These three buckets just hold the milk from her own little cow, and she is very proud that she can fill them twice a day.

This milk she puts in a marked can by itself, for it is to be used in a hospital for sick babies, away off in the city. You see that Annie desires that only the best shall go to the sick.

The money for the milk is her very own. And what do you think she does with it? One-tenth of it goes to the Mission Band, and the rest she saves to buy her father books and magazines for her Christmas present to him. She says she wants her Christmas presents to be truly presents. She says that to coax papa and mamma for money and then buy something for them with it is making them buy their own presents. She always embroiders something pretty for her mother.

THE PRIZE PICTURE BOOK.

THERE were twenty little girls in Miss Green's school, but not one of them liked to learn the multiplication table. Wasn't that strange?

Now Miss Green knew that these little girls ought to learn it by heart, without making a single mistake. And so she offered a prize to the one of her scholars who would learn it so perfectly that she could skip all about, and begin at twelve times twelve and go through to two times one without even hesitating. They were to have one month to learn it.

How those girls did work! At recess there was a perfect buzz of nine times nine, and seven times eight and eight times nine.

At last the day for the final trial came. Elsie Brown was sure she knew the whole table, but in skipping she missed on eleven times eleven. Jennie Starr failed on seven

times six; and so it went until all were down except Lucy Bates. Miss Green tried again and again, but Lucy never once even hesitated. She had learned the multiplication table perfectly.

Miss Green gave her a beautiful picture book for a prize, and all the girls said she had earned it.

BABY'S BOAT SONG.

Steer you straight for sleepy land;  
Drowy sailor, O,  
See across the shining sand,  
Happy children go.  
Shadows dark are softly creeping,  
Starry lights are outward peeping,  
Silently, my sailor, row,  
Soon we shall be there.

Sleep, my darling; sleep, my sweeting;  
Gently flows the water near;  
Joy is coming, trouble fleeting,  
Sleep, my darling; sleep, my dear.

Nodding are the dreamy flowers,  
Slowly to and fro;  
Nodding are these heads of ours,  
Eyelids drooping low.  
In the trees the birds are sleeping,  
Only crickets watch are keeping,  
Round and bright the moon doth glow,  
While our boats slip by.

Softly, slowly, surely gliding,  
From all care and worry free;  
Day from us her face is hiding,  
Safe in slumberland are we.

THE BITE SIDE DOWN.

A STAGE-COACH stopped at grandpa's door; it brought Allen and Nellie.

"How strong and rosy they will grow here!" said their mother. Allen was a stout boy, but something was always the matter with Nellie.

"Can it be green pears, now?" thought her mother, when they had been a week at grandpa's, and Nellie was paler every day.

Rows of nice little trees stood like armed soldiers in grandpa's garden. Once in a while they fired a hard but tempting bullet. Allen was never hit; of course not—the boy that minded mother; and nobody saw sly little Nell pick up anything under the trees. She looked guilty one morning, however, when Dinah, the nurse girl, came out of the porch door.

"I didn't touch that pear," said Nellie, pointing to one that lay at her feet.

Dinah picked it up. There were the marks of little teeth, and one bite had been taken by somebody. "Now, miss," said Dinah, "you must show that pear to your mamma."

"Must I?" said brown-eyed Nellie. "Then I shall hold the bite side down."

"No matter which way you try to hold it," said wise Dinah, looking like a minister, with her white tie and apron, "when one had been doing wrong, the 'bite side' always comes up."

## BEDTIME.

WHE Golden Hair is "sleepy,  
As tired as she can be,"  
So she says, with a sigh,  
As she climbs upon my knee.

She coaxes for a story,  
In drowsy tones so sweet,  
I hug her close up to my heart,  
And oft-told tales repeat.

At last the joyous laughter  
Is hushed in dreamless rest,  
I clasp the little dimpled feet  
That no rough paths have pressed.

I smooth the tangled tresses,  
I kiss her cheek and brow,  
And pray life's evening-time may come  
As peacefully as now.

## FERNIE.

FERNIE is Ned's kitten—a pretty kitty, all white except the tip of her tail, and a cunning little gray saddle on her back, and a spatter of gray on her head that Ned said looked just like a fern, the first time he saw her.

"So I'll keep that one," said he, promptly, looking at the four little mites in a basket with a great deal of pity in his blue eyes. "I wish I could keep all of 'em, they're so cunning, mamma"

But of course that wasn't to be thought of for a minute. Two cats in the house were as many as mamma could stand, anyway. So the next morning Fernie was alone in the basket.

She didn't seem to mind it, however. She grew, and grew, prettier and plumper every day, until she was three months old, and Bony Call came to pay Ned a visit.

Bony is Ned's cousin. He lives in the city, and this visit had been talked of for a long time. But somehow at first it didn't seem as if it was going to be a pleasant one at all.

"You must remember that he is company, dear," mamma said to Ned: "and give up your own pleasure for his, and try and make him enjoy himself. Remember, Ned, won't you?"

"Yes'm," said Ned, darting off to the barn to play. And he did remember, though he couldn't help thinking it was pretty hard to have to give up all the time; and once or twice he caught himself wishing Bony wasn't going to stay a week.

But after all, things went along pretty smoothly until Bony's sharp eyes espied Fernie washing her face on the porch. He made a dive at her and caught her by the tail—poor little Fernie, who wasn't used to such rough handling.

"Oh! I'll tell you what let's do," he cried; "let's make her dance. Tie paper on her feet, you know, and she'll dance and jump like anything. That's the way we do, and it's great fun. Hi, here! you cat, stop scratching!"

Ned's face grew very red, and tears came into his eyes.

"You shan't do it," said he. "That's my kitty, and I don't want her to dance."

"Well, she's going to, just the same," said Bony. "You'll see fun in a minute."

"You shan't!" cried Ned. "Oh dear me!" And away he flew to ask mamma if he must give up this time. He didn't believe she would say his kitty could be hurt.

But he couldn't find mamma; she had gone over to see Mrs. Dyer's sick baby. So back to the porch he hurried again, all out of breath, just in time to see Bony put Fernie down on the floor, each of her four pretty white feet tied up in coarse brown paper.

"Now you'll see fun!" cried Bony, laughing. "Scat, there! Dance now!" But Fernie didn't dance, nor run nor jump. She gave each foot a gentle shake. Then she lay down close by Ned's feet and began to bite the string that tied the papers on.

"Scat there!" cried Bony.

"Don't you!" said Ned. "You tied her up, and if she can get them off she's going to; so now!"

And she did—wise Fernie. Her sharp little teeth cut every string and pulled the papers off. Then, with a frisky jump, she climbed up to Ned's shoulder and laid her head against his cheek, and began to purr as loud as she could.

"Now isn't she real smart and cunning?" cried little Ned, triumphantly; "isn't she now?"

Bony nodded. "Yes, she is," said he; "she beats our cats all hollow. She knows about as much as folks. What'll you take for her?"

"Ten thousand pounds," said Ned proudly. "Let's be good friends now, and go and see if the cherries are ripe." And away they went as fast as they could scamper.

## THE BIRDIE'S SUNBEAM.

BY HELEN SONERVILLE.

GERTY had been sick, and was getting well. The days were long, and she felt cross, and thought she had a hard time. "Oh, mamma! I wish Dick wouldn't sing; he makes my head ache," she cried, as the canary burst forth into a glad song.

"Poor Dick! You see that he sings, although he is a prisoner," said mamma.

Gerty still fretted, so mamma covered Dick's cage with a cloth. The bird did not like this, and for some minutes was silent. Mamma had not covered the cage very closely, and soon the bird, spying a ray of sunlight, again raised his glad song of thanksgiving.

"There, Gerty," said mamma, "is a lesson for you. Dick is thankful for one ray of sunlight. Don't you think you should be grateful for your blessings as birdie is for his?"

Gerty raised her face from the pillow, and said: "Yes, mamma; I am ashamed of my crossness. I will try to look for the sunbeams."

## THE SNOW-FLAKES.

FLOATING, whirling, drifting,  
Strange little specks come down —  
Dainty, fairy crystals  
From a distant wonder-town,  
Out of the dim cloud-spaces  
That seem so soft and gray.  
Are they dust from diamond blossoms  
That grow where storm-winds play?

I learned a pretty lesson  
From the little flying flakes,  
One, added to another,  
At last a worldful makes,  
They are like the little minutes—  
Easy to waste indeed,  
But thousands put together  
They give us all we need.

## A LITTLE GENTLEMAN.

"I'm going to be a gentleman when I'm big like papa," said little Joe, one day.

"But papa was a gentleman when he was little like you," said grandma, who was sewing near him.

"Did he dress up in grandpa's coat and hat, and walk with his cane as I do with papa's sometimes?" inquired Joe.

"No, he wore pinafores and a little straw bonnet," said grandma, stitching away.

Joe looked at her steadily, as though he could not understand.

"Are you trying to think how he looked, dear?" grandma asked. "I wasn't meaning that, but I mean that his little cousin Kittie came to play with him, and he went to his box, and brought out the very best toy that he had—a jumping frog—and said, 'This is for you, Kittie, 'cause you're a little girl.' And I think that did more to make him a gentleman than a coat, hat, and cane could have done.—*Christian Commonwealth.*

## SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

DECEMBER 9.

LESSON TOPIC.—Christ Teaching by Parables.—Luke 8. 4-15.

MEMORY VERSES, Luke 8. 11-15.

GOLDEN TEXT.—The seed is the word of God.—Luke 8. 11.

DECEMBER 16.

LESSON TOPIC.—The Twelve Sent Forth.—Matt. 10. 5-16.

MEMORY VERSES, Matt. 10. 7-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—As ye go preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand.—Matt. 10. 7.

LITTLE children, do not be ashamed to let the world know you pray. Boldly honour your Lord. Be courageous in your religious life. "Be of good courage."

THE God of death brings every human being to his pure individuality.



### THE LITTLE SNOW SHOVELLER.

Merrily whistling along the street,  
With his little pug nose and his hands and feet

Sharply bitten by old Jack Frost,  
His curly hair by the rude wind tossed,  
Armed with his shovel, goes Pat Magee,  
In search of a job, of course, is he.

Brave little chap 'tis little he cares  
For old Jack Frost; and the storm he dares

With a merry face and a merry song,  
As through the snow he paddles along -  
This blue eyed lad - o'er the slippery street,  
Hoping the chance of a job to meet.

Give him a dime and see him work,  
Pat is not a bit of a shirk;  
In goes his shovel with might and main,  
Making the snow fly off like rain,  
Here, there, and everywhere, in a trice,  
Till your walk grows speedily clean and nice.

Then, cheeks as red as the reddest rose,  
Shouldering his shovel, off he goes;  
Merrily whistling on his way,  
His boyish heart so happy and gay,  
That neither for wind nor frost cares he,—  
This little snow-shoveller, Pat Magee.

### JOHNNY'S CALCULATIONS.

JOHNNY was poring over his mental arithmetic. It was a new study to him, and he found it interesting. When Johnny undertook anything he went about it with heart, head, and hand. He sat on his high stool at the table, while his father sat just opposite. He was such a tiny fellow—scarcely large enough to hold the book, you would think, much less to study and calculate; but he could do both, as you shall see.

Johnny's father had been speaking to his mother, and Johnny had been so intent on his book that he had not heard a word; but as he leaned back in his high chair to rest a moment he heard his father say "Dean got beastly drunk at the club last night, he drank ten glasses of wine. I was disgusted with the fellow."

Johnny looked up with bright eyes, and said to his father. "How many did you drink?"

"I drank one," said the father, smiling down upon his little boy.

"Then a were only one-tenth drunk," said the boy, reflectively.

"There, there!" interrupted his father, biting his lips to hide the smile that would come. "I guess it's bedtime for you, and we'll have no more arithmetic to-night."

So Johnny was tucked away in bed, and went sound asleep, turning the problem over and over to see if he was wrong; and just before he lost himself in slumber he had thought: "One thing is sure: if Dean hadn't taken one glass, he would not have been drunk. So

it is the safest way never to take one, and I never will."

And the next thing Johnny was snoring, while his father was thinking: "There's something in Johnny's calculation, after all. It is not safe to take one glass, and I will ask Dean to sign a total abstinence pledge with me to-morrow." And he did so, and they both kept it.

So great things grew out of Johnny's studying mental arithmetic.

### WHAT HE WANTED MOST.

A LADY who was shopping noticed a very small boy who was employed as "Cash" in the store, and, being interested in him, began to ask him questions. "Wouldn't you like to live with me and have everything my little boy has?" she inquired.

"What does your little boy have?" asked the child, fixing his large, serious eyes upon her face.

"Oh! he has books and tops and a pony." And she enumerated a lot of things.

"Has he any papa?" asked the child.

Oh yes! he has a dear, kind papa, who gives him all those things."

"Then I would like to be your little boy," said the child, gravely; "for my papa is dead, and I would rather have him than any of the other things."

The lady, who had been merely talking with the child for amusement, had hard work to keep back her tears at this naive confession.

If the sun is going down, look up at the stars; if the earth is dark, keep your eye on heaven. With God's presence and God's promises a man or a child may be cheerful.



THE SOWER.

### MIND THE DOOR.

HAVE you ever noticed how strong a street door is, how thick the wood is, how heavy the hinges, what large bolts it has, and what a grim lock? If there was nothing of value in the house, or no thieves outside, this would not be wanted; but as you know there are things of value within, and bad men without, there is need that the door be strong; and we must mind the door, especially as to barring and bolting.

We have a house—our hearts may be called that house. Wicked things are forever trying to break in and go out of our hearts. Let us see what some of these bad things are.

Who is at the door? Ah, I know him! It is Anger. What a frown there is on his face! How his lips quiver! How fierce his looks are! We will bolt the door, or he will do us harm.

Who is that? It is Pride. How haughty he seems! He looks down on everything as though it was too mean for his notice. No, sir, we shall not let you in; so you may go.

Who is this? It must be Vanity, with his flaunting strut and gay clothes. He is never so well pleased as when he has fine clothes to wear, and is admired. You will not come in, sir; we have too much to do to attend to such fine folks as you.

Mind the door! Here comes a stranger. By his sleepy look and slow pace we think we know him. It is Sloth. He likes nothing better than to live in my house, sleep, and yawn my life away, and bring me ruin. No, no, you idle fellow; work is pleasure, and I have much to do. Go away; you shall not come in.

But who is this? What a sweet smile! What a kind face! She looks like an angel! It is Love! How happy she will make us if we ask her in! Come in! We must unbar the door for you.

Oh, if children kept the door of their hearts shut, bad words and wicked thoughts would not go in and out as they do. Open the door to all things good; shut the door to all things bad! We must mark well who comes to the door before we open it, if we would grow to be good men and women. Keep guard; mind the door of your hearts.